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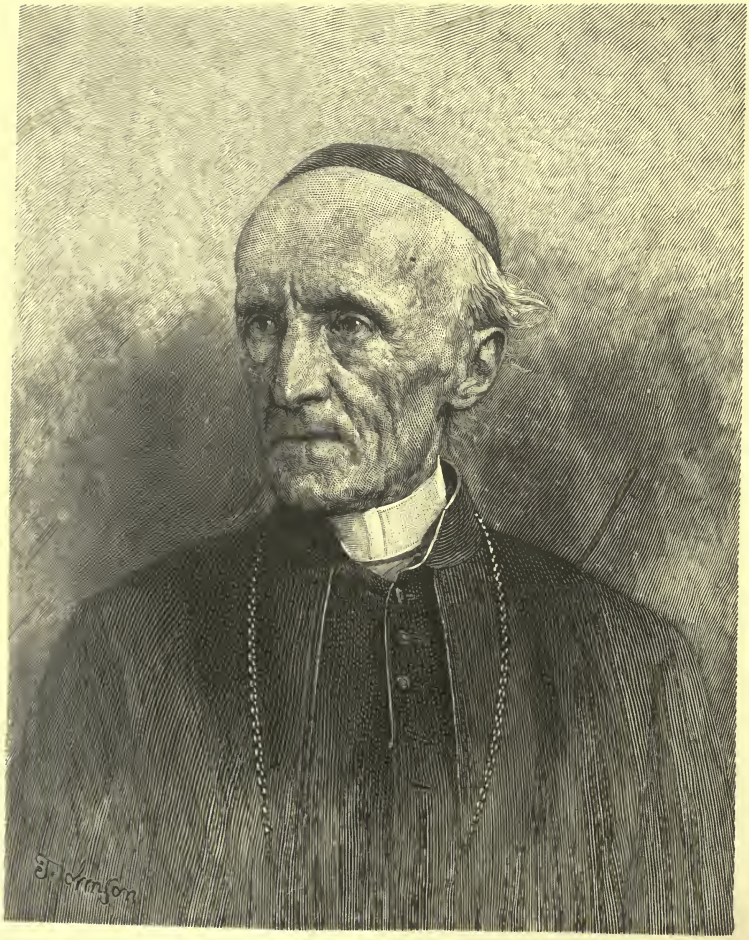

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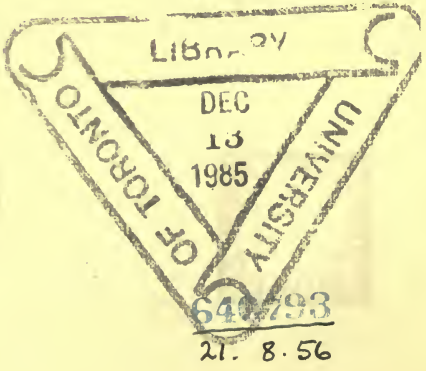

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. MAY, 1883. NO. 1.

FATHER JUNIPERO AND HIS WORK.

A SKETCH OF THE FOUNDATION, PROSPERITY, AND RUIN OF THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA. I.

AMONG the treasures of the Franciscan College in Santa Barbara, California, is an old daguerreotype, taken from a portrait painted more than a hundred years ago at the College of San Fernando, in Mexico. The face is one, once seen, never to be forgotten; full of spirituality, tenderness, and unutterable pathos; the mouth and chin so delicately sensitive that one marvels how such a soul could have been capable of heroic endurance of hardship; the forehead and eyes strong, radiant with quenchless purpose, but filled with that solemn, yearning, almost superhuman sadness, which has been in all time the sign and seal on the faces of men born to die for the sake of their fellows. It is the face of Father Junipero Serra, the first founder of Franciscan Missions in South California.

Studying the lineaments of this countenance, one recalls the earliest authentic portrait of Saint Francis, the one painted by Pijano, which hangs in the sacristy of the Assisi Church. There seems a notable likeness between the two faces; the small and delicate features, the broad forehead, and the expression of great gentleness are the same in both. But the saint had a joyousness which his illustrious follower never knew. The gayety of the troubadour melodies which Francis had sung all through his youth never left his soul. Serra's first songs, and only, were the solemn chants of the Church; his first lessons in a convent, his earliest desire to become a priest.

He was born of lowly people, in the island of Majorca, and while he was yet a little child, sang as chorister in the Convent of San Bernardino. He was but sixteen when he entered the Franciscan order, and before he was eighteen he had taken the final vows. This was in the year 1730. On becoming a monk, his baptismal name, Michael Joseph, he laid aside, and took the name of Junipero, after that quaintest and drollest of all Saint Francis's early companions; him of whom the saint jocosely said, "Would that I had a whole forest of such Junipers."

It is recorded that during the months when Saint Francis went up and down the streets of Assisi, carrying in his delicate, unused hands the stones for rebuilding the St. Damiano Chapel, he was continually singing psalms, breaking forth into ejaculations of gratitude, his face beaming as that of one who saw visions of unspeakable delight.

How much of the spirit or instinct of prophecy there might have been in his exultant joy, only he himself knew; but it would have been strange if there had not been vouchsafed to him at least a partial revelation of the splendid results which must of necessity follow the carrying out in the world of the divine impulses which had blazed up in his soul like a fire.

As Columbus, from the trend of imperfectly known shores and tides, from the mysterious indications of vague, untracked wilds, could deduce the glorious certainty of hitherto undreamed continents of westward land, so might the ardent spiritual discoverer see with inextinguishable faith the hitherto undreamed heights which must be surely reached and won by the path he pointed out. It is certain that very early in his career Francis had the purpose of founding an order, whose members, being utterly unselfish in life,

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should be fit heralds of God and mighty helpers of men. The absoluteness of self-renunciation which he inculcated and demanded startled even the thirteenth century's standard of religious devotion. Cardinals and Pope alike doubted its being within the pale of human possibility; and it was not until after much entreaty that the Church gave its sanction to the "Seraphic Saint's" band of "Fratri Minores," and the organized work of the Franciscan Order began. That was in 1208. From then until now the Franciscans have been, in the literal sense of the word, helpers of men.

Others of the orders in the Catholic Church have won more distinction, in the way of learning, political power, marvelous suffering of penances and deprivation; but the record of the Franciscans is in the main a record of lives and work, like the life and work of their founder; of whom a Protestant biographer has written:

"So far as can be made out, he thought little of himself, even of his own soul to be saved, all his life. The trouble has been on his mind, how sufficiently to work for God and to help men."

Under the head of helping men come all enterprises of discovery, development, and civilization which the earth has known: and in many more of these than the world generally suspects, this order has been an influence dating back to the saint of Assisi.

America preëminently stands his debtor. Of the three to whom belongs the honor of its discovery, one, Juan Perez de Marchena, was a Franciscan friar; the other two, Queen Isabella and Columbus, members of Saint Francis's third order; and of all the wondrous development and splendid promise on the California coast to-day, Franciscan friars were the first founders.

At the time when Junipero Serra entered the Majorca convent, three other young monks were studying there—Palon, Verger, and Crespi. The four became intimate and affectionate companions. The friendship thus early begun never waned, and no doubt their hearty and loving coöperation had much to do with the success of the great enterprises in which afterward they jointly labored, and to which, even in their student days, they looked forward with passionate longing. New Spain was, from the beginning, the goal of their most ardent wishes, and all their conversations turned on this theme.

To the eighteenth century's spiritual enthusiast, a wilderness full of savage souls in danger of hell was a stronger lure than unconquered worlds to an Alexander. It is impossible at this distance of time to get any complete realization of the halo of exalted sentiment and rapture which then invested undertakings of this kind. It reached from the highest to the lowest, the oldest to the

OLD ENGRAVING OF A SHIP FOR AN ANCIENT MAP, MADE BY A BENEDICTINE MONK ABOUT 1740.

FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

youngest. Every art was lent to its service; every channel of expression was stamped with its sign. Even on the wide charts and atlases of the day were pictures of monks embarking in ships of discovery: the Virgin herself looking on, from the skies, with the motto above, "Matre Dei Monstrante viam," and on the ships' sails, "Unus non sufficit orbis."

Long years of delay and monastic routine did not dampen the ardor of the four friends. Again and again they petitioned to be sent as missionaries to the New World, and again and again were disappointed. At last, in 1749, there assembled in Cadiz a great body of missionaries, destined chiefly for Mexico, and Palon and Serra received permission to join the band. Arriving at Cadiz, and finding two vacancies still left in the party, they pleaded warmly that Crespi and Verger be allowed to go also. At the very last moment this permission was given, and the four friends set sail, joyful, in the same ship.

In the memoir of Junipero Serra, written by his friend Palon, are many interesting incidents of their voyage to Vera Cruz. It lasted ninety-nine days. Provisions and water fell short; starvation threatened; terrific storms nearly wrecked the ship; but through all Father Junipero's courage never failed. "Remembering the end for which they had come," he said, he felt no fear. He performed mass each morning, and cheered the sinking spirits of all on board by psalms and exhortations; by humorous sayings also, announcing one day with great gravity that he had discovered "the secret of keeping free from thirst." It was to "eat little and speak less."

For nineteen years after their arrival in Mexico, Serra and his companions were kept at work there, under the guidance and control of the College of San Fernando, in founding missions and preaching.

On the suppression of the Jesuit Order in 1767, and its consequent expulsion from all the Spanish dominions, it was decided to send a body of Franciscans to take charge of the Jesuit missions in California. These were all in Lower California, no attempt at settlement having yet been made in Upper California. Once more the friends, glad and exultant, joined a missionary band, bound to new wildernesses. They were but three now, Verger remaining behind in charge of the College of San Fernando. The band numbered sixteen. Serra was put in charge of it, and was appointed president of all the California missions.

OLD MILL BUILT BY INDIANS AT SAN ANTONIO.

His biographer says he received this appointment "unable to speak a single word for tears." It was not strange, on the realization of a hope so long deferred. He was now fifty-six years old; and from boyhood his longing had been to labor among the Indians on the western shores of the New World.

It was now the purpose of the Spanish Government to proceed as soon as possible to the colonization of Upper California. The passion of the Church allied itself gladly with the purpose of the State; and the State itself had among its statesmen and soldiers many men who were hardly less fervid in religion than were those sworn exclusively to the Church's service. Such an one was Joseph de Galvez, who held the office of Visitor-General and Commander, representing the person of the King, and inspecting the working of the Government in every province of the Spanish empire. Upon him rested the responsibility of the practical organization of the first expedition into Upper California. It was he who ordered the carrying of all sorts of seeds of vegetables, grains, and flowers; everything that would grow in old Spain he ordered to be planted in New. He ordered that two hundred head of cattle should be taken from the northernmost of the Lower California missions, and carried to the new posts. It was he also, as full of interest for chapel as for farm, who selected and packed with his own hands sacred ornaments and vessels for church ceremonies. A curious letter of his to Palon is extant, in which he says laughingly that he is a better sacristan than Father Junipero, having packed the holy vessels and ornaments quicker and better than he. There are also extant some of his original instructions to military and naval commanders which show his religious ardor and wisdom. He declares that the first object of the expedition is "to establish the Catholic religion among a numerous heathen people, submerged in the obscure darkness of paganism, to extend the dominion of the King our Lord, and to protect this peninsula from the ambitious views of foreign nations."

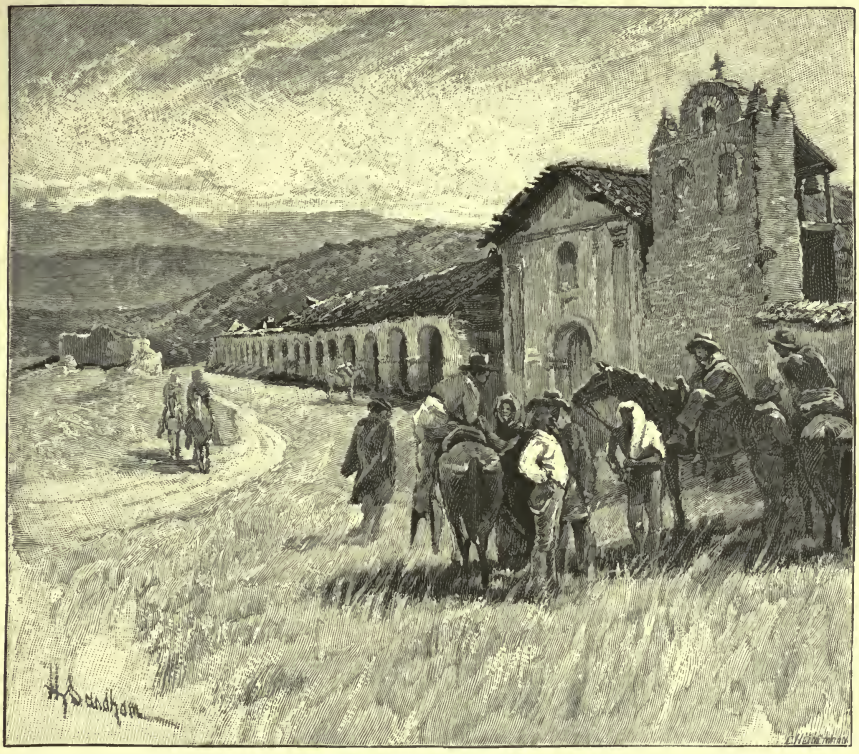
With no clearer knowledge than could be derived from scant records of Viscayno's voyage in 1602, he selected the two best and most salient points of the California coast, San Diego and Monterey, and ordered the founding of a mission at each. He also ordered the selection of a point midway between these two, for another mission, to be called Buena Ventura. His activity, generosity, and enthusiasm were inexhaustible. He seems to have had humor as well; for, when discussing the names of the missions to be founded, Father Junipero said to him, "But is there to be no mission for our Father St. Francis?" he replied, "If St. Francis wants a mission, let him show us his post, and we will put one there for him!"

The records of this first expedition into California are full of interest. It was divided into two parts, one to go by sea and one by land; the sea party in two ships, and the land party in two divisions. Every possible precaution and provision was thought of by the wise Galvez; but neither precaution nor provision could make the journey other than a terrible one. Father Junipero, with his characteristic ardor, insisted on accompanying one of the land parties, although he was suffering severely from an inflamed leg, the result of an injury he had received twenty years before in journeying on foot from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. Galvez tried in vain to detain him; he said he would rather die on the road than not go, but that he should not die, for the Lord would carry him through. However, on the second day out his pain became so great that he could neither sit, stand, nor sleep. Portalá, the military commander of the party, implored him to be car

ried in a litter; but this he could not brook. Calling one of the muleteers to him, he said:

"Son, do you not know some remedy for this sore on my leg?"

"Father," replied the muleteer, "what remedy can I know? I have only cured beasts."



SANTA YNEZ MISSION.

"Then consider me a beast," answered Serra; "consider this sore on my leg a sore back, and give me the same treatment you would apply to a beast."

Thus adjured, the muleteer took courage, and saying, "I will do it, Father, to please you," he proceeded to mix herbs in hot tallow, with which he anointed the wound, and so reduced the inflammation that Father Junipero slept all night, rose early, said matins and mass, and resumed his journey in comparative comfort. He bore this painful wound to the end of his life; and it was characteristic of the man as well as of the abnormal standards of the age, that he not only sought no measures for a radical cure of the diseased member, but, obstinately accepting the suffering as a cross, allowed the trouble to be aggravated in every way, by going without shoes or stockings, and by taking long journeys on foot.

A diary kept by Father Crespi on his toilsome march from Velicatá to San Diego is full of quaint and curious entries, monotonous in its religious reiterations, but touching in its simplicity and unconscious testimony to his own single-heartedness and patience. The nearest approach to a complaint he makes is to say that "nothing abounds except stones and thorns." When they journey for days with no water except scanty rations from the precious casks they are carrying, he always piously trusts water will be found on the morrow; and when they come to great tracts of impenetrable cactus thickets, through which they are obliged to hew a pathway with axes, as through a forest, and are drenched to the skin in cold rains, and deserted by the Christian Indians whom they had brought from Lower California as guides, he mentions the facts without a murmur, and has even for the deserters only a benediction: "May God guard the misguided ones." A far more serious grievance to him is that toward the end of the journey he could no longer celebrate full mass because the wafers had given out. Sometimes the party found themselves hemmed in by mountains, and were forced to halt for days while scouts went ahead to find a pass. More than once, hoping that at last they had found a direct and easy route, they struck

SAN ANTONIO MISSION.

down to the sea-shore, only to discover themselves soon confronted by impassable spurs of the coast range, and forced to toil back again up into the labyrinths of mesas and cactus plains. It was Holy Thursday, the 24th of March, when they set out, and it was not until the 13th of May that they reached the high ground from which they had their first view of the bay of San Diego, and saw the masts of the ships lying at anchor there—"which sight was a great joy and consolation to us all," says the diary.

They named this halting-place "Espiritu Santo." It must have been on, or very near, the ridge where now runs the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, as laid down by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. It is a grand promontory, ten miles south-east of San Diego, thrusting out to sea; bare of trees, but matted thick with the dewy ice-plant, and in early spring carpeted with flowers. An ugly monument of stone stands there, bearing the names of the American and Mexican commissioners who established this boundary line in October, 1849. It would seem much more fitting to have there a monument bearing the names of the heroic men—friars and soldiers of Spain—who on that spot on May 14, 1769, sang the first Easter hymn heard on California shores.

It was a sore grief for Father Crespi that the commandant of the party would not wait here for him to say a mass of thanksgiving; but, with the port in sight, impatience could not be restrained, and the little band pushed on. As soon as the San Diego camp was seen, the soldiers discharged a salute of fire-arms, which was answered instantly from

shore and ship. Great joy filled every heart. The friars who had come by sea ran to meet and embrace their brothers. The gladness was dampened only by the sad condition of the ships' crews, many of whom were dead or dying. They had been four months, with their poor charts and poorer ships, making their way from La Paz up to San Diego; and, in consequence of insufficient and unwholesome food, the scurvy had broken out among them. It was a melancholy beginning for the new enterprise. When, six weeks later, the second land party with Father Junipero arrived, eager to proceed to the establishing of the mission, they found that their first duty was to the sick and dying of their own people. In fifteen days twenty-nine of the sailors and soldiers died. The Indians, who at first had been gentle and friendly, grew each day more insolent and thievish, even tearing off the clothes of the sick lying helpless in the tents or tule huts on the beach. At last, on the 16th of July, a cross was set up facing the port, and in a rude booth of branches and reeds, mass was celebrated and the grand hymn of "Veni Creator" was sung, the pilgrims "supplying the want of an organ by discharging fire-arms," says the old record, and with only the "smoke of muskets for incense." Thus was founded the Mission of San Diego; and thus was laid the corner-stone of the civilization of California on July 16, 1769.

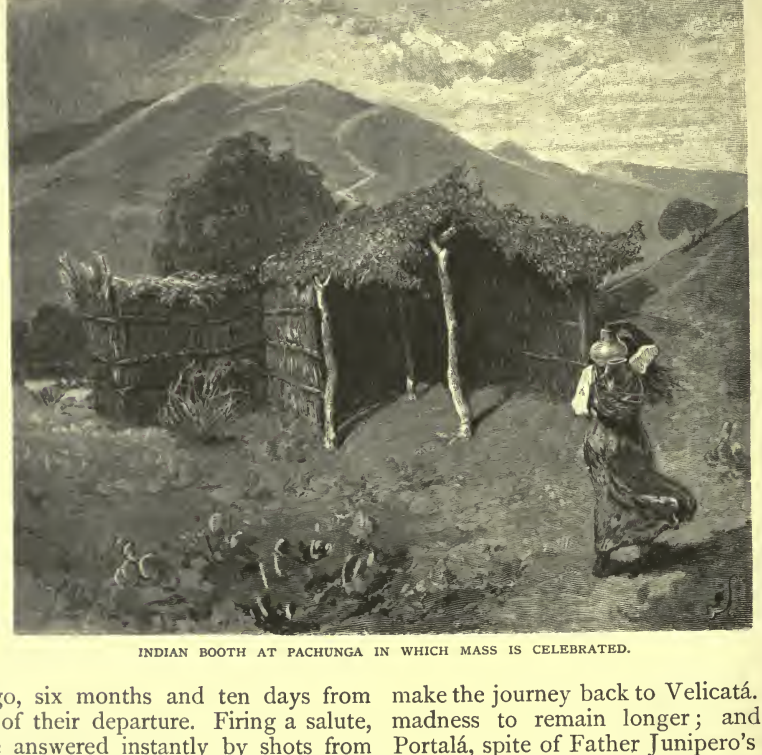
Two days before this the indefatigable Crespi had set off with another overland party, Portalá at its head, to find Monterey. On this journey, also, Father Crespi kept a diary,—little suspecting, probably, with how much interest it would be studied a century later. It was not strange that, with only a compass and seventeenth century charts to guide them along the zigzagging labyrinths of bays, headlands, and sand-hills which make the California shore, they toiled to no purpose seeking the Monterey harbor. It is pitiful to read the record of the days when they were close upon it, setting up a cross on one of its hills, and yet could not see it; even querying, so bewildered and lost were they, if it might not have been filled up with sands since Viscayno's time. Forty leagues north of it they went, and discovered the present bay of San Francisco, which they at once recognized by Viscayno's description; and recalling the speech of Galvez in regard to Saint Francis pointing out a port if he wanted a mission of his own name, the pious fathers thought it not unlikely, that the saint himself had hidden Monterey from their sight, and led them to his own harbor. Month after month passed, and still they were wandering. They were foot-sore, weary, hungry, but not

BELLS OF THE SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

disheartened. Friendly Indians everywhere greeted them kindly, gave them nuts, and shell-fish, and bread made from acorn flour. At one time seventeen of the party were too ill to travel. Twice they halted and held council on the question of abandoning the search. Some were ready to continue as long as the provisions held out, then to eat their mules, and go back on foot. Fathers Crespi and Gomez volunteered to be left behind alone.

At last, on the 11th of November, it was decided to return by the route by which they had come. On the 20th, finding that their flour had been stolen by the soldiers, they divided the remainder into equal parts, giving to each person enough to last him two days. On Christmas Day, they had a present of nuts from friendly Indians, and on New Year's Day they had the luck to kill a bear and three

cubs, which gave them a feast for which they offered most devout thanksgivings. For the rest, they lived chiefly on mussels, with now and then a wild goose. On the 24th of January they came out on the table-lands above that of this little, suffering band, separated by leagues of desert and leagues of ocean from all possible succor. At last, an examination showed that there were only provisions sufficient left to subsist the party long enough to



INDIAN BOOTH AT PACHUNGA IN WHICH MASS IS CELEBRATED.

San Diego, six months and ten days from the time of their departure. Firing a salute, they were answered instantly by shots from the camp, and saw an eager crowd running to meet them, great anxiety having been felt at their long absence.

It is worth while, in studying the history of these Franciscan Missions, to dwell on the details of the hardships endured in the beginning by their founders. Only narrow-minded bigotry can fail to see in them proofs of a spiritual enthusiasm and exaltation of self-sacrifice which are rarely paralleled in the world's history. And to do justice to the results accomplished, it is necessary to understand thoroughly the conditions at the outset of the undertaking.

The weary, returned party found their comrades in sorry plight. The scurvy had spread, and many more had died. Father Junipero himself had been dangerously ill with it; provisions were running low; the Indians were only half friendly, and were not to be trusted out of sight. The supply-ships looked for from Mexico had not arrived.

A situation more helpless, unprotected, discouraging, could not be conceived, than make the journey back to Velicatá. It seemed madness to remain longer; and Governor Portalá, spite of Father Junipero's entreaties, gave orders to prepare for the abandonment of the missions. He fixed the 20th of March as the last day he would wait for the arrival of the ship. This was St. Joseph's Day. On the morning of it, Father Junipero, who had been praying night and day for weeks, celebrated to St. Joseph a high mass, with special supplications for relief. Before noon a sail was seen on the horizon. One does not need to believe in saints and saints' interpositions to feel a thrill at this coincidence, and in fancying the effect the sudden vision of the relief-ship must have produced on the minds of devout men who had been starving. The ship appeared for a few moments—then disappeared; doubtless there were some who scoffed at it as a mere apparition. But Portalá believed, and waited; and, four days later in the ship came!—the *San Antonio*, bringing bountiful stores of all that was needed.

Courage and cheer now filled the very air. No time was lost in organizing expeditions to go once more in search of the mysteriously hidden Monterey. In less than three weeks

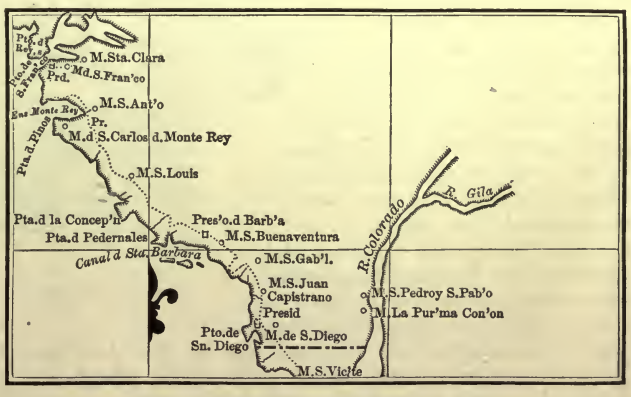
two parties had set off—one by sea in the *San Antonio*. With this went Father Junipero, still feeble from illness. Father Crespi, undaunted by his former six months of wandering, joined the land party, reaching the Point of Pines, on Monterey Harbor, seven days before the ship arrived. As soon as she came in sight bonfires were lighted on the rocks, and the ship answered by firing cannon. It was a great rejoicing. The next day, June 1st, the officers of the two parties met, and exchanged congratulations; and on the third they took formal possession of the place: first, in the name of the Church, by religious ceremonies; secondly, in the name of the King of Spain, unfurling the royal standard, and planting it in the ground, side by side with the cross.

To one familiar with the beauty of the Monterey shore in June, the picture of this scene is vivid. The sand-dunes were ablaze with color; lupines in high, waving masses, white and yellow; and great mats of the glittering ice-plant, with myriads of rose-colored umbels, lying flat on the white sand. Many rods inland, the air was sweet with their fragrance, borne by the strong sea-wind. On long cliffs of broken, tempest-piled rocks stood ranks upon ranks of grand old cypress-trees,—gnarled, bent, twisted, defiant, full of both pathos and triumph in their loneliness, in this the only spot on earth to which they are native.

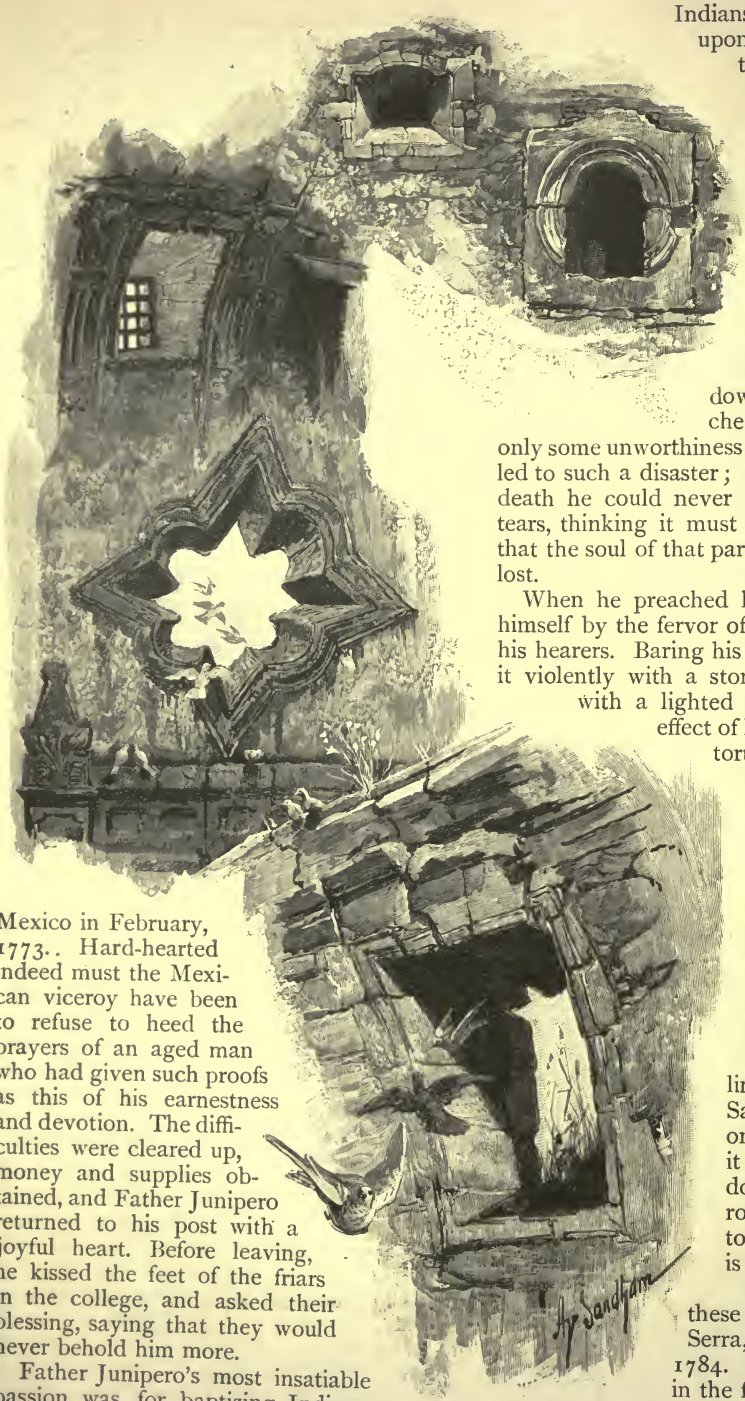
The booth of boughs in which the mass was performed was built under a large oak, on the same spot where Viscayno had landed and his Carmelite monks had said mass one hundred and sixty-seven years before. The ceremonies closed with a ringing Te Deum,—sailors, soldiers, monks, alike jubilant.

When the news of the founding of this second mission reached the city of Mexico, there was a furore of excitement. The bells of the city were rung; people ran up and down the streets telling each other; and the viceroy held at his palace a grand reception, to which went all persons of note, eager to congratulate him and Galvez. Printed proclamations, giving full accounts, were circulated, not only in Mexico but throughout Spain. No province so remote, no home so lowly, as to fail to hear the good news. It was indeed good news to both state and church. The fact of the occupation of the new country was accomplished; the scheme for the conversion and salvation of the savage race was fairly inaugurated; Monterey and San Diego being assured, ultimate possession of the whole of the coast line between would follow. Little these gladdened people in Spain and Mexico realized, however, the cost of the triumph over which they rejoiced, or the true condition of the men who had won it.

The history of the next fifteen years is a history of struggle, hardship, and heroic achievement. The indefatigable Serra was the mainspring and support of it all. There seemed no limit to his endurance, no bound to his desires; nothing daunted his courage or chilled his faith. When, in the sixth year after the founding of the San Diego Mission, it was attacked by hostile Indians, one of the fathers being most cruelly murdered, and the buildings burned to the ground, Father Junipero exclaimed, "Thank God! The seed of the Gospel is now watered by the blood of a martyr; that mission is henceforth established"; and in a few months he was on the spot, with money and materials, ready for rebuilding; pressing sailors, neophytes, soldiers, into the service; working with his own hands also, spite of the fears and protestations of all, and only desisting on positive orders from the military commander. He journeyed, frequently on foot, back and forth through the country, founding a new mission whenever, by his urgent letters to the College of San Fernando and to the Mexican viceroys, he had gathered together men and money enough to do so. In 1772, when perplexities seemed inextricably thickened and supplies had fallen so short that starvation threatened the missions, he took ship to San Blas. With no companion except one Indian boy, he toiled on foot from San Blas to Guadalajara, two hundred and forty miles. Here they both fell ill of fever, and sank so low that they were supposed to be dying, and the Holy Viaticum was administered to them. But they recovered, and, while only partly convalescent, pushed on again, reaching the city of



MAP OF THE COAST LINE, DRAWN IN 1787.



SOME OF THE WINDOWS AT SAN CARLOS.

Mexico in February, 1773.. Hard-hearted indeed must the Mexican viceroy have been to refuse to heed the prayers of an aged man who had given such proofs as this of his earnestness and devotion. The difficulties were cleared up, money and supplies obtained, and Father Junipero returned to his post with a joyful heart. Before leaving, he kissed the feet of the friars in the college, and asked their blessing, saying that they would never behold him more.

Father Junipero's most insatiable passion was for baptizing Indians, the saving of one soul thus from death filled him with unspeakable joy. His biographer illustrates this by the narrative of the first infant baptism attempted at the San Diego Mission. The Indians had been prevailed upon to bring an infant to receive the consecration. Everything was ready: Father Junipero had raised his hand to sprinkle the child's face; suddenly heathen terror got the better of the parents, and in the twinkling of an eye they snatched their babe and ran. Tears rolled down Father Junipero's cheeks: he declared that only some unworthiness in himself could have led to such a disaster; and to the day of his death he could never tell the story without tears, thinking it must be owing to his sins that the soul of that particular child had been lost.

When he preached he was carried out of himself by the fervor of his desire to impress his hearers. Baring his breast, he would beat it violently with a stone, or burn the flesh with a lighted torch, to enhance the effect of his descriptions of the tortures of hell. There is in his memoir a curious engraving, showing him lifted high above a motley group of listeners, holding in his hands the blazing torch and the stone.

In the same book is an outline map of California as he knew it. It is of the coast line from San Diego to San Francisco, and the only objects marked on it are the missions and dotted lines showing the roads leading from one to another. All the rest is a blank.

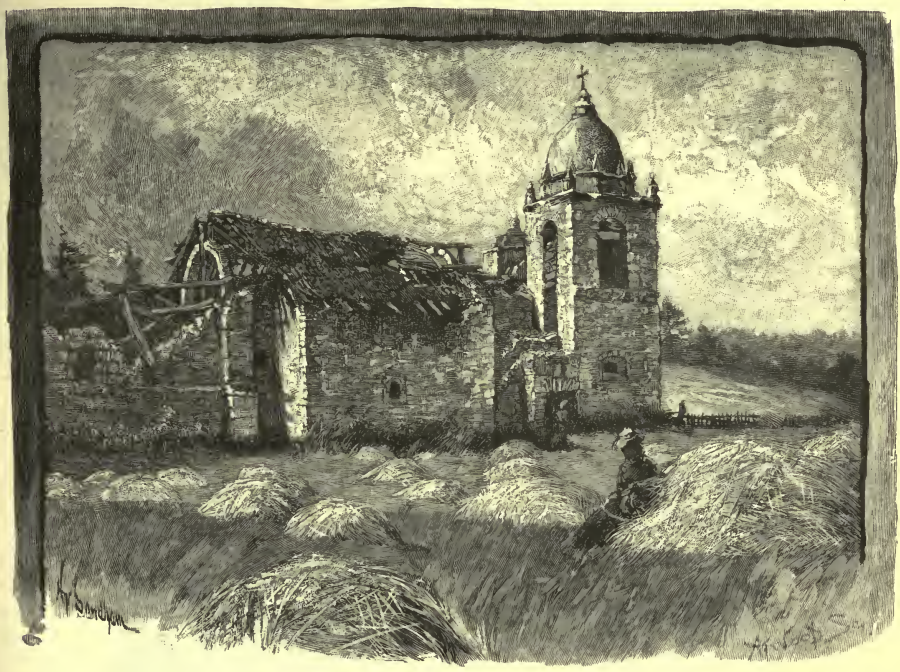
There were nine of these missions, founded by Serra, before his death in 1784. They were founded in the following order:

San Diego, July 16, 1769; San Carlos de Monterey, June 3, 1770; San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771; San Gabriel, September 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, September 1, 1772; San Francisco (Dolores), October

9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, November 1, 1776; Santa Clara, January 18, 1777; San Buena Ventura, March 31, 1782.

The transports into which Father Junipero was thrown by the beginning of a new mission are graphically told by the companion who went with him to establish the mission of San Antonio. With his little train of soldiers, and mules laden with a few weeks' supplies, he wandered off into the unexplored wilderness sixty miles south of Monterey, looking eagerly for river valleys promising fertility. As soon as the beautiful oak-shaded plain, with its river swift and full even in July, caught his eye, he ordered a halt, seized the bells, tied them to an oak bough, and fell to ringing them with might and main, crying aloud: "Hear, hear, O ye Gentiles! Come to the Holy Church! Come to the faith of Jesus Christ!" Not a human creature was in sight, save his own band, and his companion remonstrated with him. "Let me alone," cried Father Junipero. "Let me unburden my heart, which could wish that this bell should be heard by all the world, or at least by all the Gentiles in these mountains"; and he rang on till the echoes answered, and one astonished Indian appeared — the first instance in which a native had been present at the foundation of a mission. Not long afterward came a very aged Indian woman named Agreda, begging to be baptized, saying that she had seen a vision in the skies of a man clad like the friars, and that her father had repeated to her in her youth the same words they now spoke.

The history of this San Antonio Mission justified Father Junipero's selection. The site proved one of the richest and most repaying, including, finally, seven large farms with a chapel on each, and being famous for the best wheat grown and the best flour made in the country. The curious mill in which the flour was ground is still to be seen — a most interesting ruin. It was run by water brought in a stone-walled ditch for many miles, and driven through a funnel-shaped flume so as to strike the side of a large water-wheel, revolving horizontally on a shaft. The building of this aqueduct, and the placing of the wheel, were the work of an Indian named Nolberto, who took the idea from the balance-wheel of a watch, and did all the work with his own hands. The walls are broken now; and the sands have so blown in and piled around the entrance, that the old wheel seems buried in a cellar; linnets have builded nests in the dusky corners, and are so seldom disturbed that their bright eyes gaze with placid unconcern at curious intruders.



SAN CARLOS MISSION.

Many interesting incidents are recorded in connection with the establishment of these first missions. At San Gabriel; the Indians

INTERIOR OF SAN CARLOS MISSION, SHOWING ORIGINAL SPRING OF ROOF AND CURVE OF WALLS.

gathered in great force, and were about to attack the little band of ten soldiers and two friars preparing to plant their cross; but on the unfurling of a banner with a life-size picture of the Virgin painted on it, they flung away their bows and arrows, came running toward the banner with gestures of reverence and delight, and threw their beads and other ornaments on the ground before it, as at the feet of a suddenly recognized queen.

The San Gabriel Indians seem to have been a superior race. They spoke a soft, musical language, now nearly lost. Their name for God signified "Giver of Life." They had no belief in a devil or in hell, and persisted always in regarding them as concerning only white men. Robbery was unknown among them, murder was punished by death, and marriage between those near of kin was not allowed. They had names for the points of the compass, and knew the North Star, calling it Runi. They had games at which they decked themselves with flower garlands, which wreathed their heads and hung down to their feet. They had certain usages of politeness, such as that a child, bringing water to an elder, must not taste it on the way; and that to pass between two who were speaking was an offense. They had song contests, often lasting many days, and sometimes handed down to the next generation. To a people of such customs as these, the symbols, shows, and ceremonies of the Catholic Church must needs have seemed especially beautiful and winning.

The records of the founding of these missions are similar in details, but are full of interest to one in sympathy either with their spiritual or their historical significance. The

routine was the same in all cases. A cross was set up; a booth of branches was built; the ground and the booth were consecrated by holy water and christened by the name of a saint; a mass was performed; the neighboring Indians, if there were any, were roused and summoned by the ringing of bells swung on limbs of trees; presents of cloth and trinkets were given them to inspire them with trust, and thus a mission was founded. Two monks (never, at first, more) were appointed to take charge of this cross and booth, and to win, baptize, convert, and teach all the Indians to be reached in the region. They had for guard and help a few soldiers, and sometimes a few already partly civilized and Christianized Indians; several head of cattle, some tools and seeds, and holy vessels for the church service, completed their store of weapons, spiritual and secular, offensive and defensive, with which to conquer the wilderness and its savages. There needs no work of the imagination to help this picture. Taken in its sternest realism it is vivid and thrilling; contrasting the wretched poverty of these single-handed beginnings with the final splendor and riches attained, the result seems well-nigh miraculous.

From the rough booth of boughs and reeds of 1770 to the pillars, arched corridors and domes of the stately stone churches of a half-century later, is a change only a degree less wonderful than the change in the Indian, from the naked savage, with his one stone tool, grinding acorn-meal in a rock bowl, to the industrious tiller of soil, weaver of cloth, worker in metals, and singer of sacred hymns. The steps of this change were slow at first. In 1772, at the end of five years' work, five missions had been founded, and four hundred and ninety-one Indians baptized. There were then, in these five missions, but nineteen friars and sixty soldiers. In 1786, La Perouse, a French naval commander, who voyaged along the California coast, leaves it on record that there were but two hundred and eighty-two soldiers, and about one hundred officers and friars, all told, in both Upper and Lower California, from Cape Saint Lucas to San Francisco, a line of eight hundred leagues. At this time there were five thousand one hundred and forty-three Indians, in the missions of Upper California alone. In the year 1800 there were, at the mission of San Diego, fifteen hundred and twenty-one Indians; and the San Diego garrison, three miles away from the mission, numbered only one hundred and sixty-seven souls,—officers, soldiers, servants, women, and children. Such figures as these seem sufficient refutation of the idea sometimes advanced, that the Indians were converted by force and held in subjection by terror. There is still preserved in the archives of the Franciscan College at Santa Barbara, a letter written by Father Junipero to the Viceroy of Mexico, in 1776, imploring him to send a force of eighty soldiers to be divided among seven missions. He patiently explains that the friars, stationed by twos, at new missions, from sixty to a hundred miles distant from each other, cannot be expected to feel safe without a reasonable military protection; and he asks pertinently what defense could be made, "in case the enemy should tempt the Gentiles to attack us." That there was so little active hostility on the part of the savage tribes, that they looked so kindly as they did to the ways and restraints of the new life, is the strongest possible proof that the methods of the friars in dealing with them must have been both wise and humane.

During the first six years there was but one serious outbreak,—that at San Diego; no retaliation was shown toward the Indians for this: on the contrary, the orders of both friars and military commanders were that they should be treated with even greater kindness than before; and in less than two years the mission buildings were rebuilt, under a guard of only a half-score of soldiers with hundreds of Indians looking on, and many helping cheerfully in the work. The San Carlos Mission at Monterey was Father Junipero's own charge. There he spent all his time, when not called away by his duties as president of the missions. There he died, and there he was buried. There, also, his beloved friend and brother, Father Crespi, labored by his side for thirteen years. Crespi was a sanguine, joyous man, sometimes called El Beato, from his happy temperament. No doubt, his gayety made Serra's sunshine in many a dark day; and grief at his death did much to break down the splendid old man's courage and strength. Only a few months before it occurred, they had gone together for a short visit to their comrade, Father Palon, at the San Francisco Mission. When they took leave of him, Crespi said, "Farewell forever; you will see me no more." This was late in the autumn of 1781, and on New Year's Day, 1782, he died, aged sixty years, and having spent half of those years in laboring for the Indians. Serra lived only two years longer, and is said never to have been afterward the same as before. For many years he had been a great sufferer from an affection of the heart—aggravated, if not induced, by his fierce beatings of his breast with a stone, while he was preaching. But physical pain seemed to make no impression on his mind. If it did not incapacitate him

THE FUNERAL OF FATHER JUNIPERO.

for action, he held it of no account. Only the year before his death, being then seventy years old, and very lame, he had journeyed on foot from San Diego to Monterey, visiting every mission and turning aside into all the Indian settlements on the way. At this time there were on the Santa Barbara coast alone, within a space of eighty miles, twenty-one villages of Indians, roughly estimated as containing between twenty and thirty thousand souls. He is said to have gone weeping from village to village because he could do nothing for them.

He reached San Carlos in January, 1784, and never again went away. The story of his last hours and death is in the old church records of Monterey, written there by the hand of the sorrowing Palon the second day after he had closed his friend's eyes. It is a quaint and touching narrative.

Up to the day before his death, his indomitable will upholding the failing strength of his dying body, Father Junipero had read in the church the canonical offices of each day, a service requiring an hour and a half of time. The evening before his death he walked alone to the church to receive the last sacrament. The church was crowded to overflowing with Indians and whites, many crying aloud in uncontrollable grief.

Father Junipero knelt before the altar with great fervor of manner, while Father Palon, with tears rolling down his cheeks, read the services for the dying, gave him absolution, and administered the Holy Viaticum. Then rose from choked and tremulous voices the strains of the grand hymn "Tantum Ergo."

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.

A startled thrill ran through the church as Father Junipero's own voice, "high and strong as ever," says the record, joined in the hymn. One by one the voices of his people broke down, stifled by sobs, until at last the dying man's voice, almost alone, finished the hymn. After this he gave thanks, and, returning to his cell-like room, spent the whole of the night in listening to penitential psalms and litanies, and giving thanks to God: all the time kneeling or sitting on the ground supported by the loving and faithful Palon. In the morning, early, he asked for the plenary indulgence, for which he again knelt, and confessed again. At noon, the chaplain and the captain of the bark *St. Joseph*, then lying in port at Monterey, came to visit him. He welcomed them, and, cordially embracing the chaplain, said, "You have come just in time to cast the earth upon my body." After they took their leave, he asked Palon to read to him again the Recommendations of the Soul. At its conclusion he responded earnestly, in as clear voice as in health, adding, "Thank God, I am now without fear." Then with a firm step he walked to the kitchen, saying that he would like a cup of broth. As soon as he had taken the broth, he exclaimed, "I feel better now; I will rest"; and, lying down, he closed his eyes, and without another word or sign of struggle or pain, ceased to breathe; entering indeed into a rest of which his last word had been solemnly prophetic.

Ever since morning the grief-stricken people had been waiting and listening for the tolling death-bell to announce that all was over. At its first note they came in crowds, breathless, weeping, and lamenting. It was with great difficulty that the soldiers could keep them from tearing Father Junipero's habit piecemeal from his body, so ardent was their desire to possess some relic of him. The corpse was laid at once in a coffin which he himself had ordered made many weeks before. The vessels in port fired a salute of one hundred and one guns, answered by the same from the guns of the presidio at Monterey—an honor given to no one below the rank of general. But the hundred gun salutes were a paltry honor in comparison with the tears of the Indian congregation. Soldiers kept watch around his coffin night and day till the burial, but they could not hold back the throngs of the poor creatures who pressed to touch the hand of the Father they had so much loved, and to bear away something, if only a thread, of the garments he had worn.

His ardent and impassioned nature and his untiring labors had won their deepest affection and confidence. It was his habit when at San Carlos to spend all his time with them, working by their side in the fields, making adobe, digging, tilling, doing, in short, all that he required of them. Day after day he thus labored, only desisting at the hours for performing offices in the church. Whenever an Indian came to address him, he made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and spoke to him some words of spiritual injunction or benediction. The arbitrariness, or, as some of his enemies called it, haughty self-will, which brought Serra at times into conflict with the military authorities when their purposes or views clashed with his own, never came to the

surface in his spiritual functions, or in his relation with the Indian converts. He loved them, and yearned over them as brands to be snatched from the burning. He had baptized over one thousand of them with his own hands; his whole life he spent for them, and was ready at any moment to lay it down if that would have benefited them more. Absolute single-heartedness like this is never misunderstood by, and never antagonizes equally single-hearted people, either high or low. But, to be absolutely single-hearted in a moral purpose is almost inevitably to be doggedly one-ideaed in regard to practical methods, and the single-hearted, one-ideaed man, with a great moral purpose, is sure to be often at swords' points with average men of selfish interests and mixed notions. This is the explanation of the fact that the later years of Serra's life were marred by occasional collisions with the military authorities in the country. No doubt the impetuosity of his nature made him sometimes hot in resentment and indiscreet of speech. But, in spite of these failings, he yet remains the foremost, grandest figure in the missions' history. If his successors in their administration had been equal to him in spirituality, enthusiasm, and intellect, the mission establishments would never have been so utterly overthrown and ruined.

Father Junipero sleeps on the spot where he labored and died. His grave is under the ruins of the beautiful stone church of his mission — the church which he saw only in ardent and longing fancy. It was, perhaps, the most beautiful, though not the grandest of the mission churches, and its ruins have to-day a charm far exceeding all the others. The fine yellow tint of the stone, the grand and unique contour of the arches, the beautiful star-shaped window in the front, the simple yet effective lines of carving on pilaster and pillar and door-way, the symmetrical Moorish tower and dome, the worn steps leading up to the belfry,—all make a picture whose beauty, apart from hallowing associations, is enough to hold one spell-bound. Reverent nature has rebuilt with grass and blossoms even the crumbling window-sills, across which the wind blows free from the blue ocean just beyond; and on the day we saw the place, golden wheat, fresh reaped, was piled in loose mounds on the south slope below the church's southern wall; it reminded me of the tales I had heard from many aged men and women of a beautiful custom the Indians had of scattering their choicest grains on the ground at the friars' feet, as a token of homage.

The roof of the church long ago fell in; its doors have stood open for years; and the fierce sea-gales have been sweeping in, piling sands until a great part of the floor is covered with solid earth on which every summer grasses and weeds grow high enough to be cut by sickles. Of the thousands of acres which the Mission Indians once cultivated in the San Carlos valley, only nine were finally decreed by the United States Government to belong to the church. These were so carelessly surveyed that no avenue of approach was left open to the mission buildings, and a part of the land had to be sold to buy a right of way to the church. The remnant left makes a little farm, by the rental of which a man can be hired to take charge of the whole place, and keep it, if possible, from further desecration and ruin. The present keeper is a devout Portuguese, whose broken English becomes eloquent as he speaks of the old friars whose graves he guards.

"Dem work for civilize," he said, "not work for money. Dey work to religion."

In clearing away the earth at the altar end of the church, in the winter of 1882, this man came upon stone slabs evidently covering graves. On opening one of these graves, it was found to hold three coffins. From the minute description, in the old records, of Father Junipero's place of burial, Father Carenova, the priest now in charge of the Monterey parish, became convinced that one of these coffins must be his. On the opposite side of the church is another grave, where are buried two of the earliest governors of California.

It is a disgrace to both the Catholic Church and the State of California that this grand old ruin, with its sacred sepulchers, should be left to crumble away. If nothing is done to protect and save it, one short hundred years more will see it a shapeless, wind-swept mound of sand. It is not in our power to confer honor or bring dishonor on the illustrious dead. We ourselves, alone, are dishonored when we fail in reverence to them. The grave of Junipero Serra may be buried centuries deep and its very place forgotten, yet his name will not perish, nor his fame suffer. But, for the men of the country whose civilization he founded, and of the Church whose faith he so glorified, to permit his burial-place to sink into oblivion, is a shame indeed!

H. H.

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A BALLAD OF THE MIST.

"I LOVE the Lady of Merle," he said.
"She is not for thee!" her suitor cried;
And in the valley the lovers fought
By the salt river's tide.

The braver fell on the dewy sward,
The unloved lover returned once more;
In yellow satin the lady came
And met him at the door.

"Hast thou heard, dark Edith," laughed he grim,
"Poor Hugh hath craved thee many a day?
Soon would it have been too late for him
His low-born will to say.

"I struck a blade where lay his heart's love,
And voice for thee have I left him none
To brag he still seeks thee over the hills
When thou and I are one!"

Fearless across the wide country
Rode the dark Lady Edith of Merle;
She looked at the headlands soft with haze,
And the moor's mists of pearl.

The moon it struggled to see her pass
Through its half-lit veils of driving gray;
But moonbeams were slower than the steed
That Edith rode away.

Oh, what was her guerdon and her haste,
While cried the far screech-owl in the tree,
And to her heart crept its note so lone
Beating tremulously?

About her a black scarf floated thin,
And over her cheek the mist fell cold,
And shuddered the moon between its rifts
Of dark cloud's silvery fold.

Oh, white fire of the nightly sky
When burns the moon's wonder wide and far,
And every cloud illumed with flame
Engulfs a shaken star!

. . . . . .

Bright as comes morning from the hill,
There comes a face to her lover's eyes;
Her love she tells, and he dying smiles,—
And smiles yet in the skies.

He is dead, and closer breathe the mists;
He is dead, the owlet moans remote;
He is buried, and the moon draws near,
To gaze and hide and float.

Fearless within the churchyard's spell
The white-browed lady doth stand and sigh;
She loves the mist, and the grave, and the moon,
And the owl's quivering cry.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

POMONA'S DAUGHTER.*

In the pretty walk, bordered by bright flowers and low, overhanging shrubbery, which lies back of the Albert Memorial, in Kensington Gardens, London, Jonas sat on a green bench, with his baby on his knee. A few nurses were pushing baby-carriages about in different parts of the walk, and there were children playing not far away. It was drawing toward the close of the afternoon, and Jonas was thinking it was nearly time to go home, when Pomona came running to him from the gorgeous monument, which she had been carefully inspecting.

"Jone," she cried, "do you know I've been lookin' at all them great men that's standin' round the bottom of the monnyment, an' though there's over a hundred of 'em, I'm sure, I can't find a American among 'em! There's poets, an' artists, an' leadin' men, scraped up from all parts, an' not one of our illustrious dead. What d'ye think of that?"

"I can't believe it," said Jonas. "If we go home with a tale like that we'll hear the recruiting-drum from Newark to Texas, and, ten to one, I'll be drafted."

"You needn't be makin' fun," said Pomona; "you come an' see for yourself. Perhaps you kin' find jus' one American, an' then I'll go home satisfied."

"All right," said Jonas.

And, putting the child on the bench, he told her he'd be back in a minute, and hurried after Pomona to give a hasty look for the desired American.

Corinne, the offspring of Jonas and Pomona, had some peculiarities. One of these was that she was accustomed to stay where she was put. Ever since she had been old enough to be carried about, she had been carried about by one parent or the other; and, as it was frequently necessary to set her down, she had learned to sit and wait until she was taken up again. She was now nearly two years old, very strong and active, and of an intellect which had already begun to tower. She could walk very well, but Jonas took such delight in carrying her that he seldom appeared to recognize her ability to use her legs. She could also talk, but how much her parents did not know. She was a taciturn child, and preferred to keep her thoughts to herself, and, although she sometimes astonished us all by imitating remarks she had heard, she frequently declined to repeat the simplest words that had been taught her.

Corinne remained on the bench about a minute after her father had left her, and then, contrary to her usual custom, she determined to leave the place where she had been put. Turning over on her stomach, after the manner of babies, she lowered her feet to the ground. Having obtained a foothold, she turned herself about and proceeded, with sturdy steps, to a baby-carriage near by which had attracted her attention. This carriage, which was unattended, contained a baby, somewhat smaller and younger than Corinne, who sat up and gazed with youthful interest at the visitor who stood by the side of her vehicle. Corinne examined, with a critical eye, the carriage and its occupant. She looked at the soft pillow at the baby's back, and regarded with admiration the afghan crocheted in gay colors which was spread over its lap, and the spacious gig-top which shielded it from the sun. She stooped down and looked at the wheels, and stood up and gazed at the blue eyes and canary hair of the little occupant. Then, in quiet but decided tones, Corinne said:

"Dit out!"

The other baby looked at her, but made no movement to obey. After waiting a few moments, an expression of stern severity spreading itself the while over her countenance, Corinne reached over and put her arms around the fair-haired child. Then, with all her weight and strength, she threw herself backward and downward. The other baby, being light, was thus drawn bodily out of its carriage, and Corinne sat heavily upon the ground, her new acquaintance sprawling in her lap. Notwithstanding that she bore the brunt of the fall upon the gravel, Corinne uttered no cry; but, disengaging herself from her incumbrance, she rose to her feet. The other baby imitated her, and Corinne, taking her by the hand, led her to the bench where she herself had been left.

"Dit up!" said Corinne.

This, however, the other baby was unable to do; but she stood quite still, evidently greatly interested in the proceedings. Corinne left her and walked to the little carriage, into which she proceeded to climb. After some extraordinary exertions, during which her fat legs were frequently thrust through the spokes of the wheels and ruthlessly drawn out again, she tumbled in. Arranging herself as comfortably as she knew how, she drew the gay

* See "The Rudder Grangers in England," THE CENTURY for January, 1883.

afghan over her, leaned back upon the soft pillow, gazed up at the sheltering gig-top, and resigned herself to luxurious bliss. At this supreme moment, the nurse who had had charge of the carriage and its occupant came hurrying around a corner of the path. She had been taking leave of some of her nurse-maid friends, and had staid longer than she had intended. It was necessary for her to take a suitable leave of these ladies, for that night she was going on a journey. She had been told to take the baby out for an airing, and to bring it back early. Now, to her surprise, the afternoon had nearly gone, and hurrying to the little carriage she seized the handle at the back and rapidly pushed it home, without stopping to look beneath the overhanging gig-top, or at the green bench, with which her somewhat worried soul had no concern. If anything could add to Corinne's ecstatic delight, it was this charming motion. Closing her eyes contentedly, she dropped asleep.

The baby with canary hair looked at the receding nurse and carriage with widening eyes and reddening cheeks. Then, opening her mouth, she uttered the cry of the deserted; but the panic-stricken nurse did not hear her, and, if she had, what were the cries of other children to her? Her only business was to get home quickly with her young charge.

About five minutes after these events, Jonas and Pomona came hurrying along the path. They, too, had staid away much longer than they had intended, and had suddenly given up their search for the American, whom they had hoped to find in high relief upon the base of the Albert Memorial. Stepping quickly to the child, who still stood sobbing by the bench, Jonas exclaimed: "You poor itty——!"

And then he stopped suddenly. Pomona also stood for a second, and then she made a dash at the child, and snatched it up. Gazing sharply at its tear-smeared countenance, she exclaimed: "What's this?"

The baby did not seem able to explain what it was, and only answered by a tearful sob. Jonas did not say a word; but, with the lithe quickness of a dog after a rat, he began to search behind and under benches, in the bushes, on the grass, here, there, and everywhere.

About nine o'clock that evening, Pomona came to us with tears in her eyes, and the canary-haired baby in her arms, and told us that Corinne was lost. They had searched everywhere; they had gone to the police; telegrams had been sent to every station; they had done everything that could be done, but had found no trace of the child.

"If I hadn't this," sobbed Pomona, holding out the child, "I believe I'd go wild. It isn't that she can take the place of my dear baby, but by a-keepin' hold of her I believe we'll git on the track of Corinne."

We were both much affected by this news, and Euphemia joined Pomona in her tears.

"Jonas is scourin' the town yet," said Pomona. "He'll never give up till he drops. But I felt you ought to know, and I couldn't keep this little thing in the night-air no longer. It's a sweet child, and its clothes are lovely. If it's got a mother, she's bound to want to see it before long; an' if ever I ketch sight of her, she don't git away from me till I have my child."

"It is a very extraordinary case," I said. "Children are often stolen, but it is seldom we hear of one being taken and another left in its place, especially when the children are of different ages, and totally unlike."

"That's so," said Pomona. "At first, I thought that Corinne had been changed off for a princess, or something like that, but nobody couldn't make anybody believe that my big, black-haired baby was this white-an'-yaller thing."

"Can't you find any mark on her clothes," asked Euphemia, "by which you could discover her parentage? If there are no initials, perhaps you can find a coronet or a coat of arms."

"No," said Pomona, "there aint nothin'. I've looked careful. But there's great comfort to think that Corinne's well stamped."

"Stamped!" we exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you see," answered Pomona, "when Jone an' I was goin' to bring our baby over here among so many million people, we thought there might be danger of its gittin' lost or mislaid, though we never really believed any such thing would happen, or we wouldn't have come. An' so we agreed to mark her, for I've often read about babies bein' stole an' kept two or three years, an' when found bein' so changed their own mothers didn't know 'em. Jone said we'd better tattoo Corinne, for them marks would always be there, but I wouldn't agree to have the little creature's skin stuck with needles, not even after Jone said we might give her chloryform; so we agreed to stamp initials on her with Perkins's Indelible Dab. It is intended to mark sheep, but it don't hurt, and it don't never come off. We put the letters on the back of her heels, where they wouldn't show, for she's never to go barefoot, an' where they'd be easy got at if we wanted to find 'em. We put R. G. on one heel for the name of the place, and J. P. on the other heel for Jonas an' me. If, twenty years from

now," said Pomona, her tears welling out afresh, "I should see a young woman with eyes like Corinne's, an' that I felt was her, a-walkin' up to the bridal altar, with all the white flowers, an' the floatin' veils, an' the crowds in the church, an' the music playin', an' the minister all ready, I'd jist jerk that young woman into the vestry-room, an' have off her shoes an' stockin's in no time. An' if she had R. G. on one heel, an' J. P. on the other, that bridegroom could go home alone."

We confidently assured Pomona that with such means of identification, and the united action of ourselves and the police, the child would surely be found, and we accompanied her to her lodgings, in a house not far from our own.

When the nurse reached home with the little carriage it was almost dark, and, snatching up the child, she ran to the nursery without meeting any one. The child felt heavy, but she was in such a hurry she scarcely noticed that. She put it upon the bed, and then lighting the gas she unwrapped the afghan, in which the little creature was now almost entirely enveloped. When she saw the face, and the black hair, from which the cap had fallen off, she was nearly frightened to death, but, fortunately for herself, she did not scream. She was rather a stupid woman, with but few ideas, but she could not fail to see that some one had taken her charge, and put this child in its place. Her first impulse was to run back to the gardens, but she felt certain that her baby had been carried off; and, besides, she could not, without discovery, leave this child here or take it with her; and while she stood in dumb horror, her mistress sent for her. The lady was just going out to dinner, and told the nurse that, as they were all to start for the Continent by the tidal train, which left at ten o'clock that night, she must be ready with the baby, well wrapped up for the journey. The half-stupefied woman had no words nor courage with which to declare, at this moment, the true state of the case. She said nothing, and went back to the nursery and sat there in dumb consternation, and without sense enough to make a plan of any kind. The strange child soon awoke and began to cry, and then the nurse mechanically fed it, and it went to sleep again. When the summons came to her to prepare for the journey, in cowardly haste she wrapped the baby, so carefully covering its head that she scarcely gave it a chance to breathe; and she and the lady's waiting-maid were sent in a cab to the Victoria Station. The lady was traveling with a party of friends, and the nurse and the waiting-maid were placed in the adjoining compartment of the railway-carriage. On the six hours' channel passage from Newhaven to Dieppe the lady was extremely sick, and reached France in such a condition that she had to be almost carried on shore. It had been her intention to stop a few days at this fashionable watering-place, but she declared that she must go straight on to Paris, where she could be properly attended to, and, moreover, that she never wanted to see the sea again. When she had been placed in the train for Paris she sent for the nurse, and feebly asked how the baby was, and if it had been seasick. On being told that it was all right, and had not shown a sign of illness, she expressed her gratification, and lay back among her rugs.

The nurse and the waiting-maid traveled together, as before, but the latter, wearied by her night's attendance upon her mistress, slept all the way from Dieppe to Paris. When they reached that city, they went into the waiting-room until a carriage could be procured for them, and there the nurse, placing the baby on a seat, asked her companion to take care of it for a few minutes. She then went out of the station door, and disappeared into Paris.

In this way, the brunt of the terrible disclosure, which came very soon, was thrown upon the waiting-maid. No one, however, attached any blame to her: of course, the absconding nurse had carried away the fair-haired child. The waiting-maid had been separated from her during the passage from the train to the station, and it was supposed that in this way an exchange of babies had been easily made by her and her confederates. When the mother knew of her loss, her grief was so violent that for a time her life was in danger. All Paris was searched by the police and her friends, but no traces could be found of the wicked nurse and the fair-haired child. Money, which, of course, was considered the object of the inhuman crime, was freely offered, but to no avail. No one imagined for an instant that the exchange was made before the party reached Paris. It seemed plain enough that the crime was committed when the woman fled.

Corinne, who had been placed in the charge of a servant until it was determined what to do with her, was not at all satisfied with the new state of affairs, and loudly demanded her papa and mamma, behaving for a time in a very turbulent way. In a few days, the lady recovered her strength, and asked to see this child. The initials upon Corinne's heels had been discovered, and, when she was told of these, the lady examined them closely.

"The people who left this child," she ex-

claimed, "do not intend to lose her! They know where she is, and they will keep a watch upon her, and when they get a chance they will take her. I, too, will keep a watch upon her, and when they come for her I shall see them."

Her use of words soon showed Corinne to be of English parentage, and it was generally supposed that she had been stolen from some travelers, and had been used at the station as a means of giving time to the nurse to get away with the other child.

In accord with her resolution, the grief-stricken lady put Corinne in the charge of a trusty woman, and, moreover, scarcely ever allowed her to be out of her sight.

It was suggested that advertisement be made for the parents of a child marked with R. G. and J. P. But to this the lady decidedly objected.

"If her parents find her," she said, "they will take her away, and I want to keep her till the thieves come for her. I have lost my child, and as this one is the only clew I shall ever have to her, I intend to keep it. When I have found my child, it will be time enough to restore this one."

Thus selfish is maternal love.

Pomona bore up better under the loss than did Jonas. Neither of them gave up the search for a day; but Jonas, haggard and worn, wandered aimlessly about the city, visiting every place into which he imagined a child might have wandered, or might have been taken, searching even to the crypt in the Guildhall and the Tower of London. Pomona's mind worked quite as actively as her husband's body. She took great care of "Little Kensington," as she called the strange child, from the place where she had been found; and therefore could not go about as Jonas did. After days and nights of ceaseless supposition, she had come to the conclusion that Corinne had been stolen by opera singers.

"I suppose you never knew it," she said to us, "for I took pains not to let it disturb you, but that child has notes in her voice about two stories higher than any operer prymer donner that I ever heard, an' I've heard lots of 'em, for I used to go into the top gallery of the operer as often as into the theayter; an' if any operer singer ever heard them high notes of Corinne's,—an' there was times when she'd let 'em out without the least bit of a notice,—it's them that's took her."

"But, my poor Pomona," said Euphemia, "you don't suppose that little child could be of any use to an opera singer; at least, not for years and years."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Pomona; "she was none too young. Sopranners is like mocking-birds; they've got to be took young."

No arguments could shake Pomona's belief in this theory. And she daily lamented the fact that there was no opera in London at that time that she might go to the performances, and see if there was any one on the stage who looked mean enough to steal a child.

"If she was there," said Pomona, "I'd know it. She'd feel the scorn of a mother's eye on her, an' her guilty heart would make her forget her part."

Pomona frequently went into Kensington Gardens, and laid traps for opera singers who might be sojourning in London. She would take Little Kensington into the gardens, and, placing her carefully in the corner of a bench, would retire to a short distance and pretend to be absorbed in a book, while her sharp eyes keep up the watch for a long-haired tenor, or a beautifully dressed soprano, who should suddenly rush out from the bushes and seize the child.

"I wouldn't make no fuss if they was to come out," she said. "Little Kensington would go under my arm, not theirn, an' I'd walk calmly with 'em to their home. Then I'd say: 'Give me my child, an' take yourn, which, though she probably hasn't got no voice, is a lot too good for you; an' may the house hurl stools at you the next time you appear, is the limit of a mother's curse."

But, alas for Pomona, no opera singers ever showed themselves.

These days of our stay in London were not pleasant. We went about little, and enjoyed nothing. At last Pomona came to us, her face pale but determined.

"It's no use," she said, "for us to keep you here no longer, when I know you've got through with the place, and want to go on, an' we'll go, too, for I don't believe my child's in London. She's been took away, an' we might as well look for her in one place as another. The perlice tells us that if she's found here they'll know it fust, an' they'll telegraph to us wherever we is; an' if it wasn't for nuthin' else, it would be a mercy to git Jone out of this place. He goes about like a cat after her drowned kittens. It's a-bringin' out them chills of hisn, an' the next thing it'll kill him. I can't make him believe in the findin' of Corinne as firm as I do, but I know as long as Perkins's Indelible Dab holds out (an' there's no rubbin' nor washin' it off) I'll git my child."

I admitted, but not with Pomona's hopefulness, that the child might be found as easily in Paris as here.

"And we've seen everything about Lon-

don," said Euphemia, "except Windsor Castle. I did want, and still want, to see just how the Queen keeps house, and perhaps get some ideas which might be useful; but Her Majesty is away now, and, although they say that's the time to go there, it is not the time for me. You'll not find me going about inspecting domestic arrangements when the lady of the house is away."

So we packed up and went to Paris, taking Little Kensington along. Notwithstanding our great sympathy with Corinne's parents, Euphemia and myself could not help becoming somewhat resigned to the affliction which had befallen them, and we found ourselves obliged to enjoy the trip very much. Euphemia became greatly excited and exhilarated as we entered Paris. For weeks I knew she had been pining for this city. As she stepped from the train she seemed to breathe a new air, and her eyes sparkled as she knew by the prattle and cries about her that she was really in France.

We were obliged to wait some time in the station before we could claim our baggage, and while we were standing there Euphemia drew my attention to a placard on the wall. "Look at that!" she exclaimed. "Even here, on our very entrance to the city, we see signs of that politeness which is the very heart of the nation. I can't read the whole of that notice from here, but those words in large letters show that it refers to the observance of the ancient etiquettes. Think of it! Here in a railroad station people are expected to behave to each other with the old-time dignity and gallantry of our forefathers. I tell you it thrills my very soul to think I am among such a people, and I am glad they can't understand what I say, so that I may speak right out."

I never had the heart to throw cold water on Euphemia's noble emotions, and so I did not tell her that the notice merely requested travelers to remove from their trunks the *anciennes étiquettes*, or old railway labels.

We were not rich tourists, and we all took lodgings in a small hotel to which we had been recommended. It was in the Latin Quarter, near the river, and opposite the vast palace of the Louvre, into whose labyrinth of picture-galleries Euphemia and I were eager to plunge.

But first we all went to the office of the American Consul, and consulted with him in regard to the proper measures to be taken for searching for the little Corinne in Paris. After that, for some days, Jonas and Pomona spent all their time, and Euphemia and I part of ours, in looking for the child. Euphemia's Parisian exhilaration continued to increase, but there were some things that disappointed her.

"I thought," said she, "that people in France took their morning coffee in bed, but they do not bring it up to us."

"But, my dear," said I, "I am sure you said before we came here that you considered taking coffee in bed as an abominable habit, and that nothing could ever make you like it."

"I know," said she, "that I have always thought it a lazy custom, and not a bit nice, and I think so yet. But still, when we are in a strange country, I expect to live as the other people do."

It was quite evident that Euphemia had been looking forward for some time to the novel experience of taking her coffee in bed. But the gray-haired old gentleman who acted as our chambermaid, never hinted that he supposed we wanted anything of the kind.

Nothing, however, excited Euphemia's indignation so much as the practice of giving a *pourboire* to cabmen and others. "It is simply feeding the flames of intemperance," she said. When she had occasion to take a cab by herself, she never conformed to this reprehensible custom. When she paid the driver, she would add something to the regular fare, but as she gave it to him she would say in her most distinct French: "*Pour manger. Comprenez-vous?*" The *cocher* would generally nod his head, and thank her very kindly, which he had good reason to do, for she never forgot that it took more money to buy food than drink.

In spite of the attractions of the city, our sojourn in Paris was not satisfactory. Apart from the family trouble which oppressed us, it rained nearly all the time. We were told that in order to see Paris at its best we should come in the spring. In the month of May it was charming. Then everybody would be out-of-doors, and we would see a whole city enjoying life. As we wished to enjoy life without waiting for the spring, we determined to move southward, and visit during the winter those parts of Europe which then lay under blue skies and a warm sun. It was impossible, at present, for Pomona and Jonas to enjoy life anywhere, and they would remain in Paris, and then, if they did not find their child in a reasonable time, they would join us. Neither of them understood French, but this did not trouble them in the slightest. Early in their Paris wanderings they had met with a boy who had once lived in New York, and they had taken him into pay as an interpreter. He charged them a franc and a half a day, and I am sure they got their money's worth.

Soon after we had made up our minds to

move toward the south, I came home from a visit to the bankers, and joyfully told Euphemia that I had met Baxter.

"Baxter?" said she, inquiringly, "who is he?"

"I used to go to school with him," I said; "and to think that I should meet him here!"

"I never heard you mention him before," she remarked.

"No," I answered; "it must be fifteen or sixteen years since I have seen him, and really it is a great pleasure to meet him here. He is a capital fellow. He was very glad to see me."

"I should think," said Euphemia, "if you like each other so much that you would have exchanged visits in America, or, at least, have corresponded."

"Oh, it is a very different thing at home," I said; "but here it is delightful to see an old school friend like Baxter. He is coming to see us this evening."

That evening Baxter came. He was delighted to meet Euphemia, and inquired with much solicitude about our plans and movements. He had never heard of my marriage, and, for years, had not known whether I was dead or alive. Now he took the keenest interest in me and mine. We were a little sorry to find that this was not Baxter's first visit to Europe. He had been here several times; and, as he expressed it, "had knocked about a good deal over the Continent." He was dreadfully familiar with everything, and talked about some places we were longing to see in a way that considerably dampened our enthusiasm. In fact, there was about him an air of superiority which, though tempered by much kindliness, was not altogether agreeable. He highly approved our idea of leaving Paris. "The city is nothing now," he said. "You ought to see it in May." We said we had heard that, and then spoke of Italy. "You mustn't go there in the winter," he said. "You don't see the country at its best. May is the time for Italy. Then it is neither too hot nor too cold, and you will find out what an Italian sky is." We said that we hoped to be in England in the spring, and he agreed that we were right there. "England is never so lovely as in May."

"Well!" exclaimed Euphemia, "it seems to me, from all I hear, that we ought to take about twelve years to see Europe. We should leave the United States every April, spend May in some one place, and go back in June. And this we ought to do every year until we have seen all the places in May. This might do very well for any one who had plenty of money, and who liked the ocean, but I don't think we could stand it. As for me," she continued, "I would like to spend these months, so cold and disagreeable here, in the sunny lands of Southern France. I want to see the vineyards and the olive groves, and the dark-eyed maidens singing in the fields. I long for the soft skies of Provençe, and to hear the musical dialect in which Frederic Mistral wrote his 'Miréio.'"

"That sounds very well," said Baxter, "but in all those southern countries you must be prepared in winter for the rigors of the climate. The sun is pretty warm sometimes at this season, but as soon as you get out of it you will freeze to death if you are not careful. The only way to keep warm is to be in the sun, out of the wind, and that wont work on rainy days, and winter is the rainy season, you know. In the houses it is as cold as ice, and the fires don't amount to anything. You might as well light a bundle of wooden tooth-picks and put it in the fire-place. If you could sleep all the time it might do very well, for they give you a feather-bed to cover yourself with. Outside you may do well enough if you keep up a steady walking, but indoors you will have hard work to keep warm. You must wear chest-protectors. They sell them down there — great big ones, made of rabbit-skins; and a nice thing for a man to have to wear in the house is a pair of cloth bags lined with fur. They would keep his feet and legs warm when he isn't walking. It is well, too, to have a pair of smaller fur bags for your hands when you are in the house. You can have a little hole in the end of one of them through which you can stick a pen-holder, and then you can write letters. An india-rubber bag, filled with hot water, to lower down your back, is a great comfort. You haven't any idea how cold your spine gets in those warm countries. And, if I were you, I'd avoid a place where you see them carting coal stoves around. Those are the worst spots. And you need not expect to get one of the stoves, not while they can sell you wood at two sticks for a franc. You had better go to some place where they are not accustomed to having tourists. In the regular resorts they are afraid to make any show of keeping warm, for fear people will think they are in the habit of having cold weather. And in Italy you've got to be precious careful, or you'll be taken sick. And another thing. I suppose you brought a great deal of baggage with you. You, for instance," said our friend, turning to me, "packed up, I suppose, a heavy overcoat for cold weather, and a lighter one, and a good winter suit, and a good summer one, besides another for spring and fall, and an old suit to lie about in in the orange groves, and a dress suit, besides such convenient articles

as old boots for tramping in, shut-up lanterns, and so forth.

Strange to say I had all these, besides many other things of a similar kind, and I could not help admitting it.

"Well," said Baxter, "you'd better get rid of the most of that as soon as you can, for if you travel with that sort of heavy weight in the Mediterranean countries, you might as well write home and get your house mortgaged. All along the lines of travel, in the south of Europe, you find the hotels piled up with American baggage left there by travelers, who'll never send for it. It reminds one of the rows of ox skeletons that used to mark out the roads to California. But I guess you'll be able to stick it out. Good-bye. Let me hear from you."

When Baxter left us, we could not but feel a little down-hearted, and Euphemia turned to her guide-book to see if his remarks were corroborated there.

"Well, there is one comfort," she exclaimed at last, "this book says that in Naples epidemics are not so deadly as they are in some other places, and if the traveler observes about a page of directions, which are given here, and consults a physician the moment he feels himself out of order, it is quite possible to ward off attacks of fever. That is encouraging, and I think we might as well go on."

"Yes," said I, "and here, in this newspaper, a hotel in Venice advertises that its situation enables it to avoid the odors of the Grand Canal; and an undertaker in Nice advertises that he will forward the corpses of tourists to all parts of Europe and America. I think there is a chance of our getting back, either dead or alive, and so I also say, let us go on."

But before we left Paris, we determined to go to the Grand Opera, which we had not yet visited, and Euphemia proposed that we should take Pomona with us. The poor girl was looking wretched and woe-begone, and needed to have her mind diverted from her trouble. Jonas, at the best of times, could not be persuaded to any amusement of this sort, but Pomona agreed to go. We had no idea of dressing for the boxes, and we took good front seats in the upper circle, where we could see the whole interior of the splendid house. As soon as the performance commenced, the old dramatic fire began to burn in Pomona. Her eyes sparkled as they had not done for many a day, and she really looked like her own bright self. The opera was "Le Prophète," and, as none of us had ever seen anything produced on so magnificent a scale, we were greatly interested, especially in the act which opens with that wonderful winter scene in the forest, with hundreds of people scattered about under the great trees, with horses and sleighs and the frozen river in the background where the skaters came gliding on. The grouping was picturesque and artistic; the scale of the scene was immense; there was a vast concourse of people on the stage; the dances were beautiful; the merry skaters graceful; the music was inspiring.

Suddenly, above the voices of the chorus, above the drums and bass strings of the orchestra, above the highest notes of the sopranos, above the great chandelier itself, came two notes distinct and plain, and the words to which they were set, were:

"Ma-ma!"

Like a shot Pomona was on her feet. With arms outspread and her whole figure dilating until she seemed twice as large as usual, I thought she was about to spring over the balcony into the house below. I clutched her, and Euphemia and I, both upon our feet, followed her gaze and saw upon the stage a little girl in gay array, and upturned face. It was the lost Corinne.

Without a word, Pomona made a sudden turn, sprang up the steps behind her, and out upon the lobby, Euphemia and I close behind her. Around and down the steps we swept, from lobby to lobby, amazing the cloak-keepers and attendants, but stopping for nothing; down the grand staircase like an avalanche, almost into the arms of the astonished military sentinels, who, startled from their soldier-like propriety, sprang, muskets in hand, toward us. It was only then that I was able to speak to Pomona, and breathlessly ask her where she was going.

"To the stage-door!" she cried, making a motion to hurl to the ground the soldier before her. But there was no need to go to any stage-door. In a moment there rushed along the corridor, a lady dressed apparently in all the colors of the rainbow, and bearing in her arms a child. There was a quick swoop, and in another moment Pomona had the child. But clinging to its garments, the lady cried, in excellent English but with some foreign tinge:

"Where is my child you stole?"

"Stole your grandmother!" briefly ejaculated Pomona. And then, in grand forgetfulness of everything but her great joy, she folded her arms around her child, and standing like a statue of motherly content she seemed, in our eyes, to rise to the regions of the caryatides and the ceiling frescoes. Not another word she spoke, and amid the confusion of questions and exclamations, and

the wild demands of the lady, Euphemia and I contrived to make her understand the true state of the case, and that her child was probably at our lodgings. Then there were great exclamations and quick commands; and, directly, four of us were in a carriage whirling to our hotel. All the way, Pomona sat silent with her child clasped tightly, while Euphemia and I kept up an earnest but unsatisfactory conversation with the lady; for, as to this strange affair, we could tell each other but little. We learned from the lady, who was an assistant soprano at the Grand Opera, how Corinne came to her in Paris, and how she had always kept her with her, even dressing her up, and taking her on the stage in that great act where as many men, women, and children as possible were brought upon the scene. When she heard the cry of Corinne, she knew the child had seen its mother, and then, whether the opera went on or not, it mattered not to her.

When the carriage stopped, the three women sprang out at once, and how they all got through the door, I cannot tell. There was such a tremendous ring at the gate of the court that the old *concierge*, who opened it by pulling a wire in his little den somewhere in the rear, must have been dreadfully startled in his sleep. We rushed through the court and up the stairs past our apartments to Pomona's room; and there in the open door-way stood Jonas, his coat off, his sandy hair in wild confusion, his face radiant, and in his hands Little Kensington in her night-gown.

"I knew by the row on the stairs you'd brought her home," he exclaimed, as Little Kensington was snatched from him and Corinne was put into his arms.

We left Jonas and Pomona to their wild delight, and I accompanied the equally happy lady to the opera house, where I took occasion to reclaim the wraps which we had left behind in our sudden flight.

When the police of Paris were told to give up their search for an absconding nurse accompanied by a child, and to look for one without such incumbrance, they found her. From this woman was obtained much of the story I have told, and a good deal more was drawn out, little by little, from Corinne, who took especial pleasure in telling, in brief sentences, how she had ousted the lazy baby from the carriage, and how she had scratched her own legs in getting in.

"What I'm proud of," said Pomona, "is that she did it all herself. It wasn't none of your common stealin's an' findin's; an' it aint everywhere you'll see a child that kin git itself lost back of Prince Albert's monnyment, an' git itself found at the operer in Paris, an' attend to both ends of the case itself. An', after all, them two high notes of hern was more good than Perkins's Indelible Dab."

Frank R. Stockton.

ANTIQUITY.

He spoke to us of Egypt in her prime;
  He showed us pictures of the rock-hewn kings
  And Memnon's hoary bulk, that no more sings
  His greeting to the morning sun. The time
Slipped back through thirty centuries, dim with rime
  And mist that veils the dawn of human things,
  Until we felt the awe the great past brings
  To us who dwell in this unstoried clime.

And then he paused and turned; the night was torn
  With flying clouds, but once, there gleamed a star,—
  A single sun of all the heavenly band;
And he, "Lo! that dim light saw Egypt born;
  Before it, all earth's ages moments are,
  And all her greatness but a grain of sand."

James Sanderson.

MY ADVENTURES IN ZUÑI. III.

"The rattled-tailed serpents
Have gone into council;
For the god of the Ice-caves,
From his home where the white down
Of wind in the north-land
Lies spread out forever,
Breathes over our country
And breaks down the pine-boughs."*

THUS say the grandfathers of Zuñi children when the snow-storms whiten the distant mountains and mesas. Next to autumn, winter is the merriest season of the year; merry to the lazy Indians, because a time of rest, festivity, and ceremonial. There is not much to be done; only the wood to be gathered from the mesas and cañons and brought in on "burro-back," the herds to be looked after, and the snow, when it happens to get piled up on the terraces, to be shoveled with wooden spades into blankets, and carried on the head down ladders to the outer edge of the pueblo, and there banked against the corrals. The days, save when some national observance claims the time, or betting over elaborate games in the plazas runs high, are dreary and monotonous enough; but the firelit evenings lengthen into hours of merry conversation. Old gray-heads sit around the hearths, telling their children of the adventures of men and the gods "when the world was young in the days of the new."

When the new-year of 1880 brought such times as these, I had been four months in Zuñi, and was counted one of the Children of the Sun. As I strolled through the streets or over the house-tops, children stopped pelting dogs with snow-balls, or playing checkers with bits of pottery on flat stones, and shouted my new name, "Te-na-tsa-li! Te-na-tsa-li!" at the tops of their shrill little voices. I was able, too, to share somewhat in the conversations and councils of the older ones; no longer did the cigarette of my "brother," the old governor of the tribe, gleam alone when the blazes on the hearth shrank back into the red embers, leaving only the shadows of the night in my little room. No; a dozen red stars glowed and perished with every whiff of as many eager visitors, or burned in concert at the end of each joke or story, revealing strange features which started forth from the darkness, like the ruddy ghosts of some pre-Columbian decade. "Shake the blazes out of the brands," one of these ghosts would say; and another, with a long cedar stick, would poke the brands, till the flames would dart up the black chimney anew, the cigarette stars would fade into ashes in the sunlight of the piñon, when lo! the ancient ghosts became sprawling, half-nude Indians again.

No sooner had I begun to enjoy these evening diversions of the pueblo home than they were interrupted for several days. I then first learned of the existence of thirteen orders or societies, some of which were actually esoteric, others of a less strict nature, but all most elaborately organized and of definitely graded rank, relative to one another. For the introduction here of a few words relative to these organizations, I beg the pardon of the reader; since their existence is a fact of ethnologic importance, and moreover my statements relative to them have been most acrimoniously criticised and persistently disputed.

Functionally they are divisible into four classes: Those of War, of the Priesthood, of Medicine, and of the Chase; yet the elements of every one of these classes may be traced in each of all the others.

Of the first class (Martial) there is but one society — the "A-pi-thlan-shi-wa-ni," or the "Priests of the Bow," at once the most powerful and the most perfectly organized of all native associations, in some respects resembling the Masonic order, being strictly secret or esoteric; it is possessed of twelve degrees, distinguished by distinctive badges.

Of the second class (Ecclesiastical) there is also but one order — the "Shi-wa-ni-kwe," or society of priests, of the utmost sacred importance, yet less strictly secret than the first.

Of the third class (Medical) are the "Kashi-kwe" and "A-tchi-a-kwe," or cactus and knife orders — the martial and civil surgeons of the nation; the "Ne-we-kwe" and "Thle-we-kwe," or the gourmands and stick-swallowers; "Bearers of the Wand," who treat diseases of the digestive system; the "Ka-

* An almost literal translation from a Zuñi folk-lore tale of winter.

ka-thla-na-kwe" and "Ma-ke-thla-na-kwe," or grand ka-ka (dance) and grand fire orders, who treat inflammatory diseases; the "Ma-ke-tsa-na-kwe" and "Pe-sho-tsi-lo-kwe," or the lesser fire and insect orders, who treat burns, ulcers, cancers, and parasitic complaints; the "U-hu-hu-kwe," or "Ahem" (cough) order, who treat colds, etc.; and lastly, the "Tchi-to-la-kwe," or rattlesnake order, who treat the results of poisoning, actual or supposed, resulting from sorcery or venomous wounds.

Of the fourth class (Hunters) there is again but one order — the "San-ia-k'ia-kwe," or "Tus-ki-kwe," blood or coyote order — the hunters of the nation.

To all these a fourteenth organization might be added, were it not too general to be regarded as esoteric, notwithstanding its operations are strictly secret and sacred. I refer to the much quoted, misspelled, and otherwise abused "Ka-ka," "the Dance," which is wonderfully perfect in structure, and may be regarded as the national church, and, like the church with ourselves, is rather a sect than a society.

Perhaps the Priesthood of the Bow is the only truly esoteric of all these bodies, since members of it may be admitted to meetings of all the others, while members of the other societies are strictly excluded from the meetings of this.

Early learning this, I strove for nearly two years to gain membership in it, which would secure at once standing with the tribe and entrance to all sacred meetings, as well as eligibility to the Head Chieftaincies. I succeeded, and the memory of my experiences in this connection are to me the most interesting chapter of my Zuñi life.

These orders were engaged in their annual ceremonials, of which little was told or shown me; but, at the end of four days, I heard one morning a deep whirring noise. Running out, I saw a procession of three priests of the bow, in plumed helmets and closely-fitting cuirasses, both of thick buckskin,— gorgeous and solemn with sacred embroideries and war-paint, begirt with bows, arrows, and war-clubs, and each distinguished by his badge of degree,— coming down one of the narrow streets. The principal priest carried in his arms a wooden idol, ferocious in aspect, yet beautiful with its decorations of shell, turquois, and brilliant paint. It was nearly hidden by symbolic slats and prayer-sticks most elaborately plumed. He was preceded by a guardian with drawn bow and arrows, while another followed, twirling the sounding slat which had attracted alike my attention and that of hundreds of the Indians, who hurriedly flocked to the roofs of the adjacent houses or lined the street, bowing their heads in adoration, and scattering sacred prayer-meal on the god and his attendant priests. Slowly they wound their way down the hill, across the river, and off toward the mountain of Thunder. Soon an identical procession followed and took its way toward the western hills. I watched them long until they disappeared, and a few hours afterward there arose from the top of "Thunder Mountain" a dense column of smoke, simultaneously with another from the more distant western mesa of "U-ha-na-mi," or "Mount of the Beloved."

Then they told me that for four days I must neither touch nor eat flesh or oil of any kind, and for ten days neither throw any refuse from my doors, nor permit a spark to leave my house, for "This was the season of the year when the 'grandmother of men' (fire) was precious."

Since my admission to the Priesthood of tne Bow, I have been elected to the office of guardian to these gods; have twice accompanied them to their distant lofty shrines, where, with many prayers, chants, and invocations, they are placed in front of their predecessors of centuries' accumulation. Poetic in name and ascribed nature are these cherished and adored gods of war: one is called "A-hai-iu-ta," and the other "Ma-tsai-le-ma," and they are believed to be single in spirit, yet dual in form, the child or children of the God of the Sun, and to guard from year to year, from sunrise to sunset, the vale and children of those they were first sent to redeem and guide. These children receive without question the messages interpreted by their priests from year to year, which unfailingly shape the destinies of their nation toward the "encircling cities of mankind."

When the fast was over and the nation had gladly thrown aside its yoke of restriction with the plumed sacrifices, which were cast into the river or planted on the sandy plain, the nightly sittings were again resumed in my little home. One night, at the pause of a long story, I heard a priest counting his fingers to fix the date of the ceremonials of initiation to be performed, he said, "by the rattlesnakes and fire-eaters." He lamented greatly the loss of some sacred black paint, with which he wished to decorate afresh the tablets of his altar, and was wondering what he would do about it. Conversation recurred to the stories, and I fell to thinking how I could turn the priest's difficulties to account. At last a plan struck me: I took from my trunk a book illustrated with colored prints and pretended to read it before the dim fire-light. As

I had designed, the curiosity of my companions was excited. Then I told them how the pictures had first been painted, and getting my water-color box, which contained some India ink, proceeded to illustrate what I had said. In describing how the colors were made, I dwelt particularly on the ink, saying that it was "made only by the *Chi-ni-kwe*, who were a Celestial people and lived on the back side of the world." I then painted with it a tablet of wood, and the deep black gloss excited their admiration. When I saw this, I hastened to add that "the *black* pigment was most precious; that they might use the other tints, but I could not part with that for an instant." At their usual late hour the company broke up. The priest, on leaving, looked longingly toward the corner wherein I had placed the box of paints, but said nothing. I awaited further developments most anxiously.

Four or five days later he came to me in company with one or two others. It was quite early in the day. As I had hoped, he asked for a "small piece of the Chi-ni-kwe ink." I refused it, repeating what I had already said. For a time he looked blank, but finally asked if I would not *lend* him some of it. Again I refused, saying "I could not trust it out of my sight." Finally, after much consultation with the others, he asked me if I "liked the Mexicans and other fools." I said "No"; then he begged that I should come to the "Chamber of the Rattlesnakes," and bring with me some of the "Chi-ni-kwe black." I purposely hesitated a long time, but finally said that "may-be" I would.

As soon as the embassy had departed, I made up a package of tobacco, candles, etc., with the black paint and an elaborate Chinese ink-stone. Near noon I took my way to the Chamber. I stepped down the ladder with perfect assurance, and observing that all the members were barefooted, drew my own moccasins off and went up to the front of the altar; at the same time speaking the greeting which had been taught me when I visited the "Ko-yi-ma-shi," I deposited the articles one by one, last of all the paint.

Had a ghost appeared in their midst he would not have caused more surprise than my assurance and seeming familiarity with the forms excited in the members of the order. They occupied one of the largest rooms in the town, along the walls of which were painted figures of the gods, among them a winged human monster with masked face, and a giant corn-plant which reached from floor to ceiling and was grasped on either side by a mythologic being. Toward the western end of the room stood the altar, with attendant priests before, behind, and on either side of it. Above all was suspended a winged figure, like the painting on the wall. Between the altar and the blazing hearth were gathered the members, all of whom, save the women, were nearly nude; but elaborate devices in red, white, and yellow paint, representing serpents, suns, and stars, made them appear dressed in skin-fitting costumes. They were at work grinding and mixing paint, adorning costumes, and cleaving blocks of straight-grained cedar into splints about a yard in length, and nearly as thin as grass straws. Others, again, were tying, with strips of "yucca" leaf, the splints thus prepared into bundles about as large as one's arm.

As soon as I had deposited the presents, I approached and saluted the chief-priest, grasped his hands with both my own, and telling him I would "return at evening for the paint," breathed on them and hastily withdrew. On my way home an Indian who had seen me enter cursed me heartily, and said I would suffer for my imprudence, but I paid no attention to him. He told my old brother, however, and when long after dark I threw my serape over my shoulders, the latter asked where I was going. I said "To see the rattlesnakes." "No!" said the old man. "Yes," said I; "if the priest be willing, why should *you* object?" and amid family imprecations I darted out of the door and hurried along the dark streets to the place of meeting. I climbed the ladder and entered, blinking at the flood of light with which the place was aglow. Several of the members started up and motioned me out with their flat hands; but I only breathed deeply from my own, until I reached the place of the old priest. Knowing that Mexican was forbidden, I pretended not to understand what was said, when the latter advised me, in his own language, to go home; on the contrary, I wrung his hand, and, as I pulled off my moccasins, incoherently expressed my thanks for the privilege of remaining, and immediately seated myself as if for the night. It was a heavy "game of bluff" but utterly bewildered by it, the old priest said nothing for some moments, until, evidently in despair, he lighted a cigarette, blew smoke into the air, uttered a prayer, and then handed the cigarette to me. I smoked a whiff or two, said a prayer in English, and handed the cigarette to the nearest member. I had the satisfaction of hearing them say, "Let him stay; he is no fool, and what if he be—he is our Ki-he, and the 'Beings' will throw the light of their favor upon him, because he cannot understand and knows no better." So they rolled another cigarette and told me I "must smoke all night, and help to make clouds for their little world"; that I "must occasionally give

to the fathers (priests and song-masters) my cigarettes, roll more, and never be idle, nor cease smoking." I had never smoked before. The first cigarette made me desperately sick; the second, sicker; so that, when I rose to present it, I reeled and had to sit down again; with the third, the sickness disappeared, and with the fourth I first came to feel the dreamy pleasures of the smoker.

At midnight, a long succession of cries like the voices of strange night-birds penetrated our smoky den. The musicians began to beat their great drum and sing a weird, noisy song, celebrating the origin of their order. Soon a grand company of dancers filed in, costumed like the members of the Rattlesnake order, save that black streaks of paint encircled their mouths, bordered and heightened by lines and daubs of yellow pigment. After passing through a rapid dance, which was attended by the round-headed "Sa-la-mo-pi-a," they settled down along the opposite side of the room. Only the "Sa-la-mo-pi-a" now remained, dancing wildly up and down before the altar, waving his wand of yucca and willow, with which, on occasion, he soundly thrashed the unfortunate sleepers whom his keen little round eyes failed not to discover.

There was now a sudden pause in the music. The Sa-la-mo-pi-a retired, and only members of the two orders remained. Two lads who were undergoing their novitiate, were brought into the middle of the room. The fires and huge grease lamps were freshly kindled and lighted, until the smoke near the ceiling looked almost like the clouds of sunset. A nude functionary brought great armfuls of the splint bundles, and deposited them in front of the hearth. The music struck up —wilder, more mysterious and deafening than ever. The two boys looked wistfully about; one trembled visibly, while the other, more imbued with the spirit of his race, seemed possessed, after the first movements, with a dogged apathy. Two members of the order approached them from behind, pinioned their arms, and stood holding them. All the other members rose, each procured a bundle of the splints, breathed on it, prayed over it, and all, save the leading priests, sat down again; these set up long, terrific cries, rushed toward the fire, howled at it as if in defiance, and stuffed the ends of the splints into the flames and embers. Soon their torches set the place more aglow than ever. They approached the terrified boys, danced, and joined in the wild song, brandishing their flambeaux, and yelling more and more vociferously. Suddenly, two by two, they stepped into the light, thrust the blazing splints into their mouths and throats, drew them forth still aglow with coals, and put the latter out in the mouths of the boys. The stoic stood unmoved, but the other writhed and turned his head piteously; to no purpose, however, for the stalwart priests held him firmly to the fiery ordeal. Two by two, all the members in order of their rank, even the song-masters, went through this process, until just before day-break there remained only the prayers to be said over the wretched pair to complete their initiation. This completed they were conducted to seats, and all present said their prayers before the altar; meal was thrust into my hand and I was dragged up with the rest. A long silence ensued. Sleepy participants nodded, grimaced, fell against one another, re-straightened up, only to repeat again and again the same experience, before daylight sifted in and sunbeams followed through the holes in the blanket curtains. Finally, a woman's voice called down from the roof. One by one she passed down huge bowls of meat broth, red with chili, guava and Indian delicacies, until four rows extended from the end of the room to the altar. She then came in accompanied by a plumed priest of another order; together they said a prayer of presentation, which the priests present replied to with one of thanksgiving. The "bad influence" of the feast was skimmed off with eagle plumes and "thrown up" the altar by a medicine priest. Then the leader called out, "Eat all!" The weary crowd woke up of one accord, and with boisterous jokes, loud smacking, and gurgling exclamations of satisfaction, soon cleared away a good portion of the liberal feast. A bowl of hot broth and meat was set before the novices. It was red with pepper, powder, or chili. They took a mouthful each, and with tears in their eyes desisted, for their lips were as black with cinders as their tongues were white with blisters, but they were bidden to eat. The more timid one refusing was grasped by the nape of the neck by one priest, while another stuffed the hot smoking food down his throat.

Horrible as are these ordeals, they are less so than those of the Cactus order, where the young candidate is scourged with willow wands and cactus thorns, until his naked body is covered with a net-work of ridges and punctures. Far from blaming my foster-people for these things, I look rather to the spirit of their at first imposed, but afterward voluntary sufferings, that they may place themselves beyond the evil they strive to overcome in others; may strengthen the faith of their patients to the sublime power of their medicines, given, they aver, by the gods themselves for the relief of suffering humanity. So, annually, they and their brother orders

give public exhibitions of their various powers—sometimes, as is the case with the slat swallowers (or "Bearers of the Wand"), producing injuries for life, or even suffering death; but, nevertheless unflinchingly, year after year, performing their excruciating rites.

When all was over I followed the little ray of golden sunshine, which shot down through the neat covering of the sky-hole, up the slanting ladder and out into the cold winter morning air. A chill seized me before I had reached my little room. Several Indians who noticed my pallor attributed it to my transgressions. They were not long in communicating their thoughts to my old brother, who lamented having allowed me to go. As days passed I grew little better, and a few colds—the result of my scant costume and almost constantly damp, cold feet—at last prostrated me with pneumonia. When I began to recover, I was for weeks almost confined to my room. A walk across the pueblo would exhaust me. During this long illness and convalescence, I was constantly attended by my old brother and K'ia-wu ("sister"). My hammock was once more brought out and strung, and I was allowed more blankets. An almost constant crowd of visitors assembled during the day in my little room, leaving only with the late hours of night. They kept up a steady conversation, and I determined to improve the time by studies of the language. My old brother was delighted. Hour after hour he would sit by my bedside, drilling me in pronunciation and compelling me to say, over and over, the hard new words which he continually produced and explained for my benefit.

I now began to learn that the language spoken by my foster-people is by no means either meager or crude. It has most of the cases, moods, and tenses of the Greek, and like it possessed the singular, dual-plural, plural, and collective-plural numbers. It abounds in synonyms. For instance, the word *much* or *many* is expressed by no fewer than three words: *Em-ma*, *te-u-tcha*, *ko-ho-ma-sho-ko*. For our verb *to know*, five expressions occur, strikingly delicate in their distinctive shades of meaning. *To know*—intentively or abstractly, self-evident knowledge, *ai-yu-ya-na; to know* through the understanding, acquired knowledge, *iu-he-ta; to know*—how to act, speak, think, do or make anything,—methodic knowledge, *an-i-kwa; to know*—a country, road, river, mountain, or place—geographic knowledge, *te-na-di; to know*—a place, person, animal, or personified object—knowledge of acquaintance, *a-na-pi*. Each of these expressions is again capable of modification by grammatic prefixes, suffixes, or interjections; so that more than fifteen almost distinct terms for the one English verb, *to know*, can be produced. Nor are these refinements of meaning limited to this one example; they extend through the whole range of verbs, adverbs, and adjectives of the language. I was at first overwhelmed; but my old brother so invariably pounced upon a wrong use of any apparent synonym, that I soon overcame the difficulty.

To get used to the proper number, however, was not so easy. A friend's face would smile in at my open door. I would say *Kwa-ta* (Come in). He would thank me and obey instantly. Three or four, old and young, would appear; I would address them in the same way. They would look at one another and then at me, and finally begin a discussion as to which of their number I had meant. My old brother would look up and remark *U-kwa-ta*. They would troop in, and he would rate me soundly before them all for such a blunder. But if it happened that two appeared at the door, and I repeated the plural expression, they would unfailingly look over their shoulders as though they expected some one else to follow. Then the old man would laugh at me, swear a little, and call out "*Atch-kwa-ta*." Imagine my surprise when I thought I had mastered these distinctions to find myself yet again sharply rebuked by my old teacher. Several dancers came to my door-way. I said *U-kwa-ta;* they looked offended. "*An*-samu-kwa-ta," said my old brother; the looks vanished before smiles at my ignorance, and my brother explained that they all belonged to "one class" *(ta-nan-ne)*.

He trained me diligently in another peculiarity of his speech. A man may say for "I want" *ha-anti-shi-ma*, but he must not say *ha-kwa-anti-shi-ma* for "I do not want." He must say *kwa* (not) *ha* (I) *anti-shi-ma* (want) *nam-me*, negative ending. "Good" was *k'ok-shi;* "not good," *kwa-k'ok-sham-me;* and this double negative was a sore perplexity, especially when *Kwa* initiated a long sentence and the negative ending was added to each subject verb or adverb as well as to the close of the whole sentence. After I had gained an insight into case, mood, and tense, endings, prefixes, and interjections, my progress was more rapid. The tenses presented the greatest obstacle. One night I went to bed rather discouraged. I dreamed of having gained a clear conception of the tenses (which probably resulted from my long thinking on the subject), and of speaking at great length many of the roots I already knew, with their *proper* prefixes and endings. Next morning I spoke according to my dream, and found to

ZUÑI CEREMONY.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN.

my surprise that the fogs about the whole subject had cleared; for it proved that nearly all Zuñi verbs are regular, my subsequent studies having revealed only four or five exceptions to this rule. Wonder of wonders—a language of regular verbs!

And now began my most interesting studies—in which, alas, my teacher could not help me—of the etymology of the language.

Advocates of the "Bow-wow" theory of the origin of language may find convincing facts among the Zuñis. Take, for instance, the root *a-ti*. It is primarily an exclamation of mortal fear. As *a'-ti*, it means blood. It is a termination expressing violence, as in *la-pa-a-ti*—to shake violently—from *la-pa*, the sound of a shaken blanket, and *ati*. Ta-pa-*at-i*—to rap or pound, as at a door, from *ta-pa*—to tap—and *a-ti*. *Tsi-a-a-ti*—to cut or tear flesh or soft substance—from *tsi-a*, in imitation of the sound of cutting flesh, and *a-ti*. *Teshl-a-ti*—to fear; from *teshl*—to breathe hard, and *a-ti*. *A'-tu*—dark blood—from *a-ti*, the exclamation, and *u-e*—painful,—since black blood is supposed to cause inflammation. *A'-tu*, again, is a violent expression for "get out"; and *tuh* becomes an exclamation of anger, equivalent to our word damn. In fact, the number of words in which elements and roots occur derived from this one exclamation, *a-ti*, are so numerous as to become tedious to others than specialists. I venture, however, on one or two additional examples of derivation through imitation. *Pi-wi-wi-k'e-a* is the sound of a string or thread drawn over a resisting body or through the damp fingers. From this the word *pi-le*—a string—is derived. *Tsu-nu-nu-k'e-a* is the sound of air escaping from the punctured paunch of a slain animal. From it the word *tsu-le* (paunch) is derived. These two words shortened and combined, *pi-tsu-li-a*, signify a round line, a circle—from string and the shape of a paunch, which is round. Thus almost throughout is this remarkable archaic language of the Zuñis built up, bearing in itself no small portion of the primitive history, especially of the intellectual development of the people by whom it is spoken.

During my illness, I was brought into very close contact with the people. I began to think, from the domestic harmony by which I was surrounded, that I had found the long-sought-for social Utopia. One day, however, the governor had a quarrel with his brother-in-law, and with a few sarcastic and telling epithets gathered up his sheep-skins and blankets, came into my room, slammed the door after him, and did not cross the threshold again for months. The weeping but faithful K'ia-wu followed, and thenceforth they took up quarters with me. More than a year elapsed before I had any more privacy while in Zuñi.

The governor was a rare and singular character. I never tire of speaking or writing

of him. He was long-suffering to a degree incredible, but silent, emotionless, and unswerving when he had determined. One of his traits was cleanliness. One sunny afternoon he was pottering about the eagle-cage, picking up some hard-wood sticks, and carrying them to the oven, behind which he was carefully piling them. K'ia-wu was on the roof sifting corn, and chatting with some neighboring women. Presently I heard a whine; looking round I saw a large, fine dog limping along, his knee, left eye, lips, mouth, and whole face covered with the yellow spines of a porcupine.

"Ha! a yellow beard comes, and is unhappy," I cried.

"A yellow mustache," echoed and queried the governor.

"Why did you tell him?" called K'ia-wu from the roof, for she had just espied the miserable creature.

But the emotionless governor paid attention to neither dog nor remarks. He had just loaded his arms full of the sticks. K'ia-wu, encouraged, warned him that it was his "own uncle's dog." The governor approached the oven with his load; suddenly choosing from it a suitable club, he edged toward the dog, dropped the others, and with two blows across the muzzle dispatched it. Then catching the still struggling brute by the hind-legs, he dragged it toward the river, remarking: "Yellow beards sometimes make little children crazy, and cause thoughts," with which he threw him over the bank, and bade him "go west to the spirit-land of dogs," where he assured him "it would be well to hunt other game than porcupines." Then, under the full shower of K'ia-wu's reproaches, he anxiously asked, "Is supper ready?"

If any of the numerous aggrieved complained to him, he listened gravely with an expression of sympathetic interest, until the plaint was spent, then replied: "I have heard; indeed!" And if this somewhat unsatisfactory reply provoked further remarks, he usually went about what he had to do, or with his characteristic summary manner sent the malcontent home, or left him to plead to an empty room.

K'ia-wu troubled herself much with her husband's actions. They usually slept along the opposite side of my little room Night after night, hour after hour, I have heard her, in the peculiar sing-song tone of her race and sex, lecture the silent governor. The darkness would grow deeper, the embers on the hearth fade to ashes, but the theme lost neither interest nor voice. It used sorely to provoke me; and in my own language, hopelessly striving to sleep, I would sometimes curse both the persistency of the Zuñi Caudle and the silence of the matrimonial stoic. The voice would change, but not cease. "Ho! the younger brother is thoughtful; tomorrow I will fix his bed better," it would say; and the governor, filling the exclamation with the most perfect understanding of the situation, would ejaculate, "Humph!" but no more. Undisturbed, the current would then flow on until later, by considerable distance of the stars, the tone would die away. A moment of dead silence, then a cough from the governor, followed by the bland inquiry:

"Is that all?"

"What more should I say, talkless?" the old woman would reply, in a most injured and ill-controlled tone.

"Well, then" (with a yawn), "let's go to sleep, old girl (*o' ka-si-ki*), for it is time, and the younger brother is restless." With which he would turn over, cough again, and lapse into silence, hopeless to the tongue-weary woman, as evinced by her long-continued, half-smothered sobs.

I had nearly given up seeing a pair of garters which had been promised me, when one day, all bustle and smiles, the "Little mother" came in bearing them.

They were beautiful and well made,—they endure even yet,—and with matronly pride she laid them before me. I paid her liberally, that the subject of Lai-iu-lut-sa should not be resumed. But it was broached to the governor. That night when we were alone, he came and lay down by my side where I was writing.

"Get a big piece of paper," said he, and knowing him, I obeyed.

"Now write." I seized a pencil.

"'Thou comest?' said he, in his own language.

I wrote it and pronounced it.

"Good," said he; then added:

"'Yes; how are you these many days?'

"'Happy!' 'Sit down,' 'Eat.' (Then a tray of bread will be placed before you, but you must be polite, and eat but little, and soon say:) 'Thanks.'

"'Eat enough. You must have come thinking of something. What have you to say?'

"'I don't know.'

"'Oh! yes, you do; tell me.'

"'I'm thinking of you' (in a whisper).

"'Indeed! You must be mistaken.'

"'No!'

"'Aha! do you love me?'

"'Ay, I love you.'

"'Truly?'

"'Yes!'

"'Possibly; we will see. What think you, father?'

"'As you think, my child' (the father will say)."

"What in the name of the moon does all this mean, brother?" I asked him when he had made me read the questions and answers over two or three times, and said I had pronounced them all right.

"It means what you will say to Lai-iu-lut-sa to-morrow night when you go to see her."

I was perplexed. I knew not what to say, as I feared offending the good old man.

"Look here, brother, I can't go to see her; she would laugh at me because I can't speak good Zuñi yet."

"Now that's all I have to say to you," he replied, angrily. "I've done my best for you; if fools will be fools, not even their brothers can help it. I see you propose to live single and have everybody say: 'There goes a man that no woman will have; not even when his brother helps him. No! Do you suppose I am blind? You are no Zuñi; you want to go back to Washington; but you can't, I tell you. You might as well get married; you *are* a Zuñi—do you hear me? You are a fool, too!"

With this, he left me; nor would he speak to me again for many days, save on the most commonplace affairs of life, and then but briefly.

My old father here came to my relief. He persuaded the vexed governor that perhaps Lai-iu-lut-sa did not suit me, and that my refusal of her was no argument against my love for her people. With a sublime sense of his power of diplomacy, he also sat down to have a talk with me the same evening. "You see, my son, I had nothing to say about Lai-iu-lut-sa; don't like her myself," said he, with a smile. "Now had it been Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa, I should have said, 'Be it well!'" and he waited for me to ask who she was. I kept a wise silence—my old brother kept a sulky one. "She is the finest being in our nation; and *my own niece*," he added, with emphasis.

"I never saw her," said I.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Well! she shall bring you a bundle of candle-wood to-morrow evening," he remarked.

"What shall I pay her for it?" I asked.

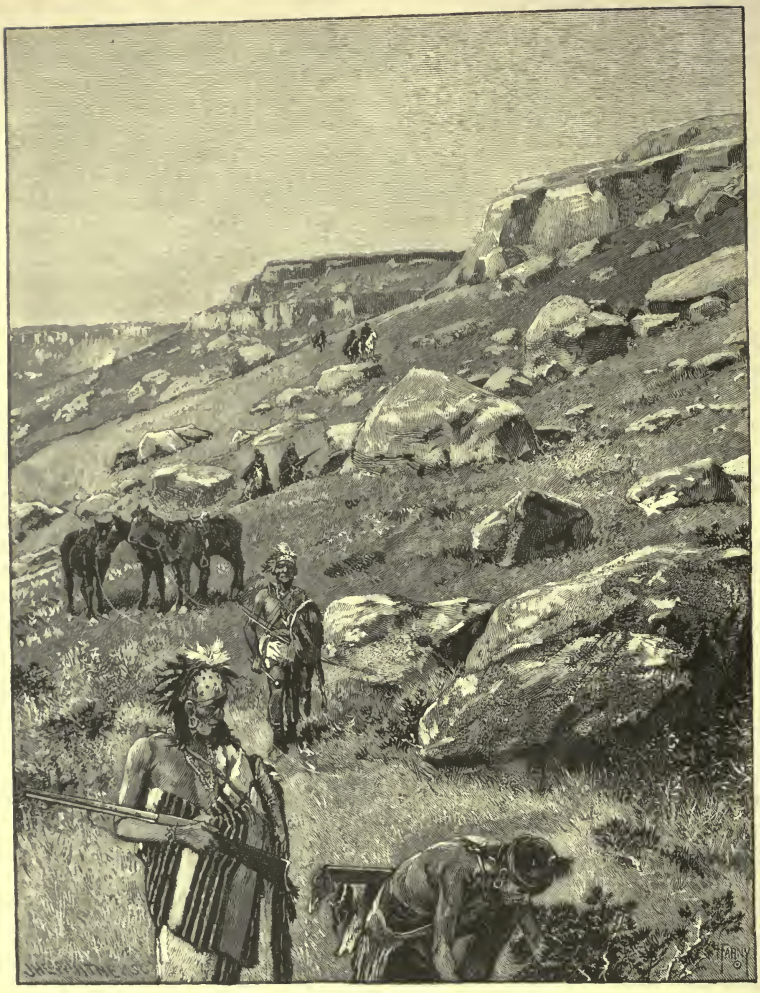
"Pay her! Nothing, my son; do you wish her to think you a fool, and cover me with shame?"

Next evening, I went to see Mr. Graham, the trader, and staid late. When I returned, a little bundle of pitch-pine was lying by the door-way, and the old governor, getting up with an oath, left the house. Again the girl brought wood, at a time unexpected to me, yet I happened to be absent; and the matter, with many vexatious remarks on my strange behavior, was for a time given up.

The Zuñi customs connected with courtship are curious. Regularly, a girl expresses a fancy for a young man. Her parents or her relatives inform those of the youth, and the latter is encouraged. If suited, he casually drops into the house of the girl, when much the same conversation as the governor tried to teach me ensues; and "if it be well," the girl becomes his affianced, or *Yi-lu-k'ia-ni-ha* (His to be). Thereafter the young couple may be seen frequently together—the girl combing his hair on the sunny terraces, or, in winter, near the hearth, while he sits and sews on articles of apparel for her. When he has "made his bundle," or gathered a sufficient number of presents together,—invariably including a pair of moccasins made from a whole deer-skin,—he takes it to her, and if they are accepted he is adopted as a son by her father, or, in Zuñi language, "as a ward," *Ta-la-h'i;* and with the beginning of his residence with her commences his married life. With the woman rests the security of the marriage ties; and it must be said, in her high honor, that she rarely abuses the privilege; that is, never sends her husband "to the home of his fathers," unless he richly deserves it. Much is said of the inferior position of women among Indians. With all advanced tribes, as with the Zuñis, the woman not only controls the situation, but her serfdom is customary, self-imposed, and willing absolutely. To her belong, also, all the children; and descent, including inheritance, is on her side.

I did not learn, until late in the season, that the midnight Ka-Kas were held thrice monthly during two of the winter months, in all the estufas, or *ki-wi-tsi-we*, of the pueblo, of which there were six, corresponding in Zuñi mythology to the six regions of the universe,—North, West, South, East, Upper, and Lower. One day, however, there came past my house two costumed and masked "Runners of the Ka-Ka." I followed them into a *ki-wi-tsin*. A group of priests near the smoky, rude, stone altar, were gathered, barefooted and praying. I drew my moccasins off, and joined them. A friend among them told me, as we left, that I had "behaved so wisely I could come with him that night and see the Ka-Kas."

What a wonderful night it was! The blazes of the splinter-lit fire on the stone altar, sometimes licking the very ladder-poles in their flight upward toward the sky-hole,—which served at once as door-way, chimney, and window; the painted tablets in one end, with priests and musicians grouped around; the spectators opposite and along the sides; the thin, upward streams of blue smoke from hundreds of cigarettes; the shrill calls of the rap-



A ZUÑI WAR-PARTY.

idly coming and departing dancers, their wild songs, and the din of the great drum, which fairly jarred the ancient, smoke-blackened rafters; the less distinguishable but terribly thrilling "swirr-r" of the yucca-whips, when brought down on some luckless sleeper's head and shoulders; the odors of the burning sacrifices, the tobacco, and of evergreen. All this was impressed indelibly on my memory,—the more impressive, that I was the first of my race to witness it. Wonderful, too, were the costumes and masks. Scaly monsters, bristling with weapons and terrible of voice and manner, with reptile heads; warrior demons, with grinning teeth, glaring eyes, long horns, mats of grizzly hair and beard; grotesque *Ne-wes;* ludicrous *Ko-yi-mashis;* ridiculous caricatures of all things in earth, and of men's strange conceptions. Such made up the sights of the *ki-wi-tsin* of the midnight Ka-Kas. Prayers near morning, distribution of the medicine-water to each of us, and, in Zuñi language, "like leaves in a sand-storm the people severed."

With February came the season of general abandonment to games, when old men and young children were busy with the chances of the thrown stick, the hidden ball, or the contest of matched strength. Even the non-participants, the women, were intensely excited with these peaceful contests; betting, in common with their at all other times less temperate husbands, the choicest articles of apparel, or the most valued items of possession.

One remarkable feature of the Zuñis had impressed me—the well-regulated life they lead. At one season they are absorbed in harvesting, at another in the sacred obligations; now games lead the day, while previously they have been

A ZUÑI FARM-HOUSE.

of such rare occurrence — even among little children — that I had written in my November notes, "The Zuñis have few if any games of chance"; while, had my observations been confined to February, I would have written "A nation of gamesters."

Like most things else in Zuñi, their games were of a sacred nature. Now that the nation "had straightened the thoughts of the impassably terrible 'A-hai-iu-ta' and Ma-tsai-le-ma, the 'beloved two' smiled and willed that, with the plays wherewith they themselves had whiled away the eons of times ancient, should their children be made happy with one another."

So one morning, the two chief priests of the bow (Pi-thlan-shi-wan-mo-so-na-tchi) climbed to the top of the houses, and just at sunrise called out a "prayer-message" from the mount-enshrined gods. Eight players went into a *ki-wi-tsin* to fast, and four days later issued forth, bearing four large wooden tubes, a ball of stone, and a bundle of thirty-six counting straws. With great ceremony, many prayers and incantations, the tubes were deposited on two mock mountains of sand, either side of the "grand plaza." A crowd began to gather. Larger and noisier it grew, until it became a surging clamorous black mass. Gradually two piles of fabrics, — vessels, silver ornaments, necklaces, embroideries, and symbols representing horses, cattle, and sheep, — grew to large proportions. Women gathered on the roofs around, wildly stretching forth articles for the betting; until one of the presiding priests called out a brief message. The crowd became silent. A booth was raised, under which two of the players retired; and when it was removed, the four tubes were standing on the mound of sand. A song and dance began. One by one, three of the four opposing players were summoned to guess under which tube the ball was hidden. At each guess the cries of the opposing parties became deafening, and their mock struggles approached the violence of mortal combat. The last guesser found the ball; and as he victoriously carried the latter and the tubes across to his own mound, his side scored ten. The process was repeated. The second guesser found the ball; his side scored fifteen, setting the others back five. The counts numbered one hundred; but so complicated were the winnings and losings on both sides, with each guess of either, that hour after hour the game went on and night closed in. Fires were built in the plaza, cigarettes lighted, but still the game continued. Noisier and noisier grew the dancers, more and more insulting and defiant their songs and epithets to the opposing crowd, until they fairly gnashed their teeth at one another, but no blows! Day dawned on the still uncertain contest; nor was it until the sun again touched the western horizon, that the hoarse, still defiant voices died away, and

the victorious party bore off their "mountains of gifts from the gods."

Another game of the gods was ordered later, in the same way—*Ti-kwa-we*, or the race of the "kicked stick."

Twelve runners were chosen and for four days duly "trained" in the estufas. On the fourth morning, the same noisy, surging crowd was gathered in the principal plaza, the same opposing mountains of goods were piled up. At noon, the crowd surged over to the level, sandy plain beyond the river. They were soon followed by the nude contestants, in two single-file processions, led and closed in by the training-masters. Each had his hair done up in a knot over his forehead, and a strong belt girded tightly about his waist. Either leader carried a small round stick, one painted at the center, the other at either end, with red. When all was ready, each leader placed his stick across his right foot, and, when word was given, kicked it, amid the deafening shouts of the spectators, a prodigious distance into the air and along the trail. Off dashed the runners vying with each other for possession of the stick, and followed by dozens of the wild crowd on foot and on horseback. The course of their race was shaped not unlike a bangle, with either end bent into the center. That is, starting from the river-bank, it went to the southern foot-hills, followed the edge of the valley entirely around, and back whence it had started, in all a distance of nearly twenty-five miles. During the progress of the distant circling race, spectators, including hundreds of the women, lined the house-tops. In much less than two hours and a half the victorious party returned, kicked their stick triumphantly across the river, ran into the plaza, circled around the goods, breathed on their hands, exclaimed, "Thanks! this day we win," and hurried to their estufa, where with great ceremony they were vomited, rubbed, rolled in blankets, and prayed over. Notwithstanding these precautions, they were so stiff within half an hour they could hardly move; yet no one can witness these tremendous races without admiration for the physical endurance of the Indian.

These two games, varied with others which, equally interesting, would require even more space for description, filled the days and nights thenceforward for many weeks. Although I faithfully studied and practiced many of the more complicated of them that I might the better understand them, I remain, notwithstanding many losings and few winnings, yet unable to perfectly master their intricacies. The game of cane-cards, or the "Sacred Arrows," would grace the most civilized society with a refined source of amusement; yet though I have played it repeatedly, I cannot half record its mythic passes, facetious and archaic proverbs, and almost numberless counts. The successful *shos-li*, or cane-player, is as much respected for his knowledge as he is despised for his abandoned, gambling propensities. Great though their passion for game be, the Zuñis condemn, as unsparingly as do we, great excesses in it.

ZUÑI PLANTING.

With the waning of winter the snows had disappeared, and now terrific winds swept daily down from the western "Sierra Blanco," until the plain was parched, and the stinging blasts of sand flew fairly over the top of Ta-ai-yal-lon-ne. Still the races and games went on, until one morning the Priest of the Sun declared aloud that the sun was returning. "Our father has called and his father answers," said the people to one another. The games ceased as if by magic; and the late profligate might now have been seen, early each morning, with hoe and spade in hand, wending his way out to the fields to prepare them for the planting time.

Each morning, too, just at dawn, the Sun Priest, followed by the Master Priest of the Bow, went along the eastern trail to the ruined city of Ma-tsa-ki, by the river-side, where, awaited at a distance by his companion, he slowly approached a square open tower and seated himself just inside upon a rude, ancient stone chair, and before a pillar sculptured with the face of the sun, the sacred hand, the morning star, and the new moon.

There he awaited with prayer and sacred song the rising of the sun. Not many such pilgrimages are made ere the "Suns look at each other," and the shadows of the solar monolith, the monument of Thunder Mountain, and the pillar of the gardens of Zuñi, "lie along the same trail." Then the priest blesses, thanks, and exhorts his father, while the warrior guardian responds as he cuts the last notch in his pine-wood calendar, and both hasten back to call from the house-tops the glad tidings of the return of spring. Nor may the Sun Priest err in his watch of Time's flight; for many are the houses in Zuñi with scores on their walls or ancient plates imbedded therein, while opposite, a convenient window or small port-hole lets in the light of the rising sun, which shines but two mornings in the three hundred and sixty-five on the same place. Wonderfully reliable and ingenious are these rude systems of orientation, by which the religion, the labors, and even the pastimes of the Zuñis are regulated.

Each day whole families hastened away to their planting pueblos, or distant farm-houses, but the sand-storms abated not. At night there was not a zephyr, but soon after sunrise, away off over the western rim of the plain, a golden, writhing wave of dust could be seen, followed by another and another, and rising higher and higher, until as it swirled over the pueblo it fairly darkened the sky, increasing in column and height until the sun went down; then retreating after him and covering the plain, not with golden, but with blood-red waves, matching in brilliancy and shifting beauty the blazing clouds of the evening skies.

I well remember the morning my old brother and I parted for the first time. He lingered by me long after the others had gone and his burros had strayed far up the valley trail. Finally, he took me gently by the hand, saying:

"Ah! little brother, my heart is like the clods I go to break—heavy! For I have grown to you as one stalk grows to another when they are planted together. Poor little brother, may the light of their favors fall upon you, for you will live long alone with the white-headed 'old Ten.' Come with me a little."

Then he dropped my hand, and folded his own behind his bent back, and I followed him slowly along the dusty street. As we were crossing the principal plaza, we met Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa. She drew her head-mantle over her eyes, and was about to pass us when the governor straightened up, smiled, and greeted her.

"Ha?" inquired the bashful maiden, when he told her something was on his mind.

"Only this," he added: "my little brother will be lonely while I am gone; perhaps he would be less so if you took him a tray of *he-we* once in a while, you know it is 'homesick' to eat alone."

"Ya," assented the girl, as she tripped past us, and we plodded along.

"Now, little brother, stay at home like a man of dignity, while I am gone. Don't you know it is shameless to run all round the streets and over the house-tops as you do? Better your thoughts, and make your heart good, and remember that your brother speaks for you *once more*."

Poor old brother! Good old brother! He never had occasion to mention Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa to me again, and for many months a shade passed over his face whenever he saw her or heard her name.

We went on past the gardens, and far out into the plain. Then he stopped me.

"Little brother," said he, and he laid one hand on my shoulder, while with the other he removed his head-band, and pressed both of mine, "*This day we have a father who, from his ancient place, rises hard holding his course; grasping us that we may stumble not in the trails of our lives. If it be well, may his grasp be firm until, happily, our paths join together again, and we look one upon the other.* Thus much I make prayer,—I go."

With this he turned suddenly, a tear in his eye, and walked hastily along the river-side. And I stood there watching him, until his bent form disappeared, and trying hard to bear the loneliest moment of all my exile in Zuñi. God bless my Indian brother!

I expected to have a hard time with my "white-headed mother," as I called her; but she was the soul of tenderness and attention. Only one circumstance occurred to jar our peace; that, happily, the second day. I was not in the house when the crash came; but entering soon after, I saw the cause of it, and heard from the mother. Something stood in the middle of my room, with a white mantle of cotton spread over it. I lifted the mantle, and discovered a handsome tray of flaky *he-we*. The mother was awaiting me—much as a spider waits for a fly—just inside the next room.

"Who brought it, mother?" said I, in mock surprise.

"*You* ask who brought it? Well! Who should it be but that shameless wench who lives over the covered way, whose mother has clog feet, and whose father is so poor that no one knows how they live? No matter if young fools do grow crazy over her; she's nothing, nothing at all, Medicine Flower, nothing but a common creature that is not human enough to know what shame is."

A ZUÑI SILVERSMITH.

"Indeed, was it Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa?"

"Then I knew it!" she rejoined. "You knew all about it. You are not going to let her make a fool of *you*, are you, Medicine Flower? (I was usually her *child*, but on this occasion I was *Medicine Flower*, emphatically pronounced.) She doesn't *near* to you at all; she only thinks of what you have and of your fine buttons."

"Where does she live, mother?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I wish to go and see her."

"I'll have nothing to do with it. Shame myself? Not I!"

"But I wish to *pay* her."

"Ha! my child? Right over the covered way, up two ladders, and down the first sky-hole," replied the old lady, suddenly as bland as though spite had never caused her heart to beat the faster during her long life.

"I'm going to have her come here."

"*No!* She shall not come into——"

"Wait, mother, wait. Have her come here to eat, and then refuse to eat with her, and pay her sugar; but mind, don't you tell my good old brother."

"Your brother? Aha! Then *he* was mixed up in it, was he? Poor child! I thought it was you. So it was Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa. Ah, well! he's a *Pino*, you know—the family is all alike; he belongs to a good clan, but his father's blood is *his* blood."

Peace was made with the mother, and I went to the house of Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa. She was not at home. I left word for her to come and eat with me at sunset. When she came, I was writing. She was accompanied by her aunt. I bade them enter, set coffee, bread, *he-we*, sugar, and other delicacies before them. Then I merely broke a crust, sacrificed some of it to the fire, ate a mouthful, and left them, resuming my writing. The girl dropped her half-eaten bread, threw her head-mantle over her face, and started for the door. I called to her and offered her a bag of sugar in payment, I said, for the *he-we*. At first she angrily refused; then bethinking herself that I was an American and possibly knew no better, she took the sugar and hastened away, mortified and almost ready to cry with vexation. Poor girl! I knew I was offering her a great dishonor,—as runs the custom of her people,—but it was my only way out of a difficulty far more serious than it could have possibly appeared to her people. The aunt was an old friend of mine. She had frequently come to our house to help grind corn, or make *he-we*, and thought much of me,—calling me, always, *ha-ni* (a sister's younger brother). She remained a few moments; then rising, thanked me, and was about to go when I said to her: "Sister, Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa is a good and pretty girl. I like her; but it will be many days before I

think of women save as sisters and mothers." The woman hesitated a moment, then said:

"Ha-ni, you are a good being, but an unknowable sort of a man. You have caused me to think much this night and made me ashamed, but then!—may you sit happily, even alone," she added, as she passed out of the door.

(However out of place these statements may seem, I deem them not only essential to the narrative, but characteristic of the Zuñis, and of their early attitude toward me. Possibly, too, they may disarm charges and criticisms which are as narrow, unrefined, and malicious, as they are false.)

The old mother entered immediately, and without further remark than a sigh of relief, cleared the things away.

During our lonely life together, I often helped her to split wood, or lift heavy burdens, wind yarn, or bring water. She never failed to thank me for the least of these services. Once she came in, looking tired; I arose and offered her my seat by the hearth. She hesitated a moment, laughed hysterically, then sat down; but in trying to thank me, burst into tears. "Ah!" said she, "*tsa-wai-k'i* (son), don't be so kind to me; I am old." But she never ceased to mention the little circumstance; and I know that of all services I ever did her, such as that ranked in her estimation foremost. It taught me that even "squaws" could sometimes appreciate such attentions.

ZUÑI COURTSHIP.

During my lonely life that spring, a few young men fell into the habit of visiting me occasionally, to "hear about the world." They would light their cigarettes, square themselves along the opposite wall, their faces beaming with expectation and satisfaction. An amusing chapter could be written on their questions and comments. I give here but one instance.

One of them asked me, "How the sun could travel so constantly over the world by day and back under it at night, without getting tired and giving it up?"

I explained that the earth revolved and the sun stood still, which caused day and night and made the sun appear to move, illustrating the statement as well as I could; also telling them, that "twice a year the earth wagged back and forth, which made winter come and go and the sun move from one side of Thunder Mountain to the other."

For a few moments they sat still and puffed vigorously at their cigarettes, as thoughtful men are apt to do. Of a sudden, one of them cried out:

"Listen! the Medicine Flower is right. If you gallop past Thunder Mountain, Thunder Mountain moves, and you stand still; and besides, I have noticed that in summer the great hanging snow-bank (Milky Way) drifts from the left of the Land of Daylight (N. E.) to the right of the World of Waters (S. W.); and in winter, from the left of the World of Waters (N. W.) to the right of the Land of Daylight (S. E.). Now! how could they move the great hanging snow-drift without moving the sky too? It would be easier to wag the world than to turn the sky around."

"Ah! but our ancients taught us——"

"No matter what our ancients taught us," said the young philosopher; "why do you speak the words of dead men? They lied, and Medicine Flower speaks straight, for why should the sun go so far and let the earth stand still, when, by merely rolling her over, he could save himself all that trouble?"

Meanwhile, three times word came from my old brother that he was "homesick for me." Finally he sent a horse, with the message that "if I did not ride it back the next day he should cease to speak to me, believing, that in forgetting him I had found another brother." But when I rode down the neatly tilled and irrigated fields, the old man, who was breaking clods, dropped his hoe, ran up to my side, pulled me from the saddle, embraced me, and that night sat up until nearly daylight, close by my side, in the low room of his quaint farm-house, talking. When time came for me to return, he gave up his work, and with K'ia-wu accompanied me, leaving the fields to the brother-in-law, with whom—K'ia-wu told me delightedly—"peace had been made."

It was well that we returned! The wind-storms were growing worse: day after day they had drifted the scorching sand over the valley, until the springs were choked up and the river was so dry that a stranger could not have distinguished it from a streamless arroyo. The nation was threatened with famine. Many were the grave speculations and councils relative to the "meaning of the gods in thus punishing their children."

Strange to say, I was given a prominent place in these, and was often appealed to, on account of my reputed "knowledge of the world." More and more frequent and desperate grew these gatherings, until at last a poor fellow named "Big Belly" was seized and brought up before them, accused of "heresy!" The trial—in which I had taken no part—lasted a whole day and part of night, when to my surprise a body of elders summoned me, and placed me at the head of their council. They addressed and treated me as chief counselor of their nation, which office I held thenceforward for nearly two years. Among other things, they asked what should be done. I inquired minutely into the case, and learned that the culprit had opened one of the sand-choked springs, which proved to be sacred. The gods were supposed to be angry with the nation on account of his transgression,—demanding the sacrifice of his life. As impassionately as possible, I pleaded that the wind-storms had set in long before he opened the spring, and suggested that he be made to fill it up again and to sacrifice bits of shells and turquois to it. The suggestion was adopted! The additional penalty of ostracism, however, was laid upon him; and to this day he lives in the farming pueblo of K'iap-kwai-na-kwin, or Ojo Caliente.

One evil followed another. Many deaths occurred, among them, that of a beautiful girl, who had been universally liked. Nor did the wind-storms abate. As a consequence, I heard one night a peculiar, long war-cry. It was joined by another and another, until the sound grew strangely weird and ominous. Then three or four men rushed past my door yelling: "A wizard! a wizard!" The tribe was soon in an uproar. The priests of the Bow had seized an old man named the "Bat," and in one of their secret chambers were trying him for sorcery. I was not present, of course, at the trial; but at three o'clock in the morning they dragged him forth to the hill on the north side of the pueblo. There they tied his hands behind him with a rawhide rope; and passing the end of the latter over a pole, supported by high crotched posts, they drew him up until his toes barely touched the ground and he was bent almost double.

Then the four chief-priests of the Bow approached and harangued him one by one, but provoked no reply save the most piteous moans. Day dawned; yet still he hung there. The speeches grew louder and more furious, until, fearing violence, I ran home, buckled on my pistol, and returned. I went straight to the old man's side.

"Go back," said the accusers.

"I will not go back; for I come with words."

"Speak them," said they.

"These," said I. "You may try the old man, but you must not kill him. The Americans will see you, or find it out, and tell their people, who will say: 'The Zuñis murdered one of their own grandfathers.' That will bring trouble on you all."

"What! murder a wizard?" they exclaimed. "Ho!" and for a few moments I grew hope-

less; for the chief-priest turned to the old man, and asked, with mock tenderness·

"Father, does it hurt?"

"Ai-o," moaned the old man, in a weak voice. "I die, I am dying."

"That's right," retorted the priest. "Pull him up a little higher, my son," said he, addressing an assistant. "He says it hurts, and I have hopes he will speak." Then he turned to me again.

"This is our way, my son, of bringing bad men to wisdom; I have worn my throat out urging him to speak; now I am trying another way. If he but speak, he shall be let to go."

"What shall I say?" piteously moaned the suffering man.

"Say *yes* or NO! dotard," howled the priest.

"Speak, grandfather, speak!" said I, as re-assuringly as I could, at the same time laying my hand on his withered arm.

"Tell them to let me down, then," he pleaded, "for I can speak not long as I am; I shall die. Oh! I shall die."

"Thanks! father, thanks!" said the priest, briskly. "Let him down; he is coming to his senses, I see."

They let the sufferer down for a moment; and gazing on the ground, he began:

"True! I have been bad. My father taught me fifty years ago, in the mountains of the summer snows. It was medicine that I used. You will find a bundle of it over the rafters, in my highest room."

One of the attendants was immediately dispatched, and soon returned with a little bunch of twigs.

"Ay! that it is, I used that. It has covered me with shame; but I will be better. I will rejoin my *ti-k'ia* (sacred order). It will surely rain within four days; for if you but let me go, I shall join my *ti-k'ia* again."

"Will you be wise?"

"Yes! believe me."

"Will you stay in Zuñi?"

"Yes! believe me."

"Will you never more cause tears?"

"No! It were a shame."

"Will you never teach to others your magic?"

"No! believe me——"

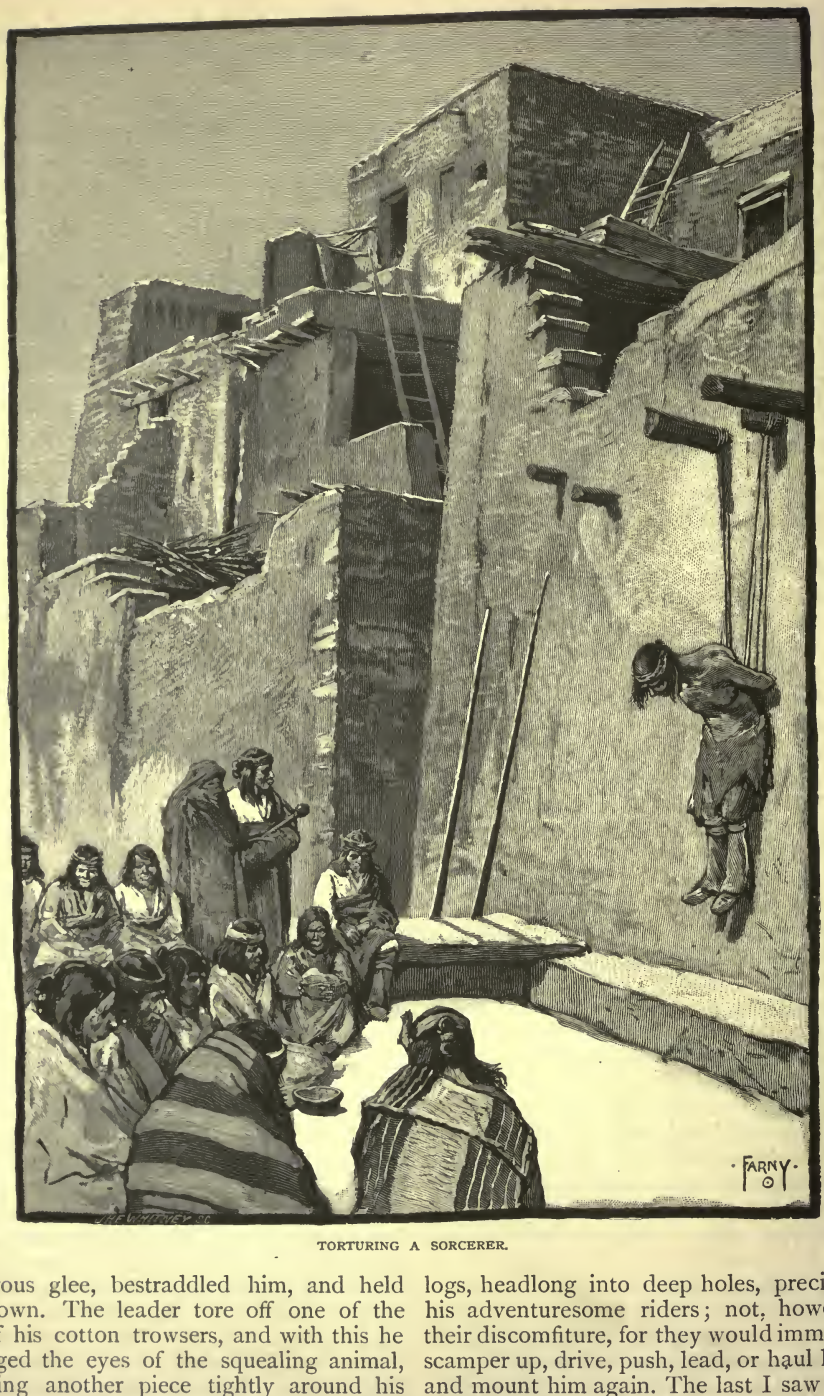
"Thanks! You have spoken. Let him go!" said the priest, as he walked hastily through the crowd toward his home.

Four days passed, and no rain came; nor did the "Bat" do as he had promised, for he returned home only to threaten revenge on the priesthood, and since the fifth day no one outside of that priesthood has ever seen a trace of the "Bat."

In Zuñi law-custom there are but two crimes punishable by death—sorcery and cowardice in battle. If, however, a man attempt the life of another, or even threaten it, he is regarded as a wizard; but no immediate measures are taken for his correction. Should crops fail, wind-storms prevail, or should the threatened man die, even from natural causes, the reputed wizard is, when he least expects it, dragged from his bed at night by the secret council of the A-pi-thlan-shi-wa-ni, taken to their chamber and tried long and fairly. Should the culprit persist in silence, he is taken forth and tortured by the simple yet excruciatingly painful method I have described, throughout a "single course of the sun"; and if still silent, again taken to the chamber of the priesthood, whence he never comes forth alive; nor do others than members of the dread organization ever know what becomes of him. Rare indeed is the execution for which no other than superstitious reasons may be adduced. Even in case of the "Bat," I learned that he had attempted to poison his own niece, the girl heretofore mentioned, the death of whom, a few weeks afterward, rendered him a criminal and liable to condemnation, not only as such, but as a sorcerer. Thus, like a vigilance committee, the priesthood of the Bow secretly tries all cases of capital crime under the name of sorcery or witchcraft,—the war-chief of the nation, himself necessarily a prominent priest of the Bow, acting as executioner, and, with the aid of his sub-chiefs, as secretly disposing of the body. On account of this mysterious method of justice crime is rare in Zuñi.

At last, in late June, rains came. As if by magic, the dust-storms ceased, and the plains were overspread with bright green. The Zuñis became uproariously happy. The members of the little "bees," that were formed for mutual assistance in the field labors, laughed and joked at their work from sunrise till supper-time. The river flowed broad and clear again. Thither again flocked the urchin population as I had seen them the autumn before.

One day I saw some of the children playing at "breaking horses." One juvenile demon was leading a band of four or five others, in the pursuit of a big bristling boar. Lasso in hand, the little fellow watched his chance, and, twirling the flexible cord once or twice rapidly in the air, sent it like lightning toward the head of the boar. The latter made a desperate dash only to run his snout and forefoot into the coil, which, held by the combined efforts of all, quickly precipitated him, in a succession of entangling somersaults, into the shallow river. In an instant another lasso was dexterously thrown over his hind feet, and his captors, heedless of mud and water, wild with

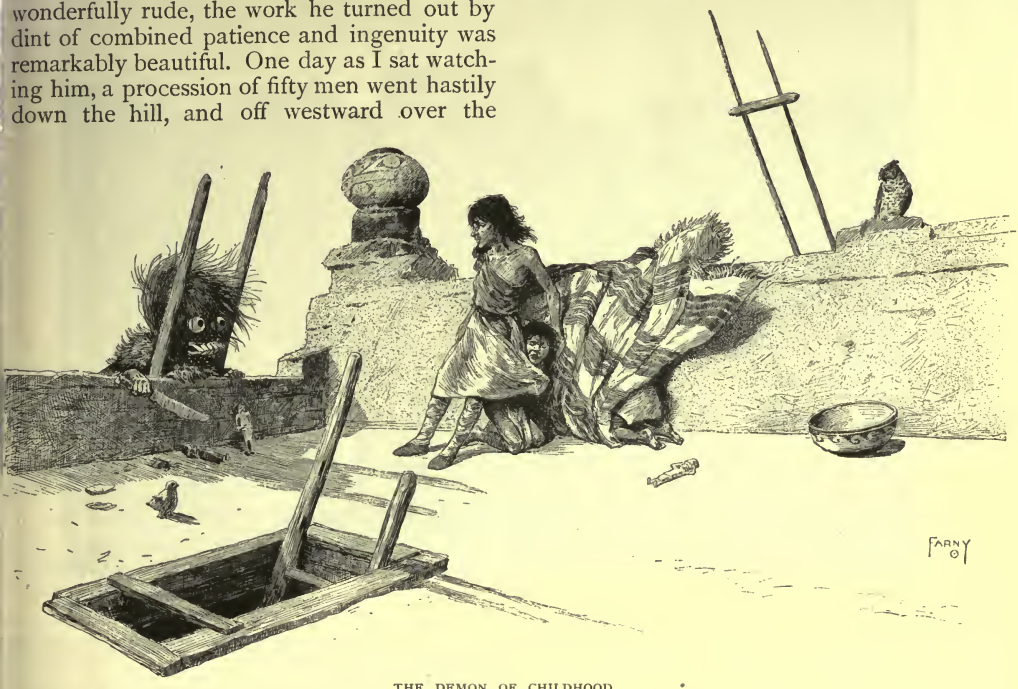


TORTURING A SORCERER.

vociferous glee, bestraddled him, and held him down. The leader tore off one of the legs of his cotton trowsers, and with this he bandaged the eyes of the squealing animal, wrapping another piece tightly around his snout so as to smother his cries. Thus equipped, the hog was set at liberty. Two of the little wretches jumped astride him, while the others prodded him behind and at the sides. Thus goaded, the poor beast ran uncertainly in all directions, into corrals, over logs, headlong into deep holes, precipitating his adventuresome riders; not, however, to their discomfiture, for they would immediately scamper up, drive, push, lead, or haul him out, and mount him again. The last I saw of them was toward evening; they were ruefully regarding the dead carcass of their novel horse.

With midsummer the heat became intense. My brother and I sat, day after day, in the cool under-rooms of our house,—the latter busy with his quaint forge and crude appli-

ances, working Mexican coins over into bangles, girdles, ear-rings, buttons, and what not, for savage adornment. Though his tools were wonderfully rude, the work he turned out by dint of combined patience and ingenuity was remarkably beautiful. One day as I sat watching him, a procession of fifty men went hastily down the hill, and off westward over the plain. They were solemnly led by a painted and shell-bedecked priest, and followed by the torch-bearing Shu-lu-wit-si, or God of Fire. After they had vanished, I asked old brother what it all meant.



THE DEMON OF CHILDHOOD.

"They are going," said he, "to the city of the Ka-ka and the home of our others."

Four days after, toward sunset, costumed and masked in the beautiful paraphernalia of the Ka-k'ok-shi, or "Good Dance," they returned in file up the same pathway, each bearing in his arms a basket filled with living, squirming turtles, which he regarded and carried as tenderly as a mother would her infant. Some of the wretched reptiles were carefully wrapped in soft blankets, their heads and forefeet protruding,—and, mounted on the backs of the plume-bedecked pilgrims, made ludicrous but solemn caricatures of little children in the same position.

While I was at supper upstairs, that evening, the governor's brother-in-law came in. He was welcomed by the family as if a messenger from heaven. He bore in his tremulous fingers one of the much-abused and rebellious turtles. Paint still adhered to his hands and bare feet, which led me to infer that he had formed one of the sacred embassy.

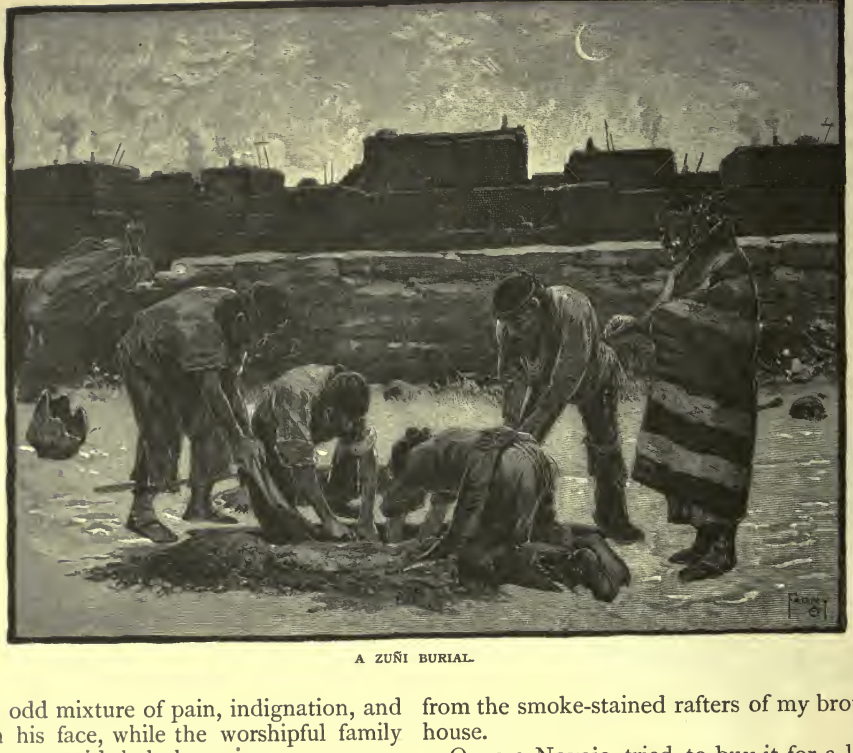
"So you went to Ka-thlu-el-lon, did you?" I asked.

"E'e," replied the weary man, in a voice husky with long chanting, as he sank, almost exhausted, on a roll of skins which had been placed for him, and tenderly laid the turtle on the floor. No sooner did the creature find itself at liberty than it made off as fast as its lame legs would take it. Of one accord, the family forsook dish, spoon, and drinking-cup, and grabbing from a sacred meal-bowl whole handfuls of the contents, hurriedly followed the turtle about the room, into dark corners, around water-jars, behind the grinding-troughs, and out into the middle of the floor again, praying and scattering meal on its back as they went. At last, strange to say, it approached the foot-sore man who had brought it.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with emotion; "see, it comes to me again; ah, what great favors the fathers of all grant me this day," and passing his hand gently over the sprawling animal, he inhaled from his palm deeply and long, at the same time invoking the favor of the gods. Then he leaned his chin upon his hand, and with large, wistful eyes regarded his ugly captive as it sprawled about blinking its meal-bedimmed eyes, and clawing the smooth floor in memory of its native element. At this juncture, I ventured a question:

"Why do you not let him go, or give him some water?"

Slowly the man turned his eyes toward



A ZUÑI BURIAL.

me, an odd mixture of pain, indignation, and pity on his face, while the worshipful family stared at me with holy horror.

"Poor younger brother!" he said, at last; "know you not how precious it is? It die? It will *not* die; I tell you, it *cannot* die."

"But it will die if you don't feed it and give it water."

"I tell you it *cannot* die; it will only change houses to-morrow, and go back to the home of its brothers. Ah, well! How should *you* know?" he mused. Turning to the blinded turtle again: "Ah! my poor dear lost child or parent, my sister or brother to have been! Who knows which? May be my own great-grand-father or mother!" And with this he fell to weeping most pathetically, and, tremulous with sobs, which were echoed by the women and children, he buried his face in his hands. Filled with sympathy for his grief, however mistaken, I raised the turtle to my lips and kissed its cold shell; then depositing it on the floor, hastily left the grief-stricken family to their sorrows.

Next day, with prayers and tender beseechings, plumes and offerings, the poor turtle was killed, and its flesh and bones were removed and deposited in the little river, that it might "return once more to eternal life among its comrades in the dark waters of the lake of the dead." The shell, carefully scraped and dried, was made into a dance-rattle, and, covered by a piece of buckskin, it still hangs from the smoke-stained rafters of my brother's house.

Once a Navajo tried to buy it for a ladle; loaded with indignant reproaches, he was turned out of the house. Were any one to venture the suggestion that the turtle no longer lived, his remark would cause a flood of tears, and he would be reminded that it had only "changed houses and had gone to live forever in the home of 'our lost others.'"

This persistent adherence to the phrase, "our lost others," struck me as significant. Had they believed in the transmigration of the soul, they would have said "our brothers, our fathers, our children," I reasoned; and yet it was long before I learned the true meaning of it. At last, a wonderful epic, including the genesis and sacred history of the Zuñi ancestry, was repeated in my hearing by an old blind priest, through which I came to understand the regard my adopted people had for the turtle. I give a portion of the tradition as afterward explained to me:

"In the days of the new, after the times when all mankind had come forth from one to the other of the 'four great cavern wombs of earth' (*a-wi-ten te-huthl-na-kwin*), and had come out into the light of our father, the sun, they journeyed, under the guidance of A-hai-iu-ta and Ma-tsai-le-ma, twin children of the sun, immortal youths, toward the father of all men and things, eastward.

"In those times, a day meant four years, and a night the same; so that, in the speech of the ancients 'Between one sunrise and another' means eight years.

"After many days and nights, the people settled

near the mountain of the Medicine Flower, and a great cazique sent forward his two children, a young man and a young girl, — the passing beautiful of all children, — to explore for a better country. When they had journeyed as far as the region where now flow the red waters [Colorado Chiquito], they paused to rest from their journey. Ah! they sinned and were changed to a demon god and goddess.

"The world was damp. Plant corn on the mountain-tops, and it grew. Dig a hole into the sands at will, and water filled it.

"The woman in her anger drew her foot through the sands, that she might — from shame — separate herself from her people; and the waters, collecting, flowed off until they were a deep channel; yet they settled most about the place where she stood, and it became a lake which is there to this day. And the mark in the sands is the valley where now flow the red waters.

"No tidings came from the young messengers; and after many days the nation again journeyed eastward, carrying upon their backs not only their things precious, but also their little children. When they reached the waters they were dismayed; but some ventured in to cross over. Fear filled the hearts of many mothers, for their children grew cold and strange, like others than human creatures, and they dropped them into the waters, changed indeed; they floated away, crying and moaning, as ever now they cry and moan when the night comes on and the hunter camps near their shores. But those who loved their children and were strong of heart passed safely over the flood and found them the same as before.

"*Thus* it came to be that only part of our nation ever arrived at the 'middle of the world.' But it is well, as all things are; for others were left to remember us and to make a home, not of strangers, but of 'our others,' for those who should die and to intercede with the 'Holders of the Waters of the World' that all mankind and unfinished creatures, even flying and creeping beings, might have food to eat and water to drink when the world should harden and the land should dry up. And in that lake is a descending ladder, down which even the smallest may enter fearlessly, who has passed its borders in death; where it is delightful, and filled with songs and dances; where all men are brothers, and whence they wander whither they will, to minister to and guide those whom they have left behind them — that is the lake where live 'our others' and whither go our dead. At night, he who wanders on the hills of the Ka-ko'k-shi may sometimes see the light shining forth and hear strange voices of music coming up from the depths of those waters."

For the Zuñi, therefore, there is a city of the living and another of the dead. As the living may wander through far countries, so may the dead return to their birthland, or pass over from one ocean to another.

Possibly, at some remote period, the ancestors of the Zuñis have believed in the transmigration of the soul, of which belief these particular superstitions relative to the turtle remain as survivals. Their belief to-day, however, relative to the future life is spiritualistic. As illustrative of this and of their funeral customs, I conclude with an account of the death and burial, toward the close of my first year among them, of my adopted uncle.

For more than a year he had been wasting with consumption; when, on account of a medical reputation which had greatly aided me and had, indeed, given rise to my name, I was called to see him. I gave him such simple remedies as I had at hand, and he became very fond of me, at last adopting me as his nephew, and naming me Hai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa.

Toward the last, the old man talked often of his approaching death, speaking of the future life with an amount of conviction which surprised me.

"To dwell with my relatives, even those whose names were wasted before my birth, is that painful to the thought?" said the old man. "Often, when we dream not, yet we see and hear them as in dreams." "A man is like a grain of corn — bury him, and he molds; yet his heart lives, and springs out on the breath of life [the soul] to make him as he was, so again."

He grew rapidly feebler. For two or three days I did not see him. Hearing that he was worse, I hastened to his side. He was unconscious, and a crowd of relatives were thickly gathered around him, wringing their hands and wailing. Presently he opened his eyes.

"Hush," said he, and he raised his hand weakly with a smile of recognition, not of me, but of something he seemed to see. Then he turned to me. "My boy, I *thought* you would come," he murmured. "Now I can bid you, 'I go'; for they are — all around me — and I know — they have come for me — *this* time. My heart makes happy. *No*," said he, as a medicine-man tried to force breath into his mouth. "No, I go not alone! Let me go! *E-lu-ia* (Delightful!)"

Then he closed his eyes and became unconscious again, smiling even in his dying sleep.

Two hours after, the women of the same clan which had sprinkled water and meal on him when a baby, adopting him as "their child of the sun," bathed his body and broke a vessel of water by its side, thus renouncing all claim to him forever and returning his being to the sun. Then four men took the blanket-roll by the corners and carried it, amid the mourning wails of the women, to the ancient burial-place. They hastily lowered it into a shallow grave, while one standing to the east said a prayer, scattered meal, food, and other offerings upon it; then they as hastily covered it over, clearing away all traces of the new-made grave. *Now* I know not the bone-strewn grave of "my uncle" from those of a thousand others, for the "silent majority" of the Zuñi nation lie in the same small square. Four days later, down by the river, a little group of mourners sacrificed, with beseeching in the name of the dead, the only flowers their poor land affords — the beautiful prayer-plumes of the "birds of summerland."

Frank H. Cushing.

George du Maurier

DU MAURIER AND LONDON SOCIETY.

MANY years ago, a small American child, who lived in New York and played in Union Square, which was then inclosed by a high railing and governed by a solitary policeman — a strange, superannuated, dilapidated functionary, carrying a little cane and wearing, with a very copious and very dirty shirt-front, the costume of a man of the world — a small American child, we say, was a silent devotee of "Punch." (We ought, perhaps, to explain that we allude to the periodical of that name — not to the festive potion.) Half-an-hour spent to-day in turning over the early numbers transports him quite as much to old New York as to the London of the first Crystal Palace and the years that immediately followed it. From about 1850 to 1855, he lived, in imagination, no small part of his time in the world represented by the pencil of Leech. He pored over the pictures of the people riding in the Row, of the cabmen and the costermongers, of the little pages in buttons, of the bathing-machines at the sea-side, of the small boys in tall hats and Eton jackets, of the gentlemen hunting the fox, of the pretty girls in striped petticoats and coiffures of the shape of the mushroom. These things were the features of a world which he longed so to behold that the familiar wood-cuts (they were not so good in those days as they have become since) grew at last as real to him as the furniture of his home; and when he at present looks at the "Punch" of thirty years ago, he finds in it an odd association of mediæval New York. He remembers that it was in such a locality, in that city, that he first saw such a picture; he recalls the fading light of the winter dusk, with the red fire and the red curtains in the background, in which more than once he was bidden to put down the last numbers of the humorous sheet and come to his tea. "Punch" was England; "Punch" was London; and England and London were at that time words of multifarious suggestion to this small American child. He liked much more to think of the British Empire than to indulge in the sports natural to his tender age, and many of his hours were spent in making mental pictures of the society of which the recurrent wood-cuts offered him specimens and revelations. He had from year to year the prospect of really beholding this society (he heard every spring, from the earliest period, that his parents would go to Europe, and then he heard that they would not), and he had measured the value of the prospect with a keenness possibly premature. He knew the names of the London streets, of the theaters, of many of the shops: the dream of his young life was to take a walk in Kensington Gardens and go to Drury Lane to see a pantomime. There was a great deal in the old "Punch" about the pantomimes, and harlequins and columbines peopled the secret visions of this perverted young New Yorker. It was a mystic satisfaction to him that he had lived in Piccadilly when he was a baby; he remembered neither the period nor the place, but the name of the latter had a strange delight for him. It had been promised him that he should behold once more that romantic thoroughfare, and he did so by the time he was twelve years old. Then he found that if "Punch" had been London (as he lay on the hearth-rug inhaling the exotic fragrance of the freshly arrived journal), London was "Punch," and something more. He remembers to-day vividly his impression of the London streets in the summer of 1855; they had an extraordinary look of familiarity, and every figure, every object he encountered, appeared to have been drawn by Leech. He has learned to know these things better since then; but his childish impression is subject to extraordinary revivals. The expansive back of an old lady getting into an omnibus, the attitude of a little girl bending from her pony in the park, the demureness of a maid-servant opening a street-door in Brompton, the top-heavy attitude of the small "Ameliar-Ann," as she stands planted with the baby in her arms on the corner of a Westminster slum, the coal-heavers, the cabmen, the publicans, the butcher-boys, the flunkeys, the guardsmen, the policemen (in spite of their change of uniform),—are liable at this hour, in certain moods, to look more like sketchy tail-pieces than natural things. (There are moments indeed — not identical with those we speak of — in which certain figures, certain episodes, in the London streets, strike an even stranger, deeper note of reminiscence. They remind the American traveler of Hogarth; he may take a walk in Oxford street — on some dirty, winter afternoon — and find everything he sees Hogarthian.)

We know not whether the form of infantine nostalgia of which we speak is common, or was then common, among small Americans:

but we are sure that, when fortune happens to favor it, it is a very delightful pain. In those days, in America, the manufacture of children's picture-books was an undeveloped industry; the best things came from London, and brought with them the aroma of a richer civilization. The covers were so beautiful and shining, the paper and print so fine, the colored illustrations so magnificent,—that it was easy to see that over there the arts were at a very high point. The very name of the publisher on the title-page (the small boy we speak of always looked at that) had a thrilling and mystifying effect. But, above all, the contents were so romantic and delectable! There were things in the English story-books that one read as a child, just as there were things in "Punch," that one couldn't have seen in New York, even if one had been fifty years old. The age had nothing to do with it: one had a conviction that they were not there to be seen. We can hardly say why. It is, perhaps, because the plates in the picture-books were almost always colored; but it was evident that there was a great deal more color in that other world. We remember well the dazzling tone of a little Christmas book by Leech, which was quite in the spirit of "Punch," only more splendid, for the plates were plastered with blue and pink. It was called "Young Troublesome; or, Master Jacky's Holidays," and it has probably become scarce to-day. It related the mischievous pranks of an Eton school-boy while at home for his Christmas vacation, and the exploit we chiefly remember was his blacking with a burnt stick the immaculate calves of the footman, who is carrying up some savory dish to the banquet from which (in consequence of his age and his habits) Master Jacky is excluded. Master Jacky was so handsome, so brilliant, so heroic, so regardless of dangers and penalties, so fertile in resources; and those charming young ladies, his sisters, his cousins,—the innocent victims of his high spirits,—had such golden ringlets, such rosy cheeks, such pretty shoulders, such delicate blue sashes over such fresh muslin gowns! Master Jacky seemed to lead a life all illumined with rosy Christmas fire. A little later came Richard Doyle's delightful volume giving the history of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," and it would be difficult to exaggerate the action of these remarkable designs in forming the taste of our fantastic little amateur. They told him, indeed, much less about England than about the cities of the continent; but that was not a drawback, for he could take in the continent, too. Moreover, he felt that these three travelers were intensely British; they looked at everything from the London point of view, and it gave him an immense feeling of initiation to be able to share their susceptibilities. Was there not also a delightful little picture at the end, which represented them as restored to British ground, each holding up a tankard of foaming ale, with the boots behind them, rolling their battered portmanteaux into the inn? This seemed somehow to commemorate one's own possible arrival in Old England, even though it was not likely that overflowing beer would be a feature of so modest an event; just as all the rest of it was a foretaste of Switzerland, of the Rhine, of North Italy, which after this would find one quite prepared. We are sorry to say that when, many years later, we ascended, for the first time, to the roof of Milan Cathedral, what we first thought of was not the "waveless plain of Lombardy," nor the beauty of the edifice, but the "little London snob," whom Brown, Jones, and Robinson saw writing his name on one of the pinnacles of the church. We had our preferences in this genial trio. We adored little Jones, the artist—if memory doesn't betray us (we haven't seen the book for twenty years)—and Jones *was* the artist. It is difficult to say why we adored him, but it was certainly the dream of our life at that foolish period to make his acquaintance. We did so, in fact, not very long after. We were taken in due course to Europe, and we met him on a steam-boat on the Lake of Geneva. There was no introduction; we had no conversation; but he was the Jones of our imagination. Thackeray's Christmas books ("The Rose and the Ring," apart—it dates from 1854,) came before this; we remember them in our earliest years. They, too, were of the family of "Punch"—which is my excuse for this superfluity of preface—and they were a revelation of English manners. "English manners," for a child, could of course only mean certain individual English figures—the figures in "Our Street," in "Doctor Birch and his Young Friends" (we were glad we were not of the number), in "Mrs. Perkins's Ball." In the first of these charming little volumes there is a pictorial exposition of the reason why the nurse-maids in "Our Street" like Kensington Gardens. When, in the course of time, we were taken to walk in those lovely shades, we looked about us for a simpering young woman and an insinuating soldier on a bench, with a bawling baby sprawling on the path hard-by, and we think we discovered the group.

Many people in the United States, and doubtless in other countries, have gathered their knowledge of English life almost entirely from "Punch," and it would be difficult

to imagine a more abundant, and on the whole a more accurate, informant. The accumulated volumes of this periodical contain evidence on a multitude of points of which there is no mention in the serious works—not even in the novels—of the day. The smallest details of social habit are depicted there, and the oddities of a race of people in whom oddity is strangely compatible with the dominion of convention. That the ironical view of these things is given does not injure the force of the testimony, for the irony of "Punch," strangely enough, has always been discreet, even delicate. It is a singular fact, that though *taste* is not supposed to be the strong point of the English mind, this eminently representative journal has rarely been guilty of violations of taste. The taste of "Punch," like its good humor, has known very few lapses. "The London Charivari"—we remember how difficult it was (in 1853) to arrive at the right pronunciation—has, in this respect, very little to envy its Parisian original. English humor is coarse, French humor is fine—that would be the general assumption, certainly, on the part of a French critic. But a comparison between the back volumes of the "Charivari" and the back volumes of "Punch" would make it necessary to modify this formula. English humor is simple, innocent, plain, a trifle insipid, apt to sacrifice to the graces, to the proprieties; but if "Punch" is our witness, English humor is not coarse. We are fortunately not obliged to declare just now what French humor appears to be—in the light of the "Charivari," the "Journal Amusant," the "Journal Pour Rire." A Frenchman may say, in perfect good faith, that (to his sense) English drollery has doubtless every merit but that of being droll. French drollery, he may say, is salient, saltatory; whereas the English comic effort is flat and motionless. The French, in these matters, like a great deal of salt; whereas the English, who spice their food very highly, and have a cluster of sharp condiments on the table, like their caricatures comparatively mild. "Punch," in short, is for the family—"Punch" may be sent up to the nursery. This surely may be admitted; and it is the fact that "Punch" is for the family that constitutes its high value. The family is, after all, the people; and a satirical sheet which holds up the mirror to this institution can hardly fail to be instructive. "Yes, if it hold the mirror up impartially," we can imagine the foreign critic to rejoin; "but in these matters the British caricaturist is not to be trusted. He slurs over a great deal—he omits a great deal more. He must, above all things, be proper; and there is a whole side of life which, in spite of his Juvenalian pretensions, he never touches at all." We must allow the foreign critic his supposed retort, without taking space to answer back,—we may imagine him to be a bit of a "naturalist,"—and admit that it is perhaps because they are obliged to be proper that Leech and du Maurier give us, on the whole, such a cleanly, healthy, friendly picture of English manners. Such sustained and inveterate propriety is in itself a great force; it includes a good deal, as well as excludes. The general impression that we derive from the long series of "Punch" is a very cheerful and favorable one; it speaks of a vigorous, good-humored, much-civilized people. The good humor is, perhaps, the most striking point—not only the good humor of the artist who represents the scene, but that of the figures engaged in it. The difference is remarkable in this respect between "Punch" and the French comic papers. The wonderful Cham, who for so many years contributed to those sheets, had an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous and a boundless stock of facetious invention. He was strangely expressive; he could place a figure before you, in the most violent action, with half-a-dozen strokes of his pencil. But his people were like wild-cats and scorpions. The temper of the French *bourgeoisie*, as represented by Cham, is a thing to make one take to one's heels. They perpetually tear and rend each other, show their teeth and their claws, kick each other down-stairs, and pitch each other from windows. All this is in the highest degree farcical or grotesque; but at bottom it is almost horrible. (It must be admitted that Cham and his wonderful colleague, Daumier, are much more horrible than Gavarni, who was admirably real, and at the same time capable of beauty and grace. Gavarni's women are charming; those of Cham and Daumier are monsters.) There is nothing, or almost nothing, of the horrible in "Punch." The author of these remarks has a friend whom he has heard more than once maintain the too-ingenious thesis that the caricatures of Cham prove the French to be a cruel people; the same induction could, at least, never be drawn, even in an equal spirit of paradox, from the genial pages of "Punch." "If 'Punch' is never horrible, it is because 'Punch' is always superficial, for life is full of the horrible"—so we may imagine our naturalistic objector to go on. However this may be, "Punch" is fortunate in having picked out such a charming surface. English life, as depicted by Leech and du Maurier, and by that excellent Charles Keene,—the best-humored perhaps of the three, whose talent is so great that we have always wondered why it is

not greater,—is a compound of several very wholesome tastes—the love of the country, the love of sport, the love of a harmless joke within the limits of due reverence, the love of sport, of horses and dogs, of family life, of children, of horticulture. With this there are a few other tastes of a less innocent kind,—the love of ardent spirits, for instance, or of punching people's heads,—or even the love of a lord. In Leech's drawings, country-life plays a great part; his landscapes, in their extreme sketchiness, are often admirable. He gave, in a few strokes, the look of the hunting-field in winter—the dark, damp slopes; the black, dense hedges; the low, cool sky. He was very general; he touched on everything, sooner or later; but he enjoyed his sporting subjects more than anything else. In this he was thoroughly English. No close observer of that people can fail to perceive that the love of sport is the thing that binds them most closely together, and in which they have the greatest number of feelings in common. Leech depicted, with infinite vividness, the accidents of the chase and of the fishing season; and his treatment of the horse, in especial, contributed greatly to his popularity. He understood the horse, he knew him intimately, he loved him; and he drew him as if he knew how to ride as well as to draw. The English forgive a great deal to those who ride well; and this is doubtless why the badness of some of the sporting subjects that have appeared in "Punch" since Leech's death has been tolerated; the artist has been presumed to be a good rider! Leech never made a mistake; he did well whatever he did; and, it must be remembered, that for many years he furnished the political cartoon to "Punch," as well as the smaller drawings. He was always amusing, always full of sense and point, always intensely English. His foreigner is always an inferior animal—his Frenchman is the Frenchman of Leicester Square, the Frenchman whom the Exhibition of 1851 revealed to the people of London. His point is perfectly perceptible—it is never unduly fine. His children are models of ruddy, chubby, shy, yet sturdy British babyhood; and nothing could be nicer than his young women. The English maiden, in Leech, is emphatically a nice girl; modest and fresh, simple and blooming, and destined evidently for use as much as for ornament. In those early days to which we referred at the beginning of this article, we were deeply in love with the young ladies of Leech, and we have never ceased to admire the simple art with which he made these hastily designed creatures conform unerringly to the English type. They have English eyes and English cheeks, English figures. English hands and feet, English ringlets, English petticoats. Leech was extremely observant, but he had not a strong imagination; he had a sufficient, but not a high sense of beauty; his ideal of the beautiful had nothing of the unattainable; it was simply a *résumé* of the nice faces he saw about him. And very nice they must generally have been. The great thing, however, was that he was a natural draughtsman; his little figures live and move; many of his little scenes are stamped on the memory. I have spoken of his representations of the country; but his town-pictures are numerous and capital. He knew his London, and his sketches of the good people of that metropolis are as happy as his episodes in the drawing-room and the hunting-field. He was admirably broad and free; and no one in his line has had more than he the knack of giving what is called a general effect. He conveys, at times, the look of the London streets—the color, the temperature, the damp blackness. He does the winter weather to perfection. Long before I had seen it, I was acquainted, through his sketches, with the aspect of Baker street in December. Out of such a multitude of illustrations it is difficult to choose: the two volumes of "Sketches of Life and Character," transferred from "Punch," are a real museum. But I recall, for instance, the simple little sketch of the worthy man up to his neck in bed on a January morning, to whom, on the other side of the door, the prompt housemaid, with her hammer in her hand, announces that "I have just broken the ice in your bath, sir." The black, cold dawn, the very smell of the early chill, that raw sootiness of the London winter air, the red nose of the housemaid, the unfashionable street seen through the window—impart a peculiar vividness to this small, inky-looking wood-cut.

We have said too much about Leech, however, and the purpose of these remarks is not to commemorate his work. "Punch," for the last fifteen years, has been, artistically speaking, George du Maurier. (We ought, perhaps, before this, to have said that none of our observations are to be taken as applying to the letterpress of the comic journal, which has probably never been fully appreciated in America.) It has employed other talents than his—notably Charles Keene, who is as broad, as jovial, as English (half his jokes are against Scotchmen), as Leech, but whose sense of the beautiful, the delicate, is inferior even to Leech's; and the wonderful Linley Sambourne, a genius quite apart, full of ingenuity and fancy, brilliant in execution, but wanting in the appearance and the love of reality, and more decorative, almost more mechan-

ical, than dramatic. But for a great many people, certainly in America, du Maurier has long been, as I say, the successor of Leech, the embodiment of the pictorial spirit of "Punch." Shut up in the narrow limits of black and white, without space, without color, without the larger opportunities, du Maurier has nevertheless established himself as an exquisite talent and a genuine artist. He is not so much of a laugher as Leech,—he deals in the smile, rather than the laugh,—but he is a much deeper observer, and he is a finer and nobler draughtsman. He has not Leech's animal spirits; a want of high spirits, a tendency to reflection, to lowness of tone, as his own Postlethwaite would say, is perhaps his limitation. But his seriousness—if he is too serious—is that of the satirist as distinguished from the simple joker; and if he reflects, he does so in the literal sense of the word—holds up a singularly polished and lucid mirror to the drama of English society. More than twenty years ago, when he began to draw in "Once a Week,"—that not very long-lived periodical which set out on its career with a high pictorial standard,—it was apparent that the careful young artist who finished his designs very highly and signed them with a French name, stood very much upon his own feet. The earliest things of his that we know have the quality which has made him distinguished to-day—the union of a great sense of beauty with a great sense of reality. It was apparent from the first that this was not a simple and uniform talent, but a gift that had sprung from a combination of sources. It is important to remember, in speaking of du Maurier,—who is one of the pillars of the British journal *par excellence*,—that he has French blood in his veins. George du Maurier, as we understand his history, was born in England, of a French father and an English mother, but was removed to France in his early years, and educated according to the customs of that country. Later, however, he returned to England; and it would not be difficult for a careful student of his drawings to guess that England is the land of his predilection. He has drawn a great many French figures, but he has drawn them as one who knows them rather than as one who loves them. He has perhaps been, as the phrase is, a little hard upon the French; at any rate, he has been decidedly easy for the English. The latter are assuredly a very handsome race; but, if we were to construct an image of them from the large majority of du Maurier's drawings, we should see before us a people of gods and goddesses. This does not alter the fact that there is a very Gallic element in some of du Maurier's gifts—his fineness of perception, his remarkable power of specifying types, his taste, his grace, his lightness, a certain refinement of art. It is hard to imagine that a talent so remarkable should not have given early evidences; but in spite of such evidences, du Maurier was, on the threshold of manhood, persuaded by those to whom it was his duty to listen, to turn his attention, as Mrs. Micawber says, to chemistry. He pursued this science without enthusiasm, though he had for some time a laboratory of his own. Before long, however, the laboratory was converted into a studio. His talent insisted on its liberty, and he committed himself to the plastic. He studied this charming element in Paris, at Düsseldorf; he began to work in London. This period of his life was marked by a great calamity, which has left its trace on his career and his work, and which it is needful to mention, in order to speak with any fairness of these things. Abruptly, without a warning, his eyesight partly forsook him, and his activity was cruelly threatened. It is a great pleasure, in alluding to this catastrophe, to be able to speak of it as a signal example of difficulty vanquished. George du Maurier was condemned to many dark days, at the end of which he learned that he should have to do his work for the rest of his life with less than half a man's portion of the sense most valuable to the artist. The beautiful work that he has produced in such abundance for so many years has been achieved under restrictions of vision which might well have made any work impossible. It is permitted, accordingly, to imagine that if the artist had had the usual resources we should not at the present moment be considering him simply as an accomplished draughtsman in black and white. It is impossible to look at many of his drawings without perceiving that they are full of the art of the painter, and that the form they have taken, charming as it has been, is arbitrary and inadequate.

John Leech died on October 27, 1864, and the first sketches in "Punch" that we recognize as du Maurier's appeared in that year. The very earliest that we have detected belong, indeed, to December 5, 1863. These beginnings are slight and sketchy head-pieces and vignettes; the first regular "picture" (with a legend beneath it) that we remember is of the date of June 11, 1864. It represents a tipsy waiter (or college servant), on a staircase, where he has smashed a trayful of crockery. We perceive nothing else of importance for some time after this, but suddenly his hand appears again in force, and from the summer of 1865 its appearances

are frequent. The finish and delicacy, the real elegance, of these early drawings, are extreme; the hand was already the hand of a brilliant executant. No such manner as this had hitherto been seen in "Punch." By the time one had recognized that it was not a happy accident, but an accomplished habit, it had become the great feature, the "attraction," of the comic journal. "Punch" had never before suspected that it was so artistic; had never taken itself, in such matters, so seriously. Much the larger part of du Maurier's work has been done for "Punch," but he has designed as well many illustrations for books. The most charming of these, perhaps, are the drawings he executed in 1868, for a new edition of Thackeray's "Esmond," which had been preceded several years before by a set of designs for Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters," first ushered into the world as a serial in the "Cornhill." To the "Cornhill," for many years, du Maurier has every month contributed an illustration; he has reproduced every possible situation that is likely to be encountered in the English novel of manners; he has interpreted, pictorially, innumerable flirtations, wooings, philanderings, ruptures. The interest of the English novel of manners is often rather tranquil; the situations presented to the artist are apt to lack superficial strangeness. A lady and gentleman sitting in a drawing-room, a lady and gentleman going out to walk, a sad young woman watching at a sick-bed, a handsome young man lighting a cigarette—this is about the range of incident through which the designer may move. But in these drawing-room and flower-garden episodes, the artist is thoroughly at home; he accepts, of course, the material that is given him, but we fancy him much more easily representing quiet, harmonious things than depicting deeds of violence. It is a noticeable fact that in "Punch," where he has his liberty, he very seldom represents such deeds. His occasional departures from this habit are of a sportive and fantastic sort, in which he ceases to pretend to be real; like the dream of the timorous Jenkins (February 15, 1868), who sees himself hurled to destruction by a colossal, foreshortened cab-horse. Du Maurier's fantastic—we speak of the extreme manifestations of it—is always admirable, ingenious, unexpected, pictorial; so much so, that we have often wondered that he should not have cultivated this vein more largely. As a general thing, however, in these excursions into the impossible, it is some *charming* impossibility that he offers us—a picture of some happy contrivance which would make life more diverting; such as the playing of lawn-tennis on skates (on a lawn of ice), or the faculty on the part of young men on bicycles of carrying their sweethearts behind them on a pillion. We recommend the reader to turn to "Punch's" Almanac for 1865, in which two brilliant full-page illustrations represent the "Probable Results of the Acclimatization Society." Nothing could be fuller of delicate fancy and of pictorial facility than this prophecy of the domestication in the London streets, and by the Serpentine, of innumerable strange beasts—giraffes, ostriches, zebras, kangaroos, hippopotami, elephants, lions, and panthers. Apropos of strange beasts, the strangest of all, perhaps, is the wonderful big dog who has figured of late years in du Maurier's drawings, and who has probably passed, with many persons, as a kind of pictorial caprice. He is depicted as of such super-canine proportions, quite overshadowing and dwarfing the amiable family to whom he is represented as belonging, that he might be supposed to be another illustration of the artist's turn for the graceful grotesque. But, as it happens, he is not an invention, but a portrait—the portrait of a magnificent original, a literally gigantic St. Bernard, the property of the artist—the biggest, the handsomest, the most benignant of all domesticated shaggy things.

We think we are safe in saying that those ruder forms of incongruity which, as a general thing, constitute the stock-in-trade of the caricaturist, fail to commend themselves to this particular satirist. He is too fond of the beautiful—his great passion is for the lovely; not for what is called ideal beauty, which is usually a matter of not very successful guess-work, but for loveliness observed in the life and manners around us, and reproduced with a generous desire to represent it as usual. The French express a certain difference better than we; they talk of those who see *en beau* and those who see *en laid*. Du Maurier is as highly developed an example as we could desire of the former tendency—just as Cham and Daumier are examples of the latter; just, too, if we may venture to select instances from the staff of "Punch," as Charles Keene and Linley Sambourne are examples of the latter. Du Maurier can see ugliness wonderfully well when he has a strong motive for looking for it, as witness so many of the figures in his crusade against the "æsthetic" movement. Who could be uglier than Maudle and Postlethwaite, and all the other apparitions from "passionate Brompton"? Who could have more bulging foreheads, more protuberant eyes, more retreating jaws, more sloping shoulders, more objectionable hair, more of the signs generally of

personal debility? To say, as we said just now, that du Maurier carries his specification of types very far, is to say mainly that he defines with peculiar completeness his queer people, his failures, his grotesques. But it strikes us that it is just this vivid and affectionate appreciation of beauty that makes him do such justice to the eccentrics. We have heard his ugly creations called malignant—compared (to their disadvantage) with similar figures in Leech. Leech, it was said, is always good-natured and jovial, even in the excesses of caricature; whereas his successor (with a much greater brilliancy of execution) betrays, in dealing with the oddities of the human family, a taint of "French ferocity." We think the discrimination fallacious; and it is only because we do not believe du Maurier's reputation for amiability to be really in danger that we do not hasten to defend him from the charge of ferocity—French or English. The fact is, he attempts discriminations that Leech never dreamt of. Leech's characterizations are all simple, whereas du Maurier's are extremely complicated. He would like every one to be tall and straight and fair, to have a well-cut mouth and chin, a well-poised head, well-shaped legs, an air of nobleness, of happy development. He perceives, however, that nature plays us some dreadful tricks, and he measures her departure from these beautiful conditions with extreme displeasure. He regrets it with all the force of his appreciation of the beautiful, and he feels the strongest desire to indicate the culpability of the aberration. He has an artistic, æsthetic need to make ugly people as ugly as they are; he holds that such serious facts should not be superficially treated. And then, besides that, his fancy finds a real entertainment in the completeness, in the perfection, of certain forms of facial queerness. No one has rendered like du Maurier the ridiculous little people who crop up in the interstices of that huge and complicated London world. We have no such finished types as these in America. If the English find us all a little odd, oddity, in American society, never ripens and rounds itself off so perfectly as in some of these Old-World specimens. All those English terms of characterization which exist in America, at the most only as precarious exotics, but which are on every one's lips in England,—the snob, the cad, the prig, the duffer,—du Maurier has given us a thousand times the portrait of such specialties. No one has done the "duffer" so well; there are a hundred variations of the countenance of Mr. McJoseph, the gentleman who figured in "Punch" on the 19th August, 1876; or the even happier physiognomy of the other gentleman who, on the 2d November, 1872, says to a lady that he "never feels safe from the British snob till he is south of the Danube," and to whom the lady retorts, "And what do the South Danubians say?" This personage is in profile: his face is fat, complacent, cautious; his hair and whiskers have as many curves and flourishes as the signature of a writing-master; he is an incarnation of certain familiar elements of English life,—the "great middle class," the Philistinism,—the absence of irony, of the sentiment of art. Du Maurier is full of soft irony: he has that infusion of it which is indispensable to an artistic nature; and, we may add, that in this respect he seems to us more French than English. This quality has helped him immensely to find material in the so-called æsthetic movement of the last few years. None of his duffers have been so good as his æsthetic duffers. But of this episode we must wait a little to speak. The point that, for the moment, we wished to make is that he has a peculiar perception of the look of breeding, of race; and that, left to himself, as it were, he would ask nothing better than to make it the prerogative of all his characters. Only he is not left to himself. For, looking about into the world, he perceives his Gorgius Midas, and Mr. McJoseph, and the whole multitude of the vulgar, who have not been cultivated like orchids and race-horses. But his extreme inclination to give his figures the benefit of the supposition that most people have the feelings of gentlemen, makes him, as we began by saying, a very happy interpreter of those frequent works of fiction of which the action goes on, for the most part, in the drawing-room of the British country-house. Every drawing-room, unfortunately, is not a home of the Graces; but for the artist, given such an apartment, a group of quiet, well-shaped people is more or less implied. The "fashionable novel," as it flourished about 1830, is no more; and its extinction is not to be regretted. We believe it was rarely accompanied with illustrations; but if it were to be revived, du Maurier would be the man to make the pictures—the pictures of people rather slim and still, with long necks and limbs so straight that they look stiff, who might be treated with the amount of irony justified (if the fashionable novel of 1830 is to be believed) by their passion for talking bad French. The only trouble would be the superiority of his illustrations to the text.

We have been looking over the accumulations of "Punch" for the last twenty years, and du Maurier's work, which during this long period is remarkably abundant and various,

has given us more impressions than we can hope to put into form. The result of sitting for several hours at such a banquet of drollery, of poring over so many caricatures, of catching the point of so many jokes, is a kind of indigestion and giddiness. This is especially the case if one happens to be liable to confusions and lapses of memory. Every picture, every pleasantry, drives the last out of the mind, and even the figures we recall best get mixed up with another story than their own. The early drawings, as a general thing, are larger than the late ones; we believe that the artist was obliged to make them large in order to make them at all. (They were then photographed, much reduced, upon the block; and it is impossible to form an idea of the delicacy of du Maurier's work without having seen the designs themselves, which are in pen and ink.) Some of these full-page pictures have an admirable breadth and vigor, though they sometimes strike us as rather too black. This fault, however, is sometimes a merit; there are scenes which derive from it a look of color, an effect of atmosphere. As the years have gone on, the artist has apparently been able to make his drawing smaller, there has been less need of reducing it, and the full-page picture has become more rare. The wealth of execution was sometimes out of proportion to the jest beneath the cut; the joke might be as much or as little of a joke as one would; the picture was, at any rate, before all things a picture. What could be more charming than the drawing (October 24, 1868) of the unconscious Oriana and the ingenious Jones? It is a real work of art, a thing to have had the honors of color, and of the "line" at the Academy; and that the artist should have been able to give it to us for three-pence, on the reverse of a printed page, is a striking proof of his affluence. The unconscious Oriana—she is drawn very large—sits in the foreground, in the shadow of some rocks that ornament the sands at a bathing-place. Her beautiful hair falls over her shoulders (she has been taking her bath, and has hung her tresses out to dry), and her charming eyes are bent upon the second volume of a novel. The beach stretches away into the distance—with all the expression of space; and here the ingenious Jones carries out his little scheme of catching a portrait of the object—an object profoundly indifferent—of his adoration. He pretends to sit to an itinerant photographer, and apparently places himself in the line of the instrument, which in reality, thanks to a private understanding with the artist, is focused upon the figure of his mistress. There is not much landscape in du Maurier—the background is almost always an interior; but whenever he attempts an out-of-door scene, he does it admirably. What could be prettier, and at the same time more real, than the big view (September 9, 1876) of the low tide on Scarborough sands? We forget the joke, but we remember the scene—two or three figures, with their backs to us, leaning over a terrace or balcony in the foreground, and looking down at the great expanse of the uncovered beach, which is crowded with the activities of a populous bathing-place. The bathers, the walkers, the machines, the horses, the dogs, are seen with distinctness—a multitude of little black points—as under a magnifying-glass; the whole place looks vast and swarming, and the particular impression the artist wished to convey is thoroughly caught. The particular impression—that is the great point with du Maurier; his intuition is never vague; he likes to specify the place, the hour, the circumstances. "We forget the joke, but we remember the scene," we said just now. This may easily happen, as one looks over du Maurier's work; we frankly confess that, though he often amuses us, he never strikes us primarily as a joker. It is not the exuberance of his humor, but the purity of his line that arrests us, and we think of him much less as a purveyor of fun than as a charming draughtsman who has been led by circumstances to cultivate a vein of pleasantry. At every turn in his work, we find the fatal gift of beauty; by which we mean, that his people are so charming that their prettiness throws the legend into the shade. Beauty comes so easily to du Maurier that he lavishes it with unconscious freedom. If he represents Angelina reprimanding the housemaid, it is ten to one that Angelina will be a Juno and the housemaid a good deal of a Hebe. Whatever be the joke, this element of grace almost makes the picture serious. The point, of course, is not that Angelina should be lovely, but that the housemaid should be ridiculous; and you feel that, if you should call the artist's attention to this, he would reply: "I am really very sorry, but she is the plainest woman I can make—for the money!" This is what happens throughout—his women (and, we may add, his children) being monotonously, incorrigibly fair. He is exceedingly fond of children; he has represented them largely, at every age and in every attitude; but we can scarcely recall an instance of his making them anything but beautiful. They are always delightful—they are the nicest children in the world. They say droll things, but they never do ugly ones, and their whole child-world is harmonious and happy. We might have referred that critic

BRITISH PROPRIETY.

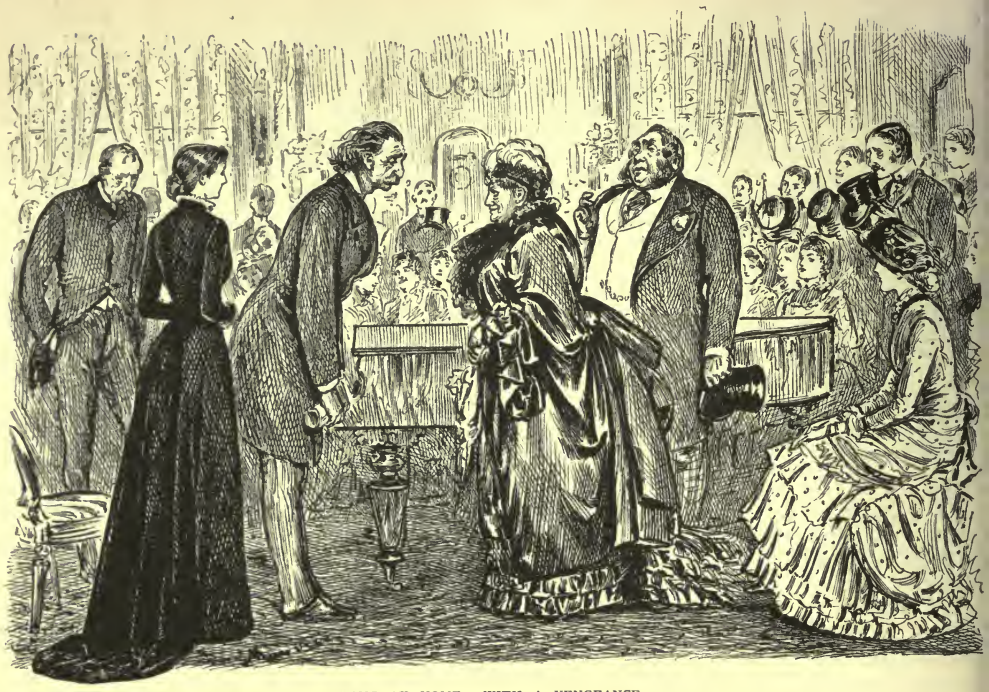
HAWKER: "Book o' the words, my Lady — Hortherised copy — the Dam o' Cameleers!"
MRS. JONES. (For the benefit of the by-standers): "Oh, no, thank you — we've come to see the *acting* — we do not wish to understand the *play!*"

whom we quoted above, who observed in du Maurier's manner the element of "ferocity," to the leniency of his treatment of the rising generation.

The children of Cham are little monsters; so are Daumier's; and the infants of Gavarni, with a grace of their own, like everything he drew, are simply rather diminutive and rather more sophisticated adults. Du Maurier is fond of large families, of the picturesqueness of the British nursery; he is a votary of the *culte du bébé*, and has never a happier touch than when he represents a blooming brood walking out in gradations of size. The pretty points of children are intimately known to him, and he throws them into high relief; he understands, moreover, the infant wardrobe as well as the infant mind. His little boys and girls are "turned out" with a completeness which has made the despair of many an American mother.

It may perhaps appear invidious to say that the little girls are even nicer than the little boys, but this is no more than natural, with the artist's delicate appreciation of female loveliness. It begins, to his vision, in the earliest periods, and goes on increasing till it is embodied in the stature of those slim Junos of whom we have spoken. It is easy to see that du Maurier is of the eminently justifiable opinion that nothing in the world is so fair as the fairness of fair women; and if so many of his women are fair, it is to be inferred that he has a secret for drawing out their advantages. This secret, indeed, is simply that fineness of perception of which we have already had occasion to speak, and to which it is necessary so often to refer.

He is evidently of the opinion that almost any woman has beauty if you look at her in the right way — carefully enough, intelligently enough; and that, *a fortiori*, the exceptionally handsome women contain treasures of plasticity. Feminine line and surface, curves of shoulder, stretches of arm, turns of head, undulations of step, are matters of attentive study to him; and his women have for the most part the art of looking as amiable and virtuous as they are pretty. We know a gentleman who, on being requested to inscribe himself on one of those formidable folios kept in certain houses, in which you indite the name of your favorite flower, favorite virtue, favorite historical character, wrote, in the compartment dedicated to the "favorite quality in a woman," the simple words — "Grace — grace — grace." Du Maurier might have been this gentleman, for his women are inveterately and imperturbably graceful. We



MUSIC AT HOME — WITH A VENGEANCE.

LADY MIDAS: How charmingly you play, Hare Leebart! Dear Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns must really bring you down to play to us, at Midas Towers, our place in Surrey, you know, and — I will show you my roses, the finest roses in all England! Will Thursday suit you?"

HERR LIEBHARDT: "You are ferry vrently, matâme! pot I haf a wife and zix jiltren, and — zay to not lif upon Rôses!"

have heard people complain of it — complain, too, that they all look alike, that they are members of the same family. They have, indeed, a mutual resemblance; but when once the beautiful type has been found, we see no reason why, from a restless love of change, the artist should depart from it. We should feel as if du Maurier had been fickle and faithless if he were suddenly to cease to offer us the tall, tranquil persons he understands so well. They have an inestimable look of repose — an almost classic form. There is a figure in a cut, of which we have forgotten both the "point" and the date (we mention it at hazard — it is one in a hundred), which only needed to be modeled in clay to be a truly valuable creation. A couple of children address themselves to a youthful aunt, who leans her hand upon a toilet-table, presenting her back, clothed in a loose gown, not gathered in at the waist, to the spectator. Her charming pose, the way her head slowly turns, the beautiful folds of her robe, make her look more like a statuette in a museum than like a figure in "Punch." We have forgotten what the children are saying, but we remember her charming attitude, which is a capital example of the love of beauty for beauty's sake. The feeling of this — a feeling which constantly guides du Maurier's hand — is truly poetic.

The intention of these remarks has been supposed to be rather a view of du Maurier in his relation to English society than a technical estimate of his powers — a line of criticism to which we may already appear unduly to have committed ourselves. He is predominantly a painter of social, as distinguished from popular life, and when the other day he collected some of his drawings into a volume, he found it natural to give them the title of "English Society at Home." He looks at the "accomplished" classes more than at the people, though he by no means ignores the humors of humble life. His consideration of the peculiarities of costermongers and "cadgers" is comparatively perfunctory, as he is too fond of civilization and of the higher refinements of the grotesque. His colleague, the frank and, as the metaphysicians say, objective, Keene, has a more natural familiarity with the British populace. There is a whole side of English life at which du Maurier scarcely glances — the great sporting element, which supplies half of their gayety and all their conversation to millions of

her Majesty's subjects. He is shy of the turf and of the cricket-field; he only touches here and there upon the river. But he has made "society" completely his own—he has sounded its depths, explored its mysteries, discovered and divulged its secrets. His observation of these things is extraordinarily acute, and his illustrations, taken together, form a complete comedy of manners, in which the same personages constantly re-appear, so that we have the sense, indispensable to keenness of interest, of tracing their adventures to a climax. So many of the conditions of English life are picturesque (and, to American eyes, even romantic), that du Maurier has never been at a loss for subjects. He may have been at a loss for his joke—we hardly see how he could fail to be, at the rate at which he has been obliged to produce; but we repeat that to ourselves the joke is the least part of the affair. We mean that he is never at a loss for pictures. English society makes pictures all round him, and he has only to look to see the most charming things, which at the same time have the merit that you can always take the satirical view of them. He sees, for instance, the people in the Park; the crowd that gathers under the trees on June afternoons to watch the spectacle of the Row, with the slow, solemn jostle of the Drive going on behind it. Such a scene as this may be vain and unprofitable to a mind bent upon higher business, but it is full of material for the artist, who finds a fund of inspiration in the thousand figures, faces, types, accidents, attitudes. The way people stand and sit, the way they stroll and pause, the way they lean over the rail to talk to one of the riders, the way they stare and yawn and bore themselves—these things are charming to du Maurier, who always reproduces the *act* with wonderful fidelity. This we should bear in mind, having spoken above of his aversion to the violent. He has indeed a preference for quiet and gradual movements. But it is not in the least because he is not able to make the movement definite. No one represents a particular attitude better than he; and it is not too much to say that the less flagrant the attitude, the more latent its intention, the more successfully he represents it.

The postures people take while they are waiting for dinner, while they are thinking what to say, while they are pretending to listen to music, while they are making speeches they don't mean; the thousand strange and dreary expressions (of face and figure) which the detached mind may catch at any moment in wandering over a collection of people who are supposed to be amusing themselves in a superior manner—all this is entirely familiar to du Maurier; he renders it with inimitable fidelity. His is the detached mind—he takes refuge in the divine independence of art. He reproduces to the life the gentleman who is looking with extraordinary solemnity at his boots, the lady who is gazing with sudden rapture at the ceiling, the grimaces of fifty people who would be surprised at their reflection if the mirror were suddenly to be presented to them. In such scenes as these, of course, the comical mingles with the beautiful, and fond as du Maurier is of the beautiful, it is sometimes heroically sacrificed. At any rate, the comic effect is (in the drawing) never missed. The legend that accompanies it may sometimes appear to be wanting in the grossest drollery, but the expression of the figures is always such that you must say: "How he has hit it!" This is the kind of comedy in which du Maurier excels—the comedy of those social relations in which the incongruities are pressed beneath the surface, so that the scene has need of a certain amount of explanation. The explanation is often rather elaborate—in many cases one may almost fancy that the picture came first and the motive afterward. That is, it looks as if the artist, having seen a group of persons in certain positions, had said to himself: "They must—or at least they *may*—be saying so and so"; and then had represented these positions and affixed the interpretation. He passes over none of those occasions on which society congregates—the garden-party, the picnic, the flower-show, the polo-match (though he has not much cultivated the humors of sport, he has represented polo more than once, and he has done ample justice to lawn-tennis, just as he did it, years ago, to the charming, dawdling, "spooning" tedium of croquet, which he depicted as played only by the most adorable young women, with the most diminutive feet); but he introduces us more particularly to indoors entertainments—to the London dinner-party in all those variations which cover such a general sameness; to the afternoon tea, to the fashionable "squash," to the late and suffocating "small and early," to the scientific *conversazione*, to the evening with a little music. His musical parties are numerous and admirable—he has exposed in perfection the weak points of those entertainments: the infatuated tenor, bawling into the void of the public indifference; the air of lassitude that pervades the company; the woe-begone look of certain faces; the false and overacted attention of certain others; the young lady who is wishing to sing, and whose mamma is

BREAKING THE ICE.

GALLANT COLONEL (who has just been made a grandfather, and can talk of nothing else): "Do you take any interest in very young children, Miss Crauncher?"

FAIR AUTHORESS OF "A PAIR OF CAVALRY MOUSTACHES," &c., &c.: "I loathe *all* children! . . . . . ."

glaring at the young lady who *is* singing; the bristling heads of foreigners of the professional class, which stand out against the sleekness of British respectability. Du Maurier understands the foreigner as no caricaturist has done hitherto; and we hasten to add that his portraits of continental types are never caricatures. They are serious studies, in which the idiosyncrasies of the race in question are vividly presented. His Germans would be the best, if his French folk were not better still; but he has rendered most happily the aspect—and indeed the very temperament—of the German pianist. He has not often attempted the American; and the American reader who turns over the back volumes of "Punch" and encounters the luckless cartoons in which, during the long, weary years of the War, the primitive pencil of Mr. Tenniel contributed, at the expense of the American physiognomy, to the gayety of nations, will not perhaps regret that du Maurier should have avoided this particular field of portraiture. It is not, however, that he has not occasionally been inspired by the American girl, whom he endows with due prettiness, as in the case of the two transatlantic young ladies who, in the presence of a fine Alpine view, exclaim to a British admirer: "My! ain't it rustic?" As for the French, he knows them intimately, as he has a right to do. He thinks better of the English, of course· but his Frenchman is a very different affair from the Frenchman of Leech—the Frenchman who is sea-sick (as if it were the appanage of his race alone!) on the Channel steamer. In such a matter as this du Maurier is really psychological; he is versed in the qualities which illustrate the difference of race. He accentuates first, of course, the physical variation; he contrasts—with a subtlety which may not at first receive all the credit it deserves—the long, fair, English body, inclined to the bony, the lean, the angular, with the short, plump French personality, in which the neck is rarely a feature, in which the stomach is too much of one, in which the calves of the legs grow fat, in which in the women several of the joints, the wrists, the shape of the hand, are apt to be charming. Some of his happiest drawings are reminiscences of a midsummer sojourn at a French watering-place. We have long been in the habit of looking for "Punch" with peculiar impatience at this season of the year. When the artist goes to France he takes his big dog with him, and he has more than once commemorated the effect of this impressive member of a quiet English family upon the Norman and Breton populations. There have appeared at this time certain anecdotic

FAME!

EVANS EVANS, R. A., the famous artist, Knight of the Order of Merit in Germany, Officer of the Legion of Honor in France, &c., &c., &c., &c. . . visits his native place in Wales, and meets his first and only love, who married (alas!) the village doctor.

SHE: "Dear me! To think of our meeting again after so many years! How well I remember you! . . . . you used to go in for *painting*, and *sketching*, and all that . . . . and do you go in for it still?"

IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT TO SPEAK FRENCH, AFTER ALL.

MISTRESS (fluently): "Oh-er-Françoise, il faut que vous alliez chez le chemist, dans High street, pour le gargle de Mademoiselle Maud — et chez le toy-shop, pour le lawn-tennis bat de Monsieur Malcolm — et n'oubliez pas mon waterproof, chez le cleaner, vis-à-vis l'underground railway-station — et dites à Smithson, le builder (dans Church Lane, à côté du public-house, vous savez), que le kitchen-boiler est — est — est — "

FRANÇOISE (who has been longer in England than her new mistress thinks): "Est *Burrrst!* Très bien, Madame."

pictures of English travelers in French towns, — in shops, markets, tram-cars, — in which some of the deeper disparities of the two peoples have been (under the guise of its being all a joke) very sufficiently exposed. Du Maurier, on the whole, does justice to the French; his English figures, in these international tableaux, by no means always come off best. When the English family of many persons troops into the *charcutier's*, or the perfumer's, and stands planted there, — mute, inexpressive, perpendicular, — the demonstrations, the professions, the abundant speech of the neat, plump, insinuating *boutiquière* are a well-intended tribute to the high civilization of her country. Du Maurier has done the "low" foreigner of the London (or of his native) streets, — the foreigner whose unspeakable baseness prompts the Anglo-Saxon observer to breathe the Pharisee's vow of thanks that he is not as these people are; but, as we have seen, he has done the low Englishman quite as well, — the 'Arry of the London music-halls, the companion of 'Andsome 'Arriet and Mr. Belville. Du Maurier's rendering of 'Arry's countenance, with its bloated purple bloom, of 'Arry's figure, carriage, and costume, — of his deportment at the fancy fair, where the professional beauties solicit his custom, — is a triumph of exactitude. One of the most poignant of the drawings that illustrate his ravages in our civilization is the large design which a year or two ago represented the narrow canal beneath the Bridge of Sighs. The hour is evening, and the period is the detested date at which the penny-steamer was launched upon the winding water-ways of the loveliest city in the world. The odious little vessel, belching forth a torrent of black smoke, passes under the covered arch which connects the ducal palace with the ducal prison. 'Andsome 'Arriet and Mr. Belville (personally conducted) are of course on board, and 'Arriet remarks that the Bridge of Sighs isn't much of a size, after all. To which her companion rejoins that it has been immortalized by Byron, any way — "'im as wrote 'Our Boys,' you know." This fragment of dialogue expresses concisely the arguments both for and against the importation of the cheap and easy into Venetian waters.

Returning, for a moment, to du Maurier's sketches of the French, we must recall the really interesting design in which, at a childs' party at the Casino of a *station balnéaire*, a

THE HEIGHT OF ÆSTHETIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

MAMMA: "Who are those extraordinary looking children?"
EFFIE: "The Cimabue Browns, Mamma — they're *æsthetic*, you know!"
MAMMA: "So I should imagine. Do you know them to speak to?"
EFFIE: "Oh, *dear* no, Mamma — they're most *exclusive* — why, they put out their tongues at us if we only *look* at them!"

number of little natives are inviting a group of English children to dance. The French children have much the better manners; they make their little bows with a smile, they click their heels together, and crook their little arms as they offer them to their partners. The sturdy British infants are dumb, mistrustful, vaguely bewildered. Presently you perceive that in the very smart attire of the gracious little Gauls *everything is wrong*— their high heels, their poor little legs, at once too bare and too much covered, their superfluous sashes and scarfs. The small English are invested in plain Jerseys and knickerbockers. The whole thing is a pearl of observation, of reflection. Let us recall, also, the rebuke administered to M. Dubois, the distinguished young man of science, who, just arrived from Paris and invited to dine by the Duke of Stilton, mentions this latter fact in apology for being late to a gentleman to whose house he goes on leaving the Duke's. This gentleman, assisted by Mr. Grigsby (both of them specimens of the snob-philistine which du Maurier has brought to such perfection), reprehends him in a superior manner for his rashness, reminds him that in England it is "not usual for a professional man" to allude in that promiscuous manner to having dined with a duke—a privilege which Grigsby characterizes "the perfection of consummate achievement." The advantage is here with poor M. Dubois, who is a natural and sympathetic figure, a very nice little Frenchman. The advantage is doubtless also with Mlle. Serrurier and her mother, though Mademoiselle is not very pretty, in a scene in which, just after the young lady has been singing at Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's, the clever Mrs. Ponsonby plays her off on the Duchess (as an inducement to come to another party), and then plays the Duchess off on the little vocalist and her mother, who, in order to secure the patronage of the Duchess, promise to come to the entertainment in question. The clever Mrs. Ponsonby thus gets both the Duchess and the vocalist for nothing. The broad-faced young French girl, with small, salient eyes, her countenance treated in the simplest and surest manner, is a capital specimen of du Maurier's skill in race-portraiture; and though they may be a knowing couple in their way, we are sure that she and her mamma are incapable of the machinations of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns.

This lady is a real creation. She is an incident of one of the later phases of du Maurier's activity—a child of the age which has also produced Mrs. Cimabue Brown and Messrs. Maudle and Postlethwaite. She is not one of the heroines of the æsthetic movement, though we may be sure she dabbles in that movement so far as it pays to do so. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is a little of every-

thing, in so far as anything pays. She is always on the look-out, she never misses an opportunity. She is not a specialist, for that cuts off too many opportunities, and the æsthetic people have the *tort*, as the French say, to be specialists. No, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is—what shall we call her?—well, she is the modern social spirit. She is prepared for everything; she is ready to take advantage of everything; she would invite Mr. Bradlaugh to dinner if she thought the Duchess would come to meet him. The Duchess is her great achievement—she never lets go of her Duchess. She is young, very nice looking, slim, graceful, indefatigable. She tires poor Ponsonby completely out; she can keep going for hours after poor Ponsonby is reduced to stupefaction. This unfortunate husband is, indeed, almost always stupefied. He is not, like his wife, a person of imagination. She leaves him far behind, though he is so dull and heavy that, if she were a less superior person, he would have been a sad incumbrance. He always figures in the corner of the scenes in which she distinguishes herself, separated from her by something like the gulf that separated Caliban from Ariel. He has his hands in his pockets, his head poked forward; what is going on is quite beyond his comprehension. He vaguely wonders what his wife will do next; her maneuvers quite transcend him. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns always succeeds. She is never at fault; she is as quick as the instinct of self-preservation. She is the little London lady who is determined to be a greater one. She pushes, pushes, gently but firmly—always pushes. At last she arrives. It is true that she had only the other day, on June 29, 1882, a considerable failure; we refer the reader to the little incident of Madame Gaminot, in the "Punch" for that date. But she will recover from it; she has already recovered from it. She is not even afraid of Sir Gorgius Midas—of the dreadful Midas junior. She pretends to think Lady Midas the most elegant of women; when it is necessary to flatter, she lays it on as with a trowel. She hesitates at nothing; she is very modern. If she doesn't take the æsthetic line more than is necessary, she finds it necessary to take it a little; for, if we are to believe du Maurier, the passion for strange raiment and blue china has, during the last few years, made ravages in the London world. We may be sure that Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns has an array of fragile disks attached to her walls, and that she can put in a word about Botticelli at the right moment. She is far, however, from being a representative of æstheticism, for her hair is very neatly arranged, and her dress looks French and superficial. In Mrs. Cimabue Brown we see the priestess of the æsthetic cult, and this lady is, on the whole, a different sort of person. She knows less about duchesses, but she knows more about dados. Du Maurier's good-natured "chaff" of the eccentricities of the plastic sense so newly and so strangely awakened in England, has perhaps been the most brilliant episode of his long connection with "Punch." He has invented Mrs. Cimabue Brown—he has invented Maudle and Postlethwaite. These remarkable people have had great success in America, and have contributed not a little to the curiosity felt in that country on the subject of the English Renascence. Strange rumors and legends in relation to this great movement had made their way across the Atlantic; the sayings and doings of a mysterious body of people, devotees of the lovely and the precious, living in goodly houses and walking in gracious garments, were repeated and studied in our simpler civilization. There has not been as yet an American Renascence, in spite of the taste for "sincere sideboards" and fragments of crockery. American interiors are, perhaps, to-day as "gracious" as English; but the movement in the United States has stopped at household furniture, has not yet set its mark upon speech and costume—much less upon the human physiognomy. Du Maurier, of course, has lent a good deal of his own fame to the vagaries he depicts; but it is certain that the new æsthetic life has had a good deal of reality. A great many people have discovered themselves to be fitted for it both by nature and by grace; so that noses and chins, facial angles of every sort, shaped according to this higher rule, have become frequent in London society. This reaction of taste upon nature is really a marvel; and the miracle has not been repeated in America, nor, so far as we know, upon the continent of Europe. The love of Botticelli has actually remolded the features of many persons. London, for several seasons, was full of Botticelli women, with wan cheeks and weary eyes, enveloped in mystical, crumpled robes. Their language was apt to correspond with their faces; they talked in strange accents, with melancholy murmurs and cadences. They announced a gospel of joy; but their expression, their manners, were joyless. These peculiarities did not cross the ocean; for somehow the soil of the Western World was not as yet prepared for them. American ladies were even heard to declare that there was something in their constitution that would prevent their ever dressing like that. They had another ideal—they had too much coquetry. But meanwhile,

BARBAROUS TECHNICALITIES OF LAWN TENNIS.

WOOLWICH CADET (suddenly to his Grandmother, who has had army on the brain ever since he passed his exam.): "The service is awfully severe, by Jove! Look at Colonel Pendragon. He invariably shoots or hangs!"
HIS POOR GRANDMOTHER: "Good Heavens, Algy! I hope you wont be in *his* regiment!"

as I say, there was something irritating, fascinating, mystifying, in the light thrown on the subject by "Punch." It seemed to many persons to be desired that we too should have a gospel of joy; American life was not particularly "gracious," and if only the wind could be made to blow from the æsthetic quarter, a great many dry places would be refreshed. These desires, perhaps, have subsided; for "Punch" of late has rather neglected the Renascence. Mrs. Cimabue Brown is advancing in years, and Messrs. Maudle and Postlethwaite have been through all their paces. The new æsthetic life, in short, shows signs of drawing to a close, after having, as many people tell us, effected a revolution in English taste—having at least, if not peopled the land with beauty, made certain consecrated forms of ugliness henceforth impossible.

The whole affair has been very curious, and we think very characteristic of the English mind. The same episode, fifty times repeated—a hundred "revolutions of taste," accompanied with an infinite expenditure of money—would fail to convince certain observant and possibly too skeptical strangers, that the English are an æsthetic people. They have not a spontaneous artistic life; their taste is a matter of conscience, reflection, duty, and the writer who in our time has appealed to them most eloquently on behalf of art has rested his plea on moral standards of right and wrong. It is impossible to live much among them, to be a spectator of their habits, their manners, their arrangements, without perceiving that the artistic point of view is the last that they naturally take. The sense of form is not part of their constitution. They arrive at it, as they have arrived at so many things, because they are ambitious, resolute, enlightened, fond of difficulties; but there is always a strange element, either of undue apology or of exaggerated defiance, in their attempts at the cultivation of beauty. They carry on their huge, broad back a nameless mountain of conventions and prejudices, a dusky cloud of inaptitudes and fears, which casts a shadow upon the frank and confident practice of art. The consequence of all this is that their revivals of taste are even stranger than the abuses they are meant to correct. They are violent, voluntary, mechanical; wanting in grace, in tact, in the sense of humor and of proportion. A genuine artist like du Maurier could not fail to perceive all this, and to perceive also that it gave him a capital opportunity. None of his queer people are so queer as some of these perverted votaries of joy.

"Excuse me, it is not a Botticelli — before a Botticelli I am dumb," one of them says to a poor, plain man, who shows him a picture which has been attributed to that master. We have said already, and repeated, that Du Maurier has a great deal of irony — the irony of the thorough-going artist, and of the observer who has a strain of Gallic blood in his veins. There are certain pretensions that such a mind can never take seriously; in the artist there is of necessity, as it seems to us, a touch of the democrat — though, perhaps, he is as unlikely to have more than a certain dose of this disposition as he is to be wholly without it. Some of his drawings seem to us to have for the public he addresses a stinging democratic meaning; like the adventure of M. Dubois (of whom we have spoken), who had had the inconvenience of dining with a duke; or the reply of the young man to whom Miss Midas remarks that he is the first commoner she has ever danced with: "And why is it the commoners have avoided you so?" — or the response of the German *savant* to Mrs. Lyon Hunter, who invites him to dine, without his wife, though she is on his arm, to meet various great ladies whom she enumerates: "And pray, do you think they would not be respectable company for my wife?" Du Maurier possesses in perfection the genuine artist's perception of the snobbish. We have said, however, that the morality, so to speak, of his drawings, was a subordinate question; what we wished to insist upon is their completeness, their grace, their beauty, their rare pictorial character. It is an accident that the author of such things should not have been a painter — that he has not been an ornament of the English school. Indeed, with the restrictions to which he has so well accommodated himself, he *is* such an ornament. No English artistic work in these latter years has, in our opinion, been more exquisite in quality.

Henry James, Jr.

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THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT.*

THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

It was a bright afternoon in early November; the keen west wind was making a great stir among the tough brown leaves in the oak-grove near by, and the prophecy of a sharp frost was in the air, while the Reverend Theodore Strong and his friend Walter Franklin walked briskly up and down the platform of the railway station at Potsdam Junction. They were waiting for the Southern express, due in a few minutes, which was to carry them to Bradford.

"Is your programme ready?" asked the clergyman.

"Substantially," answered the banker. "The evening session is to be occupied by the address of Dr. Upson, followed by a social reunion in the parlors of his church."

"Upson presides, does he?"

"He does. Our rule is, you know, that the oldest pastor in the place where the convention is held shall take the chair at the meetings. This rule was adopted without thinking of the Methodists, but it doesn't work badly, after all. This is the third annual convention of the League, and Dr. Upson will be the second presiding officer furnished by the Methodists. It is his ninth year in Bradford — the third year of his second term with his present charge, and he served another church for three years between the two terms. So he happens to be the Bradford pastor longest in continuous service."

"I am glad of it," answered Mr. Strong. "He is a hearty and positive man; he believes in the League, and he will be sure to give us a breezy and stirring meeting. But what are we to have to-morrow?"

"Devotional hour from eight to nine; reports from county leagues, followed by conversation, for the forenoon session; two papers read and discussed at the afternoon session, and a public meeting in the evening, with three or four short speeches."

"This League gives you a great deal of work, old fellow; added to all your other cares, it must burden you not a little. You must not let it make you its victim."

* See articles under the same title, in THE CENTURY for November and December, 1882, and January, 1883.

"Oh, no. This is my diversion. I like it better than a yacht or a stock-farm; it costs me less money and less worry than Thompson's fish-pond costs him—and that is his recreation, you know. Some of our directors laugh a little at my way of amusing myself, but the laugh is not always wholly on their side. I get about as much enjoyment out of my hobby as any of them gets out of his."

"I believe you," responded Mr. Strong, heartily. "I have often thought that business men might find, in philanthropic enterprises of one sort or another, not less diversion and more wholesome enjoyment than they derive from their various expensive relaxations. But there's the whistle."

In a few moments the train stopped at the junction. At the broad window of one of the palace-cars sat a ruddy-faced gentleman, in a loose gray traveling-suit, looking out at the group of passengers and gazers on the platform. His eye fell on the parson, and instantly he raised the window and shouted:

"Ho, there, my friend!"

Mr. Strong's eye was lifted to the window, and he answered the salutation by springing to the platform of the car. Franklin followed him. The stranger met him at the door and greeted him warmly.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. I wondered much, on my way over, whether I should see you; but I had not your address, and did not know where to look for you in all this vast country. You remember how unexpected was our parting?"

"I remember well," replied the parson, heartily. "This meeting is just as unexpected and far more welcome. But allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Franklin. This is Mr. Thornton, an English gentleman with whom I journeyed from Acre to Damascus."

"And for whom," interrupted the stranger, "you so kindly cared when he was prostrated by the heat. I owe much to your friend, Mr. Franklin."

"So do many of us," answered the banker, sententiously.

"But when did you arrive on these shores?" asked the parson.

"The day before yesterday."

"Is it your first visit to America?"

"It is the first."

"And how far are you going on this train?"

"Only to Bradford. It is the next station, I believe."

"It is, and it is our destination also."

"Good!"

The Englishman paused a moment, and then said:

"I am on my way to a convention in that city of what is called the Christian League. You know of it, I dare say."

"Oh, yes; Mr. Franklin, here, is the father of it."

"Bless my soul! This is Mr. Walter Franklin! and you are the Rev. *Theodore* Strong! Well, well! I have often wondered, as I read in the English papers the doings of the club, whether my sometime friend in Damascus could be the Mr. Strong of New Albion. The name was the same, but I hardly thought it the same man. This doubles the delight of the meeting. And you, sir," turning to Mr. Franklin, "are to be profoundly congratulated. The Christian League is a child of which a man has a right to be proud."

"Oh, that is Strong's extravagance," protested Franklin. "The Christian League, unlike the Corinthian Church, has many fathers. I am only serving it as a sort of dry nurse for the time being."

"We know all about that!" exclaimed the Englishman. "The history of the League is quite familiar to many on the other side of the sea. As good luck would have it, I saw the announcement of your convention in one of the New York newspapers yesterday, and at once resolved to be present. Are you the President of the League?"

"No; the league has no officers, save a business committee appointed at each meeting to make arrangements for the next. We pass no votes and keep no records. We meet simply for conference and discussion. I have served, thus far, as the Secretary of the Business Committee; they have done me the honor to reappoint me year by year; that is the only office I hold."

"And that," interposed Mr. Strong, "is no sinecure, as you may guess. The prosperity of the League is largely due to the abundant and gratuitous labors of my friend. That will be plain to you before the meeting is ended. But here we are at Bradford."

A delegation from the Bradford League was at the station to receive them, and the Englishman, protesting, was carried off by his friends to their lodgings.

At seven o'clock, when the three appeared at the door of the spacious social parlors of the Summerfield Methodist Church, where the meeting was to be held, they found some scores of gentlemen and ladies gathered in groups, and filling the room with the noise of conversation and laughter. Recognitions, greetings, introductions, showed that these were delegates to the convention, who had come from various parts of the State, who were not altogether unacquainted, and among whom it was easy to establish the bond of a cordial

fellowship. Mr. Franklin and Mr. Strong were quickly surrounded and warmly welcomed. To extricate Mr. Thornton from the throng that pressed around them, Mr. Strong put him in charge of Mr. Stanley, rector of the Episcopal Church in Waterport, who was standing near.

"I myself am a Churchman," said the Englishman, as the two walked away to a quiet nook, "and the doings of this league have greatly interested me. There is need enough, in our country, of coöperation among Christians, and I have come to this meeting to see whether its methods would be at all practicable in England."

"I do not know how that would be," answered the rector; "but I can think of no reason why they would not work with you as well as with us. 'Sweetness and light' are the only weapons of our warfare; if your arsenals are not full of these, one of your countrymen is not to blame. We disseminate information; we bring Christian people of all names together to talk about the work in which they are all engaged; we try to promote unity and good-will among them. Such methods as these ought to be feasible in England."

"They ought to be, indeed," replied Mr. Thornton; "but there are so many technical and formal difficulties. For example, there is the everlasting fuss about orders; how do you manage that?"

"We have nothing to do with orders," answered the clergyman. "There is no occasion, whatever, for raising any such question. Nobody takes orders and nobody gives orders. We do nothing in our clubs, nor in this league, as ministers or as churches. We meet simply as Christian neighbors to confer about our work and the best ways of promoting it."

"But your genuine High Churchman never could take part in any such conferences."

"I don't know about that. Of course, the High Churchman who really thinks that these religious societies of the Baptists and the Congregationalists and the Methodists are not only irregular but irreligious bodies, and that they ought to be resisted and extirpated, could not have anything to do with our league; but there are few High Churchmen, I fancy, who ever go as far as that. I myself am thought, by some of my brethren, to be a pretty rigid Churchman; but I am quite ready to admit that these other religious bodies are doing efficient Christian work; and when such an organization is occupying any field, preaching the Gospel to the people, and helping them to lead pure and upright lives, I do not think that Churchmen are called to enter that field, to divide and scatter the forces there at work. It is far better for us to spend our strength on some destitute neighborhood. I cannot quite admit that these religious societies are genuine churches, or that their ministers are properly ordained; but what of that? You may call them what you will — conventicles or debating societies; the question is not what name they ought to bear, but what they are doing; and if your conventicle or your debating society is making men act like Christians, then I think we Churchmen had better not tear it into pieces, that we may build a 'regularly organized' church out of its ruins. There is better business for us, I am sure."

"Hear, hear!" responded Mr. Thornton. "Well, that is all that this league stands for. It promotes comity and coöperation among Christians of different names. It asks me to do nothing more than Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, the Primate of all England, has done more than once, as you know. He has repeatedly welcomed and invited conferences with dissenters, for the more effectual prosecution of religious work."

"You speak truth," assented the Englishman. "And I can see no reason why some such measures might not be adopted in my own country. Your league, as I understand it, is only a device for generating and guiding public sentiment."

"That is all; and this is done simply by bringing Christian people together, putting the facts before them, and inducing them to talk them over. But the bell is tolling for the evening service; let us find seats in the church."

Dr. Upson's opening address was a spirited and enthusiastic one, but there is no room for it in these chronicles. After the address, the reunion proceeded, the citizens of Bradford being present in force to welcome the delegates. It was delightful to witness the unconstrained and hearty manners of the company; nobody seemed to have a burden on his mind; there were no knots of slate-makers or wire-pullers; no one had a pet measure that he wanted to put through the convention on the next day; no one expected any office; in all these respects it was quite unlike the preliminary meetings of many ecclesiastical bodies; and to this difference was due in part, no doubt, the excellent temper of the members.

The morning prayer meeting was almost wholly devotional. To singing and prayer, more than to speech-making, the hour was devoted; the old hymns that express the unity of the Church were sung with a wholesome fervor; the prayers laid hold upon the words

of the Intercessor, "that they all may be one," as if they really expected that the answer would come.

Promptly, at the hour of nine, Mr. Franklin called the convention to order:

"We are hampered by no formalities," he said; "we are ready to proceed at once to business. According to our unwritten rule, the duty of presiding at this meeting falls to the Rev. Dr. Upson, in whose church we meet, and he will now take the chair."

"The Business Committee recommend," said the chairman, mounting the platform, "that the forenoon until half-past twelve be given to reports from the county committees and to conversation about them — fifteen minutes to each report, which may be oral or written; ten minutes to the discussion of it. Of course, there is no room for speeches; but some of you will want to ask questions of the persons reporting, for further explanation of portions of their report. We want you to get your questions into definite shape before you present them. A great many questions can be asked and answered in ten minutes, if no words are wasted. Brother Dickinson, you have the floor."

The secretary from Midland County, thus addressed, rose and began the reading of his report, which we summarize:

Of the twenty-nine towns and cities in the county, twenty-two have coöperated during the last year in the work of the County League. In all the large towns League clubs have been formed; and in the small towns, the work of consolidation has been steadily advancing. The county contains a population of seventy thousand. Two years ago there were one hundred and fourteen regularly organized churches in this county, besides various missions and congregations of a more or less ephemeral character. Of these churches, forty-one were in the cities and towns with over five thousand inhabitants; the remaining seventy-three were in the smaller towns. The large towns and cities contain about forty-five thousand people; the small towns about twenty-five thousand. In the large towns and cities, there was about one church to every twelve hundred inhabitants; in the smaller towns there was about one to every three hundred and fifty inhabitants. Now, there are but ninety-three churches in the county, a reduction of twenty-one in the whole number. (Applause.) In the cities and large towns, four churches have been disbanded, none of which had any other than sectarian reasons for its existence, and eight new ones have been formed, making a gain of four churches in the denser populations. In the small towns, twenty-five churches have been disbanded and no new ones formed, so that in these sparser populations there is now about one church for every five hundred persons. (Applause.) Statistics, so far as procurable, indicate that, with the decrease in the number of churches, there has been an increase of from eight to ten per cent. in the number of regular worshipers, the movement toward consolidation having enlisted the interest of many persons who had previously remained outside of all churches, quite a number of them being men of intelligence and property, to whom the sectarian divisions had always been a stumbling-block.

In all the towns where churches were consolidated, a movement was at once set on foot to establish mission services in districts distant from the church, and these were generally well attended and useful; but several towns have settled upon a method which seems to be more successful. It is that of bringing the people to the central place of worship, instead of sending the Gospel to them. In the town of Summit, three four-horse teams, coming by different roads, bring to church every Sunday morning about fifty persons, none of whom had previously been in the habit of attending church. The teams are furnished by farmers in each neighborhood; the farm wagons have been provided with springs and comfortable seats, and the invitation has been extended to all the people living on the roads through which these conveyances pass to make use of them in going to church. Every house was visited, the poorest people were made to feel that they would be welcome, and in some cases aid was quietly given to families who found it difficult to provide their children with suitable clothing. The result is a great increase in the attendance at the church in the center of the town. Quite a number of the farmers who have conveyances of their own, but have never used them on Sunday, have been stirred up to attend church, and the four-horse teams are accompanied by a goodly number of smaller vehicles. The old horse-sheds in the rear of the meeting-house are filled every Sunday. This policy of concentration seems to be gaining in favor in Midland County. It is thought to work better than the plan of holding many small meetings in the separate neighborhoods. The school-houses are not always comfortable; the lights are dim, the singing drags, the attendance in each place is small. The central church, on the other hand, is commodious and cheerful; there is an organ or some other instrument, and a choir to lead the singing; and the greatly increased attendance doubles the interest and enthusiasm of the auditors, stimulates the preacher to do his best, and increases the

moral effect of the whole service. Instead of distributing the broken meats of the Gospel feast to the people in the out-districts, the people themselves are brought to the first table and enjoy the best that the house affords. This tends wonderfully to strengthen the feeling of community between different parts of the town, and to prevent local jealousies and feuds. It is pleasant and useful for the people of all parts of the town to meet thus once a week. Those who advocate this method point also to the fact that, in thus drawing the whole town together at one central place of worship, they are only restoring the practices of the earlier days, when these country towns were much more populous and prosperous than they now are.

Mr. Dickinson's report was received with a round of applause.

"Now, for your questions!" cried the chairman. "The report has occupied only thirteen minutes; you have twelve minutes for talk. Stand up, Brother Dickinson! Go on, brethren!"

"Is there only one church in this town of Summit?"

"Only one. Five of our country towns have but one church apiece!"

"What kind of church is it?" The question came from two or three parts of the room at the same time.

"It is called, I believe, 'The Church of Christ in Summit.'"

"Were there other churches in the town formerly?"

"Yes; there were three churches, two years ago."

"What has become of the buildings?"

"The Congregational church stood in a breezy place on the top of the highest hill; it was bought and remodeled for a summer boarding-house. The Baptist church is vacant. The Methodist church, renovated, is the one now occupied."

"Is that old vacant Baptist church a pleasant object to look upon?" asked one elderly, quiet-faced man, who rose up under the gallery.

"No, it is not," answered Mr. Dickinson, with some feeling. "It is to me a very melancholy spectacle. Some of the shutters have been torn off, and many panes of glass have been broken from the windows. The thought of what it is likely to become fills me with pain. My boyhood was spent in Summit, and I was a worshiper in that old church. I do not like to see it falling into ruin."

"There is another such vacant church in our town," continued the old gentleman; "ours is a Congregational church, the church in which I used to worship when I was a boy; the church where I stood up to confess my faith; the church where my father served for many years as deacon, and from whose doors he was carried out to be buried. I am glad of the union which has brought the Christians of our town all together again as in the olden time; I praise God for it every day; I am perfectly at home in our new union church, which stands in the factory village; but the sight of that dear old church, falling into decay and desolation, is a perpetual sorrow to me. I know of three other towns in our county where the same melancholy spectacle may be seen. The movement toward consolidation leaves on many of our hills dear and venerable churches to be hiding-places for the moles and the bats, and sometimes for worse vermin. Forgive me for speaking so long, but I want to raise this question: What should be done with vacant churches?"

The responses from all parts of the room showed that the question had touched the hearts of the delegates. There was a short pause. Finally, the chairman spoke:

"What answer do we hear from Midland County?"

"It is a question on which I myself wish to be enlightened," answered Mr. Dickinson.

"If the convention will permit me to prophesy," said the chairman, "I will venture the prediction that the report from Dunham County will deal with this subject. It may be well to wait for that. Indeed, the twelve minutes are all gone but one, and I propose that we devote that minute to singing the verse:

"I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand."

After the singing of this stanza with deep feeling, Mr. Hubbard, the secretary of the Dunham County League, began his report: The results have been somewhat less favorable than those contained in the preceding report, but there is still abundant reason for encouragement in the reduction of the number of small churches, in the great increase of church attendance, and in the effectiveness of the new methods of reaching the churchless classes. That part of Mr. Hubbard's report to which the chairman referred, we reproduce entire:

"We have had troubles of our own with vacant churches; troubles not merely sentimental, but practical. The consolidation in the town of Liberty left the Methodist church vacant; and it was not only an offense to the eyes and a trouble to the heart, as every vacant church must be, but it became the haunt of tramps, and was a scandal to the community. At

length the good people determined to abate the nuisance in some way, and a meeting of the citizens was called in the old church itself, one evening last August, to consider what should be done with it. Among those who came to the meeting were several city people who were spending the summer in Liberty, some of whom were natives of the town. Various uses of the old sanctuary were suggested. One of the farmers offered one hundred dollars for it, to be used as a barn; but the offer was not entertained. One heroic brother wanted to burn it up at once; it had outlived its usefulness, he said, and might better be solemnly devoted to God as a burnt-offering, than to live to be a disgrace and a pest to the community. This proposition pleased some of the more enthusiastic Christians and all the boys, and it was on the point of being adopted, when Judge Forsyth, of New York, arose and made a little speech.

"'It seems to me,' he said, 'that you can put this church to a better use. I do not like to see valuable property destroyed, and I have personal reasons for not wishing that the church in which I worshiped when a boy should come to such an end. You need a parsonage and parish house, a home for your minister and a social center for the community. This building can be remodeled at no great cost, so that it shall serve this double purpose. I have had my friend Mr. Garland, the architect, who is here to-night, make a plan for this reconstruction, which he will show you. The walls of the building are high enough to admit of two stories; the two rows of windows lend themselves to the plan; a floor can be thrown across, at about the height of the gallery floor; the lower story can be divided into rooms suitable for the parsonage; above you can have your parish hall, for lectures, concerts, sociables, literary meetings, etc., with a room for the library which I hope you will have by and by, and of which your pastor should have the care. Mr. Garland tells me that the change in the building can be made according to his plan for about fifteen hundred dollars; and I am prepared to say that if the community will pledge five hundred dollars of that amount, I will furnish the rest.'

"The offer of Judge Forsyth was received with loud applause; the five hundred dollars was pledged at once, the carpenters were soon at work, and the pastor is now living in his parsonage, while the parish is rejoicing in such a place of social assembly as every country parish needs. I have heard that some other wealthy gentlemen, natives of Liberty, now residing in Boston, are proposing to endow the library at which Judge Forsyth hinted, and for which a room was provided in the reconstructed building.

"Thus one of our old churches has been converted and saved from ruin in its old age. But there was more serious trouble in Hector. There it was the old Baptist church that was abandoned, and the kind of tramps that it harbored were mostly religious tramps. Unluckily there were a few members of that church who proved incorrigible when the Union was formed; they opposed it to the end, and in the face of an overwhelming public sentiment they continued to oppose it after it was an accomplished fact. These irreconcilables were determined to keep up some kind of sectarian division in the community, and they used the old church as their base of operations. The same tactics have been resorted to in other towns. A vacant church acts on the mind of your religious demagogue as a powerful stimulant. He wants to use it for schismatic purposes. He cannot rest till he has gathered his awkward and ugly squad of sectaries within its walls. Very likely, too, he will name his schism shop a 'Union Church.' Many an enterprise of this nature, whose only effect could be to divide and weaken the Christian community, has been baptized with the Union name. So it was in Hector. First a traveling Baptist minister came along and held 'Union' services in the old church for a few weeks; but it was not long before he discerned the true character of his supporters and turned his back upon them. Their next resort was a Congregationalist from Bradford, who goeth about as a roaring layman, seeking whom he may exhort. His excuse for invading Hector was the lack of orthodoxy in the pulpit of the village church, and he began his campaign by attacking the 'loose doctrines' and the heretical tendencies of the pastor. But a lawyer of Hector, who had some knowledge of this heresy-hunter's business operations, made a brief statement in the county newspaper, and the fellow had the grace to take himself off. After him came a band of Adventists, with a series of meetings, and after them an itinerant Universalist, who tried to get up a discussion of his peculiar doctrines, and challenged the pastor to a controversy; but the night after his first meeting—a cold, winter night—the stove was left open, a spark set it on fire, and the old church was saved from being the kennel of schismatics, yet so as by fire. But the fate of this and other vacant churches in our county has warned us against leaving in our rear, as we march toward Christian union, such a fortress of schism as a vacant church may become. Henceforth we are determined to find some good use for every church that is vacated; it might far better be devoted to secular uses than be left to become a sanctuary for the bats or a den for tramps or religious demagogues."

After Mr. Hubbard's report was concluded, a delegate rose and asked, timidly:

"May I tell what we did with our two old churches?"

"Certainly," answered the chairman.

"We sold them."

"For what uses?" inquired half a dozen at once.

"One was bought by the town for a school, the other by a physician for a sanitarium and boarding-house."

"How much did you get for them?" demanded some speculative disciple.

"Five thousand dollars for the two."

"What did you do with the money?" came in several voices.

"We invested it in a fund for the benefit of the Church?"

"How long ago was that?" It was Mr. Franklin who asked this question.

"Two years ago last spring."

"So you have had the benefit of this fund now two years. How do you thrive under it?" continued Mr. Franklin.

"At first, we thought ourselves very rich. But, when we came to figure up our income, we found that it had fallen off considerably. The year before, we had raised fifteen hundred dollars with no difficulty; the interest on our fund reduced the amount about three hundred dollars, but it was twice as hard to raise twelve hundred dollars that year as it had been to raise fifteen hundred the year before. A good share of our parishioners fell back upon that fund and shut up their purses with a snap, and would not give any-

thing. Last year it was still worse; we began to be afraid that we should not be able to raise a thousand dollars Finally we called a meeting and determined to get rid of that millstone. By a vote of two to one we turned the money over to the town to be used in endowing a free library, and then we sang the doxology."

Laughter and cheers greeted this illuminating speech.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!" cries Dr. Upson. "A bank vault is a poor place for a church of Christ to lay up its treasure in. We will now hear from Ridgefield County. Brother Harlan, you have the floor."

It was evident that Brother Harlan was a character. A man in plain farmer's clothes, with keen gray eyes, glancing out from beneath beetling brows, a shock of refractory red hair, and a close-cropped beard of the same color, ambled to the front and began deliberately:

"I'm not the secretary of our county," he said; "Captain Thomas is sick, and he sent word to me day before yesterday that I must come here and report for him. I haven't a word written, and I shall not begin to tell all that ought to be told about the work in our county; but I'll give a few facts that have come under my own eye. I don't know much about the figures; but I know that quite a lot of sickly churches have been killed off. And that's the right way to serve 'em. We thin out a hill o' corn that has seven or eight stalks when there isn't room for more than three or four, and get a better crop for doin' it. When churches come up too thick around here on these hills, they've got to be thinned out in the same way. Poor husbandry, I calc'late, to keep diggin' round 'em, and manurin' 'em with home missionary money, when there's no more chance of gettin' a crop from 'em than there is from a patch o' corn that's sowed broadcast.

"In the town where I live, in Ridgefield County, we had three churches for more'n twenty years. Fifty years ago there wasn't but one, and the population was fifty per cent. larger then than it is now. Two years ago, the Congregationalists and the Methodists made up their minds to come together; they kept both meetin' houses, and the united society worships in one in the mornin' and in the other in the evenin', and that accommodates both ends of the street. We have a congregation a good deal larger than the two put together used to be, and we pay our minister, easy enough, a good, comfortable salary. The fact is, we've got a minister that it's easy enough to pay. He's a keen-witted, level-headed young man who understands himself and his business, and knows something outside of his business too. Everybody likes him. He talks to us very plain in church; it comes right from his heart, and it goes right to our hearts; and when he is around among the farmers he don't find it hard to make talk come. He knows his Bible and he knows other books; but he knows men, too, and cattle and sheep and horses,—especially horses. He's got one of the likeliest colts in town, and he keeps his coat as shiny as satin. The other day the parson was sittin' in his buggy in front of one of the stores talking with half-a-dozen men, when along came old Sime Harrison, who lives up at Scrabbletown. Sime's one of those terrible slovenly critters that keeps everything at loose ends around his farm, is always behindhand with his work, and never pays his debts; but, because he is so loose in everything else, he tries to even things up by being mortal strict in his religious notions. He generally drives his horses tandem; because he never gets ready to rig a whiffletree and a pole. It's a city fashion, I understand; but we farmers consider it a dreadfully shiftless way to hitch up horses. So Sime comes a drivin' up his two old nags afore his buckboard, and he stops when he gets opposite the parson, and leanin' over towards him in a kind o' confidential way, he says: 'Brother Hall, do you think the 'Postle Paul ever druv a fast hoss?' 'Don't know about that,' answers the parson, quicker 'n lightnin', 'but I'm pretty sure he never drove two horses tandem.' You'd ought to have heard them men shout. Sime didn't want to know any more about the 'Postle Paul, and he druv right on. But that's the sort o' man our minister is. Smart as a whip, I can tell you! He stands square on his feet, looks you right in the eye, and commands the respect of everybody. It's a great thing for the town, and especially for our boys who are growin' up, to have a man like that around among us,—a gentleman, a scholar, a man of sense and self-respect, a man who pays his debts, and has no need to beg of anybody or to be beholden to anybody for his livin'. It makes religion seem a sensible and respectable sort of thing.

"One Sunday evenin' last spring, we had a Sunday-school concert, and our pastor went down to the West village to preach to them, because they hadn't any minister. The next day I was down there, and everybody was talkin' about his sermon. 'Made it jest as plain as daylight,' they said. 'Can't help listenin' to him.' 'Understood every word he said.' 'Wish I could hear such preachin'

every Sunday,' says Deacon Chapin. 'Well, what's to hinder you hearin' it?' says I. 'What do you mean?' says he. 'I'll tell you what I mean,' says I. 'It's two mile and a half to the old church in the East village. When I was a boy I lived half a mile further west than you do, and our folks was always at the old church every Sunday, rain or shine, and so was quite a number of families livin' down this way. It isn't any further now'n it was then, and there's better roads.'

"'But there's a good many families in this neighborhood that haven't teams,' he said.

"'Well, then, git up one or two big teams and bring 'em.'

"'It'd cost too much.'

"'Would it? How much does it cost you a year to keep your church goin'?'

"'Well, about six hundred dollars is the least.'

"'And how many do you git to church?'

"'Forty or fifty, ginerally.'

"'Yes; and a good share of them has teams of their own. Now you can arrange for teams that wont cost you more'n five dollars a Sunday, that'll take at least thirty persons up to the old church. I'm an old stager, and I'd like to take the contract of transportin' thirty from the West village to the East village and back agin every Sunday for five dollars. The rest can go with their own teams. You wont want to get your preachin' for nothin' up there, of course; but you can pay for that and pay the expense of transportation, and then save money on what it costs you to keep up this church. Besides, you can have first-class preachin' every Sunday, instead of four hundred and forty-fourth class.'

"'But there will be many Sundays,' said the Deacon, 'that it will be stormy, or the roads would be bad and we couldn't go so far.'

"'There might be five or six Sundays every year,' I answered, 'when the roads would be bad. But how many Sundays in a year on the average, are you out of preachin' on account of a vacancy in your pulpit?'

"The Deacon looked over the church books and found that for the last five years the pulpit of the church in the West village had been without a supply fifty-five Sundays in all—just eleven Sundays a year on the average. He agreed with me right off that there would not be so many Sundays as that in the year when the roads between the two villages would be too heavy for travelin'. And the result of our talk was that a meetin' of the people in the West village was held, the matter was talked up, a subscription to pay for teams was started, and now we bring the West villagers to church and Sunday-school at the East village every Sunday, and git more of 'em than ever went to their own church. They keep up their own Sunday-school, too, in the afternoon, and their prayer meetin' in the evenin', but they like the present arrangement and wouldn't on any account go back to the old plan.

"In several other towns of our county the same thing, or something very much like it, has been done. We have seen the tribes that have been scattered abroad return with singin' unto Zion. As the prophet says, we ain't exactly *standin'* in the old ways, but we're walkin' in 'em or, rather, drivin' over 'em up to Jerusalem; and it seems good to have the people of the whole town come together with one accord in one place, just as they did on the day of Pentecost. We've had some Pentecosts of our own, too, in Ridgefield County, and I should like mightily to tell you all about 'em; but I've kept my eye on the clock, and know that my time's up."

Brother Harlan's shrewd harangue was received with much laughter and applause, and as soon as it was ended the questions began.

"How large is your congregation on Sunday mornings?"

"Last Sunday I counted three hundred and eighty-nine. It was not above the average."

"That is a large congregation," interposes Dr. Upson. "Few of those in the cities are so large."

"How many do you think would have been found, on a pleasant Sunday, in the three churches before the consolidation?"

"Not above three hundred."

"Is your church entirely self-supporting?"

"*Yes*, sir."

"Do your people contribute to any missionary or benevolent societies?"

"Last year we gave over three hundred dollars."

"How do you manage that?"

"We take a collection every month. Several of these collections are for Union societies. When we take up our collection for foreign missions or home missions, or the publication cause, we distribute envelopes in the pews, and each person puts his amount into an envelope, and writes on it the name of the society to which he wants it to go. If he is a Congregationalist, he sends his foreign missionary money to the American Board; if he is a Methodist, he sends it to the Methodist Board of Missions, and so on. The treasurer gathers up the amounts and forwards them to the right places, and reports to the church the amount of the collection and the sum remit-

ted to each of the societies. At our monthly missionary meeting, we hear from the missions of all the denominations, and know a great deal more about what is going on in the mission field than we used to know when we heard only from the societies of one denomination."

"How do your contributions in envelopes compare with those in cash?"

"They're twice as big. Partly because there's a little strife to see which society shall get the most, and partly because folks don't like to put a cent into an envelope."

Brother Harlan stepped down from the platform amid applause and a buzz of jocose comment. His report, informal and uncouth as it was, contained more meat than any that preceded it. The next to take the floor was Mr. Greene, the secretary from Bradford County.

In this county are several cities and large towns, and the report was expected to deal not only with the problem of consolidating the small churches, but also with the important question of evangelization and charity presented by the urban populations. Bradford County contains New Albion, and was the home of the Christian League. Concerning the beginnings of the Union movement in some of the towns of this county the readers of this history are fully informed.

In three of these towns Mr. Greene's report showed that serious difficulties had been encountered. In Scantico, a few strenuous Methodists, egged on, as some said, by the presiding elder of the district, determined, after the Union church had been in successful operation for about a year, to reëstablish sectarian worship. Accordingly they demanded, in the name of the Methodist Conference, the meeting-house which had formerly belonged to them and which had been occupied for evening services by the united church. They asked for a minister, and a Methodist clergyman, partly disabled by ill-health, who was sojourning for the year in Bradford, was sent over to supply their pulpit. Unfortunately for their purposes, this clergyman was a man of broad views and generous temper, and he soon discovered the state of the public mind in Scantico. He called upon the pastor of the united church and proposed Union services in the Methodist church in the evening, and in the other church in the morning, so that things went on for a few weeks much as before, the only difference being that there were two ministers instead of one. This was not exactly what his supporters had bargained for, but he was a man of so much intelligence and strength of character that they did not like to quarrel with him; and besides, it was somewhat ungracious to object to Union meetings. At length he told the united congregation, one Sunday evening, that his work among them was finished, and that he should return the next day to Bradford; that Scantico needed but one church and that one minister was better than two; that his brother Thomas, of the Union church, was a good enough Methodist for him; that he should file with the presiding elder his protest against the reestablishment of Methodist worship in Scantico, and, if it became necessary, should carry the matter before the Conference at its next session; that the Methodist Church should not be made, if he could help it, an instrument for creating or perpetuating destructive schisms in the Church of Christ. This bold movement completely discomfited the Methodist sectarians, and they abandoned their scheme without a struggle.

In Tuckerton it was a Congregational clique that made the trouble. In that town there had been two Congregational churches, the division arising out of a feud about the choir, and continuing for many years, until the Union church was formed. The Second Congregational church stood in a small settlement dubbed by the Central villagers Potluck, in revenge for which the Potluckians persisted in applying to Tuckerton proper the contemptuous sobriquet of Kittleville. Much local warfare, of a nature not very sanguinary, had been waged between these two precincts from time immemorial, and it was considered a sure sign of the millennium when they agreed to come together and form a Union church. But this millennium did not last a thousand years, probably because the devil was not chained. He made his appearance in Potluck in the form of a Congregational minister of dubious credentials, who proposed to hold services in the church in that place, and by his unction and plausible speech contrived to deceive even the elect. To the ultra orthodox he suggested the danger of allowing their children to be trained up without any knowledge of the "doctrines of the fathers"; to those in whose breasts local pride burned most fiercely, he urged the ignominy of allowing Potluck to become "a mere suburb of Kittleville." Plying both these arguments industriously, he soon had quite a following at his heels, and almost before any one knew of it services were in full blast again in the Second Congregational church. But a letter was written to some of the leading Congregationalists in Bradford and New Albion, and a strong delegation from the League clubs of those cities went down to Potluck, called together the leading Congregationalists of that precinct, assured them

that they would fail of obtaining the Home Missionary aid on which they had depended for the support of their separate service, showed them the folly of the course into which they had been led, gave them some bits of the history of the man who had wormed himself into their confidence, and succeeded in bringing back Potluck from its wanderings, and in repairing once more the breach in the walls of the Tuckerton Zion.

In several other towns where Union movements had been set on foot there had been outbreaks of a sectarian nature, some of which had not yet been subdued. The spirit of sect, like the Judaizing temper among the early Christians, was continually showing itself: men who had been bred in an intense sectarianism, who had been taught from their cradles to put the interests of sect above the interests of Christianity, could not all at once quench their unholy zeal and stop seeking, *first*, the kingdom of Methodism, or of Episcopacy, or of Congregationalism, and *its* righteousness; nevertheless, the broader sentiment and wiser methods of a genuine Christianity were all the while gaining strength, and the partisans of a narrow ecclesiasticism knew that they were fighting a losing battle. In quelling these sectarian outbreaks the County League had been of the greatest service. Whenever any attempt had been made to form a new church or revive an old one in a town where the churches had been consolidated, the Outlook Committee, consisting of a representative of each of the denominations, had proceeded immediately to the spot, and had made a full examination of the circumstances, publishing the facts in the principal newspapers and making full report of them at the next meeting of the League. These temperate but truthful representations generally brought a considerable pressure of public opinion to bear at once upon the offending schismatics; if that did not suffice, a committee, composed wholly of members of the sect to which they belonged, appointed by the County League at its next meeting to remonstrate with them and bring them to a better mind, sometimes had the desired effect. At all events this County League, formed in the interests of Christian coöperation, concentrating and expressing all the most Christian sentiment of the county, keeping the eyes of its Outlook Committee on all the places where admonition or encouragement was needed, and swift to drag into the light of day all the hidden things of darkness that the spirit of sect lay in wait to do, was a mighty help in promoting the unity of believers and in preventing the reactions that were in danger of occurring here and there.

Mr. Greene's report, thus summarized, was given extemporaneously, and like many another layman he used up his time before finishing what he had to say. In the midst of his speech he was interrupted by the Chairman:

"Time's up, Brother Greene. I know what you have left unsaid, and how important it is that you have a chance to say it. Perhaps it may be brought out in the conversation. Let me suggest to the convention that questions be asked about Christian League work in Bradford."

"That is just what I want to hear," spoke up Mr. Strong. "I know something about it, but I want to know more definitely. Will Mr. Greene tell us something of the charitable work of Bradford?"

"Thank you!" was the answer of the secretary. "I should have greatly failed of my duty if I had not brought something before the convention respecting this work. Our Charity Organization is an enterprise of the greatest importance, and it is the child of the Christian League Club of Bradford."

"What is the Christian League Club of Bradford?" asked Mr. Strong.

"It consists of the minister and one layman from each of the Protestant churches in the city. The organization is similar to that in New Albion, except that we have fewer laymen. With three laymen from each church our club would be unwieldy."

"Go on with your story."

"When the club first faced the problem of poverty and pauperism it found five charitable societies at work in the city, rivals and competitors, all striving to see which could "relieve" the largest number of paupers, and collect and disburse the most money. Of course they disbursed a deal of money, and of course pauperism was rapidly increasing. To secure coöperation among them seemed a hopeless task. At length the club determined to solve the difficulty by organizing another society which should be pledged to give no material aid whatever, but to work wholly by moral and industrial methods. A system of registration was adopted, by which the names of all persons receiving charity were recorded, with such information as could be gathered concerning each of them. The other societies and their churches were all invited to send to this bureau the names of all the persons relieved by them; and although this was at first refused by some of them, the measure was so evidently necessary, for the exposure of imposture, that they were obliged to adopt it. Immediately we were able to notify the societies and the churches of many cases in which the same persons were receiv-

ing aid from two or more of them at the same time; and they soon found out the value of the bureau of registration. Then we divided the whole city into small districts, and after much labor succeeded in securing a competent visitor for each of these districts — one hundred and forty-seven in all. The charitable societies and the churches had had but few visitors — not a score of them in all the city. With all the money disbursed yearly, very little personal care and help had been bestowed on the poor, and this was the defect we sought to supply. We published a map of the city, with the districts numbered and the name of the visitor for each district, and offered the services of our visitors to the charitable societies and the churches for the investigation and care of the cases which they were called upon to relieve. Some intelligence and conscience in the administration of charity had begun to be developed, and the dispensers of charity readily availed themselves of our offer. Our visitors soon had their hands and hearts full. They were forbidden to give money or food or coal in any case, and were enjoined never to recommend the granting of such relief by the other societies, except in cases of sickness and absolute disability. Their problem was to help the poor without giving them money or subsistence; to help them by finding work for them, by rousing them to help themselves, by directing them into more frugal and comfortable habits of living, and by befriending them in every possible way. Our visitors were taught that this work of moral aid was in the deepest sense of the word a missionary work; that it could not be rightly done unless it was inspired by a "genuine enthusiasm of humanity"; that it needed for its accomplishment a Christly sympathy and tenderness and tact, and a Christly courage and patience. Once in two weeks we have a meeting of all our visitors,—a conference meeting, in which each one has the privilege of giving his or her experience (they are mostly women), and of asking counsel about any hard cases. I tell you, brethren, these are the most interesting meetings I ever attended in my life. It would stir your hearts to listen to the stories told, and to see with what dauntless courage and what untiring patience and what marvelous tact and tenderness these good women are working for the salvation of the forlorn, discouraged, helpless creatures that are placed in their care. Our system does not allow a single visitor to have the care of more than two families at once; we do not believe that one visitor can, as a rule, do justice to more than two families; we want them to give to each family a great deal of time and care and personal attention; and the results of this patient, loving, hand-to-hand work among the poor of our city are full of encouragement."

"Don't you find some cases that are past saving?" some one inquired.

"We never admit it," was the answer. "There are cases in which, so far as we can see, no permanent improvement is made; but, if men ought always to pray and not to 'faint,' then they ought always to work for those for whom they pray, and not to faint in their endeavors any more than in their prayers. I always remember what Robert Falconer said to his father, the wretched old drunkard, 'Father, you've *got* to reform some time, and you may as well begin now.' That is the substance of what he said. If we had a little more of that sort of purpose, we should save more of the hard cases."

"How many families have you cared for during the last year?"

"More than three hundred."

"What has been the effect upon the disbursements of the charitable societies?"

"They have been reduced about fifty per cent., and everybody admits that there is less suffering now than there was when the larger sum was distributed."

"What is the effect upon the morals of the city?"

"The sentences for drunkenness and petty crime were fewer by fifteen per cent. last year than during the previous year."

"Do you attribute all this to the improved methods of charity?"

"No. That would not be fair. Other important agencies have contributed to this result. To the establishment of friendly inns quite as much is due."

"Tell us about them," came in half-a-dozen voices.

"My time is up."

"Mr. Greene may have ten minutes of my time," said the secretary from Rockbridge County. "My report will be largely a repetition of what we have heard already. This is more important."

The generous proposition was hailed with applause by the convention. Mr. Greene went on:

"Our club found, in fighting the saloons, that it was good tactics to borrow some of their weapons. We were confronted by exactly the same state of things as that which was discovered at New Albion, only our city is much larger than New Albion, and therefore the perils were greater and the needs more urgent. A large part of our population is without homes. The clerks, the operators in our manufacturing establishments, and the mechanics are largely home-

less. Such lodgings as most of them can afford are cold in winter and cheerless in all seasons; it is for warmth, shelter, and companionship, more than for drink, that many of them resort to the saloons. Some of them will go to the reading-rooms, but many, and those who are in greatest peril, have no taste for reading. The problem was to provide safe places of resort for this class of persons. We thought of a Young Men's Club, like that at New Albion; but it seemed advisable, as our territory is so large, to have several places of this character, in different parts of the city. Accordingly the plan of establishing friendly inns, or coffee-houses, in suitable localities, was suggested, and a company was incorporated, with a capital of ten thousand dollars, to prosecute this enterprise. It was not designed to be a charity; it was intended that the business should pay expenses from the start. The money was invested in lease and fixtures. Four suites of rooms, in different quarters of the city, were procured and fitted with counters, tables, crockery, cooking-ranges and furniture, and comfortable chairs; the intention was that they should be used for lunch-rooms during the middle of the day, and for places of resort in the evening. Many merchants and professional men and some mechanics, it was thought, would take their midday lunch in these clean and comfortable places. The tables were to be partly removed in the evening, to give room for free movement and sociability. In each of the rooms an open fire was to be kept in the winter, and a fountain surrounded with flowers to cool and sweeten the air in the summer. Coffee, tea, chocolate and milk were to be always on sale, with plenty of the nicest bakery rolls, biscuits, and the like; and in the summer, lemonade and soda-water with sirups of the best quality, at reasonable prices. A cup of coffee with rolls was to cost but five cents; a glass of milk but three cents. Newspapers were to be furnished, and various games, such as checkers, chess and backgammon, were to be provided. It was thought best to make a small charge for the use of the games, five cents for each person; and to avoid, so far as possible, every semblance of gambling practices, persons taking the games were required to pay for them in advance. In the rear of the larger room, thus devoted to social purposes, was a smoking-room, well ventilated, with cozy chairs, where smokers could take their fill of their peculiar pleasure, without encroaching upon the enjoyment of those to whom smoke is not delectable.

"After some such general plan as this, our coffee-rooms were all fitted up, the treasurer of the company giving much time and care to their arrangement. It is not too much to say that there are no saloons in Bradford half so pretty as they are. And it was believed that rooms so furnished could be rented to men who would pay the rent and a fair rate of interest on the capital invested. The problem was, of course, to find the right men; but there was no lack of applicants for the places, and the selections seem to have been wisely made. The inns have all paid expenses, and the stockholders have received a four per cent. dividend at the end of the first year. This success is due, largely, to the energy and business tact of the treasurer, Mr. Marble, who has taken this for his diversion, and has found unbounded satisfaction in the working out of his plans. The belief that the opening of cozy, free-and-easy places of refreshment and social resort would draw many young men away from the liquor saloons, has been abundantly justified by our experience."

"Why do you charge for the games?" asked some one.

"For revenue only," answered Mr. Greene. "We thought that habitués would be willing to pay a small price for their use, and that they might feel a little more comfortable about using them if they paid for them. There has been no complaint about the charge, and the amount received from this source nearly pays the rent of the building."

"Does your company keep any control of the rooms?"

"No, each friendly inn is under the control of its own landlord. We make a definite contract with him, as to the kinds of refreshment he is to provide and the prices he is to charge, and the general regulations of the rooms; and, of course, we visit the inns frequently to see that they are properly kept and that the food and drink are of the best quality."

"Do you think that this has had any marked effect in reducing the amount of drunkenness?"

"I have no doubt that the great reduction shown by our police reports in the amount of drunkenness during the past year is largely due to the friendly inns."

As Mr. Greene was stepping down from the platform, amid the applause of the convention, Mr. Strong interrupted him:

"You have two minutes more. Are there not some other features of your charitable work in Bradford of which you ought to tell us.

"I should be glad," answered the Bradford secretary, laughing, "to take twenty minutes more and tell you about our Employment Agency, our Industrial School, our Kindergartens, and our Day Nursery, all of which

have sprung up in connection with our Charity Organization society, and all of which are important departments of its work. But I have talked too long already; if any one wants to know more about these forms of our Christian League work, I will show them to you this afternoon. They will speak best for themselves."

For the reports of the other county secretaries, there is no room in these chronicles. In many of their features they were similar to those already presented. They filled the morning session, and the interest had not flagged when the hour for adjournment came.

The afternoon session, according to the announcement, was devoted to the reading of two carefully prepared papers: the one by the Reverend Doctor Smalls, of New Liverpool, on "The True Definition of the Church," in which he defended the proposition that the Church consists of all the faithful people residing in any given community—that there is but one church in any city or town, though there may be many congregations, worshiping in different places by different forms, and that the different congregations ought to recognize themselves as one church and behave themselves accordingly. The other paper, read by Thomas Marshall, Esq., of Northbridge, on "Temperance and Tenement Houses," proved to be a most luminous exposition of the effects of unsanitary dwellings upon the drinking habits of the people, together with accounts of some of the recent experiments made by capitalists in the erection of improved tenement houses, well lighted, ventilated, and drained, and of the obvious effects upon the morals of their occupants. But as these papers were printed in full in the Bradford "Courier" of the next day, and must still be easily procurable, there is no need to reproduce them here.

For the same reason it is unnecessary to report the two short speeches of the evening session. One matter, however, of deepest interest, must not be passed by. After the second speaker had taken his seat, Dr. Upson rose:

"I am sorry," he began, "to announce to this convention the only failure on our programme. Dr. Jackson, of Winchester, who was to make the closing speech, sends us a dispatch, which was received since the afternoon session, informing us that a railway accident on the Western road will prevent him from keeping his engagement. You will regret that as much as I do. But there are always compensations for our losses, if we know where to look for them; and I think that I am on the track of one. The secretary of our Executive Committee, Mr. Walter Franklin—(applause)—has been receiving a good many letters from distant places, making inquiries about the working of the League, and giving information of movements that have been set on foot in other States with the view of carrying out its principles. I am sure that he could give us, if he would, some interesting and cheering reports. I have besought him to do so, but he has not consented; I am going now to pass him over to you, and let you deal with him as seems good to you."

The convention expressed its will in such a way that Mr. Franklin could not easily resist. He ascended the platform amid a storm of cheers.

"Perhaps I ought to beg your pardon," he said, "for hesitating to bring you such tidings as I have; my only reason is my strong aversion to the sound of my own voice in a public place. But there are, as Dr. Upson has told you, quite a number of letters and newspaper clippings in my portfolio, showing the wide interest taken in our work, of which I will try to tell you something.

"The most amusing letters I receive are from persons who profess to be greatly interested in the history of our league, and who think the plan a beautiful one, but who fear that it is not practicable. There is no conservative so entertaining as your conservative who disputes an accomplished fact. You know that Dr. Dionysius Lardner proved, scientifically, that no vessel could be moved across the ocean by steam-power after the thing had been done. You know that an eminent electrician demolished the project of submarine telegraphy after messages had crossed the sea. And in like manner the measure of coöperation in Christian work proposed in the organization of the Christian League is demonstrated to be impracticable by a theorist here and there, long after the thing has been successfully worked out in many places. I will not trouble you with reading any of these letters; I have stuck them on pins to be preserved in my museum; about fifty years from now they will be highly interesting reading.

"Very amusing, also, are the letters from mystified correspondents, who wish to know whether there is a veritable Christian League in Connecticut. If they could only look into this crowded room and hear the noise you make, they would probably be convinced that the League is not a myth.

"The reports that come to us from all parts of the country show that the ideas of our league are taking hold of the people, especially of the laity, everywhere. I cannot begin to give you any adequate notion of the extent of their working. Take this little item which I have clipped from the last number of one

of our religious newspapers, describing the payment of the debt of a Congregational church in a Western city:

"'The pleasantest feature of the occasion was the remarkably hearty and substantial expressions of interest on the part of the other denominations. They closed their churches Sabbath evening, and some of them in the morning also; and the several pastors were to be seen moving among the congregation, soliciting subscriptions from their own people. Monday evening, when it seemed as if the ability of the audience had been exhausted, and there remained several hundred dollars of the debt yet to be raised, the *Methodist* pastor came to the rescue. By a wise plan, which he pressed with great skill, he raised the entire amount amid great hand-clapping, and declared that, next to the pastor, he was the happiest man in the house.'

"That sounds like an echo from New Albion, does it not? But it is not necessary for me to dwell upon facts that fall under your eyes in all the papers. Let me speak of a matter more remote, but not less notable.

"It is well known to many of you that the sectarianism which we are organized to fight is making its worst ravages on our Western frontiers. The strife of the sects for the occupancy of every new settlement is the scandal of Christianity. Every man knows this who has traveled in the West and found in the small towns, on an average, one church for every hundred inhabitants. From this afflicted region I have had letters not a few, rejoicing that this movement had begun at the East, and praying for the time when its tidal wave should begin to roll across their prairies and up their cañons. From a shrewd observer, who knows that Western field thoroughly, and who is in the deepest sympathy with the Home Missionary work, comes a letter from which I will read you a few sentences:

"'The real trouble now is with the intermediate agents of our churches. I mean the presiding elders, the synodical missionaries, and the district superintendents of missionary work. So long as our societies will appoint to such places men whose only qualification is business push—men of about the calibre of a good book-agent, men who could push a cyclopedia in a State—so long there will be confusion enough. I could tell of some in this great work that are perfectly unscrupulous. Our societies must be made to see that they *must* get men who will look at the work broadly, and build with eternity, not quarterly reports, in view. The policy of each missionary society should be expressed, not implied; and agents should be held to account for pushing in where not needed.'

"This extract shows that the responsibility for the state of things existing at the West belongs largely at the East. The power behind this pushing propagandism has its headquarters in Boston and New York. If you want to get at it, you can easily reach it. But let me give you another bit of the same letter. Speaking of the results of this sectarian scramble at the West, the writer says:

"'I am quite sure it is very seriously affecting the character of our ministry. Who but a mean-spirited man will consent to be one of five in a town of five hundred people? Then, is it not near to the sin against the Holy Ghost thus to misuse the gifts of the Spirit? What wonder ministers are scarce, when they are employed in this way, four or five crowded into a place where there is need of but one, and set in antagonism and rivalry, with no chance to develop any spiritual power? And all the while the world is full of heathenism! Really, this is the most serious phase of the question. A gift of the Spirit, a man furnished by the Spirit for the ministry, is a gift infinitely more precious than the money to feed him, and the misuse of such an one or the misapplication of the gift comes nearer to malfeasance than any misuse of funds.'

"This man writes out of his heart, you see. And he writes not unadvisedly. No man in the West is better qualified to judge. And I beg you to note what he says respecting the effect of sectarianism on the character of ministers. I confess that this was to me a flash of revelation. But who can question the truth of it? What kind of a Christian is the man likely to become, whose character is developed in these denominational bear-fights? What kind of a Christian is the man who is ready to rush into them? I tell you, high-minded young men will not do it. And many a young man, who would gladly give his life to pioneer work on the frontiers, turns back when he sees into what sort of scrimmage he is pretty sure to be driven.

"But I am only showing you the evils of this denominational strife. Of these you hardly needed to be told, though my correspondent may have thrown new light on their deformity. What I began to tell you was the good news that the Christian League has been heard of on the frontiers, and that its good seed is beginning to find lodgment in a soil where it ought to bring forth a hundred fold. We have heard some cheerful tidings here to-day, but none to me so significant as this which I read you from the representative of one of our Home Mission boards in the far West. He tells of a conference, lasting all day, between the Home Missionary representatives of four leading denominations, four men who have the oversight of two or three Territories. He says that they came to this conference with the Christian League in their minds, and this is his report of what came of it:

"'We did not organize; had no chairman or secretary, and passed no votes, but simply looked one another in the face, and tried to look the facts of the field in the face. We took up the case of each place—went from ——, on the ——, to ——, covering the whole

field. We did not realize my *highest* ideal of such a meeting, which would be the consulting entirely as though we were of one denomination; but I believe it was a long step in the right direction. We have arranged not to go into a town where another denomination is at work, when there is any chance for misunderstanding, without consulting with the representatives of the church in that town, or with the superintendent of mission work. We have promised one another not to take advantage of temporary bad luck in getting ministers. We have arranged to exchange fields and properties, as far as possible, when it becomes evident that the best interests of the cause demand it. I have, for instance, given up our church at —— to the ——ists, as the people are nearly all of that faith and ask for a ——ist minister. The ——ists have given up a field to me. The ——ans promise not to enter a field where we have a church, though pressed by some to do so. We have arranged for another meeting in six months.'

"Now, I say that's the best report we have had to-day. It makes me feel more like shouting hallelujah! than anything I've heard for many a day. And if this were *my* meeting-house, and were not the meeting-house of a very staid and undemonstrative body of disciples (laughter) I should call for three cheers for those grand fellows out West who have got the denominational devil fairly under, and who have set out to treat one another, in their mission work, like Christian gentlemen!"

As Mr. Franklin went down from the platform amid a tempest of hand-clapping, the organ and the choir burst forth with the doxology, in which the congregation joined, and the convention went out in a blaze of enthusiasm.

Mr. Strong and his English friend walked quietly away to their lodgings. The first to speak, when they are out of the hubbub, was Mr. Thornton:

"Doesn't your friend need a vacation?"

"Franklin?"

"The same."

"He does indeed. I have been urging him to go abroad."

"He must go. He shall go. I want him to help me organize a Christian League Club in Manchester. That is the place to begin."

"Do you think it would work on your side the water?"

"Why shouldn't it? It might need some modifications. But it undertakes nothing more than the Christianizing of our churches."

"And nothing less," you might add.

"And nothing less! It is a great thing to undertake, but he would be a faithless Christian who should doubt whether it could come to pass."

MARSYAS.

ROUND one piping on the mountain
Timid forest-creatures drew;
Song of bird and purl of fountain
Woke anew
In the oaten pipe wherein he blew.

Ivy sprung, and myrtle nodded,
Grasses rippled, sedges grew;
Silver-winged and tawny-bodied
Wild bees flew
Thickets over, meadows through and through.

With the swift sweep of the swallow,
Spring-time seemed to catch the earth,
Sunlight flooded steep and hollow
With new birth,
Woke the hill-side to the river's mirth.

Quiet things he loved the best:
Songs of springs that bubble up
Through wet grasses, weight-oppressed;
Bees that sup,
Droning in the almond-blossom's cup;

Beat of wings that swiftly pass,
Sounds of locust-horns that made
Subtle music in the grass.
These he played,
While shy things came to him, unafraid.

Ceased he. Silent grew the fountain;
Fled each creature to its lair;
Solemn wood and silent mountain,
Soundless air,
Woke to find the winter everywhere.

L. Frank Tooker.

SONGS.

"AFTER SORROW'S NIGHT."

AFTER sorrow's night
Dawned the morning bright;
In dewy woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And "Love, love, love," it sang,
And "Love, love, love."

Evening shadows fell
In our happy dell;
From glimmering woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And "Love, love, love," it sang,
And "Love, love, love."

Oh, the summer night
Starry was and bright;
In the dark woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And "Love, love, love," it sang,
And "Love, love, love."

"THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR."

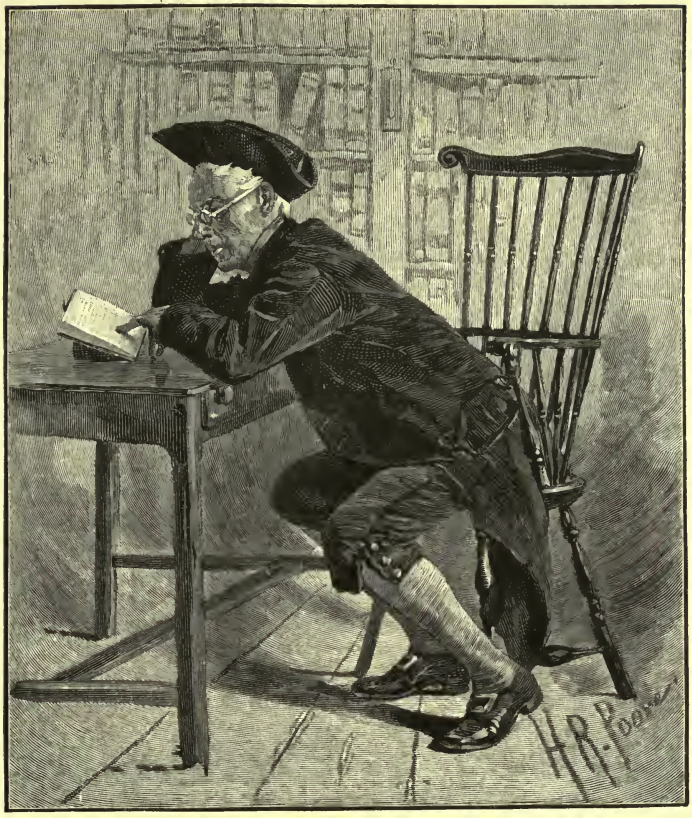
THE wind from out the West is blowing,
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing;
Dark grow the pine-woods, dark and drear,—
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines;
Far off, sublime, and full of fear,—
The pine-woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;
Yonder the stormy sea, and here
The woods that bring the sunset near.

Richard Watson Gilder.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN LIBRARIES.



A BOOK-WORM.

It was in the year 1731, the fourth of King George the Second's reign, that the Philadelphia, the oldest American library, and, so far as is known, the first of all lending libraries, took its beginning. Fifty young men, artisans and gentlemen of that town, joined themselves into a literary association, and subscribed a hundred pounds for the purchase of books, agreeing also to pay each ten shillings annually during fifty years for the same purpose. It has lasted through changes of government and fashion, and possesses an interest beyond its mere local importance, from the historic associations which gather around it. Polished granite and enameled brick might tower around, but its dark old red brick front maintained an unshaken dignity as did Franklin's statue—"with a gown for his dress, and a Roman head," as the Doctor, when asked his wishes, quaintly expressed them. Banks might chink their money; courts, post-office, and custom-house disgorge their bustling crowds next door,—but as you passed through its vestibule, embellished with old leathern fire-buckets, and the door swung noiselessly behind you, all became quiet. You might have been miles from the life outside, for any information coming through your ears. A repose fell on you insensibly. Old pictures looked down on you, and soberly bound books. The wired cases, and the old green tables in the alcoves, seemed to have been there always. Its habitués all knew one another, as well as all about one another's great-great-grandfathers. They laughed decorously over old jokes;—a new joke would have seemed hardly in order. Everything breathed quiet and long-continued good understanding. The epithet "old" came naturally to one's lips. "That good old library," Thackeray calls it, writing to Mr. William B. Reed.

The little fiction of the English law, that the king can never die, might almost be applied in the same sense to many members

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S CLOCK IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

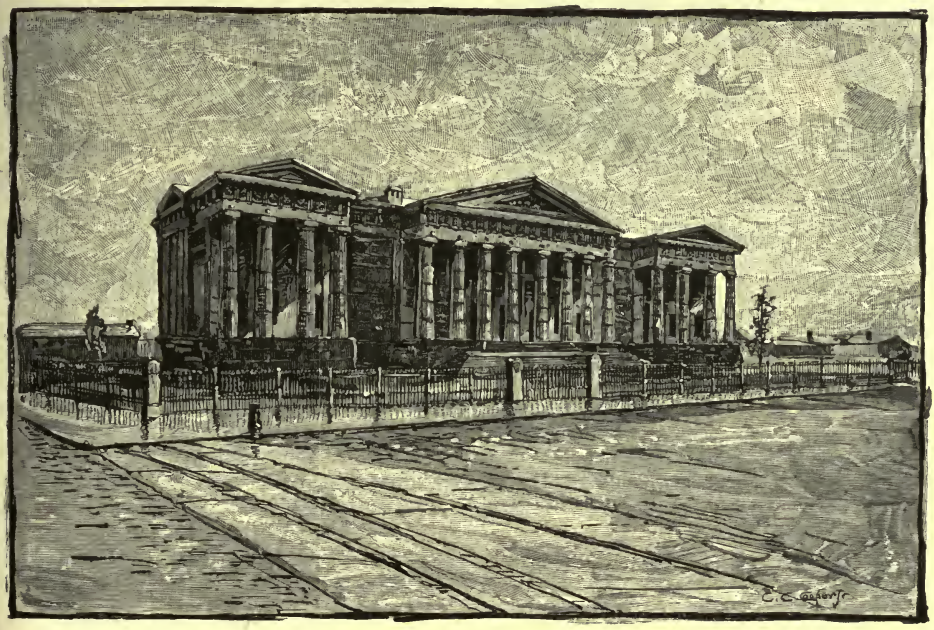
of the library whose shares, like the English throne, have never been vacant, one of the family always inheriting it. Out of a bead-roll as long as that of Homer's ships a few instances may be given of this curious persistency of shares in families. Colonel William Bradford became a shareholder in 1769. His son, William Bradford, Attorney-General of the United States under Washington, next held the share, which is still in the family. Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, lieutenant-governor of the province, and father of the two Revolutionary officers, General John and Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, was one of the original directors in 1731, and his descendants are still shareholders. Governor Thomas McKean, one of the signers of the Declaration, acquired in 1777 a share, which his family still holds.

In fact, it might have been thought that as it had existed, so it would always exist. With its ease, its long existence, and connection with men whose names belong to the history of their age, it had become a sort of conservative social influence. It was unagitated by questions of cataloguing, undisturbed by debates whether a library should be merely a reservoir, or should also assume the function of a filter. In brief, its periods of existence were unmarked by any of those interrogations with which, nowadays, we see fit to punctuate every experience of life. Nevertheless, the Library Company underwent, as shall presently be told, an entire change of scene. The old building has been abandoned to the Philistines and now flaunts a large gilded sign — a sign of the times — on its astonished front. And a void exists in the breasts of many ancient Philadelphians, unsatisfied by the knowledge that the cultured Bostonian or the scornful New Yorker, as he emerges from the railroad station on Broad street, is confronted by the finest building wholly devoted to library uses in America, and one which has few, if any, equals in Europe.

The library was well sponsored, being Frank-

THE OLD LIBRARY, FIFTH AND LIBRARY STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

lin's "first project of a public nature." John Dickinson, Godfrey the mathematician, Benjamin Rush, Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, and Franklin himself,—who was also at one time librarian,—were among its



THE RIDGWAY BRANCH OF THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

early directors, and it was cradled in buildings whose names now form part of our fund of national recollections. Franklin says:

"At the time I established myself in Philadelphia there was not a good bookstore in any of the colonies southward of Boston. In New York and Philadelphia, the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, etc., almanacs, ballads, and a few common school-books. Those who loved reading were obliged to send for their books from England; the members of the Junto (his club) had each a few. We had hired a room to hold our club in. I proposed that we should each of us bring our books to that room, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wished to read at home. * * * This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us. * * * Yet some inconveniences occurring, each took his books home again. And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. The institution soon manifested its ability, was imitated in other towns and in other provinces. * * * Reading became fashionable, and our people having no amusements to divert their attention from study, became better acquainted with books, and in a few years were observed by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank in other countries."

That the leaven did indeed work as Franklin said we may infer from the fact that in a few years Philadelphia took a decided lead in the art of printing, in amount as well as execution, and that it had a larger number of newspapers. From direct testimony, including that of the Rev. Jacob Duche, who, though of foreign extraction, became himself a director of the Library, and afterward made himself notorious by an attempt to persuade Washington to forsake the American cause, we would infer that the character of the society was decidedly literary. He writes, in 1774:

"There is less distinction among the citizens of Philadelphia than among those of any other city in the world. * * * Literary accomplishments here meet with deserved applause. But such is the taste for books, that almost every man is a reader."

The Company, in its first choice of reading matter, took the advice of James Logan, the confidential friend of Penn, "esteeming him to be a gentleman of universal learning and the best judge of books in these parts." It is noticeable that, in their list of about fifty authors, the only ones which may be said to belong to light literature are the "Guardian," "Tatler," "Spectator," and Addison's works. The books were imported from England, and with them came the first gift to the Library. Peter Collinson, a London mercer, wrote:

"Gentlemen, I am a stranger to most of you, but not to your laudable intention to erect a public library.

RELICS OF THE OLD LIBRARY.

I beg your acceptance of my mite, 'Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy' and 'Philip Miller's Gardener's Dictionary.' It will be an instance of your candour to accept the intention and good-will of the giver and not regard the meanness of the gift."

The books were at first kept in the house of Robert Grace, whom Franklin characterizes as "a young gentleman of some fortune, generous, lively, and witty, a lover of punning and of his friends." Afterward they were allotted a room in the State-House; and, in 1742, a charter was obtained from the Proprietaries. In 1790, having in the interval absorbed several other associations and sustained a removal to Carpenter's Hall, where its apartment had been used as a hospital for wounded American soldiers, the Library was at last housed in a building especially erected for it at Fifth and Chestnut streets, where it remained until within the last few years.

It brought only about eight thousand volumes into its new quarters, for it had languished somewhat during the Revolution and the war of words which attended our political birth. But it had received no injury. Two meetings had been called to consider measures of removal to a safe place, but whether its members were engaged in taking care of their country or of themselves, they did not attend the meetings, and the red-coats marching in on the little visit they paid us after Germantown, found the books, and read them, too. But the red-coats behaved, in this instance, at least, peaceably, paying loyally for their use and not damaging nor confiscating nor carrying away a single volume.

Many relics of the Revolutionary time are stored in the Library, among them a colossal bust of Minerva, which stood behind the chair of the Speaker of the first Congress that met in Philadelphia. The writer of this paper is at Logan's library-table, sitting in a chair used by Washington, while Dickinson's writing-desk holds some books on the right, West's portrait of Franklin looks from overhead, and a lock of Washington's hair hangs near his left hand. Penn's and Cromwell's clocks, too, keep remembrance of other times, and go on ticking, as if reckless of a balance. Besides memories, however, the library gathered little during those sad days of the Revolution. But when the scene changed, and the weeping women who tended the wounded in churches and on door-steps after the defeat at Germantown were replaced by the triumphing cavalry who rode through the shouting streets to the State-House to lay at the feet of Congress the captured standards of Cornwallis, our Company felt the reaction, and in a little while sent an order to London for books—its first importation in nine years.

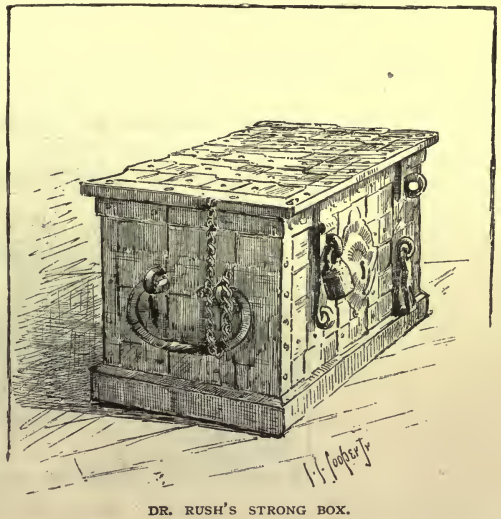
Two years after removal to its quarters on Fifth street, the Library received the most valuable gift of books it has as yet had. James Logan, friend and adviser of Penn and of the celebrated Colonial Governor, Thomas Lloyd, President of Council, and holding other high trusts in the Province,

JOHN DICKINSON'S DESK.

THE PRESENT BUILDING.

had gathered a most important collection of books. Mr. Logan was translator of Cicero's "Cato Major," the first classic published in America, beside being versed in natural science. His library comprised, as he tells us, "over one hundred volumes of authors, all in Greek, with mostly their versions; all the Roman classics without exception; all the Greek mathematicians. * * * Besides there are many of the most valuable Latin authors, and a great number of modern mathematicians." These, at first bequeathed as a public library to the city, became a branch of the Philadelphia Library under certain conditions, one of which was that, barring contingencies, one of the donor's descendants should always hold the office of trustee. And to-day his direct descendant fills the position, and is perhaps the only example in this country of an hereditary office-holder.

The Library lost a few books by its one experience of fire, in 1831, and nearer our own times gained an important addition by a courtesy it was enabled to do the British Government. The story takes us back to the Revolution of 1688. On the flight of James II. from his throne, his lord high chancellor of Ireland converted the state papers of which he had custody into family papers; in other words, he kept them. His grandson, on leaving America about the beginning of this century, presented them to the Library of Philadelphia. This gift, containing the private correspondence of James I. with the Privy



DR. RUSH'S STRONG BOX.

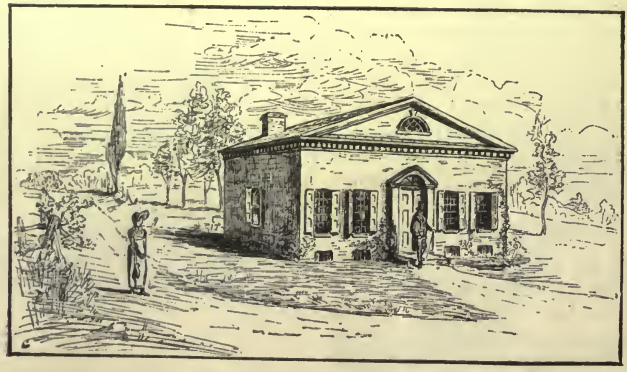
Council of Ireland, the Diary of the Marquis of Clanricarde, a letter of Queen Elizabeth, and other manuscripts, the Company—being bound by no reservation to its giver—took an opportunity of restoring to the British Government. This courtesy was responded to by the gift, on the part of the English, of a large and valuable series of Government publications.

In 1869 died Dr. James Rush, son of Benjamin Rush, and himself well known as the author of a work on the human voice, and as husband of a lady who almost succeeded in naturalizing the *salon* in this country. By his will about one million dollars were devoted to the erection and maintenance of an isolated and fire-proof library-building, which was to be named the Ridgway Library, in memory of his wife. This building was offered to the Philadelphia Company, and the bequest was accepted. That institution had by this time accumulated about one hundred thousand volumes, containing many of those rarities for which there is an eternal struggle between the book-hunter and fire, rats, plate-hunters, worms, and kindred vermin. It owns some fine specimens of illuminated manuscripts, exemplars of Caxton, Fust, and Schœffer, the inventors, or at least sharers in the invention, of printing; of Pynson, Wynkyn de Worde, Sweynheym, and Pannartz; a work of Jenson, believed to be unique; of Koburger, and other works irreplaceable if lost. It is therefore gratifying to those who are aware of the heavy toll fire has levied on knowledge to know that the collection has been, in so far as may be, placed out of reach of a danger which the original "twelve leathern fire buckets and a ladder," procured by the directors, might not have averted.

A building of the Doric order was erected, which with its grounds covers an entire square or block, and is calculated to contain four hundred thousand volumes, or three times as many as the Library at present has, and to this building the more valuable books of the Library were removed in 1878; the fiction and more modern works being placed in another designed in imitation of the old edifice, and nearer the center of the city.

When it is added that Dr. Rush's bequest included also the correspondence and papers of his father,—which contain among many others letters from distinguished persons, letters from Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Kosciuszko, etc., and that mysterious diary of Benjamin Rush which John Adams alludes to, and which played an important part in the controversy between Mr. Bancroft and Mr. William B. Reed, but which nobody seems to have viewed,—it will be seen that few more valuable gifts have been made to the public. To the public, it may be said, for although this library is in its origin and maintenance entirely a private institution, the use of its books is freely given to any respectable reader. I have tried briefly to show that this oldest American library has had an honorable career, and exerted an appreciable and wholly good influence; while illustrating something of that peculiar character of quietness which Philadelphia has retained since Penn directed that the people should so build their houses "that there may be ground on each side for gardens, or orchards, or fields, that it may be a green country town, which will never be burnt and always wholesome." Indeed, few institutions have been more naturally the growth of a community, or better illustrate the good effects of such unstimulated growth, than the old Philadelphia Library.

Bunford Samuel.



LOGANIAN LIBRARY, SIXTH AND WALNUT STREETS.

OLD AGE.

FROM THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

Say, did you see him? (for I know him not)—
A pilgrim stern, implacable as fate,
Who strolls this way, they say. His shambling gait,
His gray, thin locks, and burdensome long days,
And wrinkled brow he helplessly displays—
And terrors those with whom he tries to plot.
Some callow youth, whose teens have made him wise,
Thinks me this gaffer's follower, I surmise,—
Yet in my heart, I know, I know him not.

How came he here? I call long years of Youth
To witness—or, if any years can tell,
Let them—when I came out of Youth to dwell;
When any summer's dawn or spring did rise
Whereon I looked not with young, trustful eyes.
A part of April's pantheon, I prolong
My days amidst her symphonies of song;
Still, in green-bowered retreats, my pulse unflagging beats,
Through new-born wonders and auroral skies,
With sharp, bewildering freshness and surprise!

The budding, tender maid of me is not afraid;
I catch her sunshine as she passes by—
The welcome in her eye;
Her rosy cheeks and her immaculate lips
Rebuke me not, nor put me in eclipse,—
So, never from Youth's chord a tune of my life varies;
When school-girls, in sweet flocks, greet me with silken locks,
Meet me in field and street, they show me when we meet
That young eyes, blue or black, are my contemporaries.

This gaffer old and gray—how dare he stroll my way?
His dumb lips at my sight would grow still dumber;
His gray hairs I disown, which mate not with my own;
Should he appear to-day, I could not him obey—
For I am one with spring and the warm heart of summer!
May dawns in new decades—her golden morning sets—
And still my hand is moist among her violets;
From out the saffron south the sweet breath of her mouth
About my forehead plays with balm supernal,
Until her life with mine grows steady and eternal.

Who saw him pass? Not I—for still the sky is blue,
And still the summer birds their madrigals are singing.
How shall I find you him of whom I never knew
When Youth with all his pomp his lap of flowers is bringing?
In meadows ever fair I quaff the morning air,
And couriers come to me their wreaths of hope outflinging.
My life still hugs Youth's shore—though years may intervene;
If skies are only blue and fields are ever green,
What need have I to mourn for youth departed?
Time still there is to laugh and youthful joy to quaff,
To frolic through fair days and to be happy-hearted.

Joel Benton.

SALVINI, AS KING LEAR.

[FROM A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.]

SALVINI'S "KING LEAR."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD says of Shakspere: "He has the elementary soundness of the ancients, he has their important action and their large and broad manner; in his strong conception of a subject, in the genuine way in which he is penetrated with it, he resembles them and is unlike the moderns." These words apply with equal fitness to Salvini's interpretation of Shakspere. Whatever subtlety he displays is in method and detail. His conception is bold, distinct, and plastic,—as spontaneous and unhampered by tradition as early Greek art. His characters, rounded into balanced symmetry, stand out with the solid relief of sculpture. Delicacy, grace, and fancy are bestowed upon the modeling, the finish; but he represents the grand outlines of a personality with that unerring directness of style, that "important action," that "large and broad manner," which belong only to preëminent genius.

Salvini understands the *motif* of *Lear* to be, not the local peculiarities of a king of ancient Britain, but the passion of fatherhood. "Is not a father in Italy the same as a father in Britain?" are his own words upon the subject, and they clearly illustrate his conception. For him the whole tragedy rests upon the fact that the royal martyrdom is *undeserved;* the moment a thought is entertained that it was occasioned by the king's own lack of foresight or justice, its sublime quality disappears. Viewed in this light, the superhuman figure of *Lear* descends from those loftiest spiritual regions where Job and Prometheus abide, to serve as a warning exemplar of the follies of imprudent generosity—a lesson to confirm the cheap and worldly maxims of the common wisdom of the street. It were an insult to the genius of Shakspere to fancy that such was his design in creating the most sublime impersonation of old age and anguish ever conceived by human imagination. In "Timon of Athens" he shows us the ordinary ingratitude with which the world repays the facile prodigality of a generous, reckless spendthrift. But with *Lear* there is no question of recklessness, of foolishly misplaced confidence in strangers and sycophants: his trust is in his own flesh and blood, his largess is bestowed upon his passionately beloved offspring, to whom he is about to give a signal proof of his supreme affection. What more fitting moment could be selected than the occasion of his daughters' espousals? What wiser and more appropriate act than, while retaining the title and honors of royalty, to renounce its duties and cares, rendered irksome by the inevitable weariness of a ripe old age? His own nature is exuberantly and demonstratively affectionate, and in presence of his whole court he asks his daughters who among them loves him best, simply for the delight of hearing their filial, graceful replies. From *Regan* and *Goneril* he receives dutiful response; then, overflowing with paternal pride and love, he turns to his darling youngest child, the gentlest and meekest of the three, and receives a rebuff discourteous and irreverent enough to affront even a modern and non-royal father: "I love you according to my bond, neither more nor less. I am not yet married, but the first stranger who appears and claims me as his wife will obtain from me a greater meed of affection than you can possibly expect." Whoever transports himself mentally into the period, place, and circumstances of this scene will not consider the wrath of *Lear* exaggerated. Only because of our own difficulty in laying aside the knowledge of Cordelia's true character, which the later portions of the play reveal, do we here sympathize with her, and condemn the perfectly justifiable indignation of the aggrieved parent and monarch.

Lear, as conceived by Salvini, is a man of noble generosity, of exquisite tenderness and sensitiveness, of powerful intellect and imagination. His robust physical force is beginning to wane, though still as a man of eighty he delights in the pleasures of the chase. But there is no trace of senility in the vigorous, richly endowed mind. This conception is amply borne out by the text; for, if the insanity of *Lear* were occasioned by dotage and decrepitude, instead of by the stunning blows of unparalleled misfortunes, there could be no return of reason before his death. Yet, in the last two scenes, Shakspere represents him to be as lucid and sane as though his brain had never been clouded. By accumulating the black and subtle crimes of *Regan* and *Goneril*, the poet emphasizes for us the fact that *Lear* was not imbecile in misjudging them, but that he was dealing here with unnatural monsters such as no human foresight, much less the loving heart of a parent, could have divined. The traits most conspicuously brought out in Salvini's impersonation of *Lear* are majesty, generosity,

tenderness, and self-abnegation. Not for a moment do we forget that he is "every inch a king"; not for a moment do we forget that he is one of the most affectionate and compassionate of men; while the magnitude and sublimity of his sorrows invest him with an atmosphere that partakes of the supernatural. Even in the midst of frenzy and tempest, he remembers the sufferings of others. What can be more profoundly touching than the action, replete with grace and dignity, with which he takes off his mantle in the storm to throw it over the shivering form of the *Fool?* Then, feeling the cold pierce his own uncovered shoulders, he folds in his large, paternal embrace the trembling clown, seeking shelter under one and the same cloak, as who should say "the strong protects the weak, the king protects the humblest of his servants, the man of many sorrows is mindful of the common brotherhood of misfortune." Salvini's acting is so equally sustained, so absolutely natural, that it offers few of those technical "points" conveniently seized upon by the critic. The art of concealing art has never been carried farther. One brings away from his performance of *Lear* such a complete and awe-inspiring impression of the totality of the character, that it were invidious to single out any passage or scene for special admiration. His action swells and subsides in exact cadence with the rhythmical movement of the drama; for he is fully equal to the tremendous heights of passion which Shakspere attains in this play, and he has the reserve and self-control which enable him to hold in abeyance and merely suggest this power when it is not called into requisition by the exigencies of the situation. The grandest point is probably reached in the conclusion of the second act:

> "No, you unnatural hags,
> I will have such revenges on you both,
> That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
> What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
> The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
> No, I'll not weep:—
> I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
> Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
> Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!"

Was there ever before concentrated in a human voice such desperate anguish of suppressed sobs, such utter fruitlessness of revolt against unnatural cruelty, as Salvini expresses in these words? He is broken, helpless, and defeated—not with the helplessness of a violent, doting old man, but with the despair of a Titan at war with demons. The immortal scene in which *Lear* recognizes *Cordelia* is depicted with such exquisite gradations of pathos, that we find ourselves hanging upon the scarcely audible words of the reviving "child-changed father," with that breathless, labored suspense with which we might witness an actual restoration from the jaws of death to life. And the climax, reached in the words,

> "Do not laugh at me;
> For, as I am a man, I think this lady
> To be my child Cordelia"—

is as subdued, as low in tone, and as real as had been the preparation for it. Nothing can be more beautiful, more piercingly pathetic than the dissolution of all fever and frenzy in a flood of refreshing tears, and the heart-broken, passionate tenderness with which he clasps her to his breast and bows his head above her own.

Nature, not tradition, is the mistress of Salvini's art. This accounts for the perfect originality and spontaneity of his "stage-business." When he carries the dead *Cordelia* in his arms, he does not lift her like a strong man carrying a child, but he drags her with exhausted force and painful effort, as a weak old man must bear a lifeless body. In his despair, while he hangs above her corpse, he looks wildly around, and snatches at the helmet-plume in *Edgar's* hand, to set it to her lips. "This feather stirs! she lives!" The device is as natural as it is effective. But, from beginning to end of the play, there are no sensational "points," no striking arrangements of artificial methods.* He relies for all effect upon the loftiness of his conception, the majesty of his gestures and carriage, the indescribable harmony of his voice (whose every inflection is music, whether broken with sobs, ringing with passion, or melting with tenderness), and finally upon that absolute identification with the part which years of arduous study, superadded to the natural intuitions of genius, have enabled him to acquire.

During Salvini's engagement in New York, the distinguished German actor, Ludwig Barnay, offered us a rare opportunity for comparing strongly contrasted methods of conceiving *Lear*. The German artist's presentment sparkled with brilliant points; it was full of action, bustle, energy, variety. We knew that *Lear* was old by the token that he wore a flowing white beard and wig; we knew that he was a king because he told us so, and he wore a crown. But there was nothing majestic or venerable in his carriage

* I do not forget the "point," verging upon the melodramatic which he makes in rendering the words "every inch a king." Here he totters toward a leafless tree, breaks a twig from its branches, and waves it pompously as he repeats the phrase. Those critics who condemn this action as being far-fetched and in questionable taste, do not seem to remember that *Lear* is insane when he uses it, and that it is perfectly in keeping with the wild and fitful impulses of an unsettled brain.

and gestures, no trace of physical weakness in his violent and restless manner. The impression Barnay left was of detached traits and fragmentary passages, rather than of a complete image. The most salient feature of his impersonation was the king's insanity, which he invested with an almost painful naturalism, and which singularly enough received rather less than the usual emphasis at Salvini's hands. But, although Herr Barnay's *Lear* is neither sublime nor poetical, and is therefore to be judged on an altogether different plane from that of Salvini, yet in its fiery and potent realism it is a noteworthy and memorable histrionic achievement.

After every new Shaksperean interpretation offered by Salvini, a chorus of critics promptly exclaim against its non-Shaksperean inspiration, its essentially *Italian* quality. If it could be urged as a fault against Salvini's *Othello* that it was "not Anglican," all the more emphatic is the dissatisfaction expressed with a so-called "Italian *Lear*." It is but a repetition of truisms to say that Shakspere's personages are human, universal, that they move in a world of passion, of dramatic and psychological complications over and above all distinctions of race, country, creed, and even sex. His glory is in his revelation of the naked soul; not the least human of his plays are enacted in an imaginary region just beyond the limits of our earth. The magical isle of the "Tempest," the fairy-haunted wood of Athens, the sea-encircled Bohemia of the "Winter's Tale,"—all these, and more, prove his comparative indifference to what are considered the realities of time and space, and his complete perception of the spiritual truths of life. Any actor, therefore, who brings out for us the profound human significance of his great characters, is the true interpreter of Shakspere, and such a one is Salvini. It has always seemed to us a curious fact that any who speak the tongue of Shakspere should wish to rob him of his chief claim to immortality. There are those who insist upon his being insular and local, rather than comprehensive and universal; who resent as an impertinence the very suggestion that his genius may speak as clearly and as intimately to an Italian or a Frenchman as to an Anglo-Saxon. If it were not so—"the less Shakspere he," as Browning puts it. They might as well attempt to confine him to the limits of Stratford, and assert that outside of Warwickshire he could not be properly understood, as to restrict him to the English-speaking or Teutonic races. Voltaire's failure to appreciate him was no more egregious than that of Colley Cibber or of Dr. Johnson, and we are indebted to-day to the brilliant eloquence of a Frenchman, M. Taine, to the intellectual and critical analysis of an Italian, Salvini,* for some of the most discriminating literary studies of Shaksperean characters that have appeared in our day.

It would be childish to dwell upon the real loss inseparable from Salvini's performance of *Lear*, namely, the loss of the English text, with its overpowering beauty, intrinsic and associated. Until we English-speaking people can produce in our generation an actor capable of interpreting the spiritual, as well as the verbal grandeur of Shakspere, it is somewhat inopportune to find fault with Salvini for the foreign medium in which the accident of his birth forces him to transmit the poet's thought. Neither more nor less can be said of his *Lear* than that it is the actual embodiment of that Titanic figure hitherto existing only in our imagination as the *Lear* of Shakspere. With it he worthily closes his repertory of Shaksperean characters. Having accomplished the greatest achievements and won the highest honors of his profession, he retires to his well-earned repose, leaving the memory of an actor whose genius of interpretation is akin, in quality, scope, and degree, to the creative genius of Shakspere himself.

* See THE CENTURY Magazine for November, 1881.

Emma Lazarus.

A SONG.

"THE world turns round and round and round,
The sun sinks into the sea";
And the blossoms fall without a sound
Where the grass grows green and free.

All things are bright in the track of the sun,
All things are fair I see;
And the light in a golden tide has run
Down out of the sky to me.

And the world turns round and round and round,
And my thought sinks into the sea;
The sea of peace and of joy profound
Whose tide is mystery.

Samuel Willoughby Duffield.

THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS DURING THE LATE INVASION.

THE most painful event since the bombardment of Alexandria has been what is called by an English writer the "invasion" of "American Literature in England." The hostile forces, with an advanced guard of what was regarded as an "awkward squad," had been gradually effecting a landing and a lodgment not unwelcome to the unsuspicious natives. No alarm was taken when they threw out a skirmish-line of magazines, and began to deploy an occasional wild poet, who advanced in buckskin leggings, revolver in hand, or a stray sharp-shooting sketcher clad in the picturesque robes of the sunset. But when the main body of American novelists got fairly ashore and into position, the literary militia of the island rose up as one man, with the strength of a thousand, to repel the invaders and sweep them back across the Atlantic. The spectacle had a dramatic interest. The invaders were not numerous, did not carry their native tomahawks, they had been careful to wash off the frightful paint with which they usually go into action, they did not utter the defiant whoop of Pogram, and even the militia regarded them as on the whole "amusin' young 'possums"—and yet all the resources of modern and ancient warfare were brought to bear upon them. There was a crack of revolvers from the daily press, a lively fusillade of small-arms in the astonished weeklies, a discharge of point-blank blunderbusses from the monthlies; and some of the heavy quarterlies loaded up the old pieces of ordnance, that had not been charged in forty years, with slugs and brickbats and junk-bottles, and poured in raking broadsides. The effect on the island was something tremendous: it shook and trembled and was almost hidden in the smoke of the conflict. What the effect is upon the invaders, it is too soon to determine. If any of them survive, it will be God's mercy to his weak and innocent children.

It must be said that the American people—such of them as were aware of this uprising—took the punishment of their presumption in a sweet and forgiving spirit. If they did not feel that they deserved it, they regarded it as a valuable contribution to the study of sociology and race characteristics, in which they have taken a lively interest of late. We know how it is ourselves, they said; we used to be thin-skinned and self-conscious and sensitive. We used to wince and cringe under English criticism, and try to strike back in a blind fury. We have learned that criticism is good for us, and we are grateful for it from any source. We have learned that English criticism is dictated by love for us, by a warm interest in our intellectual development, just as English anxiety about our revenue laws is based upon a yearning that our down-trodden millions shall enjoy the benefits of free trade. We did not understand why a country that admits our beef and grain and cheese should seem to seek protection against a literary product which is brought into competition with one of the great British staples, the modern novel. It seemed inconsistent. But we are no more consistent ourselves. We cannot understand the action of our own Congress, which protects the American author by a round duty on foreign books and refuses to protect him by granting a foreign copyright; or, to put it in another way, is willing to steal the brains of the foreign author under the plea of free knowledge, but taxes free knowledge in another form. We have no defense to make of the state of international copyright, though we appreciate the complication of the matter in the conflicting interests of English and American publishers.

Yes; we must insist that, under the circumstances, the American people have borne this outburst of English criticism in an admirable spirit. It was as unexpected as it was sudden. Now, for many years our international relations have been uncommonly smooth, oiled every few days by complimentary banquet speeches, and sweetened by abundance of magazine and newspaper "taffy." Something too much of "taffy" we have thought was given us at times, for, in getting bigger in various ways, we have grown more modest. Though our English admirers may not believe it, we see our own faults more clearly than we once did,—thanks, partly, to the faithful castigations of our friends,—and we sometimes find it difficult to conceal our blushes when we are over-praised. We fancied that we were going on, as an English writer on "Down-Easters" used to say, as "slick as ile," when this miniature tempest suddenly burst out in a revival of the language and methods used in the redoubtable old English periodicals forty years ago. We were interested in seeing how exactly this sort of criticism that slew our literary fathers was revived now for the execution of their degenerate children. And yet it was not exactly the same. We used to call it "slang-whanging."

One form of it was a blank surprise at the pretensions of American authors, and a dismissal with the formula of previous ignorance of their existence. This is modified now by a modest expression of "discomfiture" on reading of American authors "whose very names, much less peculiarities, we never heard of before." This is a tribunal from which there is no appeal. Not to have been heard of by an Englishman is next door to annihilation. It is at least discouraging to an author who may think he has gained some reputation over what is now conceded to be a considerable portion of the earth's surface, to be cast into total obscurity by the negative damnation of English ignorance. There is to us something pathetic in this and in the surprise of the English critic, that there can be any standard of respectable achievement outside of a seven-miles radius turning on Charing Cross.

The pathetic aspect of the case has not, however, we are sorry to say, struck the American press, which has too often treated with unbecoming levity this unaccountable exhibition of English sensitiveness. There has been little reply to it; at most, generally only an amused report of the war, and now and then a discriminating acceptance of some of the criticism as just, with a friendly recognition of the fact that on the whole the critic had done very well considering the limitation of his knowledge of the subject on which he wrote. What is certainly noticeable is an entire absence of the irritation that used to be caused by similar comments on America thirty years ago. Perhaps the Americans are reserving their fire as their ancestors did at Bunker's Hill, conscious, maybe, that in the end they will be driven out of their slight literary entrenchments. Perhaps they were disarmed by the fact that the acrid criticism in the London "Quarterly Review" was accompanied by a cordial appreciation of the novels that seemed to the reviewer characteristically American. The interest in the latter's review of our poor field must be languid, however, for nobody has taken the trouble to remind its author that Brockden Brown — who is cited as a typical American writer, true to local character, scenery, and color — put no more flavor of American life and soil in his books than is to be found in "Frankenstein."

It does not, I should suppose, lie in the way of THE CENTURY, whose general audience on both sides of the Atlantic takes only an amused interest in this singular revival of a traditional literary animosity, — an anachronism in these tolerant days when the reading world cares less and less about the origin of literature that pleases it, — it does not lie in the way of THE CENTURY to do more than report this phenomenal literary effervescence. And yet it cannot escape a certain responsibility as an immediate though innocent occasion of this exhibition of international courtesy, because its last November number contained some papers that seem to have been irritating. In one of them Mr. Howells let fall some chance remarks on the tendency of modern fiction, without adequately developing his theory, which were largely dissented from in this country, and were like the uncorking of six vials in England. The other was an essay on England, dictated by admiration for the achievements of the foremost nation of our time, which, unfortunately from the awkwardness of the eulogist, was the uncorking of the seventh vial — the uncorking of which, we happen to know, so prostrated the writer that he resolved never to attempt to praise England again. His panic was somewhat allayed by the soothing remark in a kindly paper in the "Blackwood's Magazine" for January, that the writer had discussed his theme "by no means unfairly or disrespectfully." But with a shudder he recognized what a peril he had escaped. Great Scott! — the reference is to a local American deity who is invoked in war, and not to the Biblical commentator — what would have happened to him if he had spoken of England "disrespectfully"!

We gratefully acknowledge also the remark of the "Blackwood's" writer in regard to the claims of America in literature. "These claims," he says, "we have hitherto been very charitable to." How our life depends upon a continual exhibition by the critics of this divine attribute of charity it would perhaps be unwise in us to confess. We can at least take courage that it exists — who does not need it in this world of misunderstandings? — since we know that charity is not puffed up, vaunteth not itself, hopeth all things, endureth all things, is not easily provoked; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish; but charity never faileth. And when all our "dialects" on both sides of the water shall vanish, and we shall speak no more Yorkshire or Cape Cod, or London cockney or "Pike" or "Cracker" vowel flatness, nor write them any more, but all use the noble simplicity of the ideal English, and not indulge in such odd-sounding phrases as this of our critic that "the combatants on both sides were by way of detesting each other," though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels — we shall still need charity.

It will occur to the charitable that the Americans are at a disadvantage in this little

international "tiff." For while the offenders have inconsiderately written over their own names, the others preserve a privileged anonymity. Any attempt to reply to these voices out of the dark reminds one of the famous duel between the Englishman and the Frenchman which took place in a pitch-dark chamber, with the frightful result that when the tender-hearted Englishman discharged his revolver up the chimney he brought down his man. One never can tell in a case of this kind but a charitable shot might bring down a valued friend or even a peer of the realm.

In all soberness, however, and setting aside the open question, which country has most diverged from the English as it was at the time of the separation of the colonies from the mother-land, we may be permitted a word or two in the hope of a better understanding. The offense in THE CENTURY paper on "England" seems to have been in phrases such as these:—"When we began to produce something that was the product of our own soil and of our own social conditions, it was still judged by the old standards"; and, we are no longer irritated by "the snobbishness of English critics of a certain school," "for we see that its criticism is only the result of ignorance—simply of inability to understand."

Upon this the reviewer affects to lose his respiration, and with "a gasp of incredulity" wants to know what the writer means, "and what standards he proposes to himself when he has given up the English ones?" The reviewer makes a more serious case than the writer intended, or than a fair construction of the context of his phrases warrants. It is the criticism of "a certain school" only that was said to be the result of ignorance. It is not the English language nor its body of enduring literature—the noblest monument of our common civilization—that the writer objected to as a standard of our performances. The standard objected to is the narrow insular one (the term "insular" is used purely as a geographical one) that measures life, social conditions, feeling, temperament and national idiosyncracies expressed in our literature, by certain fixed notions prevalent in England. Probably also the expression of national peculiarities would diverge somewhat from the "old standards." All we thought of asking was that allowance should be made for this expression and these peculiarities, as it would be made in case of other literatures and peoples. It might have occurred to our critics, we used to think, to ask themselves whether the English literature is not elastic enough to permit the play of forces in it which are foreign to their experience. Genuine literature is the expression, we take it, of life—and truth to that is the standard of its success. Reference was intended to this, and not to the common canons of literary art. But we have given up the expectation that the English critic "of a certain school" will take this view of it, and this is the plain reason—not intended to be offensive—why much of the English criticism has ceased to be highly valued in this country, and why it has ceased to annoy. At the same time, it ought to be added, English opinion, when it is seen to be based upon knowledge, is as highly respected as ever. And nobody in America, so far as we know, entertains, or ever entertained, the idea of setting aside as standards the master-minds in British literature.

In regard to the "inability to understand," we can, perhaps, make ourselves more clearly understood, for the "Blackwood's" reviewer has kindly furnished us an illustration in this very paper, when he passes in patronizing review the novels of Mr. Howells. In discussing the character of Lydia Blood, in "The Lady of the Aroostook," he is exceedingly puzzled by the fact that a girl from rural New England, brought up amid surroundings homely in the extreme, should have been considered a lady. He says:

> "The really 'American thing' in it is, we think, quite undiscovered either by the author or his heroes, and that is the curious confusion of classes which attributes to a girl brought up on the humblest level all the prejudices and necessities of the highest society. Granting that there was anything dreadful in it, the daughter of a homely small farmer in England is not guarded and accompanied like a young lady on her journeys from one place to another. Probably her mother at home would be disturbed, like Lydia's aunt, at the thought that there was no woman on board, in case her child should be ill or lonely; but, as for any impropriety, would never think twice on that subject. The difference is that the English girl would not be a young lady. She would find her sweetheart among the sailors, and would have nothing to say to the gentlemen. This difference is far more curious than the misadventure, which might have happened anywhere, and far more remarkable than the fact that the gentlemen did behave to her like gentlemen, and did their best to set her at ease, which we hope would have happened anywhere else. But it is, we think, exclusively American, and very curious and interesting, that this young woman, with her antecedents so distinctly set before us, should be represented as a lady, not at all out of place among her cultivated companions, and ready to become an ornament of society the moment she lands in Venice."

Reams of writing could not more clearly explain what is meant by "inability to understand" American conditions and to judge fairly the literature growing out of them; and reams of writing would be wasted in the attempt to make our curious critic comprehend the situation. There is nothing in his experience of "farmers' daughters" to give him

the key to it. We might tell him that his notion of a farmer's daughters in England does not apply to New England. We might tell him of a sort of society of which he has no conception and can have none, of farmers' daughters and farmers' wives in New England—more numerous, let us confess, thirty or forty years ago than now—who lived in homely conditions, dressed with plainness, and followed the fashions afar off, did their own household work, even the menial parts of it, cooked the meals for the "men folks" and the "hired help," made the butter and cheese, and performed their half of the labor that wrung an honest but not luxurious living from the reluctant soil. And yet those women—the sweet and gracious ornaments of a self-respecting society—were full of spirit, of modest pride in their position, were familiar with much good literature, could converse with piquancy and understanding on subjects of general interest, were trained in the subtleties of a solid theology, and bore themselves in any company with that traditional breeding which we associate with the name of lady. Such strong native sense had they, such innate refinement and courtesy,—the product, it used to be said, of plain living and high thinking,—that, ignorant as they might be of civic ways, they would, upon being introduced to them, need only a brief space of time to "orient" themselves to the new circumstances. Much more of this sort might be said without exaggeration. To us there is nothing incongruous in the supposition that Lydia Blood was "ready to become an ornament to society the moment she lands in Venice."

But we lack the missionary spirit necessary to the exertion to make our interested critic comprehend such a social condition, and we prefer to leave ourselves to his charity, in the hope of the continuance of which we rest in serenity.

Charles Dudley Warner.

HALF-LIVES.

I.

Two were they, two; but one
They might have been. Each knew
The other's spirit-fittest mate—apart.
Ah, hapless! though once jealous Fortune drew
Them almost heart to heart,
In a brief-lighted sun!

II.

So near they came, and then—they are
So far!
They seemed like two who pass,
Each on a world-long journey opposite,
Their two trains hurrying dark
With long-drawn roar through the dread deep of night,
(O faces close—they almost touched, alas!
O hands that might have thrilled with meeting spark!
O lips that might have kissed!
O eyes with folded sight
Dreaming some vision bright!)
In darkness and in mist.

John James Piatt.

THE ABORIGINES AND THE COLONISTS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

"TALL, handsome timbered people," is the phrase by which one of the earliest travelers in New England describes the Indians, and he adds that "the *Indesses* that are young are some of them very comely — many pretty brownettos and spider-fingered lasses may be seen among them." He frankly adds that the savages are "very fingurative or thievish," and "importunate beggars" withal. Mutual curiosity, followed by barter, by attempts at religious conversion, and by a hostility from which there seemed to be no escape, are the ever-recurring phases of the contact of the white and red races in all parts of North America. With fresh and wondering eyes the explorers sent by Ralegh saw the stately Indians who came to trade on the decks of their vessels, and the later comers in James River looked with a similar curiosity at the chief who marched to welcome them at the head of a procession, while he played upon a scrannel pipe of reed. It is hard for us to imagine the wonder with which these untraveled Englishmen regarded savages who wore their hair cut short like a cock's comb in the middle of the head, one side of which was shaved and covered by a copper plate; who decked their painted bodies with birds' feathers; and wore, besides other "conundrums," such ear-ring pendants as bears' or hawks' claws, living snakes, or "dead rats by the tail"; sometimes, also, the dried hand of a human enemy dangled under a face painted to produce a horrible effect.

The Indians, on their part, held superstitious notions of the new-comers, whom they regarded as in some sort *manitos*, or demons, on account of their apparently magical skill. When the black slaves were brought, however, the savages at Manhattan revised their theory; these blacks were "the true breed of devils," they exclaimed. The mysterious articles of the white man's manufacture were all supernatural in Indian eyes. Thomas Harriott, the great mathematician, a member of Ralegh's colony, zealously read the Bible in the hamlets of the North Carolina tribes, who thereupon paid homage to the book. Harriott's scientific instruments, the loadstones, burning-glasses, fireworks, guns, fish-hooks, and, yet more, a spring clock that "went of itself," were also considered supernatural. On the hill by New Amsterdam, the Indians watched the ghostly wings of the windmill, moved by a power invisible, and to them it was "the world's wonder; they durst not come near his long arms and teeth biting to pieces."

But all the childish curiosity and all the erroneous notions were not on the side of the savages. The early travelers and settlers believed with singular unanimity that Indians were born white; even the French Jesuit writers who dwelt among them would have it that the color of their skins was due to their nudity and to bear's-grease, while Josselyn states explicitly that the Indian babes in New England were dyed with hemlock bark, tanned like leather, as one might say; and so late as 1681, William Penn pronounces them black as gypsies, "but by design."

The institutions of the Indians are seen through English eyes by all the colonists. Petty chiefs of a few hundred or, at most, two or three thousand bowmen, are "kings," and we read of a message sent from Pennsylvania to the "Emperor of Canada" — some Iroquois head man, no doubt. The chief's squaw was always a "queen" or an "empress," and the little naked Pocahontas was a royal "princess." We grow tired of thinking how great a mob of kings and emperors there were in this savage wilderness, and are relieved when a more modest writer speaks of "one Black William, an Indian duke." In like manner, the "medicine-men," or professional conjurors and jugglers, were regarded by the earlier voyagers as the priests of a regular worship of the sun or of the devil.

A favorite topic for the display of learned folly in Europe and America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the origin of the Indians. At a very early period they were the cursed children of Canaan, the son of Ham; then it was shrewdly guessed that they came from Joktan, and their affiliation might quite as reasonably have been fixed upon almost any of the other names in the biblical genealogies. However, the eminent

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Dutch scholar, Grotius—"the Oracle of Delft"—discovered that the Americans could not be, as various writers had maintained, Scythians, Moors, Tartars, or what not, but must be of Hebrew descent. This hypothesis, founded on the similarity of customs among primitive peoples, served to quicken the hopes of the apostle Eliot, and to stimulate the liberality of sentimental people in England, who were pleased to find Americans in their Bibles, if only by far-fetched inference. And did not the Indians, like the ancient Jews, anoint their heads, dance after a victory, compute time by nights and moons, speak in parables, and make "grievous mournings and yellings" for their dead? But there were rival theories in vogue, some of them mixed up with an incomprehensible jargon about Gog and Magog. Dr. Mede, a famous English theologian, propounded one which was regarded by some in New England "as the oracle of God." It was that some centuries after Christ, the devil, becoming alarmed lest his worship should be quite expelled from the world, induced some of the heathen of the north of Europe to undertake a passage to a promised land in America, thus making himself "the ape of God," who had led his chosen people in this way. The conclusion was that, although it might be found impossible to convert the devil-worshipers, yet it would be a work "pleasing to Almighty God and our Blessed Saviour to affront the devil with the sound of the Gospel where he had hoped to escape the din thereof."

This theory of Dr. Mede was suitable to the state of feeling in New England in the time of Philip's war, and accorded with the belief, prevailing so persistently, that the American Indians worshiped devils, and held audible and visible communication with Satan through their diviners or medicine-men. Champlain declares that the priests of the Algonkins talk visibly with the devil; and Whittaker, the "Apostle of Virginia," says that the Indians are "naked slaves of the devil," and that their priests are no better than English witches. Strachey, secretary of the Virginia colony, thinks that their "connivres" are able to detect theft by the devil's help; and Lawson had heard that, while the conjurations of Carolina Indians were in progress, there was a significant "smell of brimstone in the cabins." The pilgrims at Plymouth recognized the power of Indian jugglers to fetch rain; the Jesuits of Canada equally believed in their magical skill; and a Dutch clergyman at Fort Orange avers that they had so much witchcraft, divination, sorcery, and wicked tricks, that they could not be held in by any bands or locks. Josselyn says that the medicine-men of New England were invulnerable—"shot free and stick free"; while one of the earliest fur-traders of Maine declares that the Indians were all witches. Roger Williams lovingly calls the savages "wild brethren and sisters," but, after having once seen a medicine-dance, he "durst never be an eye-witness, spectator, or looker-on," lest he should have been "partaker of Sathan's inventions and worship"; and he grants that the powwows "doe most certainly by the help of the Divell work great cures." An intelligent writer on New York in 1670 relates with implicit belief that the medicine-men were wont to materialize a spirit at the green-corn feast, which now and then went so far as to carry off some of the spectators while the conjuror was taking the collection customary on all such occasions. But this demon was, after the manner of his kind, shy of irreverent skeptics and investigators; he would never appear until all the white men had been put out. A hundred years after Roger Williams, David Brainerd, missionary to the Delawares, witnessing the same ceremony did not flee like Williams, but attempted exorcism. "At a distance, with my Bible in my hand," he says, "I was resolved, if possible, to spoil the spirit of powwowing, and prevent their receiving an answer from the infernal world." One reason given for the cruel attack made by the Dutch director, Kieft, upon the savages of New Netherland, in 1642, was that the natives were making him the subject of diabolical incantations; and in the first code of laws promulgated for the government of New York after its capture by the English, it is enacted that no Indian shall "at any time be suffered to powaw or performe outward worship of the Devil in any Towne within this government." Similar statutes in other colonies were aimed at giving the devil discomfort.

Almost all the tribes with which the English came in contact in the first epoch of colonization were of the Algonkin stock, and spoke cognate languages. This race of Indians occupied the coast from the St. Lawrence to the Carolinas, and of the interior it held almost all the territory north of the Ohio between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, and stretched away to the Saskatchewan Valley in British America. John Smith, in the waters of the Chesapeake, and the Dutch at Fort Orange, where Albany now stands, reached early the powerful Iroquois race, who, in the Five Nations of New York,—the Hurons of Canada, the Eries, and the Neuter Nation of the intermediate country about the lakes, and the Susquehannahs and Tuscaroras of the Piedmont region of Maryland, and North Carolina,—formed an island,

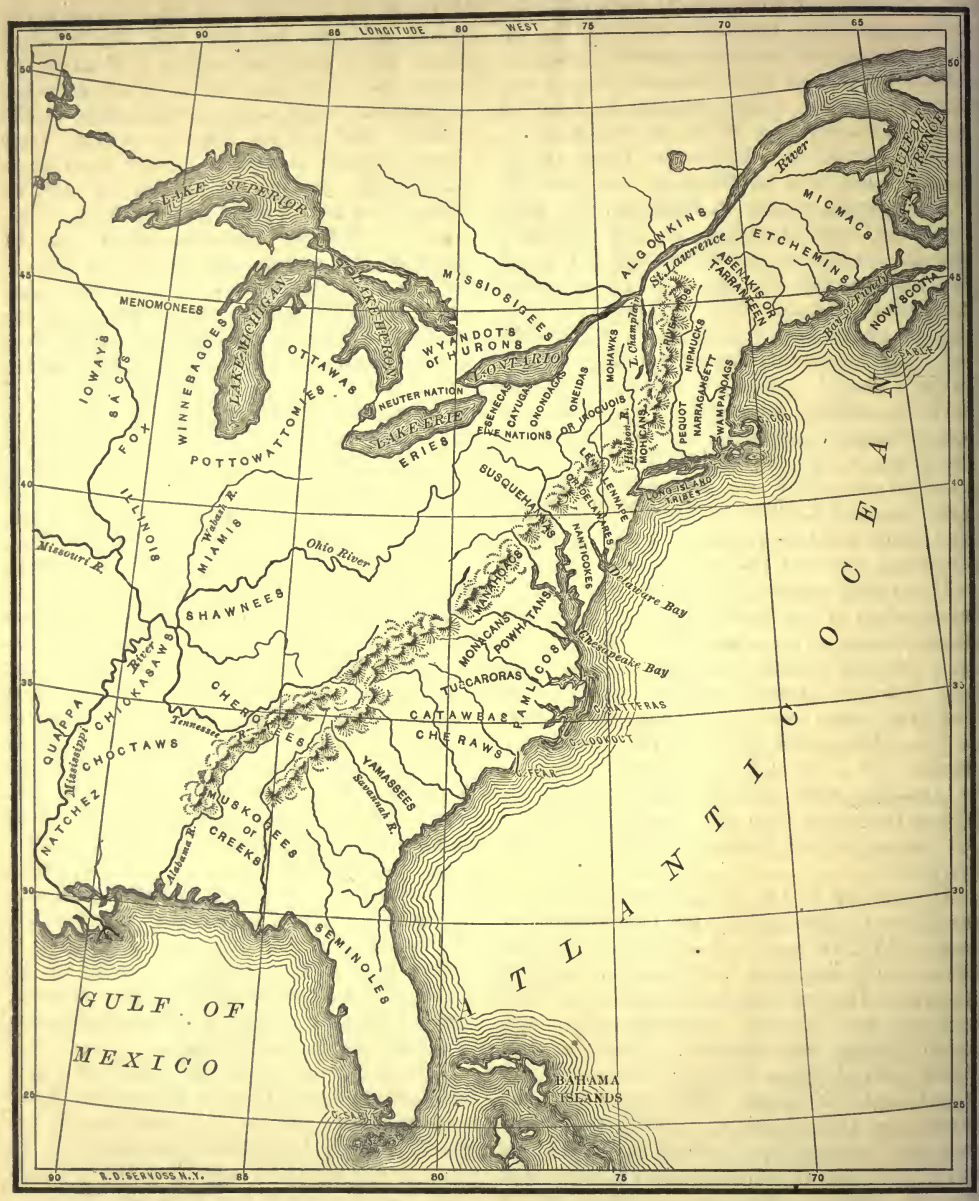


CHART SHOWING THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF THE MORE PROMINENT INDIAN TRIBES WHEN FIRST KNOWN TO EUROPEANS.

or islands, wholly surrounded by Algonkins. The southern colonies were in contact with tribes of the Muscogee family,—the Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. It is only by language and customs that this classification can be made; the lines of alliance and hostility among the Indians did not conform to those of race and speech, and the universal adoption of captives, especially of children taken in war, stood in the way of any very marked diversity of physical appearance or mental characteristics.

II.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM THE BARBARIANS.

THE Indian manner of living, learned from the climate and the hard necessities of the wilderness, afforded many suggestions to the colonists. In Virginia, as in New England, the planting of the Indians' corn saved the first settlers from starvation, and the white men imitated the Indian method of planting and cooking it. Having no iron, the savages cleared their fields awkwardly by girdling the

trees and letting them stand, if the forest was not dense, or by burning down the tree, and then severing the trunk into logs by means of little fires. The stone axes used in some tribes were accounted precious and were handed down as heir-looms. They were provided with helves by splitting a cleft in a young tree and inserting the ax; here it remained until the wood had grown about it, when a section of the sapling was taken out with the ax inclosed. The Southern Indian twisted a hickory withe about the ax-head for a handle. Even after they had got iron tools from the whites, it suited the indolent temper of the race better to burn down the trees than to chop them. They had hoes made of wood, of a turtle-shell affixed to a stick, or of a sharp stone, or a deer's shoulder-blade similarly arranged. The corn was planted as our farmers plant it, in hills three or four feet apart, with four or five grains in a hill. Beans grew about the stalk then as now, and pumpkins or squashes filled the intervening space.

The very names of our dishes are witnesses that the European-Americans learned many ways of cooking from the Indians. Pone, hominy, samp, succotash, and supawn are words borrowed from the aboriginal tongues; and the preparations of Indian corn which bear these names were served in wigwams, no doubt, for ages before white men had ever seen the gay streamers and waving tassels of the maize-field. On a hot stone, or the bottom of an earthern vessel set before the fire, the aboriginal baked what the pioneer afterward baked on his hoe and called a hoe-cake; the toothsome southern "ash-cake" was also first made by the squaws, who shrouded it in husks before committing it to the fire. The Indians knew how to hull corn by applying lye. They celebrated the coming of the delicious green "roasting-ears" by a solemn feast. They nourished infants and invalids with maize-gruel, and they were before us also with the merry pop-corn—"the corn that blossomed," as the Hurons called it.

But "our wild brethren and sisters," used Indian corn in ways unknown to us; it was their chief food, and they "put it through all its sauces." Jerusalem artichokes, dried currants, powdered mulberries,—indeed, almost all other sorts of fruit and flesh,—were mixed with it. They cooked little doughnuts of meal by dropping them into maple syrup. One of their most useful preparations was probably that which, in Virginia, was called *rockahominy*, and in New England, *nokick*—simply parched corn pulverized, and carried in a pouch in journeying; it was mixed, before eating, with snow in winter and with spring water in summer. They used maize for many other things: of the meal they made poultices; with a bowl of mush, given by the bride to her new lord, some tribes celebrated marriages; by means of the grains of maize, to represent a penny or stiver, the savage cast up his accounts with the trader; grains of corn were sent as tickets to those who were bidden to a feast; and, by putting them into gourds and turtle-shells, rattles were made. The husks they braided for mats and wrought into baskets, into light balls for some of their games, into salt-bottles, and even shoes, long before the white man took the hint and made of them chair-bottoms, floor-mats, and collars for horses. Maize was worshipped as a divinity. Children were kept in the field to watch the precious grain as it grew; but some of the tribes protected the thievish crow, because of the legend that a crow had brought them the first seed of the plant which supported their life on so many sides.

From the aborigines the settlers learned the use of other articles of food, such as the persimmon of the South, and the so-called ground-nut of the North. Penn found the savages eating baked beans, as white people do yet in Boston. The festoons of drying pumpkin in the frontierman's cabin are imitated from the Indians.

None knew better than the red men with what last resorts to sustain life in time of famine. The roving Adirondacks, who planted little, if at all, were called "tree-eaters" by their enemies, because they were often obliged to subsist on the "rock-tripe" lichen, and the inner bark and buds of trees. The starving condition to which many of the European pioneers were reduced obliged them to learn to eat the food with which the savages supplied their wants. The first Virginia settlers were glad to feed on the green snake, and a hundred years later the meat of the rattlesnake was regarded as "dainty food" by some of the planters. The Indians were not epicures. Even their varied preparations of maize must have been insipid from the lack of salt in most of the tribes. But a savage appetite is not fastidious. Putrid meat, whole frogs, the intestines of the deer just as taken from the animal, and fish-oil or bear's oil, even when rancid, were not refused. Fruit was not suffered to ripen, lest others should find it; the tree was felled, and the fruit, sour and acrid as it was, consumed at once.

The Indian's wigwam was too easily made and too well suited to the pressing needs of the settlers, not to be occasionally used. All the tribes in the country east of the Alleghanies built bark-houses, though of varying degrees of excellence and stability. In a place

of temporary dwelling, or among the more shiftless tribes, it was but a rude little shelter, with a hole at the side by which the owner entered and the smoke came out. The Iroquois race, on the other hand, as well as some Algonkin tribes, constructed an elaborate compound wigwam of bark, capable of holding a clan of many families, of affording some rude conveniences, and of fending the bitter northern cold. The Indians of Virginia and the Carolina coast built houses of red cedar bark, sometimes fifty or a hundred feet long; while the Muscogees, and perhaps others, had winter-houses of logs. But the house of bark was almost universal, and was so well suited to the roving life and easy habits of the savage that even the apostle Eliot could persuade but few of his converts to accept the white man's house. The majority thought it an advantage that they could easily remove the wigwam, and thus be rid of the vermin.

In Virginia, the primitive cabins of Jamestown borrowed the bark roof and other features from the wigwam. The best of these cabins were decorated with brightly colored Indian mats, which the exiled gentry of Lord De la Warre's time playfully compared to "arras hangings and tapestry." In Massachusetts many of the poorer settlers dwelt at first in tents and booths, and for a long time after in wigwams. In Maryland, the first comers shared an Indian village with the original owners. In East Jersey, the settler erected in a single day a wigwam that served him until he could build a palisade house. The Quakers in West Jersey were glad to winter in Indian wigwams at first. In the warmer climate of Frederica, in Georgia, bowers of palmetto-leaves took the place of the preliminary bark shelter. Perhaps the only surviving relic of the Indian mode of building among the white people in the Eastern States is the bark "camp"—a sort of wigwam—still used as a place of temporary abode by sportsmen in the northern forests.

With the bark-cabin, with maize, and with tobacco, came the only social customs derived from the Indians by the colonists. When a wigwam was to be built, land to be opened for corn, or other difficult work to be done, the Indian called out all of his neighbors; the husking of the maize, too, was always attended by a merry crowd. Such customs were well suited to the physical and social wants of a community in the wilderness; the "house-raising," the "wood-chopping" and the "apple-peeling" came to be as universal among the colonists as among the Indians. In New England, the word "bee" was invented as a generic name for parties of this sort. The practice of smoking together by the wayside and elsewhere, in sign of friendship, which the Puritan law-makers thought too pleasant to be harmless, was an Indian custom; among the tribes of the great interior valley it had come to be in some cases a state solemnity, so that the calumet or peace-pipe was the safe-conduct of an ambassador.

The make-shifts of the wilderness were early acquired from the savages: modes of hunting, of trapping, and of traveling, the "blazing" of trees to mark new forest-paths, the twisting of ropes from the inner bark of the slippery elm, and other devices for meeting the exigences of forest living. For years the Plymouth pilgrims pounded their corn in wooden mortars, after the primitive manner of their neighbors; and the same practice prevailed in other pioneer settlements. The Virginians were still using the fish-weir at the period of the Revolution. When the Southern or Western farmer, dressing his swine, drops hot stones into a barrel of water until it boils, he makes use of a device common to those tribes of Indians that had only wooden vessels. The making of sugar from the maple was practiced by the Indians, who boiled the sap in earthen pots. The pine-knot candle, so generally used in the cabins of the colonists, had lighted the smoky wigwams, no doubt, for ages before Europeans arrived. The canoe made by excavating a log is still in use: the Indian wrought it painfully by burning the wood and scraping it out with shells or stones. If one may believe the reports, there were some canoes, probably of bark, among the Long Island tribes, that would carry eighty men apiece; those carrying half that number were not uncommon. The birch-bark canoe —the Indian's masterpiece—still holds its own among the Northern trappers, guides, and *voyageurs*, as does also the ingenious network snow-shoe. So, too, the dressing of skins with the brains of the animal, and the making of basket-splints by pounding ash-wood until the "growths" separate, are lessons which the frontierman learned from the savage.

It is evident that the contributions of the red race to pioneer life in this country were many and important. In estimating the influence of the Indians on colonial character, we must take into account the corruption of manners on the frontier, proceeding from the trickery which always accompanies trade with ignorant and childish savages, and from the irregular relations of white men with Indian women. The idleness and the paucity of moral restrictions in savage life rendered it attractive to reckless men. The New England lawgivers punished dwellers in the tents of the heathen for their pagan way of living;

one such straggler is described as "a sad wretch; he never heard a sermon but once these fourteen years." The many degenerate white men who lingered among the Southern tribes are spoken of by the naturalist Brickell as "a lost and unfortunate sort of people." These Southern lotus-eaters attributed their long loitering to the waters of Herbert's Spring at the head of the Savannah: whoever drank of this fountain was doomed to spend seven years in the wilderness beyond. The superstition became a fixed one; men fainting with thirst passed by the fatal fountain without drinking, fearing to "pluck the fruit of the forbidden ground."

III.

DECAY OF THE OLD LIFE OF THE INDIAN.

On the other hand, every part of the Indian's life was disturbed by the approximation of civilization. Savages who had not yet advanced beyond the stage of stone hatchets and chronic inter-tribal warfare, were not suffered to develop into that of iron implements and commercial activity through tedious cycles by the slow processes of race culture and natural selection, but were overwhelmed by the premature arrival of a complex civilization out of another world. The flint hatchet and the spear tipped with deer's horn did not grow by degrees into the thousand implements of the world of artificers; they were abolished suddenly while yet the people whose intelligence was gauged by them were incapable of accepting the new life which had engulfed their old. The economic equilibrium of savagery was overturned. The hoe was a helpful addition to the Indian's power, but fire-arms and the white man's commodities broke down the old relation of supply and demand in his life; the necessity for exertion became less strenuous, wild animals were more easily killed with the new weapons, and unwonted supplies could be bought from the trader with furs and deer-skins. Under the augmented demand the fur-bearing animals soon grew scarce; with the increased facilities for capture, game disappeared. By this time new habits had been formed, and new wants aggravated the misery of savage life; the son of the fierce, indolent, and independent warrior found himself a parasite — a hewer of wood for the white man. It is not surprising that, in despair and blind resentment, the Indian tribe sometimes dashed itself to pieces in futile resistance to the incoming civilization.

Not that Indian life was, at its best, a desirable or endurable mode of existence for any but one who had the tastes of a savage. It was squalid, inconvenient, and miserable, with the addition of life-long insecurity growing out of perpetual inter-tribal warfare. Even in the cabins of the Creek tribes, and in the fixed bark-houses of the Iroquois-Huron race, there was no furniture but the rudest implements, and a platform covered with skins or mats for a bed, and used by all the family. There were no provisions for privacy or decency. The higher Algonkins, like the Powhatans and some others, were not better provided for; while the roving tribes of mere hunters had never more of household goods than could be conveniently packed upon the back of a squaw, and carried by a strap across her forehead. If we could assemble the implements and utensils possessed by all the different tribes, —the knives of horn, the baskets of husks and splints, the pails of bark; the mats for doors, house-lining, and beds; the bone awls for sewing and drilling wampum; the canoes of various sorts; the wooden, earthenware, and even soap-stone vessels; the spears, bows, arrows, war-clubs, and stone axes, with the rude threddles of the Muscogees,—we should have a considerable variety. But the number of kinds possessed by any one tribe was small, and the articles owned by any one family were exceedingly few.

The lightly built Indian village was usually removed when the fire-wood became scarce or the corn-ground showed signs of exhaustion; whole tribes would be jostled out of their places by an aggressive enemy, who made their villages too insecure even for the endurance of a savage. By a few reverses, a tribe might be partly exterminated and wholly broken up. Its remaining members were then forced to incorporate with other nations for protection. Thus boundaries, always uncertain, were ever receding, or advancing, or wholly vanishing.

The arrowheads of flint or horn, turkey-spur or eagle-claw, the vessels of earthenware or steatite, the fish-hooks of bone and the richly decorated costumes of buckskin, silk-grass, turkey and other plumage, and of fur,—sometimes skillfully painted on the smooth side, so that "they looked like lace," or decorated with dyed porcupine-quills and the bright-colored skins of ducks' heads,—showed that the Indians possessed ingenuity, and, on occasion, patient application. But the range of their ingenuity was narrow, and their diligence needed the goad of necessity, or the spur of their inordinate passions for revenge and display. There was never among them a spontaneous movement to acquire the arts of the white man. It was enough for them to get, by trade or pilfering, or in war, the articles which the Europeans made. Of all the new

plants brought in by the colonists, the Iroquois adopted only the apple and pear trees, and the Delaware peaches. The Indians often preferred to buy their tobacco of the white man, and they even sometimes depended on trading furs for a supply of maize, thus tending to lose their small agricultural advancement.

Almost every convenience procured from the Europeans brought disturbance to the old mode of living. The dog having been, with the exception of tame birds, the Indian's only brute companion, it was long before his life could be adjusted to the slight addition of a second domestic animal. The Hurons, on receiving horses from the French, were filled with childish delight, and the men volunteered to assist the women in getting fire-wood — the driving of horses was a new diversion for idlers. But the gift was a fatal one at first: the horses ate the unfenced maize, and the village was thrown into consternation. When iron and brass kettles, with poor iron hatchets manufactured on purpose for the Indian trade, could be had in exchange for beaver-skins, there was no longer need for the laborious making of earthen pots or stone hatchets; the rudimentary arts of pottery and stone-cutting were quickly forgotten, and the Indian took a step backward in becoming by so much less an artificer and by so much more a mere hunter. Even the shell-beads which the sea-coast Indians manufactured with so much toil and painstaking, for ornament and money, were better made by the Dutch at Hackensack and Albany. The elaborate fur garments were ripped up and sold, and their kind made no more; the duffel cloth, without so much as a hem or seam, was thrown about the shoulder, and the Indian was more than before a savage. His guns, his traps, his knives, his hatchets, his outer garment, and his wampum money, were all purchased in exchange for skins, and thus he lost his skill, exterminated his game, and sacrificed his independence.

What made the lean and hungry fox think his lot better than that of the pampered house-dog was the collar-mark on the dog's neck. That which was dearest to the Indian in his rugged life was its entire freedom. From infancy he was subject to almost no authority, either of parent or chieftain. Where there was little property and entire liberty of secession from the band, the control of a chief was of necessity small. The men and women of the tribe were rather managed than governed by their head men. The execution of penalties was left almost always to private revenge; quarrels were settled without the intervention of authority, unless a dispute threatened the integrity of the band, in which case it was taken in hand and managed by the craft of the chief and the council. If a member of the tribe was troublesome, and his death regarded as desirable for public reasons, suggestions were adroitly thrown out that he was a worker of evil charms, and all the ills that happened in the village came thenceforth to be attributed to his malice and magic; he was at length put to death in obedience to a popular clamor, while the chief men who had purposed his destruction did not appear in the matter. In rare cases of sedition or witchcraft, the council appointed executioners to stab the offender.

It is related that once, among the Hurons of Canada, a public execution was deemed needful under the following circumstances: A man had "cast away" his wife, but she went in the annual hunting-party, accompanied by her brothers. Perceiving by accident that her husband, who was of the party, was watching her, she warned her brothers, and, with the youngest of them, concealed herself at night in a tree near their lodge, where she was witness to a struggle in which the rest of her brothers were slain by her husband and his friends. The woman, after many narrow escapes, contrived to reach the village first, where she related the occurrence to her own family, and then to the council, giving for assurance of the truth of her story the statement that one of the assailants had been badly bitten in the hand. It was not thought best to leave so flagrant a crime to be avenged by a family several of whose warriors had been killed at a blow. A feast was therefore prepared in the council-house in honor of the returning party, who, besides having good luck, were laden with the spoils of the slain. The hunters related their adventures to the guests, as the manner is at such times, and told, with apparent grief, of the irruption of enemies who had cut off those that were missing. The man with a bandaged hand said that a beaver had bitten him. Then, from their concealment behind a mat, were suddenly brought forth the woman and the youth to confront the assassins with the story of their crime. When this circumstantial accusation was finished, young men who had been placed next to the criminals, stabbed them to death, the murderers submitting to their fate without complaint or resistance, after the manner of an Indian doomed by his own tribe.

Under the system of private retaliation for private offenses, and of tribal vengeance for public or foreign ones, the hideous passion of inveterate revenge took the place of patriotism and religion in the brain of the Indian.

It was the pride of an injured man to dissemble, but never to forget — wreaking vengeance long years after the offense. Out of this insatiable lust for revenge came the ever-recurring and almost unintermitting warfare between tribes. Battle was, indeed, a necessary pastime for idle young braves, and peace was irksome, so that war was often sought merely for the sake of excitement, and for the opportunity it gave of acquiring distinction. It was this passion for revenge, uplifted to a patriotic and pious duty, that brought about the cruelty to prisoners which makes the history of Indian wars one long horror of human perdition. In every village through which the captive passed, tortures of one kind or another were inflicted by men, women, and children, who thus consoled themselves for the loss of friends. Sometimes it was the gauntlet, sometimes a widow would solace her spirit by cutting off a joint of a finger, or biting out a nail. If the prisoner did not chance to be adopted as a slave into some cabin, in place of a dead member, he was at last "cast into the fire," under which phrase there lurked the indescribable tortures which were inflicted for dreary hours upon the defiant victim. In some tribes these torture-scenes were conducted by the women. The eating of the flesh of victims burned at the stake seems to have grown out of a desire to wreak a final and ferocious vengeance on his body, though there were warriors who boasted a great relish for human flesh. In war-time, the northern tribesmen were accustomed to "subsist on the enemy" in a literal way. Denonville, Governor of Canada, having vanquished the Senecas in 1687, was horrified at seeing twenty-five of the latter, who had been killed in battle, quartered, boiled, and devoured by his Ottawa allies; and six years later, the New York commander, Major Peter Schuyler, was not pleased to find a Frenchman's hand in the soup served to him in the camp of his Iroquois soldiers.

In war, as at home, the Indian refused discipline, following the leader whom he trusted, and returning home whenever he became discontented with the conduct of the expedition. But, despite his lawlessness and idleness, his freedom was checked on many sides by the unseen bands of traditional custom and tyrannical public sentiment. What he must do in certain contingencies was firmly prescribed for him by the immemorial usage of his race, and it was rare that any Indian was strong enough to break through this chain. Trammeled even in small matters by fixed customs and an intricate etiquette, as well as by superstitions innumerable, he never submitted to any despotism besides. Attempts of white men to enslave Indians were generally fatal to the savages, who were as unwonted to such restraints as other creatures of the wilderness.

Excitement of some kind was indispensable to relieve the tedium of the idleness in which a great part of savage life was spent. The intervals between hunting and war-parties were filled up by an inconceivable number of ungraceful dances of various kinds, all regulated by a rather complicated etiquette, many mixed with superstition, and some ending in debauch. There were feasts of many sorts, at which those not invited might crowd the door-ways as spectators, or strip off the bark sides of the cabins to see the ceremonies; and there were athletic games, and games of hazard, with dice of bones or cherry-stones, in which the excited players would often lose all their possessions, not sparing to wager their wives; the reckless gamester sometimes even staked his own liberty, and became a slave to the winner until his friends could redeem him. Sometimes the lucky arrival of prisoners in transit, who could be beaten as they ran the gauntlet, furnished diversion, and on grand occasions the savage could repair to the council-house as to a theater, to see the long-drawn torture of a captive — a sight as well suited to his taste as bull-fighting to a Spaniard's, or bear-baiting and cock-fighting to that of our English ancestors.

IV.

OBSTACLES TO CIVILIZATION AMONG THE INDIANS.

ATTEMPTS were made in every colony to civilize the Indians, but to these their immemorial and inflexible customs offered in many cases an insuperable barrier. Not only the natural indolence and ferocity of the individual, but the whole economic system of the American tribes tended to promote a barbarous unthrift. All the rewards which civilized life gives to industry and frugality were lacking. The family who had prudently grown a larger supply of corn than its neighbor was compelled by custom to share with those less provident. The inflexible law of savage hospitality assured to the idler a subsistence in the wigwams of his neighbors, and impaired the sense of property. In some of the tribes, at least, the estate of a man deceased was divided by his relatives without regard to his widow and children, who by prescription belonged to another cabin and another "totem," and were not accounted of his kindred in such sense as to inherit his goods.

The wife's property, likewise, did not belong in any case to the husband.

Deep-seated hereditary savagery, which regales itself with torture and cannibalism, cannot be removed in one generation; and before time could be given for permanent results of missionary efforts, the savages were effaced or swallowed up by civilization. The Indian mind was involved in a complicated mass of superstition which rendered the adoption of a new religion difficult. Fetichism, mixed with abject dread of invisible demons that must be appeased, an incredible reverence for dreams, and a perpetual fear of witchcraft, were the things that stood for religion among them. Some tribes had images that were used for charms, and the veneration of these rose occasionally into something like idolatry. The Indians threw tobacco to the spirit supposed to inhabit water-falls and whirlpools, and among the Iroquois the torturing and eating of their enemies partook of the nature of human sacrifice to the demon Aireskoui. There were in some tribes conjurations addressed to inferior animals and other objects of reverence. Fire,—which cooked food when pleased and consumed the cabin when angry,—the sun, the four winds, and all things that were "subtle, crafty, and beyond human power," were supernatural. The powwows or seers, who seem to have wrought themselves into trances, and to have added to these much of juggling imposture, maintained a great ascendency over the common people. It was they who, with dancing, contortion, shaking rattles, and howling, exorcised the spirit that caused sickness, often with mysterious passes drawing visibly with their teeth from various parts of the patient's body bits of hair and bone which had been inserted by witchcraft, to the no small damage of the sick man's health. Under their direction the tribes held prolonged huggermuggerings, in dry seasons, to bring rain upon the fainting fields of maize.

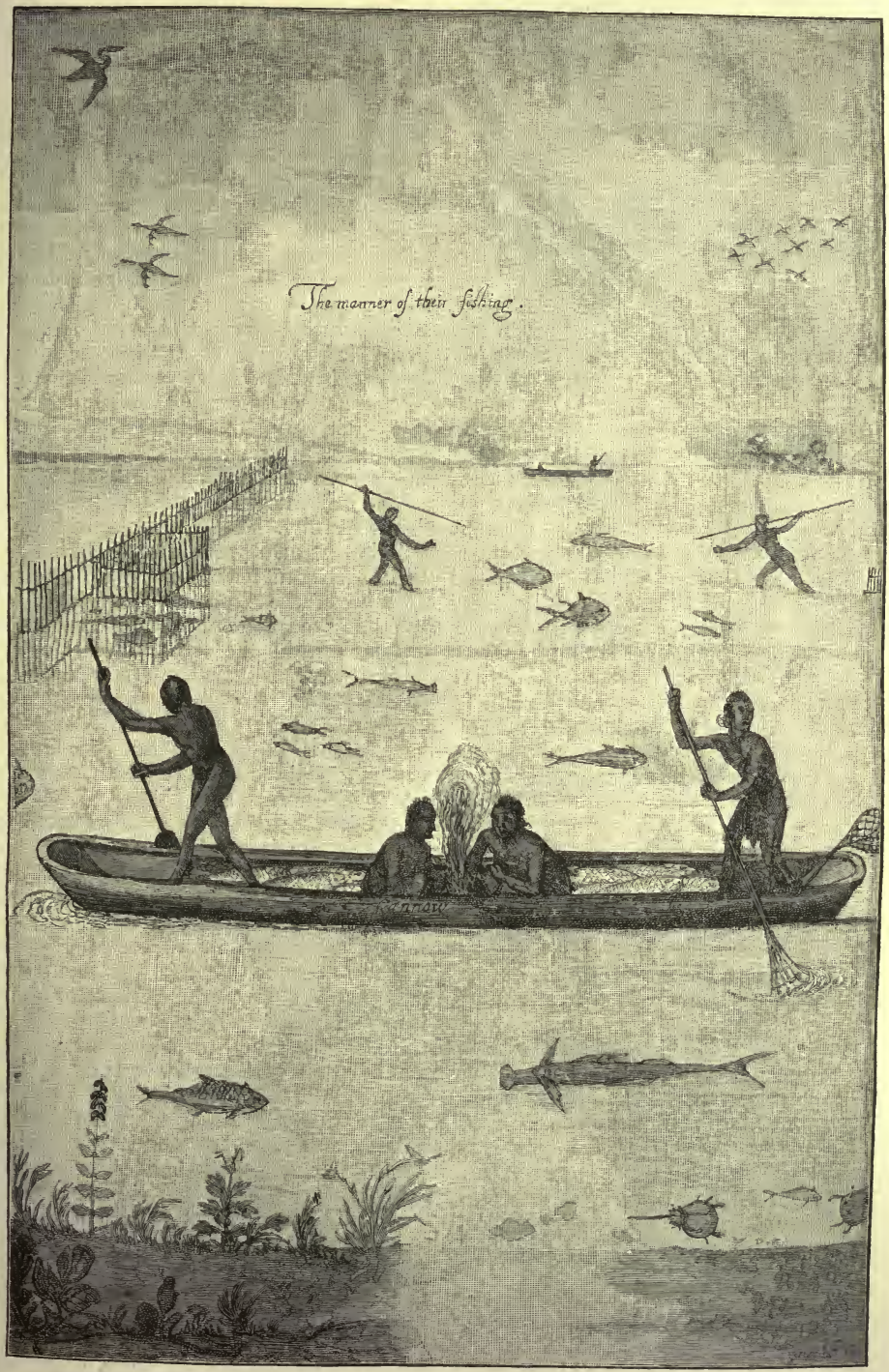
Superstition settled many questions of war and of tribal policy. A band of Indians emigrated in a body from the Minnisink region, to avoid a malign genius of the place. A party of Senecas chased a young Catawba warrior for five miles. He succeeded in killing seven of them before they captured him. The next day, when he was led out to the torture, he escaped by a sudden dash, leaped into the river amid a shower of bullets, and swam under water like an otter, only rising to take breath. On the opposite bank he made insulting gestures at his enemies, and fled away. Of those who pursued him, he slew a party of five while they slept, mangled and scalped them, and then returning in the night, dug up and scalped the seven whom he had slain at first. A solemn council of his foes decided that he must be a wizard, and that pursuit would therefore be useless.

Many were the stories of the transformation of wizards told by the Indian fires; in such tales consisted much of their folk-lore. There was one of a village whose chief men died of a plague, "once upon a time." The conjuring medicine-men knew well that the bird of death which flapped its wings and uttered its cries every night over the cabins of those doomed to destruction could be none other than a transformed wizard, but all their arts availed nothing. At last a deputation from the doomed village visited the lodge of The-Man-With-Very-Long-Hair—a hermit of the wilderness—to implore assistance. He made them some charmed arrows. With one of these they wounded the fatal bird. The next day a young man living in a poor wigwam with his mother was reported to be very ill. Some of the elders visited him, and found, as they expected, the magical arrow sticking in his flesh; under pretense of withdrawing it, they gave it such a thrust as to kill him.

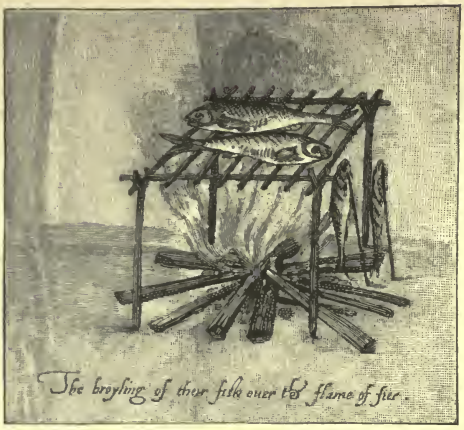
Whatever a man dreamed of must be given him at all hazards to save him from fatal calamity. In one instance a wife was surrendered to a dreamer; in another a slave was killed and cooked for one; in yet another, where the sleeper had dreamed of capture and torture, he persuaded his friends to mimic capture and subject him to a considerable torture, to prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies. Designing men often used dreams to procure what they coveted, and there are amusing stories of retorts in kind on such dreamers.

A trade in charms was carried on in some, if not in all, the tribes. Old men no longer able to hunt either set up for doctors, or manufactured and sold a "beson"—that is, a medicine which, taken internally with exact and appropriate ceremonies, would give luck to the hunter. All of their medicines were administered with precise ceremonies necessary to their efficacy, and the greater part of Indian medical practice was the sheerest imposture and howling nonsense. They knew the value of certain simples of the country, they were skillful in dressing wounds; and the "sweating-house," in which they were accustomed to parboil themselves, after the manner of a Russian vapor-bath, was serviceable for cleanliness, if not for cures.

A serious obstacle to the civilizing influence of the missionary among the Indians was the wide difference between the moral standards and social conventions of the white race



FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE BY JOHN WHITE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE BY JOHN WHITE, IN 1585. (BY PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

and the red. Falsehood and craft were as much esteemed among the American savages as among those of Lacedæmon; perfidy and cruel treachery were matters for public boast in a war-dance. Chastity, as such, was held in no repute. The wife must be faithful to her husband while she remained with him, and he might punish her infidelity on detection, or he might beat her paramour cruelly,—even to death, if he chose; but if the woman's unchastity were with the husband's consent, there was no odium attached to it. In most of the tribes polygamy was allowed; in all the man might "throw away" his wife when he chose, and she was equally free to leave him. Marriages for a limited time, and alliances on probation with a view to marriage, were often contracted. In the unmarried women unchastity was common and unreproved in all the tribes. In many tribes the chiefship was prudently made hereditary through the female line. The sentiment of purity did not exist among American savages, the property sense was feeble, and human life was held very cheap—the payment of a few belts of wampum being sufficient, in many cases of homicide, to take the hatchet out of the head of the slain, to bury him decently, and to wipe the tears from the eyes of his kindred,—in the words of the ceremony with which the shell-money was presented.

The Indian notions of morality were the outgrowth of Indian life. To the state of the savage his code of social conventions was appropriate; the white man's moral standard would have been inapplicable and impossible to him, so long as he remained a wandering hunter and fisherman, and a guerilla soldier. Hence, it was seen by such philanthropists as Eliot that tillage and fixed dwellings must precede the advent of a new religion and a new code of law.

V.

MISSIONARY AND OTHER PHILANTHROPIC EXPERIMENTS.

THE French Jesuits who entered by way of Canada were the first to propagate Christianity among the Indians within the limits of the thirteen original States. The French of every class, indeed, succeeded better in insinuating themselves into the favor of the savages than the English. The Frenchman was the quicker-witted, more alert, flexible, good-humored, and adventurous; by these traits and his suavity, he was far better qualified to ingratiate himself with his antipodes, than the cooler, stiffer, and more regularly moral Englishman. The eager and undaunted zeal of the Jesuit, that shrank from no peril or hardship, was pressed forward by a discipline much more austere than a military régime—a discipline enforced by the rewards and penalties of eternity. Miracles are always wrought by this sort of devoted enthusiasm; it made Brébœuf patient and defiant amidst the hellish tortures of the Iroquois; it sent the irrepressible Marquette from one untamed tribe to another, in the great unknown valley, until he sank and died on the remote shores of Lake Michigan; and it carried the already maimed Father Jogues, in obedience to the hard orders of his superiors, back to the cruel Iroquois, certain of death, and shrinking in every nerve from the probable infliction of such torture as he had seen others suffer. There is a whole world of pathos in Jogues' brave, half-despairing words, "*Ibo et non redibo*—I shall go, and not come back."

The Jesuit worship and teaching was more easily propagated than the dogmatic, inflexible and naked system of the Puritan, or the more formal but not imposing worship of the English Church. The Amalingans whom Father Rale baptized almost in a body were first impressed with the superiority of Christianity by their deputies having seen the procession of the consecrated host conducted with much pomp and with something like magnificence in a village of the Abnakis. Rale knew well how to take advantage of a barbarian's susceptibility to display. Skillful in the art of turning wood, and knowing something of painting, he labored with his own hands to render his church in the wilderness of Maine imposing. This externalism gave Catholicism a great advantage on all sides. The medicine-men were natural rivals and enemies of the "black-robes," who preached against their powwowing, but, on the plan of keeping

on the safe side, even they were willing that their children should get whatever benefit there might be in the mysterious, and, to them, magical rite of baptism. "In this consists the best fruits which our mission at first receives," writes one of the Fathers, "and which is the most certain; for, among the great number of infants whom we baptize, not a year passes but many die before they are able to use their reason." One of the Jesuits told the captive minister of Deerfield that he always charged the Indians, when they went against the English settlements, to baptize the children before killing them. This doctrine of the benefit of the exact observance of sacraments and other ceremonials was entirely comprehensible to the Indian's mind, and was in the line of his habitual thinking. It was not needful to exact an advanced civilization; the Catholic Church was able to bend itself to the state of the wild man, and to arouse in him the profoundest enthusiasms of which his nature was capable. Voluntary fasts of the severest sort were common among the Indians, on arrival at manhood, in mourning for the dead, and to procure good luck in hunting; the austerities recommended by the Church were therefore readily received, and the stern savage nature felt their fascination. At the Canadian Mission of St. Xavier, Indian neophytes used flagellations unto blood, and belts lined with points of iron. The amiable Mohawk fanatic, Catherine Tehgahkouita, who is called the Iroquois saint, and at whose tomb French as well as Indian devotees were healed of divers sicknesses, carried her austerities to such an extreme as to purchase sanctity with her life.

When the Mohawks captured some of the converts whose religion had brought them into alliance with Canada, the new Catholics had an opportunity to display that fortitude which is in the very fiber of the Indian, by suffering the torments skillfully inflicted by their own tribesmen. These martyrdoms inflamed the zeal of the neophytes, and increased the luster of the new faith in the eyes of the savages.

The Jesuit fathers had frequent cause to complain of the stumbling-block which the lax moral code of the Indians put in their way. The devout Father Jogues recoiled with horror from what he could not help seeing while a captive in the tents of the Mohawks, fearing that his own soul might suffer contamination. The teaching of the Church that a man should have but one wife, and that marriage was not to be dissolved, was a saying hard to be received by savages. Permanent marriage is indispensable to a high civilization, but its necessity is not felt among a barbarous people, where property is not accumulated, where the wife carries the chief burden of the family in any case, and where the domestic affections have not yet passed from brute feeling into human sentiment. Virtues common enough in a regular and industrious society are not easily preserved in the idle, wandering, and promiscuous life of the wigwam.

The patient heroism of the French Jesuits must always excite admiration, but their labors for the Indian race have produced no larger or more enduring result than those of others who have spent themselves in the attempt to elevate the American savages. From the first, the English adventurers to America, having no conception of the difficulty of changing the leopard's spots, proposed to make their colonies a means of propagating the faith among the Indians. Captain John Smith was censured because he had not already wrought the conversion of the heathen, in the first two years of storm and stress, while all his endeavors were directed to cajoling or frightening the savages into giving him corn enough to keep his cadaverous company alive. The conversion of the "Princess" Pocahontas was believed to be the coming-in of the first-fruits of the tribes; but the young Indians sent to England only learned the vices of Englishmen. One of the first clergymen in Virginia, Jonas Stockam, losing patience, proposed that the throats of their "priests and ancients" should

FROM THE DRAWING MADE IN RALEGH'S COLONY, IN 1585, BY JOHN WHITE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

be cut, as a necessary preliminary to the conversion of the aborigines; and even the geographer Hakluyt said that "if gentle dealing will not serve," there were "hammerers and rough masons enough,—I mean our old soldiers trained up in the Netherlands,—to square and prepare them to our preachers' hands." Force being a favorite means of grace for Papists and Puritans at that time, minating the Indians took the place of the desire for their conversion. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, and in the early years of the eighteenth, the experiment of giving a liberal training to Indian youth was tried for many years in the College of William and Mary, in which a professorship for their benefit was founded by a legacy of the famous Robert Boyle, and Governor Spots-

A DANCE OF THE CAROLINA INDIANS. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL, IN THE GRENVILLE COLLECTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

it was naturally thought a wholesome thing for heathen savages. One of the earliest projectors of the Virginia colony spoke more softly, and urged that the Spanish example should not be imitated, but that the savages should be converted "by faire and loving means suiting to our English natures, like that soft and gentle voice wherein the Lord appeared to Elias." Collections were made in the churches in England to found a college at Henrico for the purpose of "educating infidel children in the true knowledge of God." Ten thousand acres of land were set apart for this school, and an amiable and enthusiastic gentleman — Mr. Thorpe — took charge of its affairs. But upon the beginning of Indian horrors in 1622, Thorpe himself was killed, the colony was driven to the verge of ruin, and the passion for exterwood established at his own expense an Indian school among the Saponies, where, about 1720, as many as seventy-seven children were under the teaching of the excellent Charles Griffin. But the Indian students at William and Mary died from uncongenial surroundings, or relapsed into savagery, and Spotswood's school had no other result than that of making the Saponies a little more cleanly than other Indians.

Missionary efforts were also made by the English Jesuits, who came over with Governor Calvert, at the planting of Maryland, in 1634. Here, first, perhaps, in an English colony, translations were made into an Indian dialect for purposes of conversion. Nothing could be more romantic than the wilderness voyages on the waters of the Potomac and its tributaries, such as were frequently made in a little

ROBERT BOYLE. (AFTER A PRINT FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF LORD DOVER.)

boat by one or another of these fathers, accompanied by an interpreter and a servant. A chest containing bread and butter, a little green-dried maize, some beans, and a little flour, was the store of supplies in case night should overtake them far from the hospitality of wigwam or cabin. In another chest were a bottle of wine for the Eucharist, and six bottles of holy water for baptisms. There was a casket containing sacred utensils, and a small table for an altar. Another casket was filled with little bells, combs, fish-hooks, needles, thread, and other such things "to conciliate the affection" of the Indians. One can imagine the impression made upon the savage mind by the unpacking of these bottles of consecrated wine and holy water, and the setting out of the little table and the mysterious sacred utensils. When at length Father White cured some dangerous wounds by the application of the cross to them, there could be no longer a doubt of the superior efficacy of the new religion. Similar cures through religious agencies were starting-points with some of the New England missions. But in the course of years Indian wars, and the consequent removal and destruction of the Maryland tribes, obliterated every vestige of the work of these Jesuit missionaries.

Two curious devices for taming the Indians by degrees were tried in Maryland and Virginia. In 1651, Lord Baltimore proposed to settle six bands on a tract of land with copyhold estate, and the machinery of a feudal manor. In 1655, Virginia tried the plan of giving them a cow for every eight wolves' heads, but the Indians neglected to milk the cows in summer and allowed them to starve in winter. Nearly a hundred years later the Abbé Picquet tried to establish pastoral habits in the Indians at Ogdensburg.

Soon after Father White had translated a

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE BY JOHN WHITE IN 1585.

catechism into the speech of the Piscataways on the Potomac, John Campanius, a Lutheran minister, in New Sweden, rendered the Lutheran catechism into the cognate dialect of the Lenni Lennape, the Indians of the Delaware. It was not only translated, but adapted to the savage understanding: "Give us this day a plentiful supply of corn and venison," was one of the petitions in the Lord's Prayer, as rendered by Campanius; to this the heart of a savage would be sure to respond. The French Jesuits took similar liberties when they represented, in the Iroquois, that the soil of heaven yields corn, beans, and pumpkins, without the trouble of tillage. The return of Campanius to Europe, and the overthrow of New Sweden by the Dutch, put an end to this mission. But half a century after Campanius we find the catechism printed for the first time, and put in use for the instruction of the Indians.

About the time that Campanius began to learn the language of the Delawares, a similar impulse moved Megapolensis, a Dutch clergyman at Albany, to attack the "heavy language" of the Mohawks. At a later period other Dutch ministers made similar endeavors. Nowhere are the vanities and vices of the savage set down more vivaciously than in a racy letter of "Dominie" Megapolensis. The children, he tells us, went "mother-naked" until they were ten, twelve, or fourteen years of age, and the adults were almost naked in summer. They wore shoes of buckskin or corn-husks, and had a streak of short hair in the middle of the head, "like hog's bristles." When one of them had bought half an ell of duffel cloth, he hung it loosely about him, "without sewing, just as torn off, and, as they go away, they look very much at themselves, and think they are very fine." The energy of the French Catholic and of the New England Puritan missionaries was foreign to the temper of the Dutch Calvinists; but the churches of Albany succeeded, from time to time, in bringing a number of the Indians to Christianity. The Dutch dominies found it a discouraging work, however, as well among the Indians on the sea-coast as among the Mohawks about Albany. In 1657 Megapolensis, then at New Amsterdam, and his colleague, wrote to Holland that the Indian whom they had had under instruction to teach his people, and who had learned to read and write good Dutch and had made a public profession of faith, had of late taken to drinking brandy, had pawned his Bible, and had "become a real beast." This was the end of similar beginnings in many places.

It was, however, in the colonies of Massachusetts and Plymouth, and on the island of Martha's Vineyard, that the most persistent and successful attempts were made in colonial times to assimilate the Indian's modes of living and thinking to that of the white man. There was a force and tenacity in

Puritanism that rivaled in effectiveness the enthusiasm and discipline of the Jesuits, and when once the energies of the New England divines were directed to the Christianizing and civilizing of pagans, some result was sure to follow. Though the work was attempted by Roger Williams in Rhode Island and was begun successfully by the Mayhews, father and son, on Martha's Vineyard, it found its chief agent in John Eliot, the famous "apostle to the Indians," whose courage, sagacity, and self-denial are the highest glory of early New England Puritanism. The lapse of time, which dims the fame of the eloquence of Cotton and Hooker, and the advance of thought, which makes the debates of the great synod of Cambridge puerile nonsense and the learning of Norton and the Mathers of little account, only increase the luster of the Roxbury preacher. His patient devotion made the wilderness of barbarism to blossom with Indian villages governed by law and striving after regular morality, while his example infused a more humane spirit into the rigorous Puritanism of his time. He remembered that such work must be slow, and chose for his motto: *Ab extremo ad extremum nisi per media.* He had the supreme condescension of strong goodness to the infirmities begotten of savagery and vice. He entertained no false notions of savage character, but felt the hideousness of human barbarism; he even calls the Indians "the dregs of mankind." He stooped to win their affections by means suited to their childishness: at the close of his first public interview he gave apples to the children and tobacco to the men. When they wept, he shed tears; his heart was like a mother's to them. The first prayer he was able to utter in their tongue touched their stolid natures profoundly. They would sometimes lie awake all night from the excitement caused by his sympathetic discourses. It is impossible, even now, to read without emotion his narrative of the awakening of conscience in some of the Indians, of the confession of faults, and the tearful reconciliation of domestic quarrels.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE BY JOHN WHITE IN 1585.

Their minds, not inured to the hardy speculations of theology, received Eliot's system with difficulty. They asked him what would become of the soul of a man if he were cased in iron a foot thick, and cast into the fire. They wished to know why God did not kill the devil, and have done with him. But he chiefly won them by his appeals to a commonplace sense of right and wrong, and to their domestic feelings. He persuaded the tyrannical husband to make public and contrite confession of wife-beating, and he reconciled the unruly son and unkind father by bringing them to mutual confessions and forgiveness in the presence of their neighbors. By seeking the Indians at their great fishing resorts, by accepting the rude conditions of their life, by hardihood under exposure, and by coolness in peril, he won their esteem.

Eliot had need of his motto, for his converts began their new life at a very low point, as the early laws which they instituted for their own reformation bear witness. They

WAMPUM BELT, PRESENTED BY INDIANS TO WILLIAM PENN. (BY PERMISSION OF THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.)

JOHN ELIOT (BY PERMISSION, FROM A PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE WILLIAM WHITING, ESQ.)

imposed penalties on idleness, lewdness, long hair in men and short hair in women, sponging on one's neighbors, scantiness of apparel in women. Later there were rules against powwowing, lying, stealing, polygamy, quarreling, pride, Sabbath-breaking, greasing one's self, and certain other offenses that are better left unnamed. These are the blue laws of the aborigines. By degrees many of the Indians were reduced to some order, though they never became industrious, and were liable to many lapses into savagery. General Gookin, the agent of the Massachusetts General Court, was Eliot's principal assistant in the civil part of his work. There was much opposition from the medicine-men, and a more dangerous antagonism was stirred up by the jealousy of the chiefs. Mockery was added to intimidation. Two lads from the Christian village were jeeringly nicknamed respectively Jehovah and Jesus. One of the chiefs on Martha's Vineyard, for "walking with the English," was wounded by an assassin sent from the mainland. One cannot but regret the waste of time and effort in Eliot's translation of the whole Bible into a dialect spoken by a few thousand people, and destined to pass swiftly out of use. He also spent breath in giving lectures to Indian teachers on "logic and theology," after the manner of the times, and in 1672 printed a thousand "logic primers" in their language. Money was freely given in England by Robert Boyle and others; much of it was expended in New England in trying to educate Indians in Harvard College, for the ministry. Aside from the inherent folly of giving classical or scholastic instruction to an Indian preacher, the Indian youth were not fitted by nature to receive a liberal education, and the change in their hereditary

habits aggravated their natural tendency to pulmonary disease, so that this part of the experiment was an entire failure—the only Indian graduate died at twenty years of age, and, failing students, the "Indian College" building was turned into a printing-office. But the most trying part of Eliot's experience must have come from the instability of many of his converts. Some of the most prominent relapsed into barbarism and vice, and some engaged in Philip's massacres. Among these was the Indian printer who had helped Eliot in issuing the Bible. Yet those of his converts who took part with Philip in the massacres scrupled much as to whether they might eat horse-flesh in case of necessity.

We must not, however, estimate at too low a rate the results of the labors of the apostle and those associated with him. Just before the outbreak of Philip's massacres, when the missionary work was at its best, there were about four thousand in the villages of the "praying Indians," on Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod, and about Boston, chiefly among sedentary fishing tribes, and those living intermingled with the settlers. Missionary labor was never very successful in a dominant tribe.

In the hurricane of popular resentment which broke forth after the outbreak of the massacre under Philip, Eliot and Gookin had need of all their courage and address to preserve the faithful praying Indians from the wrath of the white man. The apostle's former popularity in these times turned into something like odium, but his courage and devotion increased with the distress of his people, who were shut up on one of the islands in Boston harbor for safety until they were at last permitted to fight against Philip. After the tempest subsided, it came to pass, by the labor of those who succeeded Eliot, that all of the New England Indians who survived the wars, the diseases, and the vices introduced by Europeans, were brought, to a greater or less extent, under the influence of Christianity and law. But a regular life has always proved not only irksome, but unwholesome, to the Indian. Caucasians have been acclimated to civilization only by the slow advance of centuries. A rapid reduction to a civilized state is a passage from extreme to extreme, without the intervening mean. The moral and economic improvement wrought in the condition of the Indians in New England and on Long Island has produced a gradual and almost total extinction of the red race; the white man's virtues are nearly as fatal to the Indian as his vices.

It is not my purpose to trace here the history of Indian missions, except in so far as it illuminates some traits of colonial life, and the character and fate of the aboriginal race. The politico-religious mission of the English Church among the Iroquois belongs to the history of the conflict between the English and French colonies. The later and partly successful missions of the Congregationalists and Scotch Presbyterians were the overflow of the great Whitefieldian revival, and their history belongs to the account of that movement. The discouragement attending all these efforts is well expressed in the confession of the veteran missionary, John Brainerd, at the close of the colonial epoch: "There is too much truth in the common saying, 'Indians will be Indians.'"

But it would be a mistake not to mention here the quaintly picturesque mission of the Moravian brotherhood, which began in 1739, at Shokomeko, on the borders of New York and Connecticut, and spread to many tribes, so that the voices of the German brethren were heard in the valley of the Ohio long before the Revolution. Never was there a more single-hearted religious enthusiasm than that of the Moravian missionaries, dwelling often in wigwams remote from human fellowship, and in frequent perils, winning the savages by incredible affection, and recalling them from their disheartening lapses into barbarism by a long-suffering patience that knew no exhaustion. The communal organization of the Moravians gave them an isolation from worldly interest, and a discipline as effective as that of the Jesuits, while the gentle simplicity of their manners and the intensity of their religious faith fitted them for a work of reformation among savages. They did not escape the fatality attending all Indian missions. Though they held a peaceful position aloof from the conflicts between France and England, Royalists and Continentals, which agitated even the wilderness, yet they were often ground between the millstones. The ignorant settlers about their first mission accounted them French Jesuits in disguise, and the meek brethren endured the most shameful persecutions from the authorities in New York, who were unwilling that a drunken Indian should be brought to decency without the Governor's license. They suffered much from hostile Indians, and more from barbarous frontiermen; nearly a hundred of their converts—men, women, and children—were massacred by white men at Gnadenhutten in 1782.

There is one indirect and unexpected result of religious propagandism among the natives. The old religion in some of the pagan tribes has suffered a change. The Great Spirit, chief of all the gods and demons,—hardly, if at all, known to their thought before,—has come

into prominence. Their festivals and superstitious observances are now marked by something more entitled to be called worship than were their old incantations. The religious ideas disseminated among them in the later colonial time affected the teachings of the Indian prophets, who arose after the Revolution in great numbers. Such was the great Ganeodiyo, the Iroquois reformer, brother of the famous chief, Cornplanter. After a life of dissipation, Ganeodiyo fell into a trance and saw visions sent by the Great Spirit. He devoted the last sixteen years of his life to reforming the ancient religion and setting to rights the morals of his fellow-tribesmen. All of the unchristianized Iroquois received his message, and after his time the decrease of their numbers through intemperance ceased. One curious effect of his religious teaching has been a sort of apotheosis of Washington; for though no white man can ever enter the kingdom of heaven, yet George Washington, the magnanimous friend of the Six Nations, abides in luxury, solitude and silence, in a house fast by the very door of Paradise, where every good Indian, on his way to bliss, is permitted to look in and see him. Similar though less dominant prophets arose among the Delawares, one of whom supported Pontiac's hostilities; and of the same kind was the Shawnee prophet, Tenskwatawa, the brother of Tecumseh, who strongly influenced the Indians of Ohio and Indiana, in the beginning of this century, and such perhaps were the prophets among the Creeks. These reformers adopted the old superstitions, customs, and festivals, but seem to have given them a somewhat deeper significance. To the amorphous superstitions of the savages they added certain notions that were, no doubt, received from the missionaries, such as that of a supreme deity, and that of reward and penalty in a future life. All, or nearly all of them, made abstinence from strong drink a prominent article in their moral code, and denounced witches and sorcery; and all of them set their faces against the influence of the white man, of which they were themselves the unconscious offspring.

Speculation on the possibilities of development in the Indian race must always be rather void of result. In Mexico and Peru two of its branches had attained a considerable civilization, a ponderous architecture, a grotesque and colossal sculpture, and a hieroglyphic system of writing. Within the bounds of the thirteen colonies, the Creeks or Muscogees had come to plant extensively, to build log-houses with a roof of thatch, to do some rude wood-carving, to sculpture elaborate tobacco-pipes of stone, and to weave with a rude threddle. The Hurons, before the earliest period of European settlement, carried on an intermediary commerce with other tribes; the Tuscaroras made maple bowls and ladles for sale to other Indians. The powerful Muscogee Confederacy at the South, and that of the Iroquois Five Nations at the North, were triumphs of savage statecraft, and had apparently set out on that tedious and bloody path to civilization trodden for ages by the European races. The superiority of the Iroquois to the Algonkin tribes has been exaggerated; but the former certainly had more convenient houses, a larger dependence on agriculture, superior craft and enterprise in attack, a better foresight and skill in fortification, and were able to transmit from one generation to another a stronger national cohesion than that of the tribes about them. They had emerged from the state in which petty clans are mutually repellant, like the molecules of gases; a very slow process of condensation was probably going on, and the far-reaching conquests and fierce extermination of foes by the Five Nations tend to show that the awful law of selection by survival of the strongest, the most compactly organized, and the most ingenious and energetic, was at work in the tribal warfare of America. On the other hand, the remains of ancient art found in the mounds of the Mississippi Valley, and the massive earth-works of the same region, indicate that the Indians in that valley in antiquity were as far advanced in the arts as the more recent tribes, and that they were as compactly and extensively organized, and were possibly more agricultural than any of the modern tribes north of Mexico. Development in art and organization would seem to be always a result of the necessities growing out of an increasing density of population, but the population of the tribes in the colonies was apparently stationary. Incessant war, frequent want, occasional pestilence, and the destruction of unborn offspring caused the increase, if there was any, to be very small. Whether in some far distant future a civilization might have been evolved comparable to that achieved on the Eastern continent, cannot now be conjectured; the arrival of Europeans put an end to the experiment. There is abundant compensation for the temporary evils that followed the contact of the two races, in that eons of massacre and torture horrible to contemplate have been spared by the introduction of a civilization already somewhat advanced and necessarily dominant over and exclusive of the primitive barbarism.

[Begun in the February Number.]

A WOMAN'S REASON.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

VIII.

THE walk from the post-office to West Pomegranate street is not very short, but Helen was at the Miss Amys' door before she knew. The elder Miss Amy came herself to answer the bell. She recognized Helen presently through her veil, and welcomed her with a decayed-gentlewoman politeness, explaining that she and her sister kept no servant when their lodgers were out of town. Helen had begun to say, after the preliminary parley about health and the weather, that she had come to see if she could take board with them, when the younger Miss Amy came in. She shook her head in response to the elder Miss Amy's reference of the matter to her, and said she was sorry, but it was a mistake: they only let their rooms furnished now, and people must find table-board at some of the neighboring houses. At Helen's look of disappointment, she said she knew it was very disagreeable going out to meals; but their lodgers were nearly always gentlemen, and they did not mind it.

"Is the lady who wishes the rooms a young person?" asked Miss Amy.

Helen saw that they thought she was looking up a place for some one else, and that they were far from imagining her errand to be on her own behalf. They saw in her an amiable young lady, interesting herself for some one who was out of town perhaps, and wished to come in for the winter. It cost Helen more to set them right than she could have believed; the first steps downward in the world are not so painful from the surprise of your equals as from that of people on the level to which you descend.

"It's for myself that I want the room," said Helen; and both the Miss Amys said "Oh!" and then were silent, till Helen asked if they could recommend her to some good place where she could find both board and lodging under the same roof. The Miss Amys thought a while. All the neighboring places were very large boarding-houses, and the company very promiscuous.

"I don't think you would like it, Miss Harkness," said the younger Miss Amy.

"I'm afraid it isn't a question of what I shall like, any more," said Helen, bravely. "It's necessary that I should economize, and if I can get a room there cheaply, I must not be fastidious."

"Oh!" said the younger Miss Amy, a little more expressively than before.

"Still," continued the young girl, "I *should* like it better if I could find some place where there were not *many* other boarders."

The elder Miss Amy looked at the younger with a blankness for which the glare of her spectacles was mainly responsible, and asked:

"How would Mrs. Hewitt's do?"

"Mrs. Hewitt's might do," assented the younger sister. "Her rooms are good, and the Smileys liked her table. But Miss Harkness would find it very different from what she's been used to."

She seemed to add this caution with a certain indefinable insinuation that the change might be a useful lesson.

"Oh, no doubt," said Helen, "but I shall not mind, if ——"

"It's quite a proper place in every way," continued the younger Miss Amy, "and the neighborhood unexceptionable. If you can get the use of the parlor to see your friends in, it would be desirable. You won't keep *all* your acquaintance," she added, "but some will remain true. *We* retained all that we wished."

"Yes," said Helen, dryly, not choosing that Miss Amy should assume their equality in that fashion. The Miss Amys had, in fact, declined to their present station from no great social eminence, but the former position had been growing in distinction ever since they lost it, and they had so long been spoken of as "such gentlewomen," that they had come to look back upon it as something quite commanding; and there was a note of warning for Helen in the younger Miss Amy's remark, as if all persons must not expect to be so fortunate as they. "I should like," said the young girl, with some stateliness, "very much to see Mrs. Hewitt. Will you give me her address?"

"I will write it on one of our cards," said Miss Amy, who found with difficulty, in a

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portable writing-desk on the table, a card inscribed with *The Misses Amy* in the neat penciling of a professional card-writer. The reception-room of these ladies was respectable in threadbare brussels and green reps; a fire of English cannel coal, in the grate, seemed to have been a long time laid, and the lumps of coal would have been the better for dusting. The house was clean, but it had the dusty smell which small city houses have at the end of summer before their furnace fires are lit, and Helen had found the Miss Amys not such nice Miss Amys as she had thought them in former days, when she had come to their house to call upon some friends there. When the card was inscribed with Mrs. Hewitt's address, she rose to receive it.

She felt strangely depressed, and the tears came into her eyes as she pulled down her veil and hurried away. She had packed a bag before leaving Beverly, with the purpose of not going back that night, for she had not thought but that she should go at once to the Miss Amys, and had resisted all entreaties that she would return and tell the Butlers about it. She would not have gone to the Miss Amys now on any account, and yet she felt somehow hurt at not finding their house open to her in the way she had imagined. She had a cowardly satisfaction in thinking that she could easily get the six-o'clock train to Beverly after she had seen Mrs. Hewitt.

Like the elder Miss Amy, that lady answered her door in person when Helen rang, and taking the card, with the explanation that Helen gave her, led the way to her reception-room. It took shape from the swell-front; and the rocking-chair, into which Mrs. Hewitt sank, stood between the two windows, by which she could easily command the life without, up street and down. What had been the fire-place was occupied by a register; over the mantel hung the faded photograph of an officer in uniform; in the corner was a what-not, with shells and daguerreotypes in cases, and baskets of sewing on its successive shelves; against the wall, opposite the windows, stood a sewing-machine; the carpet was a tapestry of moss pattern in green color; the window-shades had a band of gilt around their edges, relieved in green, and the reps of the sofa and chairs were green. Simple and few as these appointments were, they had an unreconciled look, as if they had not been bought to match, but were fortuitous combinations on which some one else had lost money.

Mrs. Hewitt asked her to sit down, but Helen remained standing, and said that she was a little pressed for time, and must ask at once if she could have a room with board.

"I don't know as I've got anything 'twould suit you, but we can look," said Mrs. Hewitt, apparently disappointed in not being first allowed to talk it all over. "Did you want something *on suit*, or singly?" she asked.

"I don't know what you mean," said Helen.

"Do you want more than one room?"

"Oh, no! I only want one."

The landlady preceded Helen up the stripe of linen that covered half the narrow carpeting on the cramped staircase. "Parlor," she announced on arriving at the first landing, as she threw open the door of a large room furnished in much-worn brown plush, "goes with the rooms on this floor; I always let 'em *on suit*. Now, if you wanted anything *on suit*——"

"I only want one room, and I don't care for a private parlor," said Helen.

The landlady glanced up the next flight of stairs.

"That whole floor is let to one family—lady and gentleman and little boy,—and then there's only a room on the top floor besides," said Mrs. Hewitt.

"I'll look at it, please," said Helen, and followed the landlady up. The room had a pretty bed and bureau; it was very neat, and it was rather spacious. "Is there any one on this floor?" asked Helen, feeling sure that the cook and second girl must be her neighbors.

The landlady pushed open the door across the little passage-way.

"There's an art student in this room," she said.

"Art student?" gasped Helen.

"Young lady from Nashua," said the landlady.

"Oh!" cried Helen, remembering with relief that art students in our time and country are quite as apt to be of one sex as another, and thinking with a smile that she had been surprised not to smell tobacco as soon as Mrs. Hewitt had said "art student." She reflected that she had once been an art student herself, and wondered what the sketches of the young lady from Nashua were like. "What would be the price of this room?"

The landlady leaned against the side of the bed.

"Seven dollars," she said, in an experimental tone. "I used to get my ten and twelve dollars for it, right after the war."

"I will take it," said Helen, who found it much less than she feared. "And I should like to come at once."

"To-night?" asked the landlady, looking at Helen.

"Yes, if the room's ready."

"Oh, the room's *ready*. But—did you bring a trunk?"

"I forgot! It's at the station. I can send for it."

"Oh, yes; the express is right round the corner from here. You just give 'em your check. But you better not lose any time. They're late sometimes, any way."

"Very well," said Helen, childishly pleased at having transacted the business so successfully. "I will take the room from to-day, and I will pay you for the first week now."

"Just as you please," said Mrs. Hewitt.

Helen drew out her porte-monnaie, and said:

"The Miss Amys can tell you about me."

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mrs. Hewitt, politely. She had perhaps been perplexed to know how she should hint anything about references to this young lady who took an attic room with such a high and mighty air. "Their card was sufficient."

When Helen came back from her errand to the express office and went to her room, she laid aside her things and made herself at home in it. She did not know in the least what her life was to be there; but she felt that this, whatever it was not, was escape and independence and beginning. A rapid calculation had shown her that her payment of seven dollars a week would not encroach much upon her capital, and somehow she would earn enough money to meet her other expenses. She could not sit still; she rose and opened her closet, and found it deep and convenient; she pulled out the bureau drawers, and they were very sweet and clean. She discovered a little cupboard with shelves where she thought she would put her books. The room was very complete; there was even a hook in the ceiling by the window where some one must have hung a bird-cage. Helen was happy, without accusing herself, for the first time since her father died. She smiled to herself at her landlady's queerness, and was glad, as young people are, to be housed along with a character. She wondered what Miss Root was like, and who the Evanses could be. At the sound of the tea-bell she felt the emotion of a healthful hunger.

There was a dish of cream toast, very hot and fragrant; hotter, and more fragrant still, there was a dish of oysters, delicately stewed and flavored; in a plated basket in the center of the table was a generous stack of freshly-sliced lady-cake. "From Copeland's," Mrs. Hewitt explained, when she passed it. "Mr. and Mrs. Evans are out to tea, and I thought we wouldn't wait for Miss Root. She's late sometimes. Did you like your oysters?"

"Delicious!" said Helen.

"Yes, I think there's nothing like a drop—not *more* than a drop—of sherry in your stew, just when it comes *to* the stew. I don't believe in any thick'nin' myself; but if you *must* have it, let it be cracker crumbs: flour makes it so kind of slippy." Mrs. Hewitt went on to enlarge upon many different kinds of dishes, and then, from whatever obscure association of ideas, she said: "When you first came in to-day, before I fairly looked at the Miss Amys' card, I thought you'd been buryin' a husband. I don't see how I could took you if you had. Widows are more *trouble* in a house! Boston family?"

"*What?*" cried Helen.

"Your folks Boston people?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl. And she submitted with what grace she could to the inquisition into her past that followed. "I've never lived anywhere else." And nothing seemed stranger than this when she came to think it over in her room. Here, in the heart of Boston, she was as remote from the Boston she had always known as if it were a thousand miles away; from herself of the time when she lived in that far-off Boston she seemed divided by centuries. Into what a strange and undreamt-of world she had fallen! She did not dislike it. On the contrary, she thought she should be rather content in it. Without definite aims as yet for the future, she fancied that she should try to be wholly of her present world, and ignore that in which she used to live. Already she felt alien to it so far as to wish that the Butlers would not send people to call on her, nor come much themselves. She knew that she could adapt herself to her circumstances, but she dreaded the pain of their inability to realize her in them, and felt that their unhappiness about her would be more than she could bear. She planned a geographical limit within which she could live a long time and not meet any one whom she had known, and she resolved next day to begin her exploration of her solitude. The dark gathered into the room, and the window showed a black frame against the sky before she thought of lighting her gas. She was shaking her match out, as women do, when a light tap at her door standing ajar startled her, and then the door was pushed open, and the figure of a tall girl stood on the threshold.

"Miss Root: Miss Harkness, I believe," said the figure. "Will you lend me a match, please? I waited for you to light your gas, so as to be sure you had matches before I bothered you. It's such a long journey downstairs."

Helen smiled in her most radiant way, and

got the matches, saying, as she held them forward:

"Wont you come in, please?"

"No, I thank you," said Miss Root, taking one match only. "I begin badly. But you wont find me a great borrower. Have you got everything you want in your room?"

"Yes, everything, I believe," said Helen, sweeping it with a comprehensive glance.

"You'll find Mrs. Hewitt pretty prompt. You wont have anything to complain of, unless you mind being talked to death. Good-night," and drawing the door to after her, Miss Root returned to her own room.

Before she slept, Helen heard the street door open and shut, and then voices ascending to the third floor: a lady's voice, and a gentleman's voice, and a sleepy little boy's voice.

"Well, this is the *last* time we shall take Tom to the theater," said the lady's voice—the voice of spent nerves.

"Yes," said the gentleman's voice. "We shall confine ourselves to the circus after this, Tom."

"Circuses are the best, any way," said the child's voice.

"Hush! Don't speak so!" cried the lady.

"Why, they are, mamma," insisted the boy.

"This is a question of morals, not of opinions, Tom," said the father. "You're not to prefer circuses when they're inflicted as a punishment."

They had now reached their door, as it appeared, for a light flashed into the hall below as from gas turned up.

The lady's voice was heard again:

"His forehead's burning hot! If that child should have a fever—— Here, feel his forehead!"

"Forehead's all right!" responded the heavier voice.

"*I* shall give him three of aconite!" cried the lady.

"Give him three thousand, but put him to bed," assented the gentleman.

"*Will* you shut the door?" implored the lady. "Waking the whole house!"

"I haven't refused, my dear," said the gentleman. "Why do you always——"

The door closed, expressively, and not, as Helen fancied, by the gentleman's hand. "The Evanses," she inferred. She fell asleep, wondering if she could indeed be the same girl who had talked that morning to Lord Rainford on the rocks at Beverly.

IX.

HELEN saw the Evanses in going to break fast. They came down-stairs just after her; Mr. Evans leading his boy by his extended forefinger, and Mrs. Evans coming behind, and twitching something about the child's dress into place, as mothers do.

"Mrs. Hewitt," said Mr. Evans, as they sat down at table, "I have been some time in your house, but you must have older friends than I, and I don't understand why the law has honored me as it has."

"I'm sure *I* don't know what you're talkin' about," said Mrs. Hewitt, pouring the coffee.

"Well, I don't myself," returned Mr. Evans, "and I thought I would get you to explain. You don't find yourself unusually infirm of mind, do you?"

"No, I don't," replied Mrs. Hewitt, candidly.

"And you haven't experienced anything like a return of extreme youth?"

"What *is* the man after?" cried Mrs. Hewitt.

"Then why should you be taken care of in any special manner, and why should I, of all people, be called upon to take care of you? Here's a paper," Mr. Evans continued, taking a document from his pocket, "that I found slipped under my door this morning. It makes a personal appeal to me, in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to become your trustee. Of course, it's very flattering and all that, but I'd much rather not. You must allow me to resign, Mrs. Hewitt. I never did understand business very well, and——"

"How'd they ever get into this house without my knowing it? That's what *I* should like to find out!" said Mrs. Hewitt, gazing absently at the paper which Mr. Evans had given her.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"Pshaw!" cried his landlady. "You don't say you never was *trusteed* before? And boarded round as much as you have!"

"Trusteed! Is it so common a thing as to have a participial form? Then I needn't have any scruples about resigning?"

Mrs. Hewitt broke into a laugh.

"Resigning! Bless you, you *can't* resign. There's no such thing."

"Gracious powers! Not resign an office for which I don't feel myself competent——"

"Oh, come, now! you know very well what it is. It's them curtains," said Mrs. Hewitt, pointing to the green-and-gold trimmed shades.

Mr. Evans rose and curiously examined the shades; his boy also slipped down out of his chair, and joined in the inspection.

"Thomas, who gave you leave to quit the table? Come back!" cried Mrs. Evans.

"My dear!" expostulated her husband, "the child very naturally wishes to see what sort of window-shade it is that thrusts an irresignable office of honor and profit upon his father. Look carefully, Tom. Regard the peculiarity of the texture, the uncommon tone of the colors."

"Oh, pshaw, Mr. Evans. You stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt. "When they sent in their bill, I told 'em it was too much, and I shouldn't pay it. I *didn't* believe they'd really go so far as to trustee me."

"But what *does* it mean, Mrs. Hewitt?" asked Mrs. Evans. "I don't believe Mr. Evans knows any more than the rest of us."

"Why, Mrs. Evans, it means just this: that your husband isn't to pay me any board till this bill is settled; and if he does, he's liable for it himself. I presume they'll be trusteein' all of you. I shall have to pay it now."

"Is that the law?" demanded Mrs. Evans. "It makes one long for a delinquent debtor of one's own. So simple, yet so effective."

"Well, you have it to say," said Mrs. Hewitt, surprisingly little ruffled by the incident, "that you never was trusteed in *my* house before."

"I certainly have that to say," admitted Mr. Evans. "I'm sorry on your account that I can't resign my trusteeship, and I'm sorry on my own that it's such a very sordid affair. I never happened to be appointed to office before, and I was feeling rather proud of the confidence reposed in me."

They all rose from the table together, and Helen went upstairs with the Evanses. She and Mrs. Evans exchanged a few words on the way, and stopped on the first landing to glance into the large parlor. Mr. Evans came after, bestriding his boy, who now had hold of both his forefingers,—like a walking Colossus of Rhodes. He flung open the parlor door, which stood ajar, in Mrs. Hewitt's manner.

"Goes with the rooms on this floor; I always let 'em *on suit;* now, if you wanted anything *on suit*——" He looked at Helen for sympathy, and she laughed.

"Yes, I know," she said.

"Mrs. Hewitt wont like your joking her so much," said his wife.

"She wont know it, if I do it behind her back. And she seems to enjoy it to her face."

"Do you think she liked your coming out about that trusteeing?"

"She didn't mind it. But I have it on my conscience to tell Miss Harkness that Mrs. Hewitt is, for all I know, a very just person —and that I'm surprised she let those shade people get the advantage of her. She has a passion, like all landladies, for single gentlemen. She idealizes them, I am afraid. There haven't been any single gentlemen in the house since we came here, two years ago. We sometimes fancy that her preference is founded upon her experience of Mr. Hewitt as a married gentleman, which was probably unpleasant."

"Is—is she a widow?" Helen ventured to Mrs. Evans.

"Why, not exactly," said Mrs. Evans.

"It's a very neat way of putting it," said Mr. Evans. "She's a widow, Miss Harkness, of the herbaceous variety."

"My dear, she'll *hear* you," cried Mrs. Evans.

"Very well, then; she wont understand me. I'll venture to say Miss Harkness doesn't."

"No, I don't," said Helen, and looked at Mrs. Evans for light.

"Her husband is living, I believe," explained Mrs. Evans, "but—absent."

Mr. Evans laughed again.

"Not lost, but gone before! Come, Tom! We must go to work!"

He led the way up to the next floor, and at her door Mrs. Evans asked Helen if she would not come in.

Helen had a curiosity, which she thought harmless, to see their apartment, and she accepted the invitation in the drifting, indecisive manner which ladies have when they do not mean to commit themselves to the consequences of a self-indulgence. She did not feel quite sure of these people; she had a strong impression that she was their social superior; but, thrown with them as she was, she had too much good sense to hold stiffly aloof from them. She sat down, without, as it were, acknowledging that she sat down; and she followed Mrs. Evans about from room to room without seeming to do so, as well as she could manage that difficult effect. It was a very pretty little apartment of four tiny rooms, of which the last was Mr. Evans's study: this was just large enough to admit his desk and chairs, and was packed with books on shelves to the ceiling, and Helen inferred that he was some sort of literary man. She would not sit down again, but paid a frosty little net-work of compliments to the souvenirs of travel that she saw upon the tables and walls; she praised the balcony on which one of the windows opened, and she smiled upon the flowers with which Mrs. Evans had filled it. In fine, she guarded her distance with the skill that had kept the acquaintance at a stand-still, and yet left it resumable on more cordial terms at will. One is of one's world, after all; and, even in re-

signing her world, as she thought she had done, Helen had not yet made up her mind to be of a lower one.

She had promised to go down to Beverly on the morrow and tell her friends what she had done, as the condition of their letting her come up to Boston at all on that wild enterprise of hers, and, though she would have been glad not to go, she kept her word. But it was really not so hard meeting them as she had feared. Mrs. Butler was forbearing, and Marian preoccupied; the younger girls saw it somewhat as Helen did, and thought it an enviable adventure. She told them all that had happened in detail, and made them laugh. She partly dramatized her interview with the Miss Amys, and they said it was perfectly delightful to think of *Helen* being patronized by such people. They wanted to see Mrs. Hewitt and the fellow-boarders; they wished that somebody would trustee their mother; they said that the life Helen was leading was fascinating.

"Perhaps you wouldn't find it so fascinating if you were obliged to lead it," said Mrs. Butler.

"Helen leads it, and she finds it fascinating."

"Helen leads it out of the hardness of her heart, because her friends don't wish her to," returned Mrs. Butler, fondly.

"Mrs. Butler! Remember your promise!" said Helen.

"I hope you'll remember yours, my dear, to come back to us."

"Oh! And what are you going to do, Helen? What are you going to do for a living?" demanded Jessie Butler.

"Jessie!" cried her mother. "Don't be absurd! Do for a living?"

"I hope you wont think it absurd, Mrs. Butler," said Helen, with serious dignity, "for I really want to do something for a living."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Butler, getting Helen's hand between hers, and tenderly smoothing it. "What could you do?"

"I don't know what yet. But I know I could do something."

She felt dispirited by Mrs. Butler's motherly kindness, and would have liked to take her hand away. This was what she had dreaded, this feeling on the part of such friends as the Butlers that anything useful and practical was impossible to her. For the moment this feeling seemed all that stood between her and a prosperous career of self-help; it unnerved her so terribly.

"Do tell us what you've been thinking of trying," persisted Jessie.

She was the youngest, and she ventured on almost as great freedoms with her mother and Helen as Marian herself did.

"Oh, I thought over a great many things as I came down this morning," answered Helen. "But I haven't settled upon anything yet. Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Butler!" she exclaimed, "I'm very much in earnest about it, and *don't* try to discourage me, please!"

"I wont, dear!" Mrs. Butler assented, soothingly, as if Helen were a sick child, and must be humored in her little fancies.

"How would plain sewing do?" suggested Jessie. "Or, Wanted by a young lady, to have the care of small children, where she would be received as one of the family, no objection to the country, wages not so much of an object as permanent home, address H. H., Transcript office?"

They laughed at this, Helen forlornly and helplessly with the rest. They could not realize her ambition, and they did not believe in her necessity: Mrs. Butler because she felt that all Helen need really do was to go to Europe with her, and return to marry Robert Fenton as soon as he could get leave to come home; the young girls because they had no experience of life, and could not imagine Helen's case. They were merry about her projects all through lunch, and Helen herself felt that she was behaving very ridiculously in pretending to be anything but the well-taken-care-of young lady that she had always been. The world which she had touched yesterday became as unreal in its turn as it had made her old life seem.

"I will tell you," said Marian, who had given the subject less attention than the rest, and had laughed at Helen with half her mind all the while on her approaching marriage; "I will tell you. In these days Helen must take to some form of ceramics. I wonder that we didn't think of it before. How could we discuss this subject in Beverly, of all places, and not think of pottery? Helen must decorate pottery for a living."

"Oh, yes! and she can drive over to the pottery this afternoon with us, and select the shapes!" clamored the younger sisters.

Their noise submerged Mrs. Butler's rebukes; there was open rebellion to her voice.

"Mamma!" cried Jessie, "you needn't *try* to put us down about this. It's an extraordinary case! We've never had the opportunity before to decide the vocation of a young lady who wants a lucrative employment. *Do* say you'll decorate pottery for a living, Helen!"

"Do! do!" pleaded all the rest. They had left their places and gathered round her in postures of supplication.

Helen was swept along in the tide.

"I don't know anything about ceramics," she laughed, turning upon the group.

"That's the beauty of the profession," they shouted in reply. "You don't *need* to know anything about it."

"I can't draw!"

"Drawing's the very last thing that's wanted for art pottery. *Say* that you'll drive over with us and select the shapes?"

"You must first begin with a bean-pot, like that pretty little Mrs. Gay," said Jessie Butler. "You ought to have heard her talk about it: so colonial, so in character with Beverly." The young girl gave the tone and the languish. "She decorated it with a flowering bean; they say she thought that was the kind they baked. Perhaps you'll find that they've begun to give bean-pots an æsthetic shape. Miss Harkness's bean-pots will become the fashion. We shall have a course of beans in their native earthenware at dinners, and when the pot comes in everybody will put on their *pince-nez*, and crane over and ask 'Is that a Harkness, Mrs. Jones?'"

"No, no! I can't go with you!" cried Helen. "I'm going back to Boston this afternoon."

They all protested; but Helen stood firm, feeling that it was her one chance for life, or for making a living. If she was ever to put in force her resolutions to be something and to do something, she could not get away too soon from an atmosphere in which no one, not even herself, could regard them seriously. It was a trying ordeal, this pity of Mrs. Butler's, and this jocose incredulity of the young girls; yet, as Helen rode back to town, she was more and more satisfied that there was something possible and practical in Marian's suggestion. She recalled some pretty shapes of pottery which she had seen in a shop window, and which seemed to her more stupidly decorated than anything she could do if she did her worst. They were there on sale, and somebody had been paid for doing them, or expected to be paid for it. The conclusion from the premises was irresistible, and Helen found herself impatient to arrive and begin work. She could really draw very prettily, though she had denied her gift; she was even a clever copyist; but she knew that she lacked the imaginative impulse, and she had not cared for what she could do, because so many others could do it as well.

As soon as she left the train she hastened to this shop, where, beside the decorated pots and vases, she had seen a good many uncontaminated examples of the Beverly ware. She was vexed to find the place already closed, and she could hardly wait for the morning.

She hurried from her breakfast to the shop in the morning. When her purchase came home, and she unpacked it on her bed (the largest and safest surface in her room), she cowered a little to see it so great in quantity. She blushed to find herself making such an ambitious beginning; and though five dollars had seemed a great deal to spend, she wished for the moment that it had not bought quite so much. But this was foolish; of course she must spoil some of the designs, and since she was going to try a variety of decorations, she should want a variety of jars. She set them all on the shelf of her closet, which she locked; she folded up the wrapping-paper and tucked it away; she even concealed the string; and, after putting on her hat and veil for the street, she had to sit down and have a paroxysm of guilty consciousness before she could summon courage to go out on her next errand.

She was going to a shop where they sold artists' materials, to get her colors and to pick up any hints they could give her there about her work. They were not personally very well informed, but they sold her several little books which had ceramic designs in them, and which would tell her all she wished to know. After she had bought them, she thought them rather poverty-stricken in their patterns, and as she passed a print-shop window she saw that pretty series of engravings, illustrative of the old fable of the storks and the babies; and the ceramic fitness of storks at once struck her. The prints were rather expensive, and Helen thought that she could not get on without the whole set. Then, as the matter developed in her mind, a great idea occurred to her: "Flaxman's Illustrations of Homer." They were, of course, the only things to copy in the classic shapes. The book cost more than she supposed it would; but as she meant to stop with that, she believed she might afford it, and at any rate she bought it. She was afraid to look the whole sum in the face at first, but her hopes rose with her rapid walk homeward, and she finally confronted the fifteen dollars with serene courage.

The next three weeks were given to very ardent if not very diligent labor. Helen had an insuperable shyness about her enterprise; she managed so that she might put everything out of sight at a moment's warning, if any one came to her room.

Before actually beginning upon the vases, Helen schooled herself in reproducing on paper the designs she meant to use, and this took time. She was also interrupted by excursions to Beverly; but she did not count this as loss altogether, for she was able to

make several studies in color of the low blackberry-vine, now in its richest autumnal bronze, and of certain sea-weeds, with which she meant to decorate several pieces. She did three with storks, and had a fourth half-done when she let it fall. She wrapped the fragments in paper, and took them out at twilight, and dropped them in the street some distance away, that the pieces might not be traced to her, and so proceeded to the Flaxmans. She chose three subjects among these: The old nurse Euryclea recognizing Ulysses as she bathes his feet; Penelope carrying the bow of Ulysses to the suitors; and the meeting of Ulysses and Penelope. These all related to the return of the wanderer, and they went very prettily round the vases. Ulysses following the homeward car of Nausicaa from the coast on which she found him shipwrecked was a subject which Helen instinctively rejected, though the lines were lovely, and she felt that she could do it easily. The jar which she decorated with the sea-weed had a band of shells round the middle; a slanting flight of birds encircled the vases, over which she taught the blackberry-vine to wanton.

She had many alternating moods of exaltation and despair while upon this work; but when it was all done, and the pots were set out in a fair row on her window-shelf, and she retired a pace or two with her pencil at her lip to get their entire effect, she could not but own that they seemed very successful. At that distance certain defects of drawing—such as that which gave Penelope bearing the bow rather a pert and mincing look—and other blemishes were subdued, but even when taken up severally and scrutinized merely at arm's-length, the vases bore the ordeal of critical inspection very well. "And no one," thought Helen, "will ever look at them more severely than I have."

She sank into her chair, which she drew up in front of her work, and indulged a long reverie. In this she dramatized her appearance at one of those charming shops where they deal in such things; she set little scenes in which the proprietors called one another up to look at her vases; and she dialogued their compliments and her own evasive acceptance of them. They ended by asking very respectfully if she could not be persuaded to employ a part of her leisure in doing something of the kind for them; and on her replying that these were for sale, they had instantly offered her a price for them that passed her wildest hopes; that seemed so much too much, indeed, that she insisted upon abating something from it. Struck by this nobleness in her, they had conversed in low tones together; and then the senior member of the firm had confessed that they had some hesitation in asking her to design certain friezes which they were to do for a cottage at Newport, and their admiration for her work must be their excuse if they were proposing something quite out of the way; but they begged her to remember that two ladies in London had taken up decorative architecture as a profession, and they trusted they were not wrong. Then Helen had replied, Oh, no, indeed! She was only too much flattered by their confidence in her, and she would be very glad to think it over; all that she feared was that she would not be able to meet their expectation; at which they had laughed, and said *they* had no such fear, and had drawn her a check for her vases, and had added a few hundreds as a sort of retainer in the matter of the friezes. At this point Helen broke from her reveries with "What silly, silly nonsense! What a simpleton I am!"

While she was in good humor with them, she resolved to pack her vases in the basket that she had got for that purpose, and when each was carefully wrapped and put in she laughed to find the basket looking like that of an old Jew who used to come to the kitchen-door to sell Bohemian glass when she was a child. The matter of transportation was one that she did not consider till the next morning, when it flashed upon her that she could not go carrying that basket about. She must drive, and though this did not accord with her severe ideas of economy, she had to own that she had been rather lavish in her preparations for work, and that it would be foolish to try now to scrimp at an impossible point. She would take a coupé by the hour, and perhaps get it cheaper if she had it several hours; though when she went out for the carriage, she found the driver inflexible, and she had to take it at the usual rate. She bade him drive her to Mrs. Hewitt's door, and she wanted him to go up with her and carry down her basket; but he, seeing her a single defenceless woman, boldly answered that he could not leave his horse, and Helen, indignant, and trembling for her secret, was forced to bring it down herself. Happily Miss Root had gone out; the Evanses' door was closed; and she encountered Mrs. Hewitt neither in going up nor in coming down. When she lifted the basket on the carriage-seat she was out of breath but exultant at her escape, and with unbroken courage she ordered the driver to go to the address given him. But it now occurred to her that she could not lug that great hamper across a crowded pavement into a shop-door, and she must sell her wares by sample. She

employed the driver in taking out the best of the stork vases, one of the most characteristic Flaxmans, and the blackberry-and-bird-banded jar. She scarcely dared look at them now, but as she gathered them to her bosom with one hand, while she caught up her skirt with the other to alight from the coupé, it was with quite as much hope as fear that her heart palpitated against those classic shapes. She pulled down her veil, however, for she knew that she was blushing violently; and when she stepped upon the ground she found herself giddy.

The people were all busy when she entered the store, and the gentleman to whom she hoped to speak was occupied with a lady whom Helen knew—a lady who gave proof of having lived abroad by the loud and confident voice which she had succeeded in managing, not like an Englishwoman but like an Englishman. Helen shrank from her recognition, and lurked about, pretending to be interested in distant bric-à-brac, and growing momentarily more faint and tremulous; but when the lady went out and the gentleman turned from closing the door after her, Helen came quickly forward. She plucked up an excited gasp from somewhere, and waiving the respectful kindness with which he bent to listen, said, "I've something here I'd like to show you," and she unfolded one of her vases, and as he took it up, with "Ah, yes! Something in ceramics," she unwrapped the others and set them on the shelf near which they stood. "Why, this is very nice, Miss Harkness," said the dealer; "very nice, indeed." He carried all three of the vases to the light and returned with them, holding out the bird-banded jar. "I like this one best. You've managed these birds and this vine in quite the Japanese spirit; they're the only people who understand the use of unconventionalized forms. The way your blackberry climbs into the neck of your vase is thoroughly Japanese. These storks are good, too—very effectively handled. The classic subject—well, I don't think that's quite so successful; do you?"

"No, I don't know that it is," said Helen, so grateful for his praise of the others that she would willingly have allowed this to be a disgraceful failure.

"Have you ever done anything of this kind before?" asked the dealer.

"No," replied Helen.

"Very remarkable," said the dealer. He had set the vases back on the shelf again, and now gazed at them somewhat absently. "It shows what can be done with this sort of thing. See here!" he called to his partner, who was also disengaged. "Here's something pretty, and rather new."

"Your work, Miss Harkness?" asked the other partner politely, coming up.

He said much the same things that the first had said; he even stopped a young lady assistant who was passing, and made her admire the jars. Then he also fell into a musing silence, while Helen waited with a thickly beating heart for the rest of her reverie to come true, and stayed herself against a counter, till these amiable partners should formulate some offer for her wares. The young lady assistant ebbed noiselessly away, and went to writing at a high desk; the second partner shifted from his right foot to his left, turned his head abruptly, and feigned to be called suddenly by some duty in the direction to which he looked. His going roused the first partner.

"Yes!" he said with a deep, nasal sigh, in coming to himself, and was sinking again into his abstraction, when he seemed to think of something. "Excuse me a moment," he said, and went and looked into the show window, and then into a dark corner in the back part of the room. "I thought we had some of that Cambridge pottery," he called out to his partner.

"No," said the other, remaining aloof, "we only had a few pieces."

"Well!" said the first, coming back to Helen. "I supposed we had some of it left. I was going to suggest, Miss Harkness, if you're interested in this sort of thing, that you ought to see that North Cambridge ware. Have you ever seen it?"

"No," answered Helen, faintly.

"It isn't so *native* quite in sentiment as this Beverly ware, but is much more refined in form. It's beautifully finished. Really, I don't see how it falls short of that Copenhagen pottery to finish. If you have plenty of time on your hands, you couldn't do a better thing than go out to see them making it. I think it would interest you."

"Thank you," said Helen; her head whirled, but she resolved to speak steadily if it killed her. "I shall certainly go. I'm glad you mentioned it. I never saw any of it."

She fumbled piteously at the papers which she had taken off her vases, and the dealer brought some softer stuff, and skillfully wrapped them up for her.

"These things are quite worthy of Japanese paper," he said, indicating the silky texture of the fabric he had used. "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for letting us see your work, Miss Harkness. It's charming. I hope you'll keep on at it. I'm interested business-wise, you know," he added, "in having you ladies take up these graceful arts. And be sure and go to see that Cambridge

ware. We can get some of it for you, if you wish." He had followed her to the door, and now opened it for her, with a bow.

"Thanks," said Helen. "I wont forget. Good-morning."

"Good-morning."

She got into the coupé, and put her vases carefully back in the basket, and sat down on the seat beside it. She quivered with the intense and bitter disappointment, and she burnt with shame, as every particular of her interview blazoned itself upon her consciousness, and she realized that she had no one but herself to blame for the precise result. The people had been thoroughly kind and sympathetic; they had praised her work, and had been far more interested in it than she had any right to expect; but their taking her on her old social plane had made it impossible for her to meet them on any other. Apparently, they had never once imagined that she wished to sell these things, and she had not known how to approach the fact. They had thought she wished merely to show them as matters of æsthetic interest; but if they had not supposed she came for advice, what could they think of her conceit in making such a display, and of staying and staying till she had all but to be turned out of doors! All that about the Cambridge ware must have been a polite ruse to get rid of her,—to spare her feelings while they relieved their own. What had kept her from telling them honestly and bravely what she had come for? Did she really expect them to ask her if her work was for sale, as in her reverie; and then offer her that frieze to do in Newport? It was intolerable! She literally bowed herself down in self-contempt, while her heart ached with the sickening defeat of her hopes.

"Where to?" asked a gruff voice.

She had been sitting still in her coupé, and this was the voice of the driver, as he leaned over from his seat, and projected the demand in at the window.

"Oh!" cried Helen. Then she hesitated in a flutter. She had never thought where she should go next; she had not taken any next place into account. "Oh! Drive—drive——" She hesitated again, and then she gave the address of the street where she had bought her pottery. She remembered the decorated pieces there; and they might like hers. At any rate, the people did not know her, and she should have the courage to offer them her work.

She began somewhat as at the other place: "I thought you might like to see ——," and then corrected herself, and said, "I wished to show you my decoration of some of the Beverly ware I got here the other day."

"Oh, yes," said the shop-man,—warily Helen thought. But she undid her vase and saw him smile in approval. "They'v come out very well," he added, as if they ha been subjected to a process. "Here are som new shapes, which we've just got in to-day.

Helen only glanced at the vases he ind cated. "I see you have some decorate pieces here," she said, hastily. "Would yo like to buy these?"

The man's smile gave place to a look o something like anguish. He took off his ha and scratched his head. "Well—well—no this *morning*, I think. The fact is, it's a ne thing, you know; and these decorated piec are principally to show what may be don with the ware. We do sell them, but we don —we don't buy. By and by, I hope we sha be able to do so, but as yet we only expe to supply the plain ware to ladies who wis to paint it. There *are* places where——" H looked still more distressed and stopped.

Helen hastily wrapped her jars up agai and turned to go. The man followed her few paces.

"Your own work?" he asked.

"Yes," said Helen, shortly, without look ing round. "Drive slowly along Washingto street," she ordered; and as the coupé starte she blamed herself for not re-opening the pa ley at the man's last question, and trying t learn of him something about those othe places he had begun to mention. She wa too much bewildered to do that, but it mus have looked like pride. Helen resolved no that she would be not only bold but meek.

She had a plan of stopping at various littl shops, in whose windows she remembere seeing artistic caprices, like pictures in birch bark, and comic designs jig-sawed out o white-wood. They might somewhere take fancy to her vases. She stopped accordingl wherever bric-à-brac showed itself in an sort. The street was full of people, that is t say, of women, thronging in and out of th shop doors, and intent upon spending th money of their natural protectors. It is al ways a wonderful spectacle, and in the ci cuit of a quarter of a mile, about the conflu ence of Washington and Winter streets, i enforces itself with incomparable vividness.

There is doubtless more shopping in Ne York, or London, or Paris, but in those citie it is dispersed over a larger area, and no where in the world perhaps has shoppin such an intensity of physiognomy as in Bos ton. It is unsparingly sincere in its expres sion. It means business, and the sole busines of the city seems to be shopping. The lovel faces of the swarming crowd were almos fierce in their preoccupation, as they presse

into the shop doors; as they issued from them, and each lady stooped and caught the loop of her train in one hand, while she clasped half-a-dozen paper parcels to her heart with the other, those faces exhibited no relaxation of their eager purpose. Where do they all come from, and where does the money all come from? It is a fearful problem, and the imagination must shrink from following these multitudinous shoppers to their homes, in city and suburb, when they arrived frayed and limp and sore, with overspent allowances, and the hard task before them of making the worse appear the better reason.

Helen was dismayed to realize herself the only one of all her sex who wished to sell and not to buy, and at the shops which she entered they were puzzled to conceive of her in that unique character. They were busy with the buyers, and when she had waited about patiently, and had at last found a moment to show her work, they only considered it in various patterns of indifference and refusal. For the most part they scarcely looked at it, and Helen found her scantiest toleration at those places where she was obliged to deal with women. Commonly they could not put her errand and her coupé intelligibly together; the conjunction seemed to raise suspicion. In one shop it raised laughter, which followed her from the young lady behind the counter, who said quite audibly to the young lady at the desk: "Actually in a coupé! Think I should walk myself!" Helen, who had now hardened her sensibilities to everything, took the hint, and let the carriage come after her from shop to shop. But that served no purpose except perhaps to excite the fears of the driver lest she should try to escape from him. When every place had been tried, she still had her vases on her arm, which, when she got them back into the basket, she perceived was sore with carrying them.

"Home," she said to the driver, and leaned back against the cushions, and closed her hot dry eyes. She was so benumbed by what she had undergone, that she did not feel very keenly, and her physical fatigue helped off the mental pain. Presently the carriage stopped, and she saw they were in a jam of vehicles in front of a large jewelry store. There had been something the matter with her watch, and now she thought she would have it looked at; and she dismounted and went in. She gave her watch to a man behind one of the counters, and while he screwed a glass into his eye, and began to peer and blow into the works, Helen cast a listless look into a window where there were some jars of limoges and plates of modern majolica. A gentleman, who did not look quite like a clerk, came forward. Helen carelessly asked him the price of some of the faïence. It seemed very little, and he explained that it was merely earthenware painted in imitation of the faïence, and began to praise it, and to tell who did it. Helen did not listen very attentively; she was thinking of her own work, and wondering if she should have courage to ask him to look at it, and how, if she should, she could get it from the coupé without awkwardness, when he said, "I see you have something there in the way of our business." Then she saw that she had mechanically gathered up her three vases and brought them in with her on her arm; she had long ceased to wrap and unwrap them. She looked at them stupidly, but said, "Yes, this is something I've been doing"; and the gentleman politely took them and admired them with a civility that was so cordial to her after the ordeal she had passed through that the tears came behind her veil.

"Do you think," she asked, very timidly, "you would like to buy something of the kind?"

"M—m—no," said the gentleman musingly, as he turned one of the vases over in his hand.

Helen's breath came again, and she turned to get her watch, which the workman said was ready; one of the wheels had caught, merely; and there was no charge. She took back her vase, and nodded to the gentleman. He did not bow very definitively in return, but followed her to the door.

"The fact is," he said, "there's very little sale for these things now. The whole decoration business has been overdone. However," he added, after a pause in which he seemed to take in the fact of Helen's black, "we might chance to dispose of them for you. If you like, you can leave them here on sale." Helen promptly handed him the vases.

"You mustn't form any expectations," he cautioned. "It will *be* a chance. *What* shall I ask for them?"

"Oh, anything—anything you can get," cried Helen, desperately. "Nobody wants them."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, and now he set the vases in the window between the jars of imitation faïence.

Helen timidly offered him her card, and she stole a glance at the vases from the outside, and thought they looked very common and dreadfully personal. Their being there gave her neither hope nor pleasure.

The door of the coupé stuck fast, and while she stood tugging at it a policeman stepped

up and opened it for her. "See here, my man," he said to the driver, "you'd better get down and wait on your passengers decently, or give up the business. What's your number?" and, while the man mumbled something in explanation and excuse, Helen looked up into the face of her champion. She failed at first to recognize the civil fellow who had come home with her father the day of the seizure, and whom she had met on the steps; but the officer knew her, and touched his hat.

Then she remembered him. "Oh, is it you?" she cried, as if it was some old friend.

"Yes," said the officer, very much pleased.

"I've always wanted to see you again, and thank you," began Helen.

"Oh, *that's* all right," answered the officer. "Your father was a *man*, I can tell you. I—I—I was awfully sorry for you, Miss Harkness." He spoke with a simple cordiality, that Helen felt it nothing odd to be shaking hands with a policeman at high noon in Washington street.

"Thank you, you are very kind. Goodbye. I shall never forget your goodness to him that day."

"Oh, don't mention it," said the policeman. He touched his hat again, and vanished in the crowd; and she reflected that she had not asked his name. As she looked in the direction he had gone, she saw not him, but herself. She saw herself standing on the threshold of her old, lost home, and turning to look after this man with the stare of amused, haughty wonder, that a girl bred in ease and fashion, and fondly shielded from all that was rude or was abrupt in life, might fitly bend upon such a curious piece of the social mechanism, unexpectedly and inconceivably related to herself. Her attitude implied secure possession in perpetuity of whatever was gracefully supreme in the world, of whatever was prosperously fastidious and aloof. It was enough to remember this attitude now.

The coupé stopped at Mrs. Hewitt's narrow door, and the man got down and helped her out. "I guess the horse is tired enough to stand while I carry this basket up for you," he said.

Helen had no gratitude to express, and she did not thank him for this service when she took out her purse to pay him. She had kept the carriage two hours and a half, and he said they never counted less than an hour, but he would call it four dollars. As he folded the bills, he said he hoped she did not blame him for not opening the coupé door for her; she got out and in so often, and his horse always started up so when he left the box.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Helen. "Only go, please."

She closed the door behind him, and she flung herself upon the bed, and hid her face in her pillow, and drenched it with her rushing tears. Her head ached, and her heart was sore in her breast. All that had happened repeated itself with ceaseless iteration in her mind; all the looks, all the tones, all the words—they burnt, and rang, and hummed in her brain; the long ordeal of her disappointment dramatized itself to the inner sense in thousand-fold swift reverberation; the disappointment was as bitter as if starvation were before her, and the shock to her pride was even greater. She had fancied, as she now realized, that she should succeed because she was she; while warning herself that she must not expect anything but failure, she had secretly cherished an ideal of triumph that made the future a matter of fortunate inspirations and delightful toil. This was what she had really hoped; and now, to her defeat was added the stinging sense of having been a fool. She had probably set to work quite in the wrong way; and she had been not only a fool, but such a coward as to be afraid to say that she wished to sell her work to the only people who could take a special interest in it. Yet they might not have cared for it either, and if she had spoken she would have had only one ignominy the more to remember. For, what puzzled and surprised Helen most of all was that when she had taken the humblest mien, and approached those shop people on their own level, as it were, without pretension and without pride, they should have shown no sense of the sacrifice she had made, but should have trampled upon her all the same.

The glamour was gone from her experiment. She was in the mood to accept any conditions of dependence; she wondered at the vain courage with which she had refused the idleness and uselessness of the home offered her by the Butlers.

The dinner-bell rang, but she remained with her face in the pillow: after a while some one tapped at her door, and then pushed it softly open and looked in. But she did not stir. Whoever it was must have thought her asleep and so left her; yet when Helen opened her eyes there was still some one in her room. A shawl had been flung over her, and Miss Root was sitting at the window looking at her and apparently waiting for her to wake up.

"Not going to be sick, are you?" she asked. "You've been sleeping ever since before dinner, and Mrs. Hewitt asked me to look in and see how you were getting along. I guess you haven't taken cold; she put the shawl on you."

"Oh, no!" said Helen, rising briskly, in

the first free moment of waking, when care has not yet dropped back upon the heart. "I came in with a headache, and threw myself on the bed to rest."

"That some of your work?" Miss Root indicated with a nod the basket which stood in the middle of the floor where the man had set it. The paper had come off one of the jars, and showed its decoration.

"Yes," said Helen. "I did them—I——" A thought flashed into her mind: "They are for a wedding present!"

"May I look at it?" asked Miss Root.

"Certainly," said Helen, feeling bolder, now that she was protected by this little outwork of unreality against the invasion of Miss Root's sympathy. She unwrapped two or three of the jars and set them on the window-seat.

Miss Root did not trouble herself to take them up, but stood at a little distance and glanced at them with an eye that Helen saw understood and classed them, and that made her feel like the amateur she was. The girl turned away without comment.

"I saw some just like them in a window as I came along Washington street. I pity any poor wretch that expects to live by painting and selling them."

Miss Root could not have meant her equivocal speech in unkindness, for she added, looking back as she went out, "Don't you come down if you don't feel just right; I'll bring up your supper to you."

Helen said she was going down, and arming herself with the courage of her despair, she confronted the question of the tea-table with gayety even, and made light of her long nap. She said she had been shopping all the morning, and the irony of the phrase in this application flattered her bitter mood. It was a stroke of the finest sarcasm, could they but know it; and in her heart she mocked at their simple acceptance of her statement.

Mr. Evans said he was suprised she could sleep after shopping. When his wife went shopping it kept the whole family awake for the next twenty-four hours and care-worn for a week. Mrs. Hewitt asked about the fashions, and said that she always found things just as cheap and a good deal better at the large stores, and you spent more time and laid out as much money running round to the little places. It seemed to Helen the height of the sardonic to answer—"Yes, it was quite useless to go to the little places."

"D'you find your letters all right, Miss Harkness?" asked the landlady, when this talk had taken its course. "I put 'em on the corner of your mantel."

"No," said Helen; "I didn't look."

"Well, you'll see 'em when you go back. They came after you went to sleep. The most curious stamps on *I* ever saw."

Helen's heart stood still with fear and hope; and "Oh, papa, get them for my collection," pleaded the little boy.

"Here," she said, rising, and making this opportune prayer her shelter, "come up with me, and you shall have them"; and after due reproach from his mother, he was suffered to go with her.

It was Robert Fenton's handwriting on the envelopes. "It's my answer—it's my sentence—and I deserve it," she said, under her breath, as she stood with the letters in her hand, trying to detach one of the stamps with her trembling fingers.

"There!" cried the boy, "you're tearing it!"

"Never mind," said Helen; "they're both alike. I'll cut this other off for you."

But her hand shook so that she chopped into the letter a little with the scissors.

"If I couldn't cut better than that!" roared the boy, anxious for the integrity of his stamp. "What makes you get so white, and then get so red?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" answered Helen, incoherently. "Here's your stamp." She stooped to give it. The child was pretty, with still gray eyes and full lips. "Will you kiss me, Tom," she asked, in a very soft, trembling voice, "for good luck?" It seemed as if her fate hung upon his will; but when he hastily kissed her and ran out, she still had not courage to open the letters. She flung them on the bed and locked the door, and then came back and looked at them. She could see a little of the writing in one through the hole where she had cut away the stamp, and she tried to make out the words; they were such words as "from," and "four," and "with."

If there had been but one letter, she thought, she should not have been afraid of it; but this mystery of there being two! She tried putting one out of sight under the pillow, but that did no good. Her sole comfort was that while they were still unopened she did not know the worst; but in the meantime she was consumed with a terrible curiosity. She studied them hard, and then walked away to the farthest corner.

"Oh, what *is* it in them? Indeed, I couldn't bear anything after to-day, indeed I couldn't!" she whimpered. "I *can't* open them!"

And then she pounced upon one of them in a frenzy and tore it open.

(To be continued.)

CARDINAL MANNING.

THE painter who, conscious of his own deficiencies, has yet satisfied his patrons by a portrait executed to order, may well hesitate to fulfill the task if requested to furnish a companion picture. The subject, however worthy, may not appeal so fully to his own interests or imagination; the character may not be so familiar to him, or have been studied so long; the light in which the picture is to hang may be different; the original may be better known, and the representation therefore more open to criticism. Just as I think any painter may feel, so do I feel in reality when asked by the Editor of THE CENTURY to contribute to these pages a sketch of Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Whatever insufficiency I was aware of in myself, in contributing a sketch of Cardinal Newman, is much more obvious to me in the present undertaking. Were it conceivable to me that I should ever become a Catholic, I should, in joining the church, be more attracted by the school of thought to which, as it seems to an outsider, Cardinal Newman belongs, than to that of Cardinal Manning; while my very complete sympathy with much of the Archbishop's political, social, and philanthropic work serves, though the logical process is not very clear, to intensify my theological distance from him. What, however, the readers of THE CENTURY wish is not a portrait of the man by one of his own intimates, or by one of his own faith, but rather a sketch of one of the foremost men in modern London, and the foremost representative of the Catholic Church in England. This I essay to give, not without diffidence, but with every wish to be honest and fair.

Cardinal Manning is in his seventy-fourth year. He is the son of the late William Manning, M. P., and Governor of the Bank of England, and was educated at Harrow and Baliol, migrating thence, after taking the highest honors, to become a Fellow of Merton. He is a typical public school man, and could scarcely have been at any but a fashionable public school. Men who have not had such training may have courtly manners, may be thorough men of the world; those educated at home may have equal, sometimes more, erudition; but the combination of learning worn lightly like a flower, great frankness of manner with power of reticence when needed, aptness for being at home in any society, from the rough to the courtier and simple unconscious ease, are generally to be found among Englishmen only in those educated at our first-class public schools. These were the qualities which, joined with his birth and his father's position, gave him, even as a very young man, a commanding influence in Oxford society, which raised him to be Archdeacon of Chichester at the early age of thirty-two, and which have made him so great a power in his own communion since he joined it. They have also given him influence among very various classes of society, especially among the great, so that his brother-in-law, the late Bishop of Winchester, smarting under the desertion of his friend and unable to deny himself the use of epigram, called him the "apostle of the genteels." He became Rector of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex in 1834, and married the youngest Miss Serjeant, one of the co-heiresses of the Lavington property, two other sisters having married Samuel Wilberforce, afterward Bishop, and Henry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning survived her marriage but a few months, and the four volumes of "Parochial Sermons," published by Archdeacon Manning while Rector of Lavington, show the effect upon a sensitive nature of a very deep and early sorrow, which strengthened the spirituality of his nature and turned his thoughts more and more toward the unseen world. All that was deepest in him, just as what was true in the nature of Bishop Wilberforce, was touched and strengthened by the loss of their young and beautiful wives. This great sorrow, by which his after elevation in the church of his adoption was rendered possible, has not always been looked upon by his co-religionists in the same light. It was one of the canons of his own Pro-cathedral who said that the greatest blow the Catholic Church had received in this century was the death of Mrs. Manning.

A quiet residence among the Sussex downs might have put an extinguisher on many men; it put none on Manning. Any one who reads the lives of the Wilberforces, or the many biographical and other contributions toward the history of the English Church during the Tractarian movement, will recognize the considerable part which Manning played; and when he became Archdeacon of Sussex his charges were among the

forces that affected the whole religious and political attitude of a large and often dominant section of the English Church.

It may be here well to quote, both as a specimen of his style and of the tone of thought in which he habitually lived, the concluding sentences of a sermon published by him on "Commemoration of the Faithful Departed":

"Therefore, the Church commemorates their [the saints'] earthly welfare, that we may go forth out of ourselves in a reverent love for those whose sanctity abashes our inflated self-esteem. She bids us remember that, in comparison with her mighty dead, we are but worms; that the Church is not ours to rend and set in array, nor to patronize and irreverently praise; that we are but one of a flowing tide of generations — one only — and that neither the worst nor the best. Better were it for us to stand in awe at our own littleness. We are but a handful of restless, therefore, self-exalting children in the sight of the Church unseen.

"Therefore, year by year, let us reverently commemorate their names, remembering what they were, but steadfastly gazing at what they are. Their very words are still ringing in our ears: of some the beloved image, too, is full before us. Let us live as they would bid us, could they still speak: let us fulfill their known behests, following in their steps, filling up the works that they began, carrying on their hallowed offices now bequeathed to our care: let us be like them in deadness to sin, and increasing homage to our unseen Lord. As we grow holier, we grow nearer to them; to be like them is to be with them; even now they are not far from us; we know not how nigh. As yet, for a time, the veil is drawn. We shall know all at His coming. It may be, we shall say: What! so near, and we could not see you? At times we could almost fancy we were not alone; but when we strained our sight, we saw nothing; when we listened, all was still."

But Manning was by no means consciously approaching the goal at which he afterward found himself; so far from this, that while the commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot was still a scandal to the English Liturgy, Archdeacon Manning preached before the University of Oxford a violent tirade against Popery with a vehemence unusual in an English, and still more in an university pulpit. He declared it to be impossible that the Pope should ever again have the jurisdiction in the realm of England; and his indignant declamation profoundly distressed many of those who, though not aware that they might themselves be drawn into closer relations with the Roman Church, yet desired to "speak gently of our sister's fall." Newman was then in retirement at Littlemore, preparing for the end, which was shortly coming — his own reception into Catholicism. Archdeacon Manning walked out to Littlemore to call upon him, but the report of the disastrous sermon had already preceded the preacher. The door was opened by one of those young men, then members of the quasi monastic community, who had to convey to the Archdeacon the unpleasant intimation that Dr. Newman declined to see him. So anxious was the young man to cover the slight, and to minimize its effect, that he walked away from the door with the Archdeacon, bare-headed as he was, and had covered half the way to Oxford before he turned back, unaware, as was his companion, of his unprotected state, under a November sky. So strangely do we change in these changing times, that it is hard to realize that the perplexed novice was Mr. J. A. Froude.

Those who read Archdeacon Manning's "Parochial Sermons" will recognize yet another predominant note besides that of nearness to the unseen world, although closely in harmony with the former. This is the note of sacramental channels of grace. Hence, when the spiritual grace of baptism was denied by Mr. Gorham, and his view pronounced to be tenable within the Church of England, Archdeacon Manning, with many others, felt the very ground on which they stood cut from under them. If the Church of England denied sacramental grace, which to them involved the very essence of religion, there was indeed nowhere to turn but to the Church of Rome, however impossible it had once seemed that they should do so. Immediately after the Gorham judgment was pronounced, Archdeacon Manning shook from his feet the dust of an heretical Church, to join that toward which his steps had so long unconsciously been advancing; when no doubt he found that the boundaries were by no means so difficult to overstep as they had seemed to him on that November day. After the short retirement, inevitable on his change, preparatory to taking orders in the church of his adoption, his rise was rapid and signal. He, too, like his brother cardinal, founded a congregation, that of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, filling in the interim the dignified office of Provost of Westminster. In 1865, Monsignor Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster. In 1875, he was created a cardinal with the title of Saints Andrew and Gregory. Since his appointment as archbishop few men have ever been more before the world. Not only is he a constant preacher in, and a frequent preacher out of his diocese; not only has he been a combatant in intellectual contests, especially in the Metaphysical Society, a club which met monthly, where he held his own with such disputants as Dr. Martineau, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Professor Huxley, — he has also taken part in the social life of London to such an extent that there is hardly

a philanthropic work in which he could consistently coöperate wherein he has not been a sharer. Conspicuous above all has been the aid that he has given to total abstinence societies both in and out of his church. In politics he is understood to take a strongly democratic view, and has been heard to say that, were he not what he is, his choice would be to be a demagogue. On the Irish question, and to some extent on the extreme Irish side, he has been very outspoken; and should it hereafter prove to be possible that the Catholic Church, at least in the West, should ally herself with the cause of the people, as distinguished from the cause of the oligarchs, Cardinal Manning's name will be found on the roll of those who have helped the fusion.

One signal exception, indeed, there has been. The language in which he allowed himself to speak of the son of the perjured usurper of France, stricken down as a filibuster in a war with which he had nothing to do, was a profound grief to many who deeply admired His Eminence. Making all allowance for the feelings excited by a mother's sorrow and the death of a prince, so-called, who chanced to be Catholic, it was distressing to hear so powerful a voice lamenting the extinction of a dynasty which not all the sacred oil of Rheims could have made other than accursed, and from whose right hand the blood of the slaughters of the Second of December could never have been washed. And, indeed, it is this coquetting with tyrants, in spite of the upsurging, from time to time, of nobler and better feelings; it is this retrogression to the side of all that is base and foul in government, which—far more than dogmas, of which nearly all can be accepted metaphysically and transcendentally—keeps at a distance those who might be attracted by the great history or the soothing promises of the church which Cardinal Manning has adopted.

Those who attend his many sermons and speeches, those who read his published sermons and have a right to judge, tell us that the fervor of devotion which was so remarkable in the sermons of the archdeacon is to be found, enhanced and deepened, in the discourses of the archbishop. The keen arguments, the statesman-like papers on the Independence of the Holy See, the astute special pleading on behalf of the Vatican Council, have not dimmed the fervor of devotion. The man of the world never for an instant ceases to be the priest; and we believe that many a death-bed, which might have been not unfairly left to the ministrations of the minor clergy, has been blessed by the uplifted hand of him who in England bears the weight of all the churches. And, while many might take the Cardinal-Archbishop as an incarnation of shrewd, every-day common sense, his recognition of the pilgrimage to Lourdes shows that he yet feels how completely the church of the nineteenth century is the church of the Middle Ages, and that he shrinks from no recrudescence of modern miracles, however physical.

The eminently practical nature of the man has been shown in his choice of a residence. In all London there could scarcely have been found a house which, *primâ facie*, was less adapted for a home than the gaunt, ugly building standing a little south-east of the Victoria Station, erected by philanthropic officers a good many years ago as a club for the non-commissioned officers and men of the Guards. Its great echoing stone hall, its bare, square rooms, well intended for public purposes, seemed but ill adapted for a home; but when the Guards' Club failed as a speculation here was a house, cheap and large and handy—a building capable of being invested with a certain magnificence—and for comfort its occupant cares but little. No other great man is more accessible than the Cardinal. Through no rooms are ushered men of more various opinions than through these great halls, Italian in their spaciousness, all English in their chilliness. And yet a certain dignity and grandeur seem to haunt them and surround also their spare, even emaciated tenant. The windows of this uninviting abode look out on a dreary waste at the backs of houses, overgrown with what can only by courtesy be called grass—a squalid inclosure; but, to the Cardinal, this plot probably presents a different aspect than to the ordinary beholder, for it is the site of the cathedral which he intends to erect, and of which a design hangs on the walls of his chief reception-room. No doubt in his mind's eye there rise soaring arch and lofty spire, and the vision of England, Catholic once more, thronging its wide portals. We see no indication of the realization of such a view. What if converts by the hundred are to be numbered among the principal ranks, both of intellect and birth? What are they, even hundreds, among so many? What if there be into England large incursions of poor Irish, or poor Italians, or poor French, so that the churches in Westminster or Hatton Garden are thronged?—there is no sign whatever that the great bulk of the middle class of England are anything but sturdily Protestant, tolerating, but by no means accepting, the Catholic faith. Yet we would not, if we could, forbid the Cardinal to complete his church and to dream his dream, being well assured that his efforts, in whatever they

result, must result at least in this—the moral elevation and ennobling of those who fall under his sway. Not wholly popular,—for his pastoral staff is somewhat rigid, and does not bud and blossom like the rod of Aaron,—he is yet thoroughly respected and revered by the Catholics of England. There are, indeed, cynics among his priests who think that he has made but little way in some of the causes which he has most at heart, and that, were his personal influence removed, the great teetotal organization of the League of the Cross would crumble to dust. But however this may be, we know too well that no man can carry out one-half the schemes he sets before him, and that, at any rate, in the words of George Herbert, he

> "Who aims a star
> Shoots higher far than he that aims a tree."

Those who are not of his own faith may be led to admire the indomitable pluck and vigor of one among the most prominent figures of our present London world.

C. Kegan Paul.

MORAL PURPOSE IN ART.*

In the last lecture, we obtained a view of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" as containing two distinct stories, one of which might have been called "The Repentance of Gwendolen Harleth," and the other "The Mission of Daniel Deronda"; and we generalized the principal objections against the work into two, namely, that the main characters were prigs, and that the artistic value of the book was spoiled by its moral purpose. In discussing the first of these objections, we found that probably both of them might be referred to a common origin; for examination of precisely what is meant by a prig revealed that he is a person whose goodness is so downright, so unconforming, and so radical that it makes the mass of us uncomfortable. Now there can be no question that so far as the charge of being overloaded with moral purpose is brought against "Daniel Deronda," as distinguished from George Eliot's other works, it is so palpably contrary to all facts in the case that we may clearly refer it to some fact outside the case; and I readily find this outside fact in that peculiar homethrust of the moral of "Daniel Deronda" which has rendered it more tangible than that of any preceding work which concerned time past. You will remember, we found that it was only in "Daniel Deronda," written in 1876, after thirty years of study and of production, that George Eliot allowed herself to treat current English society; you will remember, too, how we found that this first treatment revealed, among other things, a picture of an unspeakable brute, Grandcourt, throned like the Indian Cama above the multitude, and receiving the special adoration of the most refined young English girls with a blasé stare,—a picture which made the worship of the golden calf or the savage dance around a merely impotent wooden idol fade into tame blasphemy. No man could deny the truth of the picture; the galled jade was obliged to wince; this time it was *my* withers that were wrung. Thus the moral purpose of "Daniel Deronda"—which is certainly beyond all comparison less obtrusive than that of any other book written by George Eliot—grew, by its very nearness, out of all perspective. Though a mere gnat, it sat on the very eyelash of society and seemed a monster.

In speaking of George Eliot's earlier stories, I was at pains to show how explicitly she avowed their moral purpose: in "Amos Barton," in "Janet's Repentance," in "Adam Bede," everywhere there is the fullest avowal of didacticism; on almost every other page one meets those direct appeals from the author in her own person to the reader, in which George Eliot indulged more freely than any novelist I know, enforcing this or that moral view in plain terms of preaching. But it curiously happens that even these moral asides are conspicuously absent from "Daniel Deronda": the most cursory comparison of it in this particular with "Adam Bede," for example, reveals an enormous disproportion in favor of "Deronda" as to the weight of this criticism. Yet people who had enthusiastically accepted and extolled "Adam Bede," with all its explicitly moralizing passages and its professedly preaching characters, suddenly found that "Daniel Deronda" was intolerably priggish and didactic.

But resting thus on the facts in the case—easily provable by comparing "Daniel Deronda" with any previous work—to show how this censure of didacticism loses all momen-

* Being the opening pages of the late Sidney Lanier's Last Lecture, Johns Hopkins University, April, 1881.

tum as against this particular book, let us advance to the more interesting, because more general, fact that many people—some in great sincerity—have preferred this censure against all of George Eliot's work, and against all didactic novels in general. The objection involves many shades of opinion, and is urged with the most diverse motives and manners. At one extreme we have "The Saturday Review" huskily growling that the office of the novelist is to amuse, never to instruct; that George Eliot, in seeking the latter, has even forfeited the former; and that "Daniel Deronda" neither amuses nor instructs; whereupon George Eliot is derisively bid, in substance, to put on the cap and bells again and leave teaching to her betters,—with a voice, by the way, which is wondrously like that with which the "Edinburgh Review" some years ago cried out to our adorable John Keats, "Back to your gallipots, young man!" From this extreme we have all shades of opinion—to that vague and moderate apprehension much current among young persons influenced by a certain smart sound in the modern French phrase, "*L'Art pour l'Art*," or by the German nickname of Tendency books—that a moral intention on the part of an artist is apt to interfere with the naturalness or intrinsic beauty of his work; that in art the controlling consideration must always be artistic beauty, and that artistic beauty is not only distinct from, but often opposed to, moral beauty.

Now to discuss this question *a priori*, to go forward and establish an æsthetic basis for beauty, involving an examination which must range from Aristotle to Kant and Burke and Mr. Grant Allen's physiological theories, would require another course of lectures quite as long as that which is now ending; and you will remember I was careful to say in my last announcement, not that I would attempt to *discuss*, but (the words used were) to "throw some light upon this question" in the present lecture. And so, to proceed immediately to that work with some system, permit me to recall to you, in the first place, that the requirement has been, from time immemorial, that wherever there is contest as between artistic and moral beauty, unless the moral side prevail all is lost. Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman; yet, if the lip have a certain fullness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor, unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose, may as well give over his marble for paving-stones. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work. For indeed we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who, therefore, is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty,—that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light, within him, is not yet the great artist.

Here it is most instructive to note how the fine and beautiful souls of time appear after a while to lose all sense of distinction between these terms,—Beauty, Truth, Love, Wisdom, Goodness, and the like. Hear some testimony upon this point: this is a case for witnesses. Let us call, first, Keats. Keats does not hesitate to draw a moral, even from his "Grecian Urn," and even in the very climacteric of his most "high-sorrowful song"; and that moral effaces the distinction between truth and beauty.

"Cold pastoral!" he cries, at the end of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn,"

> "When old age shall this generation waste,
> Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
> Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
> 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Again, bearing in mind this identity of truth and beauty in Keats's view, observe how Emerson, by strange turns of thought, subtly refers both truth and beauty to a common principle of the essential relation of each thing to all things in the universe. These lines are from his poem called "Each and All":

> "Little thinks in the field yon red-cloaked clown
> Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
>
> * * * * *
>
> The sexton tolling his bell at noon
> Deems not that great Napoleon
> Stops his horse and lists with delight
> While his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
> Nor knowest thou what argument
> Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
> All are needed by each one;
> Nothing is fair or good alone."

Nothing is fair or good alone: that is to say, fairness, or beauty, and goodness depend upon relations between creatures; and so, in the end of the poem, after telling us how he learned this lesson by finding that the bird-song was not beautiful when away from its proper relation to the sky and the river, and so on, we have this:

"Then I said 'I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth.'
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird:
Beauty through all my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

But again, here Mrs. Browning, speaking by the mouth of Adam in "The Drama of Exile," so far identifies beauty and *love* as to make the former depend on the latter; insomuch that Satan, created the most beautiful of all angels, becomes the most repulsive of all angels from lack of *love*, though retaining all his original outfit of beauty. In "A Drama of Exile," after Adam and Eve have become wise with the great lessons of grief, love, and forgiveness, to them comes Satan, with such talk as if he would mock them back into their misery; but it is fine to see how the father of men now instructs the prince of the angels upon this matter of love and beauty.

EVE. Speak no more with him,
Beloved! it is not good to speak with him.
Go from us, Lucifer, and speak no more!
We have no pardon which thou dost not scorn,
Nor any bliss, thou seest, for coveting,
Nor innocence for staining. Being bereft,
We would be alone. — Go.
LUC. Ah! ye talk the same,
All of you — spirits and clay — go, and depart!
In Heaven they said so; and at Eden's gate, —
And here, reiterant, in the wilderness.
None saith, Stay with me, for thy face is fair!
None saith, Stay with me, for thy voice is sweet!
And yet I was not fashioned out of clay.
Look on me, woman! Am I beautiful?
EVE. Thou hast a glorious darkness.
LUC. Nothing more?
EVE. I think, no more.
LUC. False Heart — thou thinkest more!
Thou canst not choose but think * * *
* * * that I stand
Most absolute in beauty. As yourselves
Were fashioned very good at best, so *we*
Sprang very beauteous from the creant Word
Which thrilled behind us, God Himself being moved
When that august work of a perfect shape, —
His dignities of sovran angel-hood, —
Swept out into the Universe, — divine
With thunderous movements, earnest looks of gods,
And silver-solemn clash of cymbal-wings!
Whereof was I, in motion and in form,
A part not poorest. And yet, — yet, perhaps,
This beauty which I speak of is not here,
As God's voice is not here, nor even my crown —
I do not know. What is this thought or thing
Which I call beauty? is it thought or thing?
Is it a thought accepted for a thing?
Or both? or neither? — a pretext — a word?
Its meaning flutters in me like a flame
Under my own breath: my perceptions reel
For evermore around it, and fall off,
As if it too were holy.
EVE. Which it is.
ADAM. The essence of all beauty, I call love.
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love. As form, when colorless,
Is nothing to the eye, — that pine-tree there,
Without its black and green, being all a blank, —
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned,
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee,
And what collateral love moves on with thee;
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.
LUC. Love! What is love? I lose it. Beauty and love.
I darken to the image. Beauty — love.
(He disappears.)

Let us now carry forward this connection between love and beauty in listening to a further testimony of Emerson's in a poem called "The Celestial Love," where, instead of identifying *beauty* and *truth* with Keats, we find him making *love* and *truth* to be one:

"Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond,
Bound for the just, but not beyond;
Not glad, as the low-loving herd,
Of self in other still preferred,
But they have heartily designed
The benefit of broad mankind.
And they serve men austerely,
After their own genius, clearly,
Without a false humility;
For this is Love's nobility, —
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand, and body, and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true."

And in connection with these lines, —

"Not glad, as the low-loving herd,
Of self in other still preferred," —

I must here beg you to observe the quite incalculable advance in the ideal of love here presented by Emerson, and the ideal which was thought to be the crown and boast of the classic novel a hundred years ago, and which is still pointed to with exultation by thoughtless people. This ideal, by universal voice, was held to have been consummated in the character of Squire Allworthy, in the famous novel, "Tom Jones." And here it is: We have a dramatic presentation of Squire Allworthy, early on a May morning pacing the terrace before his mansion, which commanded a noble stretch of country; and then Fielding glows thus:

"In the full blaze of his majesty rose the sun, than which one object alone in this lower creation

could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented—a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to His creatures."

Here, Mr. Allworthy's benevolence has for its object to render himself most acceptable to his Creator. His love, in other words, is only another term for increasing his account in the Bank of Heaven—a perfect example, in short, of that love of the low-loving herd which is self in other still preferred.

But now let me once more turn the tube and gain another radiant arrangement of these kaleidoscopic elements, beauty and love and the like. In Emerson's poem called "Beauty" (which must be distinguished from the "Ode to Beauty"), the relation between love and beauty takes this turn: of Seyd he says:

> "Beauty chased he everywhere.
> In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.
> He smote the lake to feed his eye
> With the beryl beam of the broken wave;
> He flung in pebbles well to hear
> The moment's music which they gave.
> Oft pealed for him a lofty tone
> From nodding pole and belting zone.
> He heard a voice none else could hear
> From central and from errant sphere.
> The quaking earth did quake in rhyme,
> Seas ebbed and flowed in epic chime.
> In dens of passion, and pits of woe,
> He saw strong Eros struggling through,
> To sum the doubt and solve the curse,
> And beam to the bounds of the universe.
> While thus to love he gave his days
> In loyal worship, scorning praise,"

(where, you observe, love is substituted for beauty, as that to which he gave his days, in the most naïve *assumption* that the one involves the other,)

> "While thus to love he gave his days
> In loyal worship, scorning praise,
> How spread their lures for him in vain
> Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!
> He thought it happier to be dead,
> To die for Beauty, than live for bread."

George Eliot has somewhere called this word love a word-of-all-work. If, with another turn, I add to these testimonies one from Swedenborg, in which this same love—which we have just seen to be beauty—which beauty we just before saw to be truth—is now identified with *wisdom*, we prove the justice of George Eliot's phrase. In section X. of his work on "The Divine Providence," Swedenborg says: "The good of love is not good any further than it is united to the truth of wisdom; and the truth of wisdom is not truth any further than it is united to the good of love"; and he continues, in section XIII.: "Now, because truth is from good, as wisdom is from love, therefore both taken together are called love or good: for love in its form is wisdom, and good in its form is truth."

And, finally, does not David practically confirm this view where, in Psalms, CXIX., he involves the love of the law of God with wisdom in the verse, "I understand more than the ancients because I keep thy precepts?"

I grieve that there is no time to call more witnesses; for I love to assemble these lofty spirits and hear them speak upon one topic. Is it not clear that in the minds of these serious thinkers truth, beauty, wisdom, goodness, love appear as if they were but avatars of one and the same essential God? And if this be true, cannot one say with authority to the young artist,—whether working in stone, in color, in tones, or in character—forms of the novel: So far from dreading that your moral purpose will interfere with your beautiful creation, go forward in the clear conviction that, unless you are suffused—soul and body, one might say—with that moral purpose which finds its largest expression in love—that is, the love of all things in their proper relation—unless you are suffused with this love, do not dare to meddle with beauty; unless you are suffused with beauty, do not dare to meddle with love; unless you are suffused with truth, do not dare to meddle with goodness,—in a word, unless you are suffused with beauty, truth, wisdom, goodness, *and* love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist.

Of course, I leave out of view here all that field of artistic activity which is merely neutral, which is—not immoral, but—merely *unmoral*. The situations in Scott's novels, for instance, do not in general put us upon any moral question as between man and man. Or when our own Mr. Way paints his luminous bunches of grapes, one of which will feed the palates of a thousand souls though it is never eaten, and thus shows us how Art repeats the miracle of the loaves and fishes, feeding a multitude and leaving more of the original provision than was at first, we have most delightful unmoral art. This is not only legitimate, but I think among the most beneficent energies of art; it rests our hearts, it gives us holiday from the eternal debate, it re-creates us for all work.

But now, secondly, as to the influence of moral purpose in art: we have been in the habit, as you will remember, of passing at the earliest possible moment from abstract discussion to the concrete instance; and if we now follow that course and inquire—not whether moral purpose *may* interfere with artistic creation, but whether moral purpose *has* interfered with artistic creation, as matter of fact, in the works of those whom the ages have set

in the highest heaven of art, we get a verdict which seems to leave little room for question. At the beginning we are met with the fact that the greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose. For example, the most poetical poetry of which we know anything is that of the author of Job and that of David and of his fellow psalm-writers. I have used the expression "most poetical" here with design: for, regarded as pure literature, these poems, in this particular of poeticalness, of pure spirituality, lift themselves into a plane not reached by any others. A single fact in proof of this exceeding poeticalness will suffice: it is the fact that these poems alone, of all ever written, bear translation from one language into another without hurt. Surely this can be said of no other poetic work. If we strike away all allowances of amateurishness and good-fellowship, and judge with the uncompromising truth of the pious artist, how pitiful is Homer as he appears even in Pope's English; or how subtly does the simplicity of Dante melt into childishness even with Mr. Longfellow guiding; or how tedious and flat fall the cultured sentences of Goethe even in Taylor's version, which has by many been declared the most successful translation ever made, not only of "Faust," but of any foreign poem; nay, how completely the charm of Chaucer exhales away, even when redacted merely from an older dialect into a later one, by hands so skillful as those of Dryden and Wordsworth!

Now, it is words and their associations which are untranslatable, not ideas; there is no *idea*, whether originating in a Hebrew, Greek, or other mind, which cannot be adequately produced as idea in English words. The reason why Shakspere and Dante are practically untranslatable is that, recognizing how every word means more than itself to its native users,—how every word is like the bright head of a comet drawing behind it a less luminous train of vague associations, which are associations only to those who have used such words from infancy,—Shakspere and Dante, I say, have used this fact and have constructed poems which necessarily mean more to native hearers than they can possibly mean to any foreign ear.

But this Hebrew poetry which I have mentioned is so purely composed of ideas which are universal, essential, fundamental to the personality of man, instantly recognizable by every soul of every race, that they remain absolutely great, absolutely artistic, in whatever language they are couched. For example,—if one climbs up for a moment out of that vagueness with which Biblical expressions, for various reasons, are apt to fall upon many ears, so that one may consider the clean and virgin quality of ideas clarified from all factitious charm of word and of association,—what could be more nearly perfect as pure literature than this:

"The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

I opened my mouth and panted: for I longed for thy commandments * * *

Deliver me from the oppression of man: so will I keep thy precepts.

Order my steps in thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant, and teach me thy statutes.

Rivers of waters run down mine eyes because they keep not thy law."

Or this:

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. * * *

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, even for evermore."

Or this:

"In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me.

Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, from a deceitful tongue.

What shall be given unto thee, or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue!

Sharp arrows of the mighty with coals of juniper.

Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!

My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace.

I am for peace; but when I speak they are for war."

Or this of Isaiah's.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped. Then shall the lame leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

In the habitation of dragons where each lay shall be grass with reeds and rushes. * * * No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there; * *

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Or this from the author of "Job":

"Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they fine it. * * *

As for the earth, out of it cometh bread, and under it is turned up as it were fire. * * *

But where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding? * * *

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me. * * *

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; * * *

When he made a decree for the rain and a way for the lightning of the thunder:

Then did he see it and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fearof the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

Here it is apparent enough that the moral purpose with which these writers were, beyond all question, surcharged, instead of interfering with the artistic value of their product, has spiritualized the art of it into an intensity which burns away all limitations of language, and sets their poems as indestructible monuments in the hearts of the whole human race.

If we descend to the next rank of poetry, I have only to ask you to observe how, in Shakspere, just as the moral purpose becomes loftier the artistic creations become lovelier. Compare, for example, the forgiveness and reconcilation group of plays, as they have been called—"The Winter's Tale," "Henry VIII.," and "The Tempest" (which must have been written late in Shakspere's life, when the moral beauty of large forgiveness seems to have taken complete possession of his fancy, and when the moral purpose of displaying that beauty to his fellow-men seems to have reigned over his creative energy)—compare, I say, these plays with earlier ones, and it seems to me that all the main creations are more distinctly artistic, more spiritually beautiful, lifted up into a plane of holy ravishment which is far above that of all the earlier plays. Think of the dignity and endless womanly patience of *Hermione*, of the heavenly freshness and morning quality of *Perdita*, of the captivating roguery of *Autolycus*, in "The Winter's Tale"; of the colossal forgiveness of *Queen Katherine*, in "Henry VIII."; of the equally colossal pardon of *Prospero*, of the dewy innocence of *Miranda*, of the gracious and graceful ministrations of *Ariel*, of the grotesquerie of *Caliban* and *Trinculo*, of the play of ever fresh delights and surprises which make the drama of "The Tempest" itself a lone and music-haunted island among dramas! Everywhere in these latter plays I seem to feel the brooding of a certain sanctity which breathes out of the larger moral purpose of the period.

Leaving these illustrations, for which time fails, it seems to me we have fairly made out our case against these objectors if, after this review of the connection between moral purpose and artistic creation, we advance, thirdly, to the fact of which these objectors seem profoundly oblivious—that the English novel at its very beginning announces itself as the vehicle of moral purpose. Richardson and Fielding, the first English novelists, carefully sheltered their works behind the claim of this very didacticism. Everywhere in "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," "Tom Jones,"—in the preface, sometimes in the very title-page,—it is ostentatiously set up that the object of these books is to improve men's *moral* condition by setting before them plain examples of vice and virtue. Passing by, therefore, the grinning absurdity of the "Saturday Review's" declaration that the proper office of the novelist is to amuse, and that when George Eliot pretended to do more, and to instruct, she necessarily failed to do either,—it is almost as odd to find that the very objectors who urge the injurious effect of George Eliot's moral purpose upon her work are people who swear by Richardson and Fielding, utterly forgetting that if moral purpose is a detriment to "Daniel Deronda," it is simple destruction to "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones."

When I think of the crude and hasty criticism which confines this moral purpose in "Daniel Deronda" to the pushing forward of Deronda's so-called religious patriotism, in endeavoring to reëstablish his people in the ancient seat of the Hebrews,—a view which I call crude and hasty, because it completely loses sight of the much more prominent and important moral purpose of the book, namely, the setting forth of Gwendolen Harleth's repentance,—when, I say, I hear these critics not only assume that Deronda's mission is *the* moral purpose of this book, but even belittle that by declaring that George Eliot's enthusiasm for the rehabilitation of the Jews must have been due to a chance personal acquaintance of hers with some fervid Jew who led her off into these chimerical fancies, and when I find this tone prevailing, not only with the Philistines, but among a great part of George Eliot's otherwise friends and lovers, then I am in a state of amazement which precludes anything like critical judgment on my part. As for me, no Jew,—not even the poorest shambling clothes-dealer in Harrison street—but startles me effectually out of this work-a-day world. When I look upon the face of a Jew, I seem to feel a little wind fresh from off the Sea of Tiberias; I seem to receive a message which has come under the whole Sea of Time from the further shore of it. This wandering person, who without a home in any nation, has yet

made a literature which is at home in every nation, carries me in one direction to my mysterious brethren, the cave-men and the lake-dwellers, in the other direction to the Masterful Carpenter of Bethlehem, climax of our race.

Until you can bring me a statesman more comprehensive in view and more diligent in detail than Moses, until you can bring me poets more spiritual than David and him who wrote Job, until you can bring me a lover more pure or a mystic more rapt than John, until you can bring me a man more dear and friendly and helpful and strong and human and Christly than Jesus,—do not speak to me slightingly of the Jew. And now, to gather together these people from the four ends of the earth; to rehabilitate them in their thousand-fold consecrated home after so many ages of wandering; to remake them into a homologous nation, at once the newest and the oldest upon earth; to endow the nineteenth century with that prodigious momentum which all the old Jewish fervor and spirituality and tenacity would acquire in the backward spring from such long ages of restraint and oppression, and with the mighty accumulation of cosmopolitan experiences,—the bare suggestion would seem enough to stir the blood of the most ungentle Gentile. And if, anticipating a certain shame in their attitude, these objectors add that Deronda's mission was chimerical, I reply that, since we have seen the telegraph and the railway and the photophone, and Benjamin Disraeli prime minister of England, the word chimerical has ceased to have a meaning. Somewhere in this very book we are discussing George Eliot says: "There is a sort of human paste that when it comes near the fire of enthusiasm is only baked into harder shape." Such seem to me those who remain sardonically unaffected by the idea of Jewish restoration. As for me, the movement seems so noble and captivating that to fail in it appears finer than to succeed in most of the promising projects of this world; and one almost wishes one were a Jew, that one might begin it without loss of time.

Sidney Lanier.

AT TEAGUE POTEET'S.

A SKETCH OF THE HOG MOUNTAIN RANGE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

EMIGRATION is a much more serious matter than revolution. Virtually, it is obliteration. Thus, Gérard Petit, landing upon the coast of South Carolina in the days of French confusion—a period covering too many dates for a romancer to be at all choice in the matter—gave his wife and children over to the oblivion of a fatal fever. Turning his face westward, he pushed his way to the mountains. He had begun his journey fired with the despair of an exile, and he ended it with something of the energy and enterprise of a pioneer. In the foot-hills of the mountains he came to the small stream of English colonists that was then trickling slowly southward through the wonderful valleys that stretch from Pennsylvania to Georgia, between the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge and the great Cumberland Range. Here, perhaps for the first time, the *je*, *vous*, *nous* of France met in conflict the "ah yi," the "we uns" and the "you uns" of the English-Pennsylvania-Georgians. The conflict was brief. There was but one Gérard Petit, and, although he might multiply the *je*, *vous*, *nous* by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, as he undoubtedly did, yet, in the very nature of things, the perpetual volley of "you uns" and "we-uns" must carry the day. They belonged to the time, and the climate suited them. By degrees they fitted themselves to Gérard Petit; they carried him from the mountains of South Carolina to the mountains of North Georgia, and there they helped him to build a mill and found a family. But their hospitality did not end there. With the new mill and the new family, they gave him a new name. Gérard Petit, presumably with his hand upon his heart, as became his race, made one last low bow to genealogy. In his place stood Jerd Poteet, "you uns" to the left of him, "we uns" to the right of him. He made such protest as he might. He brought his patriotism to bear upon the emergency, and named his eldest son Huguenin Petit. How long this contest between hospitality on the one hand and family pride and patriotism on the other was kept up, it is unnecessary to inquire. It is enough to say that the Huguenin of one generation left Hugue

Poteet as his son and heir; Hugue left Hague, and this Hague, or a succeeding one, by some mysterious development of fate, left Teague Poteet.

Meanwhile the restless stream of English-Pennsylvania-Georgians, with its "you uns" and its "we uns," trickled over into Alabama, where some of the Petits who were carried with it became Pettys and Pettises. The Georgia settlements, however, had been reënforced by Virginians, South Carolinians, and Georgians. The gold excitement brought some; while others, set adrift by the exigencies of the plantation system, found it easier and cheaper to get to North Georgia than to reach Louisiana or Mississippi. Thus, in 1859, Teague Poteet, a young man of thirty or thereabouts, was tilling, in a half-serious, half-jocular way, a small farm on Hog Mountain, in full view of Gullettsville. That is to say, Poteet could see the whole of Gullettsville, but Gullettsville could not, by any means, see the whole, nor even the half, of Poteet's fifty-acre farm. Gulletsvillle could see what appeared to be a gray notch on the side of the mountain, from which a thin stream of blue smoke flowed upward and melted into the blue of the sky, and this was about all that could be seen. Gullettsville had the advantage in this, that it was the county-seat. A country-road, straggling in from the woods, straggled around a barn-like structure called the court-house, and then straggled off to some other remote and lonely settlement.

Upon rare occasions Teague made his appearance on this straggling street, and bought his dram and paid his thrip for it; but, in a general way, if Gullettsville wanted to see him, it had to search elsewhere than on the straggling street. By knocking the sheriff of the county over the head with a chair, and putting a bullet through a saloon-keeper who bullied everybody, Poteet won the reputation of being a man of marked shrewdness and common sense, and Gullettsville was proud of him, in a measure. But he never liked Gullettsville. He wore a wool hat, a homespun shirt, jeans pantaloons, and cotton suspenders, and he never could bring himself into thorough harmony with the young men who wore ready-made clothes, starched shirts, and beaver hats; nor was his ideal of feminine beauty reached by the village belles, with their roach-combs, their red and yellow ribbons, and their enormous flounces. In the mountains, he was to the manner born; in the village, he was keenly alive to the presence and pressure of the exclusiveness that is the basis of all society, good bad, or indifferent; and it stirred his venom. His revolt was less pronounced and less important than that of his ancestors; but it was a revolt. Gérard Petit left France, and Teague Poteet remained away from Gullettsville. Otherwise there was scarcely a trace of his lineage about him, and it is a question whether he inherited this trait from France or from the Euphrates—from Gérard or from Adam.

But he did not become a hermit by any means. The young men of Gullettsville made Sunday excursions to his farm, and he was pleased to treat them with great deference. Moreover, he began to go upon little journeys of his own across Sugar Valley. He made no mystery of his intentions; but one day there was considerable astonishment when he rode into Gullettsville on horseback, with Puss Pringle behind him, and informed the proper authorities of his desire to make her Mrs. Puss Poteet. Miss Pringle was not a handsome woman, but she was a fair representative of that portion of the race that has poisoned whole generations by improving the frying-pan and perpetuating "fatty bread." The impression she made upon those who saw her for the first time was one of lank flatness —to convey a vivid idea rather clumsily. But she was neither lank nor flat. The total absence of all attempts at artificial ornamentation gave the future Mrs. Poteet an appearance of forlorn shiftlessness that was not even slightly justified by the facts. She was a woman past the heyday of youth, but of considerable energy, and possessed of keen powers of observation. Whatever was feminine about her was of that plaintive variety which may be depended upon to tell the story of whole generations of narrow toilsome, and unprofitable lives.

There was one incident connected with Miss Pringle's antenuptial ride that rather intensified the contempt which the Mountain entertained for the Valley. As she jogged down the street, clinging confidently, if not comfortably, to Teague Poteet's suspenders, two young ladies of Gullettsville chanced to be passing along. They walked slowly, their arms twined about each other's waists. They wore white muslin dresses, and straw hats with wide and jaunty brims, and the loose ends of gay ribbons fluttered about them. These young ladies, fresh from school, and no doubt full of vainglory, greeted the bridal procession with a little explosion of giggles, and when Puss Pringle pushed back her gingham sun-bonnet and innocently gazed upon them, they turned up their noses, sniffed the air scornfully, and made such demonstrations as no feminine mind, however ignorant in other directions, could fail to interpret.

Miss Pringle had not learned the art of tossing her head and sniffing the air, but she half closed her eyes, and gave the young

ladies a look that meant something more than scorn. She said nothing to Teague, for she was in hopes he had not observed the tantrums of the school-girls.

As for Teague, he saw the whole affair, and was cut to the quick. In addition to the latent pride of his class, he inherited the sensitiveness of his ancestors but, turning his eyes neither to the right nor to the left, he jogged along to the wedding. He carried his wife home, and thereafter avoided Gullettsville. When he was compelled to buy coffee and sugar, or other necessary luxuries, he rode forty miles across the mountain to Villa Ray.

He had been married a year or more when, one afternoon, he was compelled to ride down to Gullettsville under whip and spur for a doctor. There was a good deal of confused activity in the town. Old men and young boys were stirring around with blue cockades in their hats, and the women wore blue rosettes on their bosoms. Three negroes in uniform — a contribution from the nearest railroad town — were parading up and down the straggling street with fife and drums, and a number of men were planting a flag-pole in front of the court-house.

No conscientious historian can afford to ignore a coincidence, and it so happened that upon the very day that Teague Poteet's wife presented him with the puzzle of a daughter, Fate presented his countrymen with the problem of war. That night, sitting in the door of his house and smoking his pipe, Teague witnessed other developments of the coincidence. In the next room, the baby-girl squalled most persistently; down in the valley the premonitions of war made themselves heard through the narrow throat of a small cannon which, until then, had been used only to celebrate the Fourth of July.

The noise of a horse's hoofs roused Teague's hounds, and some one called out from the road:

"Hello, Poteet!"

"Ah-yi!"

"You hearn the racket?"

"My gal-baby keeps up sich a hollerin' I can't hear my own years."

"*Oh!*"

"You better b'lieve! Nine hours ole, an' mighty peart. What's them Restercrats in the valley cuttin' up the'r scollops fer?"

"Whoopin' up se*say*sion. Sou' Ca'liny done plum gone out, an' Georgy a-gwine."

Teague Poteet blew a long, thin cloud of home-made tobacco-smoke heavenward, leaned back heavily in his chair, and replied:

"Them air Restercrats kin go wher' they dang please; I'm a gwine to stay right slambang in the United States."

There was a little pause, as if the man on horseback was considering the matter. Then the response came:

"Here's at you!"

"Can't you 'light?" asked Poteet.

"Not now," said the other; "I'll git on furder."

The man on horseback rode on across the mountain to his home. Another mountaineer, seeing the rockets and hearing the sound of the cannon, came down to Poteet's for information. He leaned over the brush-fence.

"What's up, Teague?"

"Gal-baby; reg'lar surbinder."

"*Shoo!* won't my ole 'oman holler! What's up down yan?"

"Them dad-blasted Restercrats a secedin' out'n the United States."

"They say theyer airter savin' of the'r niggers," said the man at the fence.

"Well, I hain't got none, and I hain't a wantin' none; an' it hain't been ten minnits sense I ups an' says to Dave Hightower, s'I 'the United States is big enough for me.'"

"Now you er makin' the bark fly," said the man at the fence.

During the night other men came down the mountain as far as Poteet's, and always with the same result.

The night broadened into day, and other days and nights followed. In the valley, the people had their problem of war, and on the mountain, Teague Poteet had the puzzle of his daughter. One was full of doubt and terror, and death, and the other full of the pleasures of peace. As the tide of war surged nearer and nearer, and the demand for recruits became clamorous, the people of the valley bethought them of the gaunt but sturdy men who lived on the mountain. A conscript officer, representing the necessities of a new government, made a journey thither — a little excursion full of authority and consequence. As he failed to return, another officer, similarly equipped and commissioned, rode forth and disappeared, and then another and another; and it was not until a little search expedition had been fitted out that the Confederates discovered that the fastnesses of Hog Mountain concealed a strong and dangerous organization of Union men. There was a good deal of indignation in the valley when this state of affairs became known, and there was some talk of organizing a force for the purpose of driving the mountaineers away from their homes. But somehow the Valley never made up its mind to attack the Mountain, and, upon such comfortable terms as these, the Mountain was very glad to let the Valley alone.

After awhile the Valley had larger troubles

to contend with. Gullettsville became in some measure a strategic point, and the left wing of one army and the right wing of the other maneuvred for possession. The left wing finally gave way, and the right wing marched in and camped round about, introducing to the distracted inhabitants General Tecumseh Sherman and some of his lieutenants. The right wing had learned that a number of Union men were concealed on the mountain, and one or two little excursion parties were made up for the purpose of forming their acquaintance. These excursions were successful to this extent, that some of the members thereof returned to the friendly shelter of the right wing with bullet-holes in them, justly feeling that they had been outraged. The truth is, the Poteets, and the Pringles, and the Hightowers of Hog Mountain had their own notions of what constituted Union men. They desired to stay in the United States on their own terms. If nobody pestered them, they pestered nobody.

Meanwhile, Teague Poteet's baby had grown to be a thumping girl, and hardly a day passed that she did not accompany her father in his excursions. When the contending armies came in sight, Teague and his comrades spent a good deal of their time in watching them. Each force passed around an elbow of the mountain, covering a distance of nearly sixty miles, and thus for days and weeks this portentous panorama was spread out before these silent watchers. Surely never before did a little girl have two armies for her playthings. The child saw the movements of the soldiers, the glitter of the array, and the waving of the banners; she heard the dull thunder of the cannon, and the sharp rattle of the musketry. When the sun went down, and the camp-fires shone out, it seemed that ten thousand stars had fallen at her feet, and sometimes sweet strains of music stole upward on the wings of the night, and slipped heavenward through the sighing pines.

The gray columns swung right and left, and slowly fell back; the blue columns swayed right and left, and slowly pressed forward,—sometimes beneath clouds of sulphurous smoke, sometimes beneath heavy mists of rain, sometimes in the bright sunshine. They swung and swayed slowly out of sight, and Hog Mountain and Gullettsville were left at peace.

The child grew and thrived. In the midst of a gaunt and sallow generation, she shone radiantly beautiful. In some mysterious way, she inherited the beauty, and grace, and refinement of a Frenchwoman. Merely as a phenomenon, she ought to have reminded Teague of his name and lineage; but Teague had other matters to think of. "Sis aint no dirt-eater," he used to say, and to this extent only would he commit himself, his surroundings having developed in him that curious excess of caution and reserve which characterizes his class.

As for Puss Poteet, she sat and rocked herself and rubbed snuff, and regarded her daughter as one of the profound mysteries. She was in a state of perpetual bewilderment and surprise, equaled only by her apparent indifference. She allowed herself to be hustled around by Sis without serious protest, and submitted, as Teague did, to the new order of things as quietly as possible.

Meanwhile, the people in the valley were engaged in adjusting themselves to the changed condition of affairs. The war was over, but it had left some deep scars here and there, and those who had engaged in it gave their attention to healing these—a troublesome and interminable task, be it said, which by no means kept pace with the impatience of the victors, whipped into fury by the subtle but ignoble art of the politician. There was no lack of despair in the valley, but out of it all prosperity grew, and the promise of a most remarkable future. Behind the confusion of politics, of one sort and another, the spirit of Progress rose and shook her ambitious wings.

Something of all this must have made itself telt on the mountain, for one day Teague Poteet pushed his wide-brimmed wool hat from over his eyes, with an air of astonishment. Puss had just touched upon a very important matter.

"I reckon in reason," she said, "we oughter pack Sis off to school some'rs. She'll thes nat'ally spile here."

"Haint you larnt her how to read an' write an' cipher?" asked Teague.

"I started in," said Mrs. Poteet, "but, Lord! I haint more'n opened a book tell she know'd more'n I dast to know ef I wuz gwine to die fer it. Hit'll take somebody lots smarter'n' stronger'n me."

Teague laughed and then relapsed into seriousness. After awhile he called Sis. The girl came running in, her dark eyes flashing, her black hair bewitchingly tangled, and her cheeks flushing with a color hitherto unknown to the mountain.

"What now, pap?"

"I wuz thes a-thinkin' ef maybe you oughtn't to bresh up an' start to school down in Gullettsville."

"Oh, pap!" the girl exclaimed, clapping her hands with delight. She was about to spring upon Teague and give him a severe hugging, when suddenly her arms dropped

to her side, the flush died out of her face, and she flopped herself down upon a chair. Teague paid no attention to this.

"Yes, siree," he continued, as if pursuing a well-developed line of argument; "when a gal gits ez big ez you is, she haint got no business to be a-gwine a-whoopin' an' a-hollerin' an' a-rantin' an' a-rompin' acrost the face er the yeth. The time's done come when they oughter be tuck up an' made a lady out'n; an' the nighest way is to sen' 'em to school. That's whar yous a-gwine — down to Gullettsville to school."

"I shan't, an' I wont — I wont, I wont, *I wont!*" exclaimed Sis, clenching her hands and stamping her feet. "I'll *die* first."

Teague had never seen her so excited.

"Why, what's the matter, Sis?" he asked, with unfeigned concern.

Sis gave him a withering look.

"Pap, do you reckon I'm fool enough to traipse down to Gullettsville an' mix with them people, wearin' cloze like these? Do you reckon I'm fool enough to make myself the laughin'-stock for them folks?"

Teague Poteet was not a learned man, but he was shrewd enough to see that the Mountain had a new problem to solve. He took down his rifle, whistled up his dogs, and tramped skyward. As he passed out through his horse-lot, a cap and worm of a whiskey-still lying in the corner of the fence attracted his attention. He paused and turned the apparatus over with his foot. It was old and somewhat battered.

"I'll thes about take you," said Teague, with a chuckle, "an' set up a calico-factory. I'll heat you up an' make you spin silk an' split it into ribbens."

It was a case of civilization or no civilization, and there is nothing more notorious in history — nothing more mysterious — than the fact that civilization is not over-nice in the choice of her handmaidens. One day it is war, another it is slavery. Every step in the advancement of the human race has a paradox of some kind as a basis. In the case of Sis Poteet, it was whisky.

Teague got his still together and planted it in a nice cool place, where it could be reached only by a narrow foot-path. He had set up a still immediately after the war, but it had been promptly broken up by the revenue officers. Upon this occasion, therefore, he made elaborate preparations to guard against surprise and detection, and these preparations bore considerable fruit in the way of illicit whisky; the ultimate result of which was that Sis went to school in Gullettsville, and became the belle of the town.

The breath of the mountain was heavily charged with whisky, and the Government got a whiff of it. Word went to Washington, and there was much writing and consulting by mail, and some telegraphing. The officials — marshal, deputy marshals, and collector — were mostly men from a distance, brought hither on the tide of war, who had no personal interest in judging the situation. Naturally enough, the power with which they were invested was neither discreetly nor sympathetically exercised. They represented the Government, which, they were taught to believe by the small men above them, was still at war with every condition and belief in Georgia.

Down in the valley they domineered with impunity, and one fine morning a posse, armed with carbines, rode up the mountain, laughing, talking, and rattling their gear as gayly as a detachment of cuirassiers parading under the protection of friendly guns. The mountain was inhospitable, for when they rode down again, a few hours afterward, three saddles were empty, and the survivors had a terrible story to tell of an attack from an unseen foe.

By the time the story of this fight with the illicit distillers reached Washington, the details were considerably enlarged. The commissioner was informed by the marshal that a detail of deputy marshals had attempted to seize a still, and were driven back by an overpowering force. The correspondents at the Capital still further enlarged the details, and the affair finally went into history as "A New Phase of the Rebellion." This was the natural outgrowth of the confusion of that period; for how should the careless deputy marshals, thinking only of the sectionalism that lit up the smoldering ruins of war, know that the Moonshiners were Union men and Republicans?

While the Government was endeavoring to invent some plan for the capture of the Moonshiners, Sis Poteet was growing lovelier every day. She was a great favorite with the teachers of the academy and with everybody. As a general thing she avoided the public square when riding to and from the school, but it was hats off with all the men when she did go clattering down the street, and some of the romantic dry-goods clerks sent their sighs after her. Sighs are frequently very effective with school-girls, but those that followed Sis Poteet fell short and were wasted on the air; and she continued to ride from the mountain to the valley and from the valley to the mountain in profound ignorance of the daily sensation she created among the young men of Gullettsville, to whom her fine figure, her graceful ways, and her thrillingly

beautiful face were the various manifestations of a wonderful revelation.

Naturally enough, the Government took no account of Sis Poteet. The commissioner at Washington conferred with the marshal for Georgia by mail, and begged him to exert himself to the utmost to break up the business of illicit distilling in the Hog Mountain Range. In view of an important election about to be held in some doubtful State in the North or West, the worthy commissioner at Washington even suggested the propriety of another armed raid, to be made up of deputy marshals and a detachment of men from the Atlanta garrison. But the marshal for Georgia did not fall in with this suggestion. He was of the opinion that if a raid was to be made at all it should not be made blindly, and he fortified his opinion with such an array of facts and arguments that the Bureau finally left the whole matter to his discretion.

Early one morning, in the summer of 1879, a stranger on horseback rode up the straggling red road that formed the principal business thoroughfare of Gullettsville and made his way toward the establishment known as the Gullettsville Hotel. The chief advertisement of the hotel was the lack of one. A tall, worm-eaten post stood in front of the building, but the frame in which the sign had swung was empty. This post, with its empty frame, was as significant as the art of blazonry could have made it. At any rate, the stranger on horseback—a young man—pressed forward without hesitation. The proprietor himself, Squire Lemuel Pleasants, was standing upon the low piazza as the young man rode up. The squire wore neither coat nor hat. His thumbs were caught behind his suspenders, giving him an air of ease or of defiance, as one might choose to interpret, and his jaws were engaged in mashing into shape the first quid of the morning.

As the young man reined up his horse at the door, Squire Pleasants stepped briskly inside and pulled a string which communicated with a bell somewhere in the back-yard.

"This is the Gullettsville Hotel, is it not?" the young man asked.

"Well, sir," responded the squire, rubbing his hands together, "sence you push me so clos't, I'll not deny that this here's the tavern. Some calls it the hotel, some calls it the Pleasants House, some one thing, an' some another, but as for me, I says to all, says I, 'Boys, it's a plain tavern.' In Fergeenia, sir, in my young days, they wa'nt nothin' better than a tavern. 'Light, sir, 'light," continued the hospitable squire, as a tow-headed stable-boy tumbled out at the door in response to the bell; "drap right down an' come in."

The young man followed the landlord into a bare little office, where he was given to understand in plain terms that people who stopped with Squire Pleasants were expected to make themselves completely at home. With a pen upon which the ink had been dry for many a day the young man inscribed his name on a thin and dirty register—"Philip Woodward, Clinton, Georgia"; whereupon the squire, with unnecessary and laborious formality, assigned Mr. Woodward to a room.

Judging from appearance, the United States Marshal for Georgia had not gone astray in selecting Woodward to carry out the delicate mission of arranging for a successful raid upon Hog Mountain. Lacking any distinguishing trait of refinement or culture, his composure suggested the possession of that necessary information which is the result of contact with the world and its inhabitants. He had that large air of ease and tranquillity which is born of association, and which represents one of the prime elements of the curious quality we call personal magnetism. He was ready-witted, and full of the spirit of adventure. He was the owner of the title to a land-lot somewhere in the neighborhood of Hog Mountain, and this land-lot was all that remained of an inheritance that had been swept away by the war. There was a tradition—perhaps only a rumor—among the Woodwards that the Hog Mountain land-lot covered a vein of gold, and to investigate this was a part of the young man's business in Gullettsville; entirely subordinate, however, to his desire to earn the salary attached to his position.

The presence of a stranger at the hospitable tavern of Squire Pleasants attracted the attention of the old and young men of leisure, and the most of them gathered upon the long, narrow piazza to discuss the matter. Uncle Jimmy Wright, the sage of the village, had inspected the name in the register and approved of it. He had heard of it before, and he proceeded to give a long and rambling account of whole generations of Woodwards. Jake Cohen, a peddler, who with marvelous tact had fitted himself to the conditions of life and society in the mountains, and who was supposed to have some sort of connection with the traffic in "blockade" whisky, gave some reminiscences of a family of Woodwards in Ohio. Tip Watson, who had a large local reputation for humor, gravely inquired of Squire Pleasants if the new-comer had left any message for him.

Doubtless the squire, or some one else, would have attempted a facetious reply to Mr. Watson; but just then a tall, gaunt, gray-haired, grizzly-bearded man stepped upon the piazza, and saluted the little gathering

with an awkward wave of the hand. The not unkindly expression of his face was curiously heightened (or deepened) by the alertness of his eyes, which had the quizzical restlessness we sometimes see in the eyes of birds or animals. It was Teague Poteet, and the greetings he received were of the most effusive character.

"Howdy, boys, howdy!" he said, in response to the chorus. "They haint airy one er you gents kin split up a twenty-dollar chunk er greenbacks, is they?"

Tip Watson made a pretense of falling in a chair and fainting, but he immediately recovered, and said in a sepulchral whisper:

"Ef you find anybody dead, an' they aint got no twenty-dollar bill on their person, don't come a-knockin' at my door. Lord!" he continued, "look at Cohen's upper lip a-trimblin'. He wants to take that bill out somewheres an' hang it on a clothes-line."

"Ow!" exclaimed Cohen, "yoost lizzen at date man! Date Teep Vatsen, he so foony as allt tem utter peoples put tergetter. Vait, Teague, vait! I chanche date pill right avay, terreckerly."

But Teague was absorbed in some information which Squire Pleasants was giving him.

"He don't favor the gang," the squire was saying, with emphasis, "an' I'll be boun' he aint much mixed up wi' 'em. He's another cut. Oh, they aint a-foolin' me this season of the year," he continued, as Teague Poteet shook his head doubtfully; "he aint mustered out'n my mind yit, not by a dad-blamed sight. I'm jest a-tellin' of you; he looks spry, an' he aint no sneak—I'll swar to that on the stan'."

"Well, I tell you, square," responded Teague, dryly, "I haint never seed people too purty to pester yuther folks; an' I reckon you aint nuther, is you?"

"No," said Squire Pleasants, his experience appealed to instead of his judgment; "no, I aint, that's a fact; but some folks youer bleege to take on trus'."

Further comment on the part of Poteet and the others was arrested by the appearance of Woodward, who came out of his room, walked rapidly down the narrow hallway, and out upon the piazza. He was bareheaded, his hands were full of papers, and he had the air of a man of business. The younger men who had gathered around Squire Pleasants and Teague Poteet fell back loungingly as Woodward came forward with just the faintest perplexed smile.

"Judge Pleasants," he said, "I'm terribly mixed up, and I'll have to ask you to unmix me."

The squire cleared his throat, adjusted his spectacles, and straightened himself in his chair. The title of Judge, and the easy air of deference with which it was bestowed, gave him an entirely new idea of his own importance. He frowned judicially as he laid his hand upon the papers.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'm gittin' ole, an' I reckon I aint much, nohow; I'm sorter like the gray colt that tried to climb in the shuck-pen—I'm weak, but willin'. Ef you'll jest whirl in an' make indication whar'in I can he'p, I'll do the best I kin."

"I've come up here to look after a lot of land," said Woodward. "It is described here as lot No. 18, 376th district, Georgia Militia, part of land lot No. 11, in Tugaloo, formerly Towaliga County. Here is a plat of Hog Mountain, but somehow I can't locate the lot."

The squire took the papers and began to examine them with painful particularity.

"That 'ar lot," said Teague Poteet, after awhile, "is the ole Mathis lot. The line runs right acrost my simblin' patch, an' backs up ag'in' my hoss-stable."

"Tooby shore—tooby shore!" exclaimed the squire. "Tut-tut! What am I doin'? My mind is drappin' loose like seed-ticks from a shumake bush. Tooby shore, it's the Mathis lot. Mr. Wooderd, Mr. Poteet—Mr. Poteet, Mr. Wooderd; lem me make you interduced, gents."

Mr. Woodward shook hands gracefully and cordially—Poteet awkwardly and a trifle suspiciously.

"It seems to me, Mr. Poteet," said Woodward, "that I have seen your name in the papers somewhere."

"Likely," replied Poteet; "they uv bin a mighty sight er printin' gwine on sence the war, so I've heern tell. Ef you'd a drapped in at Atlanty, you mought er seed my name mixt up in a warrant."

"How is that?" Woodward asked.

"Bekaze I bin a-bossin' my own affa'rs."

Poteet had straightened himself up, and he looked at Woodward with a steadiness which the other did not misunderstand. It was a look which said, "If you've got that warrant in your pocket, it wont be safe to pull it out in these diggin's."

Squire Pleasants recognized the challenge that made itself heard in Teague Poteet's voice.

"Yes, yes," he said, in a cheerful tone, "our folks is seen some mighty quare doin's sence the war; but times is a-gittin' a long ways better now."

"Better, hell!" exclaimed Sid Parmalee.

What he would have said further, no one can know, for the voluminous voice of Cohen broke in:

"Tlook ow-ut, t'ere, Sid! tlook ow-ut! t'at pad man kedge you!"

This remarkable admonition was received with a shout of laughter. Good humor was restored, and it was increased when Woodward, shortly afterward, drinking with the boys at Nix's saloon, called for three fingers of Mountain Dew, and washed it down with the statement that it tasted just as nice as liquor that had been stamped by the Government. In short, Woodward displayed such tact and entered with such heartiness into the spirit of the people around him that he disarmed the trained suspicions of a naturally suspicious community. Perhaps this statement should be qualified. Undoubtedly the marshal, could he have made a personal inspection of Woodward and his surroundings, would have praised his subordinate's tact. The truth is, while he had disarmed their suspicions, he had failed utterly to gain their confidence.

With a general as well as a particular interest in the direction of Hog Mountain, it was natural that Deputy Marshal Woodward should meet or overtake Miss Poteet as she rode back and forth between Gullettsville and the gray notch in the mountain known as Poteet's. It was natural, too, that he should take advantage of the social informalities of the section and make her acquaintance. It was an acquaintance in which Woodward and, presumably, the young lady herself, became very much interested; so that the spectacle of this attractive couple galloping along together over the red road that connected the valley with the mountain came to be a familiar one. And its effect upon those who paused to take note of it was not greatly different from the effect of such spectacles in other sections. Some looked wise and shook their heads sorrowfully; some smiled and looked kindly, and sent all manner of good wishes after the young people. But, whether they galloped down the mountain in the fresh hours of the morning, or rambled up its dark slope in the dusk of the evening, neither Woodward nor Sis Poteet gave a thought to the predictions of spite, or to the prophecies of friendliness.

The mountain girl was a surprise to Woodward. She had improved her few opportunities to the utmost. Such information as the Gullettsville Academy afforded she relished and absorbed, so that her education was thorough as far as it went. Neither her conversation nor her manners would have attracted special attention in a company of fairly bright young girls, but she formed a refreshing contrast to the social destitution of the mountain region.

Beyond this, her personality was certainly more attractive than that of most women, being based upon an independence which knew absolutely nothing of the thousand and one vexatious little aspirations that are essential to what is called social success. Unlike the typical American girl, whose sweetly severe portraits smile serenely at us from the canvas of contemporary fiction, Miss Poteet would have been far from equal to the task of meeting all the requirements of perfectly organized society; but she could scarcely have been placed in a position in which her natural brightness and vivacity would not have attracted attention.

At any rate, the indefinable charm of her presence, her piquancy, and her beauty was a perpetual challenge to the admiration of Deputy Marshal Woodward. It pursued him in his dreams and made him uncomfortable in his waking hours, so much so, indeed, that his duties as a revenue officer, perplexing at best, became a burden to him.

In point of fact, this lively young lady was the unforeseen quantity in the problem which Woodward had been employed to solve; and between his relations to the Government and his interest in Sis Poteet, he found himself involved in an awkward predicament. Perhaps the main features of this predicament, baldly presented, would have been more puzzling to the authorities at Washington than they were to Woodward; but it is fair to the young man to say that he did not mistake the fact that the Moonshiner had a daughter for an argument in favor of illicit distilling, albeit the temptation to do so gave him considerable anxiety.

In the midst of his perplexity, Deputy Marshal Woodward concluded that it would be better for the Government, and better for his own peace of mind, if he allowed Sis Poteet to ride home without an escort; and for several days he left her severely alone, while he attended to his duties, as became a young fellow of fair business habits.

But one afternoon, as he sat on the piazza of the hotel nursing his confusion and discontent, Sis Poteet rode by. It was a tantalizing vision, though a fleeting one. It seemed to be merely the flash of a red feather, the wave of a white hand, to which Woodward lifted his hat; but these were sufficient. The red feather nodded gayly to him, the white hand invited. His horse stood near, and in a few moments he was galloping toward the mountain with the Moonshiner's daughter.

When the night fell at Teague Poteet's on this particular evening, it found a fiddle going. The boys and girls of the mountain, to the number of a dozen or more, had gathered for a frolic—a frolic that shook the foundations

of Poteet's castle, and aroused echoes familiar enough to the good souls who are fond of the cotillion in its primitive shape. The old folks who had accompanied the youngsters sat in the kitchen with Teague and his wife, and here Woodward also sat, listening with interest to the gossip of what seemed to be a remote era—the war and the period preceding it.

The activity of Sis Poteet found ample scope, and, whether lingering for a moment at her father's side like a bird poised in flight, or moving lightly through the figures of the cotillion, she never appeared to better advantage.

Toward midnight, when the frolic was at its height, an unexpected visitor announced himself. It was Uncle Jake Norris, who lived on the far side of the mountain. The fiddler waved his bow at Uncle Jake, and the boys and girls cried "Howdy," as the visitor stood beaming and smiling in the door-way. To these demonstrations Uncle Jake, "a chunk of a white man with a whole heart," as he described himself, made cordial response, and passed on into the kitchen. The good humor of Mr. Norris was as prominent as his rotundity. When he was not laughing, he was ready to laugh. He seated himself, looked around at the company, and smiled.

"It's a long pull betwixt this an' Atlanty," he said after awhile; "it is that, certain an' shore, an' I haint smelt of the jug sense I lef' ther'. Pull 'er out, Teague—pull 'er out."

The jug was forthcoming.

"Now, then," continued Uncle Jake, removing the corn-cob stopper, "this looks like home, sweet home, ez I may say. It does, certain an' shore. None to jine me? Well, well! Times change an' change, but the jug is company for one. So be it. Ez St. Paul says, cleave nigh unto that which is good. I'm foreswore not to feel lonesome tell I go to the gallows. Friends! you uv got my good wishes, one an' all!"

"What's a gwine on?" asked Poteet.

"The same," responded Uncle Jake, after swallowing his dram. "Allers the same. Wickedness pervails well-nigh unto hit's own jestification. I uv seed sights! You all know the divers besettings wher'by Jackson Ricks wuz took off this season gone—murdered, I may say, in the teeth of the law an' good govunment. Sirs! I sot by an' seed his besetters go scotch-free."

"Ah!"

The exclamation came from Teague Poteet.

"Yes, sirs! yes, friends!" continued Uncle Jake, closing his eyes and tilting his chair back. "Even so. Nuther does I boast ez becometh the fibble-minded. They hurried an' skurried me forth an' hence, to mount upon the witness stan' an' relate the deed. No deniance did I make. Ez St. Paul says, sin, takin' occasion by the commandment, worked in me all manner of conspicuessence. I told 'em what these here eyes had seed.

"They errayed me before jedge an' jury," Uncle Jake went on, patting the jug affectionately, "an' I bowed my howdies. 'Gentermun friends,' s'I, 'foller me clos't, bekaze I'm a-givin' you but the truth, stupendous though it be. Ef you thes but name the word,' s'I, 'I'll take an' lay my han' upon the men that done this unrighteousness, for they stan' no furder than yon' piller,' s'I. 'Them men,' s'I, 'surroundered the house of Jackson Ricks, gentermun friends, he bein' a member of Friendship Church, an' called 'im forth wi' the ashoreance of Satan an' the intents of evil,' s'I; 'an' ole en decrippled ez he wuz, they shot 'im down—them men at yon' piller,' s'I, 'ere he could but raise his trimblin' han' in supplication; an' the boldest of 'em dast not to face me here an' say nay,' s'I."

"An' they uv cler'd the men what kilt pore Jackson Ricks!" said Teague, rubbing his grizzled chin.

"Ez clean an' ez cle'r ez the pa'm er my han'," replied Uncle Jake, with emphasis.

The fiddle in the next room screamed forth a jig, and the tireless feet of the dancers kept time, but there was profound silence among those in the kitchen. Uncle Jake took advantage of this pause to renew his acquaintance with the jug.

Deputy Marshal Woodward knew of the killing of Jackson Ricks; that is to say, he was familiar with the version of the affair which had been depended upon to relieve the revenue officers of the responsibility of downright murder; but he was convinced that the story told by Uncle Jake Norris was nearer the truth.

As the young man rode down the mountain, leaving the fiddle and the dancers to carry the frolic into the gray dawn, he pictured to himself the results of the raid that he would be expected to lead against Hog Mountain—the rush upon Poteet's, the shooting of the old Moonshiner, and the spectacle of the daughter wringing her hands and weeping wildly. He rode down the mountain, and, before the sun rose, he had written and mailed his resignation. In a private note to the marshal, inclosed with this document, he briefly but clearly set forth the fact that, while illicit distilling was as unlawful as ever, the man who loved a Moonshiner's daughter was not a proper instrument to aid in its suppression.

But his letter failed to have the effect he

desired, and in a few weeks he received a communication from Atlanta setting forth the fact that a raid had been determined upon.

Meantime, while events were developing, some of the old women of the Hog Mountain Range had begun to manifest a sort of motherly interest in the affairs of Woodward and Sis Poteet. These women, living miles apart on the mountain and its spurs, had a habit of "picking up their work" and spending the day with each other. Upon one occasion it chanced that Mrs. Sue Parmalee and Mrs. Puritha Hightower rode ten miles to visit Mrs. Puss Poteet.

"Don't lay the blame of it onter me, Puss," exclaimed Mrs. Hightower,—her shrill, thin voice in queer contrast with her fat and jovial appearance; "don't you lay the blame onter me. Dave, he's been a-complainin' bekaze they wa'n't no salsody in the house, an' I rid over to Sue's to borry some. Airter I got ther', Sue sez, se' she: 'Yess us pick up an' go an' light in on Puss,' se' she, 'an' fine out sump'n' nuther that's a-gwine on 'mongst folks,' se' she."

"Yes, lay it all onter me," said Mrs. Parmalee, looking over her spectacles at Mrs. Poteet; "I sez to Purithy, s' I, 'Purithy, yess go down an' see Puss,' s' I; 'maybe we'll git a glimpse er that air new chap with the slick ha'r. Sid'll be a-peggin' out airter awhile,' s' I, 'an' ef the new chap's ez purty ez I hear tell, maybe I'll set my cap fer 'im,' s' I."

At this fat Mrs. Puritha Hightower was compelled to lean on frail Mrs. Puss Poteet, so heartily did she laugh.

"I declar'," she exclaimed, "ef Sue haint a sight! I'm mighty nigh outdone. She's thes bin a-gwine on that a-way all the time, an' I bin that tickled tell a little more an' I'd a drapped on the groun'. How's all?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Poteet. "I hope you all know *me* too well to be a-stan'in' out there makin' excuse. Come right along in, an' take off your things, an' ketch your win'. Sis is home to-day."

"Well, I'm monstus glad," said Mrs. Highwater. "Sis useter think the world an' all er me when she was a slip of a gal, but I reckon she's took on town ways, haint she? Hit aint nothin' but natchul."

"Sis is proud enough for to hol' 'er head high," Mrs. Parmalee explained, "but she haint a bit stuck up."

"Well, I let you know," exclaimed Mrs. Hightower, untying her bonnet and taking off her shawl, "I let you know, here's what wouldn't be sot back by nothin' ef she had Sis's chances. In about the las' word pore maw spoke on 'er dying bed, she call me to 'er an' sez, se' she, 'Purithy Emma,' se' she, 'you hol' your head high; don't you bat you eyes to please none of 'em,' se' she."

"I reckon in reason I oughter be thankf that Sis aint no wuss," said Mrs. Poteet, walk ing around with aimless hospitality; "yit tha chile's temper is powerful tryin', an' Teagu ackshully an' candidly b'leeves she's mad out'n pyo' gol'.* I wish I may die ef he don't.

After a while Sis made her appearanc buoyant and blooming. Her eyes sparkle her cheeks glowed, and her smiles showe beautiful teeth—a most uncommon sight i the mountains, where the girls were in th habit of rubbing snuff or smoking. Th visitors greeted her with the effusive cor straint and awkwardness that made so larg a part of their lives, but after awhile, Mr Hightower laid her fat, motherly hand on th girl's shoulder, and looked kindly but keenl into her eyes.

"Ah, honey!" she said, "you haint sp'i yit, but you want made to fit thish here hill— *that* you wa'nt, *that* you wa'nt!"

Women are not hypocrites. Their littl thrills and nerve-convulsions are genuin while they last. Fortunately for the wome themselves, they do not last, but are suc ceeded by others of various moods, tense and genders. These nerve-convulsions are s genuine and so apt, that they are known a intuitions, and under this name they hav achieved importance. Mrs. Hightower, wit all her lack of experience, was capable o feeling that Sis Poteet needed the by-no means insubstantial encouragement that lie in one little note of sympathy, and she wa not at all astonished when Sis responded t her intention by giving her a smart little hug

Presently Mrs. Parmalee, who had stationed herself near the door, lifted her thin righ arm and let it fall upon her lap.

"Well, sir!" she exclaimed, "ef yande aint Sis's bo!"

Sis ran to the door, saw Woodward comin up the road, and blushed furiously—a fea which Mrs. Hightower and Mrs. Parmalee with all their experience, had rarely seen per formed in that region.

Woodward greeted Mrs. Poteet's visitor with a gentle deference and an easy courtesy that attracted their favor in spite of themselves Classing him with the "Restercrats," these women took keen and suspicious note of every word he uttered, and every movemen he made, holding themselves in readiness to become mortally offended at a curl of the lip or the lifting of an eyebrow; but he was equal to the occasion. He humored thei whims and eccentricities to the utmost, and

* Pure gold.

he was so thoroughly sympathetic, so genial, so sunny, and so handsome withal, that he stirred most powerfully the maternal instincts of those weather-beaten bosoms and made them his friends and defenders. He told them wonderful stories of life in the great world that lay far beyond Hog Mountain, its spurs and its foot-hills. He lighted their pipes, and even filled them out of his own tobacco-pouch, a proceeding which caused Mrs. Parmalee to remark that she "would like manny-fac'* mighty well ef 'twer'n't so powerful weak."

Mrs. Hightower found early opportunity to deliver her verdict in Sis's ear, whereupon the latter gave her a little hug, and whispered: "Oh, I just think he's adorable!" It was very queer, however, that as soon as Sis was left to entertain Mr. Woodward (the women making an excuse of helping Puss about dinner), she lost her blushing enthusiasm and became quite cold and reserved. The truth is, Sis had convinced herself some days before that she had the right to be very angry with this young man, and she began her quarrel, as lovely woman generally does, by assuming an air of tremendous unconcern. Her disinterestedness was really provoking.

"How did you like Sue Fraley's new bonnet last Sunday?" she asked, with an innocent smile.

"Sue Fraley's new bonnet!" exclaimed Woodward, surprised in the midst of some serious reflections; "why, I didn't know she had a new bonnet."

"Oh! you *didn't?* You were right *opposite.* I should think *anybody* could see she had a new bonnet by the way she tossed her head."

"Well, I didn't notice it, for one. Was it one of these sky-scrapers? I was looking at something else."

"*Oh!*"

Woodward had intended to convey a very delicately veiled compliment, but this young woman's tone rather embarrassed him. He saw in a moment that she was beyond the reach of the playful and ingenious banter which he had contrived to make the basis of their relations.

"Yes," he said, "I was looking at something else. I had other things to think about."

"Well, she *did* have a new bonnet, with yellow ribbons. She looked handsome. I hear she's going to get married soon."

"I'm glad to hear it. She's none too young," said Woodward.

At another time, Sis would have laughed at the suggestion implied in this remark, but now she only tapped the floor gently with her foot, and looked serious.

"I hope you answered her note," she said presently.

"What note?" he asked, with some astonishment.

Sis was the picture of innocence.

"Oh, I didn't think!" she exclaimed. "I reckon it's a great *secret.* I mean the note she handed you when she came out of church. It's none of *my* business."

"Nor of mine, either," said Woodward, with a relieved air. "The note was for Tip Watson."

This statement, which was not only plausible but true, gave a new direction to Sis's anger.

"Well, I don't see how anybody that thinks anything of himself could be a mail-carrier for *Sue Fraley,*" she exclaimed, scornfully; whereupon she flounced out, leaving Woodward in a state of bewilderment.

He had not made love to the girl, principally because her moods were elusive and her methods unique. She was dangerously like other women of his acquaintance, and dangerously unlike them. The principal of the academy in Gullettsville — a scholarly old gentleman from Middle Georgia, who had been driven to teaching by dire necessity — had once loftily informed Woodward that Miss Poteet was superior to her books, and the young man had verified the statement to his own discomfiture. She possessed that feminine gift which is of more importance to a woman in this world than scholarly acquirements — aptitude. Even her frankness — perfectly discreet — charmed and puzzled Woodward; but the most attractive of her traits were such as mark the difference between the bird that sings in the tree, and the bird that sings in the cage — delightful but indescribable.

When Sis Poteet began to question him about Sue Fraley, the thought that she was moved by jealousy gave him a thrill that was new to his experience; but when she flounced angrily out of the room because he had confessed to carrying a note from Miss Fraley to Tip Watson, it occurred to him that he might be mistaken. Indeed, so cunning does masculine stupidity become when it is played upon by a woman that he frightened himself with the suggestion that perhaps, after all, this perfectly original young lady was in love with Tip Watson.

During the rest of the day Woodward had ample time to nurse and develop his new theory, and the more he thought it over, the more plausible it seemed to be. It was a great blow to his vanity; but the more uncomfortable it made him, the more earnestly he clung to it.

* "Manufactured" tobacco, in contradistinction to the natural leaf.

Without appearing to avoid him, Sis managed to make the presence of Mrs. Parmalee and Mrs. Hightower an excuse for neglecting him. She entertained these worthy ladies with such eager hospitality that when they aroused themselves to the necessity of going home, they found, to their dismay, that it would be impossible, in the language of Mrs. Poteet, to "git half-way acrost Pullium's Summit 'fore night 'ud ketch 'em." Sis was so delighted, apparently, that she became almost hilarious; and her gayety affected all around her except Woodward, who barely managed to conceal his disgust.

After supper, however, Mrs. Poteet and her two guests betook themselves to the kitchen, where they rubbed snuff and smoked their pipes, and gossiped, and related reminiscences of that good time which, with old people, is always in the past. Thus Woodward had ample opportunity to talk with Sis. He endeavored, by the exercise of every art of conversation and manner of which he was master, to place their relations upon the old familiar footing, but he failed most signally. He found it impossible to fathom the gentle dignity with which he was constantly repulsed. In the midst of his perplexity, which would have been either pathetic or ridiculous if it had not been so artfully concealed, he managed for the first time to measure the depth of his love for this exasperating but charming creature whom he had been patronizing. She was no longer amusing; and Woodward, with the savage inconsistency of a man moved by a genuine passion, felt a tragic desire to humble himself before her.

"I'm going home to-morrow, Miss Sis," he said, finally, in sheer desperation.

"Well, you've had a heap of fun—I mean," she added, "that you have had a nice time."

"I have been a fool!" he exclaimed, bitterly. Seeing that she made no response, he continued: "I've been a terrible fool all through. I came here to hunt up blockade whisky——"

"*What!*"

Sis's voice was sharp and eager, full of doubt, surprise, and consternation.

"I came to Gullettsville," he went on, "to hunt up blockade whisky and failed, and three weeks ago I sent in my resignation. I thought I might find a gold mine on my land-lot, but I have failed; and now I am going to sell it. I have failed in everything."

Gloating over his alleged misfortunes, Woodward, without looking at Sis Poteet, drew from his pocket a formidable-looking envelope, unfolded its contents leisurely, and continued:

"Even my resignation was a failure. Hog Mountain will be raided to-morrow or next day."

Sis rose from her chair, pale and furious, and advanced toward him as if to annihilate him with her blazing eyes. Such rage, such contempt, he had never before beheld in a woman's face. He sat transfixed. With a gesture almost tragic in its vehemence, the girl struck the papers from his hands.

"Oh, you mean, sneaking wretch! You ——"

And then, as if realizing the weakness of mere words, she turned and passed swiftly from the room. Woodward was thoroughly aroused. He was not used to the spectacle of a woman controlled by violent emotions, and he recognized, with a mixture of surprise and alarm, the great gulf that lay between the rage of Sis Poteet and the little platitudes and pretenses of anger which he had seen the other women of his acquaintance manage with such pretty daintiness.

As the girl passed through the kitchen, she seized a horn that hung upon the wall and went out into the darkness. The old women continued their smoking, their snuff-rubbing, and their gossiping. Mrs. Hightower was giving the details of a local legend showing how and why Edny Favers had "conjured" Tabithy Cozby, when suddenly Mrs. Poteet raised her hands:

"*Sh-h-h!*"

The notes of a horn—short, sharp, and strenuous—broke in upon the stillness of the night. Once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! It was an alarm that did not need to be interpreted to the sensitive ear of Hog Mountain. The faces of the old women became curiously impassive. The firelight carried their shadows from the floor to the rafters, where they seemed to engage in a wild dance,—whirling, bowing, jumping, quivering; but the women themselves sat as still as statues. They were evidently waiting for something. They did not wait long. In a little while the sharp notes of the horn made themselves heard again—once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice!

Then the old women arose from their low chairs, shook out their frocks, and filed into the room where Mr. Philip Woodward, late of the revenue service, was sitting. There would have been a good deal of constraint on both sides, but before there could be any manifestation of this sort, Sis came in. She seemed to be crushed and helpless, nay, even humiliated.

"Why, my goodness, Sis!" exclaimed Mrs. Hightower, "you look natchully fagged out. A body 'ud think you'd bin an' taken a run

up the mountain. We all 'lowed you wuz in here lookin' airter your comp'ny. Wher'd you git the news?"

"From this gentleman here," Sis replied, indicating Woodward without looking at him. She was pale as death, and her voice was low and gentle.

Woodward would have explained, but the apparent unconcern of the women gave him no opportunity.

"I declare, Sis," exclaimed her mother, with a fond, apologetic little laugh; "ef you haint a plum sight, I haint never seed none."

"She's thes es much like her Gran'pap Poteet," said Mrs. Hightower, "ez ef he'd 'a' spit 'er right out'n his mouth—that she is."

This led to a series of reminiscences more or less entertaining, until after awhile, Sis, who had been growing more and more restless, rose and said:

"Good-night, folks; I'm tired and sleepy. The clock has struck eleven."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poteet, "an' the clock's too fast, bekaze it haint skacely bin more'n a minnit sence the chickens crowed for ten."

This remark contained the essence of hospitality, for it was intended to convey to Mrs. Poteet's guests the information that if they were not ready to retire, she was prepared to discredit her clock in their interests. But there was not much delay on the part of the guests. The women were dying to question Sis, and Woodward was anxious to be alone; and so they said "Good-night," the earnestness and quaint simplicity of the old women carrying Woodward back to the days of his childhood, when his grandmother leaned tenderly over his little bed and whispered: "Good-night, dear heart, and pleasant dreams."

Shortly afterward the lights were put out, and, presumably, those under Teague Poteet's roof addressed themselves to slumber. But what of the news that Sis had given to the winds? There was no slumber for it until it had fulfilled its mission. Where did it go, and what was its burden? Three sharp blasts upon a horn, thrice repeated; then an interval; then three more thrice repeated. Up, up the mountain the signal climbed; now faltering, now falling, but always climbing; sending echoes before it, and leaving echoes behind it, but climbing, climbing; now fainting and dying away, but climbing, climbing, until it reached Pullium's Summit, the smallest thread of sound. Two men were sitting talking in front of a cabin. The eldest placed one hand upon the shoulder of his companion, and flung the other to his ear. Faint and far, but clear and strenuous, came the signal. The men listened even after it had died away. The leaves of the tall chestnuts whipped each other gently, and the breeze that had borne the signal seemed to stay in the tops of the mountain pines as if awaiting further orders; and it had not long to wait.

The man who had held his hand to his ear slapped his companion on the back and cried, "Poteet's!" and that was news enough for the other, who rose, stretched himself lazily, and passed into the cabin. He came out with a horn—an exaggerated trumpet made of tin—and with this to his lips he repeated to the waiting breeze, and to the echoes that were glad to be aroused, the news that had come from Poteet's. Across the broad plateau of Pullium's Summit the wild tidings flew until, reaching the western verge of the mountain, they dived down into Prather's Mill Road—a vast gorge which takes its name from the freak of a drunken mountaineer, who declared he would follow the stream that rushed through it until he found a mill, and was never heard of again.

The news from Poteet's was not so easily lost. It dropped over the sheer walls of the chasm, three hundred feet down, and refused to be drowned out by the rush and roar of the waters, as they leaped over the bowlders, until it had accomplished its mission. For here in Prather's Mill Road burned the slow fires that kept the Government officials in Atlanta at a white heat. They were burning now. If one of the officials could have crawled to the edge of the gorge, where everything seemed dwarfed by the towering walls of rock and the black abyss from which they sprang, he would have seen small fitful sparks of flame glowing at intervals upon the bosom of the deeper and blacker night below. These were the fires that all the power and ingenuity of the Government failed to smother, but they were now blown out one after another by the blasts from Sis Poteet's horn.

The news that was wafted down into the depths of Prather's Mill Road upon the wings of the wind was not at all alarming. On the contrary, it was received by the grimy watchers at the stills with considerable hilarity. To the most of them it merely furnished an excuse for a week's holiday, including trips to both Gullettsville and Villa Ray. Freely interpreted, it ran thus: "Friends and fellow-citizens: this is to inform you that Hog Mountain is to be raided by the revenue men by way of Teague Poteet's. Let us hear from you at once." There was neither alarm nor hurry, but the fires were put out quickly because that was the first thing to be done.

Teague Poteet owned and managed two stills. He was looking after some "doublings" when the notes of the horn dropped down into the gorge. He paused, and listened,

and smiled. Uncle Jake Norris, who had come to have his jug filled, was in the act of taking a dram, but he waited, balancing the tin cup in the palm of his hand. Tip Watson was telling one of his stories to the two little boys who accompanied Uncle Jake, but he never ended it.

"Sis talks right out in meetin'," said Teague, after waiting to be sure there was no postscript to the message.

"What's the row, Teague?" asked Uncle Jake, swallowing his dram.

"'Nother raid comin' right in front er my door," Teague explained, "an' I reckon in reason I oughter be home when they go past. They useter be a kinder coolness betweenst me an' them revenue fellers, but we went to work an' patched it up."

Tip Watson appeared to be so overjoyed that he went through all the forms of a cotillion dance, imitating a fiddle, calling the figures, and giving his hand to imaginary partners. The boys fairly screamed with laughter at this exhibition, and Uncle Jake was so overcome that he felt called upon to take another dram — a contingency that was renewed when Tip swung from the measure of a cotillion to that of a breakdown, singing:

"I haint bin a-wantin' no mo' wines — mo' wines —
Sence daddy got drunk on low wines — low wines."

"Come, Tip," said Teague, "yess shet up shop. Ef Sis aint a caution," he said, after awhile, as he moved around putting things to rights. "Ef Sis aint a caution, you kin shoot me. They haint no mo' tellin' wher Sis picked up 'bout thish'ere raid than nothin' in the worl'. Dang me ef I don't b'lieve the gal's glad when a raid's a-comin'. Wi' Sis, hit's move*ment*, move*ment*, day in an' day out. They haint nobody knows that gal less'n it's me. She knows how to keep things a-gwine. Sometimes she runs an' meets me, an' says se'she: 'Pap, mammy's in the dumps; yess you an' me make out we er quollin'. Hit'll sorter stir 'er up'; an' then Sis, she'll light in an' by the time we git in the house, she's a-scoldin' an' a-sassin' an' I'm a-cussin, an airter awhile hit gits so hot an' natchul-like that I thes has ter drag Sis out behin' the chimbly and buss 'er to make certain an shore that she aint accidentually flew off the han'le. Bliss your soul an' body! she's a caution!"

"An' what's 'er maw a-doin' all that time?" inquired Uncle Jake, as he took another dram with an indifferent air.

Teague laughed aloud as he packed the fresh earth over his fire.

"Oh, Puss! Puss, she thes sets thar a-chawin' away at 'er snuff, an' a-knittin' away at 'er socks tell she thinks I'm a-pushin' Sis too clost, an' then she blazes out an' blows me up. Airter that," Teague continued, "things gits more homelike. Ef twan't fer me an' Sis, I reckon Puss 'ud totally fret 'erself away."

"St. Paul," said Uncle Jake, looking confidentially at another dram which he had poured into the tin cup,—"St. Paul says ther' er divers an' many wimmin, an' I reckon he know'd. Ther' er some you kin fret an' some you can't. Ther's my ole 'oman: the livin' human bein' that stirs *her* up'll have ter frail 'er out, er she'll frail *him*."

"Well," said Teague, by way of condolence, "the man what's stabbed by a pitchfork haint much better off 'n the man that walks bar'footed in a treadsaft patch."

The suggestion in regard to Mistress Norris seemed to remind Uncle Jake of something important. He called to his boys, took another modest dram, and disappeared in the undergrowth. Teague Poteet and his friends were soon ready to follow this worthy example, so that in another hour Prather's Mill Road was a very dull and uninteresting place from a revenue point of view.

THIS LILY.

If summer unto summer uttereth speech,
As wise ones say,
This tender lily, here in my rude reach,
Hath lived for aye.

Through all the fair, far, unremembered seasons
Its sweets have thrilled;
Who ponders here a little while, and reasons,
His fears are stilled.

'Tis death and darkness that have been your making,
O lily white!
'Tis *here* you meet with blight, and loss, and breaking,—
Here in the light.

E. M. Booth.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A New Departure.

WITH the beginning of the present series of this periodical under the name of THE CENTURY (November, 1881), a new enlargement of the contents of the magazine took place, amounting to about fourteen pages in each number. This enlargement was effected by the omission of ruled lines and the extension of the printed page. The pressure of original matter on our columns has since then so greatly increased, that it seems necessary to make still more room for the work of both our old and new contributors. There are several causes which tend to create the pressure of which we speak. Our readers are aware of the fact that most of the American authors whose names were conspicuous in the early volumes of the magazine are still living, and many of them are still writing for THE CENTURY. In addition to these, several well known American and foreign writers have since been added to our list of contributors; and, in the meantime, the magazine has drawn around it a brilliant company of young writers who must be provided with an outlet for their teeming stories, essays, and poems. Moreover, it would seem that during the thirteen years since we began the preparation of the magazine's first issue, the average of literary ability throughout the community has risen in quality,—at any rate, we know that we find ourselves constantly compelled to decline contributions well worthy of acceptance, for the sole reason that we have no room for them.

Under these circumstances, and in order to make room for a larger amount of original work,—for matter of greater pith and moment,—we purpose to omit the three departments of "Literature," "Home and Society," and the "World's Work," and in place of them to establish a new department (not necessarily regular in its appearance) entitled "Open Letters." This new department will be the place for brief and pithy signed essays on all subjects; and in this department, and elsewhere in the magazine and in the remaining regular departments, we shall continue to treat—we trust not less well than heretofore, though not so constantly—of the most important points in current literature and current invention. It seems to us to be the province of a magazine like THE CENTURY to make room for original and creative writing, for the work of the imagination, for novels, short stories; for criticism of the highest order on literature, art, politics, and morals; for fresh and authoritative reports from the world of science (science in its broadest sense); original accounts of travel in new lands and old; and original historical and biographical writing,—it seems to us, we say, the province of this magazine to make room for contributions like these, rather than to encumber its pages with departmental records, such as may be elsewhere and earlier obtained, namely in our weekly and daily periodicals.

This further virtual enlargement of the magazine will give opportunity for still greater variety of theme and thoroughness of treatment in the contents of each number of THE CENTURY.

The Effects of Civil Service Reform upon Parties.

THE probable effects of Civil Service Reform upon our national parties is an interesting subject of speculation. Hitherto it cannot be said that either party, as such, has done anything to promote the reform, though neither has offered any but a passive opposition to it. The majority of the leaders on both sides in the Houses of Congress cast their votes for the measure; but it was evident that most of them did so because they had become convinced that the people demanded reform, and not because they cared for it themselves. As for the mass of voters, there can be no doubt that the great majority in both parties are heartily in favor of reform, although its leading advocates have been, for the most part, adherents of the Republican organization. Thus far, then, neither party has gained any particular credit by its conduct toward civil service reform, while at the same time neither can be set down as its avowed opponent.

But now that the reform has been begun, it remains to be seen what attitude the two parties will assume toward it, and what effects it will have upon them. In the first place, then, it is not likely that either party will actively oppose the reform; for if party lines were drawn on this issue, the defeat of the opposition party would be certain and complete. The people are so well informed on the subject and so determined on reform, that no party could now take its stand on the old doctrine of spoils with the least chance of success. There are indications, indeed, that some of the Democrats, believing that their party will win the Presidential election in 1884, are inclined to retain the old system, so far as possible, that they may reap a rich harvest of offices on their accession to power; but, in view of the strong and ever increasing sentiment in favor of reform, these bad counsels are not likely to prevail with the masses of the party.

Meanwhile, the Republicans, owing to their control of national administration, will necessarily have the largest share in carrying out the reform, and they have it in their power, by administering the new law with fidelity and zeal, not only to make the reform a complete success, but to win back for themselves some of the popularity which they have lost. But the conduct of the Republican managers in the past does not promise on their part any special devotion to reform methods in the future; and therefore, if parties remain in their present form, their attitude toward civil service reform will probably be neither one of open hostility nor of active support, but of reluctant acquiescence.

But there is another aspect of the case which is deserving of consideration. If the civil service is reformed, and the offices are thus removed from partisan control, will not the change have the effect of loosening the bonds of party, and thereby help to break up the existing organizations preparatory to the formation of new ones? Under a normal condition of affairs such a result would be impossible; for political parties, as a rule, have some higher object than the mere dis-

tribution of spoils. A party is supposed to be based upon some principle or some system of policy, which its members believe in and which their organization is designed to carry into effect; and so long as the party is working for the success of its principles, no question of spoils can dissolve or divide it. But our national parties at the present time are not based upon principle, nor is there a single measure of living interest to the people, on which the members of either party are agreed. Under such circumstances, it would seem natural and eminently desirable that the old parties should be dissolved, or else re-organized on a new basis so as to represent some positive principles, and there is already in the country a strong sentiment in favor of such a change. But hitherto the traditions of the past, the power of organization, and the desire for the spoils of office have held the old parties firmly together and effectually prevented the re-arrangement which so many desire.

But the force of tradition is now virtually spent, as last autumn's elections abundantly prove, and hence the existing parties have no motive to action except the desire for office, and no bond of union except the power of organization, which is wielded by the office-holders and office-seekers themselves. If, then, the offices are removed from partisan control, this last remaining bond will be snapped asunder; and it is hard to see how, in that case, the existing organizations can be longer maintained.

We look, therefore, for a re-arrangement of parties before many years, as a consequence of reforming the civil service; and if this should happen, it will not be the least of the benefits which the reform will bring us, for a more unsatisfactory division of parties than that now existing it would be hard to conceive, and almost any change would be an improvement. For some years past the case has been that a man, in casting a vote, had not the least idea what principles or what policy his vote would promote,—whether one that he approved or one that he disapproved; and so long as this state of affairs continues, it is impossible for any man of convictions to attach himself cordially to either party. A man of principle can only belong to a party of principle; and as existing parties have no principles at all, such men have nowhere to go to. Young men in particular, and educated young men most of all, find nothing in the old parties to attract or rouse enthusiasm, and they will welcome civil service reform with additional pleasure if it shall have the effect of dissolving these bodies and thereby preparing the way for new parties based upon principles and animated by ideas.

The Appointment of Postmasters.

THE new measure of civil service reform seems to be all that is needed for the offices to which it relates, and, if properly executed, it will effectually remove the clerkships and many other minor offices from partisan control, besides improving the quality and self-respect of the officers themselves. At first, indeed, the operation of the law is restricted to the larger offices having fifty or more persons employed; but provision is made for extending the system to the smaller offices also, after it has been established and tested in the larger ones. In this way the appointment of all the minor officers will be provided for, with the exception of the postmasters; but for these no provision has yet been made. It is obvious, however, that the reform will not be complete until some method is adopted for appointing these officers which will remove them also from partisan control and make them the servants of the people and not the servants of a party.

At the present time all postmasters whose yearly salary is less than one thousand dollars—and there are more than forty-four thousand of them—are appointed by the Postmaster-General; and according to the pernicious custom now in vogue, he is expected to make both appointments and removals at the instigation of members of Congress. The postmasters thus appointed are commissioned for an indefinite period, and, if the service were conducted on business principles, would hold their offices as long as they filled them well. But, under the present system, they are liable to removal at any time when the member of Congress from their district so demands; while, on the advent of the opposite party to power, there may be a wholesale removal of all the postmasters in the country. The effect of this partisan management is to make the postmasters the agents of the party that controls the administration; and so long as this system is retained in the post-offices, the reform of the civil service will be but half accomplished.

It seems clear, however, that in the case of postmasters the method of selection by competitive examination will not serve, for no such examination can test those qualities which in a postmaster are most imperatively required. The clerical duties in the smaller post-offices are of trifling amount and fully within the competence of any person who can transact business of a simple kind; but certain moral and other qualities are required in a postmaster, which no examination can reveal, and which can only be ascertained by personal acquaintance. Both the Government and the people have to trust the postmaster, the one with its money, the other with its letters; and he to whom such matters are confided ought, above all things, to be a man of known integrity and responsibility and of good business habits, and it is obvious that such qualities as these cannot be determined by competitive examination.

Moreover, the public convenience must be consulted; and hence in a thinly settled district it is often necessary to appoint the most available man, whether he is ideally fitted for the place or not. In many post-offices the salary is not sufficient for a man to live on, and they must therefore be held by persons engaged in other business; and in such cases it may be necessary to appoint a man whose place of business is so situated as to accommodate the people, though his scholarship may be slight and his other qualifications not all that could be desired.

These considerations, we say, show that the system of competitive examination cannot be applied in the case of postmasters, but that their fitness must be ascertained by other means and, in particular, by the testimony of those who are personally acquainted with them. It is obvious, however, that the Postmaster-General cannot himself make the investigation necessary to determine the fitness of candidates for such a mass of offices, scattered as they are over three million square

miles of territory, and he must, therefore, depend in each case on the advice of persons living in the neighborhood in which the officer is to serve. Hence the custom has arisen of taking the advice of Congressmen, the effect of which is, as above remarked, to make the postal service an agency of the party in power; and what we want is some method of appointment that will free the service from this partisan influence.

Some have suggested that the choice of postmasters should be given to the people; but this cannot be done without a change in the constitution, and besides, there is nothing in such a method of selection to recommend it to the friends of reform. We have too many elective offices now,—so many that it is impossible for the people to ascertain the qualifications of all the candidates,—and it is very undesirable to increase the number. Nor is it by any means certain that choice by the people would always put the fittest man into a purely business position like a post-office, while it would not improbably perpetuate the partisan character of the service, which it is the special object of civil service reform to abolish. It seems far better to retain the method of appointment by the Postmaster-General, only adopting some means for determining the fitness of candidates without resorting to the advice of members of Congress.

Now, it would seem that persons already employed in the postal service and living in the vicinity of the office to be filled would be the best judges of the qualifications of the candidates, and it would seem to be easy to make the services of such persons available for this purpose. Suppose that there be appointed in each State one or more boards of examiners, composed of persons employed in the postal service, and charged with the duty of examining all applicants for post-offices and ascertaining their qualifications. In the performance of this duty they should not be restricted to the methods employed in the case of clerks, but should use whatever means should be necessary to determine the character and business capacity of the applicants. The natural place for such a board to meet would be at one of the large distributing offices, where they would have ready means of communication with the neighboring towns, and where information about the candidates could be readily obtained. Each board would have a definite territory assigned to it, and its members should be so selected that they could easily assemble for the performance of their duties. Then, when a post-office was to be filled, the board of examiners within whose district it was situated would inquire into the fitness of the applicants and report to the Postmaster-General the names of those best qualified, with the comparative merits of each, and he would appoint the officer from among this number.

Such a method of selection could be easily established, as the appointment of the examining boards and the general supervision of the system would be intrusted to the Civil Service Commission; and the work of examination and inquiry could be easily performed. No objection can be made to the plan on constitutional grounds; for the Postmaster-General owes his power of appointment to an act of Congress, and Congress, in conferring the power, may undoubtedly impose rules and regulations for its exercise.

That some such method of appointment, if successfully put into practice, would result in the improvement of the postal service, seems hardly doubtful; for it would free it from the dictation of members of Congress and divest it entirely of its partisan character.

OPEN LETTERS.

On the Late Dr. Leonard Bacon and the Abolitionists.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, in paying a tribute to the character and memory of his eminent father, in The Century for March, did not confine himself to themes which he is qualified, by adequate information and a judicial temper, to discuss, instead of reviving and seeking to justify his father's old controversy with the abolitionists and setting up in his behalf the preposterous claim that his name is above every name on the roll of anti-slavery worthies.

This claim, as "a matter of interest to public morals," I am constrained to challenge, and if in doing so I speak of matters concerning which, in charity to the dead, I would gladly be silent, the responsibility must rest upon him who has forced upon me the unwelcome discussion.

That Dr. Bacon, senior, opposed the abolitionists with might and main his filial eulogist frankly admits; but he insists that this opposition originated in a discriminating estimate of the character and surroundings of slavery and of the duties of slave-masters, and in repugnance to the "false positions, bad logic, and in some cases malignant passions" of Mr. Garrison and "the little ring of his personal adherents," whose great fault, it seems, was that they did not, like Dr. Bacon, confine their denunciations of slavery to the "system," and fill their mouths at the same time with excuses for the poor unfortunate slave-holders,—who were assumed to be in an agony of desire to rid themselves of slavery, while unable to do so, being in the condition of the boy who locked himself into a closet with the key in his own pocket, and so was unable to get out when his father called him to turn the grindstone.

The vocabulary of the abolitionists, too, it appears, was very objectionable, including, as it did, such words as "man-stealer" and "pirate," which they applied, Dr. Bacon says, to "the legal guardian of a decrepit negro," or to "one holding a family of slaves in transit for a free State with intent to emancipate them." Dr. Bacon, no doubt, believes this to be true; but he is mistaken—it is only caricature. The abolitionists neither uttered any such nonsense, nor made any such application of their principles. Their definition of slavery was elastic enough to cover every genuine case of conscience. They always sympathized

with any slave-holder who, convinced of the wrongfulness of slavery, desired in good faith to find a way of escape from the grip of cruel laws. They had in their ranks not a few men of this class, who had thus escaped from the "system." The names of Nelson, Birney, Brisbane, and half a score of others, will readily occur to those acquainted with the reform. We always lent a helping hand to such men, never breaking the bruised reed nor quenching the smoking flax. The criticisms of the late Dr. Bacon and others upon the doctrine of the sinfulness of slave-holding were exactly upon a level with those of a certain class of Gradgrind philosophers upon the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule. The late Joseph Barker, it will be remembered, could demonstrate the absurdity of these in five minutes at any time. It was only necessary to quibble over the words with an astute pettifogger's ingenuity. The abolitionists were practical men; they said bluntly, "Slavery is a sin," and meant it; they accepted the definition of slavery written for them in the statutes of the South, dealing with slave-holding in a common-sense way as a sin to be repented of and forsaken, and refusing to be turned aside by apologetic casuistry, from whatever source it might come.

The abolitionists learned their vocabulary from authorities older than the late Dr. Bacon. They remembered that it was John Wesley who said, "Slavery is the sum of all villainies"—"men-buyers are exactly on a level with men-stealers." They remembered also the words of Jonathan Edwards: "To hold a man in a state of slavery is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty or of man-stealing." They called to mind, moreover, the words of the Presbyterian Church, which, according to Dr. Bacon, "represented the thought, culture, and conscience of the South," and which, in 1794, in a note on the eighth commandment, said: "The law was made for man-stealers. * * * Stealers of men are all those who bring off slaves or freemen, and keep, sell, or buy them." The height and depth and length and breadth of their fanaticism may thus be measured. They followed the light of these great examples, from which the ministry and churches—led by Bacon, Stuart, and Hodge—revolted and turned away. When the abolitionists struck at slavery, these men started up with their casuistry and their metaphysics to break the force of their appeals, seeking to "pinch them between the jaws of a definition," as if the letter had been devised to entrap and stifle the spirit! The whole purpose and effect of their ingenuity was to shield from censure the religious slave-holders, whose example was more powerful than that of any other class in sustaining slavery. Whenever a slave-holding clergyman or pious layman was arraigned, these men always set up the cry of persecution in his behalf, and thousands of people were led to think that slave-holding, if only well mixed with prayers, hymns, and hallelujahs, and flavored by a flaming zeal for revivals, missions, etc., was really quite a scriptural and commendable practice. Notwithstanding this class of slave-holders had taken part in enacting the laws forbidding emancipation, and never so much as sought their repeal, those laws were held to be their sufficient excuse for continuing to hold slaves. Just here was the practical issue between the abolitionists and their religious opponents. It was this attitude of the Northern churches and clergy that encouraged the South to resist the antislavery movement, to deny the right of discussion, and finally to organize the rebellion.

There was a time when Dr. Bacon's opposition to slavery or, rather, to slavery extension, was earnest and effective, and, remembering this, we should not be unwilling to let the blots upon his earlier record pass unnoticed, if his champions did not compel us, "as a matter of interest to public morals," to set them in the light. The simple truth is that Dr. Bacon was one of the blind leaders of the blind multitude who, fifty years ago, "did not see how slavery was to be got rid of," and who were forever wandering about in a metaphysical cloud, throwing obstructions in the way of those whose vision was clear. Against the "system" of slavery as "thoroughly bad and wrong," he could inveigh most eloquently; but of what avail was that so long as he excused slave-holding? His followers were forever saying, "We are abolitionists as much as anybody, BUT"; and the "but" was the only emphatic word, the rest being mere wind. Dr. Bacon's opinion, in 1830, was that the slave-holders then upon the stage were guiltless in upholding the system; for he said, in so many words: "For the existence of slavery in the United States those, and those only, are accountable who bore a part in originating such a constitution of society." The guilty, in other words, were dead, the living were innocent! Here is the explanation of his opposition to Garrison, who held, on the contrary, that the slave-holders were wrong-doers, and summoned them to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. Dr. Bacon, instead of fighting slavery, fought the abolitionists, as the bull fought the locomotive, and with a similar result. He and Joseph Tracy invented a society by which they hoped to divert popular support from the antislavery associations; but it fell still-born, because it aimed at point-no-point, and was like "a cake unturned"—cinders on one side, dough on the other.

Dr. Bacon early in life fell into the toils of the Colonization Society—a circumstance which his son carefully avoids mentioning. He supported it with his voice and pen for more than twenty years, and never, so far as I know, publicly renounced it. That society, as may be seen by its official documents, commended itself to the South as calculated to "contribute effectually to the continuance and strength of slavery," and to "augment instead of diminishing the value of slave property." It opposed emancipation, except upon "the condition that the emancipated shall leave the country." It held it to be "an ordination of Providence, no more to be changed than the laws of nature," that the improvement and elevation of the negroes in this country was impossible. Dr. Bacon himself wrote: "Here a slave cannot really be emancipated. You cannot raise him from the abyss of his degradation. You may call him free, you may enact a statute-book of laws to make him free, but you cannot bleach him into the enjoyment of freedom." Was this, I wonder, the "lucid and tenacious argument" that inspired Lincoln to issue his immortal proclamation? Holding to this doctrine of the invincibility of "negrophobia," it was only natural that Dr. Bacon, when the people of New Haven, with Judge Daggett at their head, rose up in a tempest of wrath to prevent the establishment in that city of a manual labor school for

negroes, should have had no plea to make for the education of the colored race. And when the Legislature of Connecticut, under the inspiration of leading colonizationists, passed a law making it a crime to give instruction in that State to any colored child from another State; and when that noble Quaker woman, Prudence Crandall, broke the law and was sent to jail,—it was equally natural that Dr. Bacon should look on in silence.

When all the efforts, vigilantly pursued for years, to put the abolitionists down, had utterly failed, and their movement had become a power that could be no longer successfully resisted; and when the Mexican war opened even the eyes of the blind to the designs of the slave power,—then it was that Dr. Bacon and his followers wheeled into line, and did good service in resisting the further encroachments of slavery. I do not begrudge those men their penny—nay, I would even increase their wages a hundred-fold; but the claim that they bore the heat and burden of the day, and should be crowned as leaders, I resent as a fraud upon history.

Whatever light President Lincoln may have gained from the writings of Dr. Bacon, it is certain that he did not recognize him as the leader of the antislavery movement. When he wished to avail himself of the advice of the oldest and wisest of the antislavery host, it was not Dr. Bacon, but Garrison, who was invited to the White House; and when he sought to honor that host in the person of its truest representative, it was Garrison who was officially invited to witness the raising of the redeemed and regenerated flag above the battered walls of Sumter. And when the victorious antislavery workers, including all the great leaders of the Republican party, desired to testify their grateful appreciation of the labors of the man who, above all others, was the founder of the grand movement, they did not so much as think of Dr. Bacon, but joined in placing in Garrison's hands the sum of thirty thousand dollars as a support for him in his declining years.

Dr. Bacon wishes "the ingenuous youth of America" to understand that "Mr. Garrison and his society never succeeded in anything," and that "the final extinction of slavery was accomplished in pursuance of principles that he abhorred." What principles are here referred to I am at a loss to conceive. If they were in any sense antislavery principles, certainly Mr. Garrison was far enough from abhorring them. Does Dr. Bacon mean to accuse the Republican party of opposing slavery on principles that were *not* antislavery? As to measures, Mr. Garrison, it is true, did not always agree with the party,—as, for instance, when it set itself about returning fugitive slaves and refused to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, as an inducement to the rebellious South to return to the Union; but these measures can hardly have been adopted "in pursuance" of any principles deserving to be called antislavery. The one great measure for which Mr. Garrison contended was immediate emancipation, and "the final extinction of slavery was accomplished" in just that way. The freedmen, moreover, were not colonized in Africa, as Dr. Bacon said they ought to be, but emancipated on the soil, and made citizens of the United States. What is more, Mr. Garrison had his way in the final annulment of those compromises of the Constitution which he said were "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Nothing is more certain than that "the ingenuous youth of America," to the end of time, will discern in all this a measure of success justifying the words of that noble Englishman, John Bright: "To Mr. Garrison it has been given, in a manner not often permitted to those who do great things of this kind, to see the ripe fruit of his vast labors,"—a measure of success, moreover, which came as a fit reward of the devotion and self-sacrifice of a life of which Whittier, our American poet of freedom, has said that "its fitting garland should be the Alpine flower that symbolizes noble purity."

Oliver Johnson.

On Culture in New England Villages.*

ARE there any truths, any facts, that the story-teller is bound to respect? Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks" takes us into the very heart of a New England community a hundred years ago. We hear its racy speech, its dialect,—which was not simply bad grammar and false pronunciation,—its brave defiance, its bold orthodoxy, and feel its deep, underlying humility. Behind the veil of Hawthorne's weird and somber imagination throbs the real, actual life of the times of which he wrote, and generations yet to come will turn to his pages, finding there the very souls of their ancestors as well as the records of their ways, their dress, their food, their modes of speech.

Old New England is well taken care of. But what kind of an idea will our descendants form of country life and manners in the New England of to-day, if they take some of its own story-tellers as its exponents.

For example: In a recent number of one of our best periodicals, there is a story of to-day, the scene of which is laid in an Eastern village, whose name is given, so there is no room for doubt. We know that this town has its railroads, its telegraphs, its marble quarries, its well-tilled, profitable farms. It has good schools and substantial churches. It takes the city dailies and the best magazines. It is next door, as it were, to an academy of more than local repute, which sends many of its students to Harvard, Yale, and other colleges. Now, does any one suppose that such a town would tolerate, year after year, in its most influential pulpit, a clergyman who persistently violated the plainest rules of grammar, and all the proprieties of English speech? The "parsons" of New England are educated men, men of thought and culture. As a rule they are the conservators, not the violators, of refinement and good-breeding. They do not vex the ears of the dying saints to whom they would administer consolation by saying "scripter," nor "continooally," nor "speritooal," nor "sech." Men of enough social standing and influence to be elected deacons in the principal church of a thriving, intelligent New England town, do not to-day speak of their young daughters as "gals," nor do their wives interlard their speech with such choice morsels as "I haven't nothin' to say to sech remarks." The leading "ladies" of such towns, even if their leadership has

* [Mrs. Dorr's remarks are an unintended supplement to Mr. Warner's, in this number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.]

more to do with church sociables and sewing societies than with five-o'clock teas, are certainly not guilty, nowadays, of such solecisms of speech and manner as they are charged with in this and kindred stories. A provincialism is one thing; gross ignorance or vulgarity is quite another. A recent critic, speaking of Mr. Howells's Marcia, says: "There are girls, even in village life, whose horizon is wider, whose culture is more generous." But why that somewhat condescending "even"?

Let me give an outline of what is going on this winter in, at least, one New England village. It has had for ten years or more its Shakspere Club, under most competent leadership. Under the suggestive name of "Friends in Council," a company of women meet on every alternate Wednesday from the first of October to the last of May. A scheme of study is made out a full year in advance. Each member knows just what is expected of her, just what thought or knowledge she must contribute for the general good. Greek, Roman, and mediæval history have been successively studied, with the aid of books, charts, pictures, essays, and talks. The contemporaneous history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is the study of this winter. This society, limited by its constitution to twenty-five members, has very little red tape, no "refreshments" of a material sort. It aims at doing solid work, and it does it. Four years ago another society, having a somewhat wider scope, was formed in the same village. It is called "The Fortnightly," and is under the auspices of one of the churches, meeting in the church parlors on alternate Saturdays. Any woman, or girl over sixteen, whose name is presented with proper indorsements, can become a member of "The Fortnightly" by signing the constitution and the payment of a small annual fee. It embraces all ranks—from the wives and daughters of governors and senators to sewing and shop girls, and they meet on terms of perfect equality. It has three standing committees—one on benevolent work, one on studies, and one called the social committee.

"The Fortnightly," ever since its formation, has had large and enthusiastic classes on history, art, and literature; and it cares for a mission school. This winter its members are studying the lives and works of representative women—biography, rather than history. At each of its regular meetings there are essays, readings, recitations, and talks.

Two book clubs, and several musical associations and reading societies keep, at least, this one village from the dull torpor, the intellectual stagnation, on which some of our American novelists dilate with such unction in their stories of country life. The truth is that the quieter lives of country-women give them some advantages over their city sisters. It is they who during the long winter evenings do the reading and thinking. Books take the place of the dinner-party, the dance, the opera.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Will the Jews Return to Palestine?*

MISS EMMA LAZARUS has won such merited praise for her warm and impassioned championship, both in verse and prose, of the Jewish race, that it may seem ungracious in an American Israelite—who has long been aware of her genius and powers—to take exception to the logic and tendency of the article from her vigorous pen in the February issue of your magazine, under the title "The Jewish Problem." But the importance of the subject referred to and the necessity of due caution in its discussion lead me to regret that Miss Lazarus has written in so positive and unqualified a strain. I refer, not to her just and admirable summary of Jewish history, but to her advocacy of a separate Jewish nationality.

1. It is most assuredly an exaggeration to state that "whenever two Israelites of ordinary intelligence come together, the possibility, nay the probability, of again forming a united nation is seriously discussed."

2. To Mr. Oliphant's personal efforts in behalf of the persecuted Russian Hebrews, I bear grateful testimony; but the difficulties in the way of colonizing at present a strip of land in Gilead—his special project—which have been pointed out by experienced critics, counterbalance, in my opinion, the extravagant laudations of a few enthusiastic advocates, who, because Scripture has been interpreted as predicting the restoration of Palestine to the Jews, deem it a religious duty to favor every scheme for its colonization. Neither the land nor the Jewish people is ready for such a utopian movement. When the Turk is expelled from Europe, and the Jewish proletariat abroad—who alone appear most desirous of emigration—are better equipped for industrial and agricultural work, it is a possibility that the fertile valleys of Palestine may be settled by colonists—but not by large numbers, who will be attracted elsewhere.

3. It is most unfortunate that Miss Lazarus cites the views of a young Russian Jew as summing up "the desires and ambitions of the nation." Among such views it is stated that "the religious mission of the Jews belongs to the past." No objection is made to intermarriage, and a central government, either in Palestine or South America, is advocated. If the mission of Judaism is past, the Russian Jews might save all further persecution by becoming Christians. If it be true that "the racial tie binds Jews together, even though they discard all religion," why form a separate nationality, unless to establish a little free religious and atheistic *commune*, under the Jewish name? Certainly a new Ezra, whom Miss Lazarus states the Jews of our generation "can surely furnish," if he be at all worthy of his ancient namesake, would be rather uncomfortable for such utopians.

4. It is unwise to advocate a separate nationality for the Jews at a time when anti-Semites are creating the impression that Jews can never be patriots, but are only Palestinians, Semites, Orientals. In fact, at the recent Anti-Semitic Dresden Congress, it was resolved that the Jews be sent back to Palestine. Even those Jews who share the traditional belief in a future restoration,—and who are rather proud of being recognized as Americans in America, Frenchmen in France, Englishmen in England, and so on in every land which guarantees them civil and religious liberty,—would resent such a polite invitation. In fact, to advocate such a plan now, in this century of political emancipation in every country save Russia, Roumania, and Coney Island, is a tacit confession that our

* [See Sidney Lanier on this subject,—page 131.—EDITOR.]

enemies are right, and that the Jews cannot be patriots, and have no fatherland but Palestine. There are, however, reverent Israelites,—among them some of our most scholarly and representative rabbis,—who think that Judaism's best work has been done outside of Palestine, and believe that the traditional view about a literal restoration must be modified or abandoned. At any rate, the most conservative Jew will understand that if, in Miss Lazarus' words, "it has been reserved for Christians to proclaim the speedy advent of that Jewish triumph"—the restoration—the conversion of the Jews is an event generally associated by pious Christians with the final ingathering of the Jewish nation.

5. But, it may be asked, if the prospect of emigration *en masse* to Palestine and the establishment of a separate nationality be denied them, what hope is afforded the million and more Russian Israelites, and the several hundred thousand in Roumania, belonging to the poorer classes? The answer is, they must remain where they are, and it is the duty of their leaders and spokesmen to champion their rights, even as the German Israelites have finally acquired their political emancipation. It has been a long contest in Germany since Moses Mendelssohn taught the German that the Jew could be both a man and a brother. Let the Russian Mendelssohn, let the Russian Heine, let the Russian Börne, let the Russian Zunz and Riesser and the rest, step forward and champion their brethren at the bar of European public opinion. The world will respect such action as indicative of a nobler manhood and a higher faith. Riesser did not spare his own brethren. Mendelssohn and his school fought the bigotry and superstition which degraded their co-religionists, and made their religion a mass of antiquated forms and nerveless practices. Let the true restoration be preached to the hundreds of thousands who are ignorant of modern culture and modern industries. Let the best preparation for citizenship in enlightened lands begin in the scattered towns and governments of Russia by better schools and improved facilities for training the children, so that they may be transformed into men akin in spirit and aim to the brilliant writers, poets, philanthropists, and statesmen who are the pride and boast of other lands, where once the stone of reproach weighed heavily upon the Jew, which he has bravely rolled away. To begin this work is the duty primarily of the wealthy Russian Israelite; and the example of a few like Baron Guinzberg, Abraham Brodsky, and Poliakoff, is worthy of wider and more general emulation. Nor can it be doubted that in such a movement might be enlisted the aid of the "Alliance Israélite"—which was not founded to colonize Palestine, but to educate the illiterate Jewish population of the East, and plant schools in all directions. If, in addition to such efforts on the part of Jews to secure political emancipation and social and educational reform, the Church shall more generally imitate the action of a few of its representatives in Russia, and strive to awaken a Christianity more in accord with the gentle teachings of its Founder,—who can doubt that in a decade or two the Jewish problem in Russia will have been solved, and the Russian Israelite will have no more ground of complaint than his brethren in France, England, and America?

In the brief space necessarily accorded a communication of this kind, and in a magazine like THE CENTURY, I have not attempted any detailed criticism. Let me add that paper schemes for the colonization of Palestine, which are chronicled with all the gravity of an item about the sea-serpent, are not original with Mr. Oliphant or George Eliot. In the "New York World," of September 28, 1866, Mr. Henry Durand, of Geneva, Switzerland, had a far more practicable plea for the settlement of Palestine by Jew and Christian, and the revival of the Orient by the development of its industry and commerce. It was expected by Mr. Durand and his friends that the Jews would aid, Turkey would coöperate, the Rothschilds provide capital, and the Emperor Napoleon give his support. But Mr. Durand's scheme shared the fate of all the pseudo-Messiahs who appear in the East from time to time—it ended in smoke; and so will every attempt, under present circumstances, to colonize Palestine on any large scale with a view of organizing a Jewish nation. That such a phantasy should be seriously advocated in our day is not so surprising when one reflects that the present whereabouts of the Ten Tribes still forms a subject of effervescent dispute, and within recent years a unique literature has appeared devoted to the claims of the Anglo-Saxon race to be considered their lineal descendants. It is only in England, perhaps, that such ideas can germinate "with miraculous rapidity."

Abram S. Isaacs.

On Higher Education for Women.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I know that you'll think it perfectly horrid of me and too forward and dreadful for anything to write to you in this bold way without knowing you at all, but I *do* hope that you'll excuse me, as there is something I feel it my duty to write to you about. (It seems too funny to write "Mr." instead of "Miss" or "Mrs.," as I most always do, for upon my word and honor, I never, never wrote to a gentleman before except once when I ———) But any way, I feel ever so safe, as you can't possibly know what my monogram stands for, and my signature is *ex officio*, or whatever you call it when you don't give your real name. But as I was saying, I want to speak to you about this just too dreadful fuss they are all making about what they call higher education for women and coeducation. Horrid, tiresome old things, I'd just like to shake them.

Why, I declare! It's simply too ridiculous for anything, the way they go on; just as if any sensible girl, with any sort of romantic feelings, wanted to know anything about Greek and philosophy and things, and then grow up for all the world like those absurdly dreadful old frights that wear spectacles, and have straight hair brushed back, and sleeves that never fit at the shoulders, and carry their change in a bag, and ask for the "franchise" (whatever that is), and make all kinds of ridiculous plans, and don't know any more about flirting or dancing the German than the man in the moon. It quite makes the cold shivers run down my back to think of them. (Don't you consider this description just too awfully cutting and sarcastic for anything?)

I know well enough that they tell all of us girls that what women need is more *real* knowledge; but,

I'm sure, *I* simply can't see the good of it. It's awfully true as the poet says, "What is knowledge but grieving?" (Don't you consider Owen Meredith just too splendid and grand for this world? I quite dote on that sweet and dreamy Lucille.)

I'm sure you can get all the knowledge and accomplishments you want at lots and lots of establishments like Madame de Sagesse's. (Why, they even teach calisthenics there!) That's where I graduated last spring, and they gave me a diploma which was just every bit as large as the one Cousin Jack took at college ever and ever so many years ago, and exactly like it, only it was in English and didn't have a lot of letters after my name like his — A. B. or Ph. B. or whatever they are, just as if you were a drawing pencil and had to be stamped to show if you were very, *very* soft or only middling. But it was thick and crackly and real, *real* parchment; and it was tied with the most lovely shade of *clair de lune* blue that you ever saw in all your born days, "*gros grain*," too, and must have cost, oh! ever and ever so much a yard. French I think, because it exactly matched the bows on my white muslin. (Worth!) It was just too becoming to live, as Cousin Jack said. (I've ripped off one of the bows and send it to you around this manuscript, it looks so neat. You can keep it.)

But I am afraid you may think me frivolous and wandering from my subject; but really I feel so awfully nervous at the idea that this will be printed, and that then I will be a real live authoress just like George Eliot, or May Agnes Fleming, or Rosa Bonheur, and lots and lots more, that I really and truly can't write quite my best. (Though, upon my word, I should hope that now, when I have finished my education and received a prize for English composition, my writing is not so awfully bad that I have to apologize for it, because if I thought so, I would just throw it in the fire and burn it, and sink right through the floor, and it would be the death of me, and I would, as Byron says, "wither like a flower and like a flower die." Isn't that sentiment quite too soulful and heavenly? I know it's awfully wicked for a girl to read Byron; but I do just whenever I get a chance, and I think he's perfectly grand and divine, but I haven't read much lately, because the key of the book-case fell down the register last year, and so I can't open it.) Oh, dear me, what a frightfully long parenthesis! Almost a page. But please don't think that I can't keep my mind fixed on one subject, for I can, as you will easily see when I tell you that I was marked "double 10" for Logic, one whole term, while at Madame de Sagesse's.

But I must not let my thoughts wander any more or you may get the idea that I am not serious-minded. It's just too ridiculously preposterous the idea that a girl with any sort of pretension to good looks should just go and ruin her chances by seeming to know anything about all those dreadful mathematics like Soshiology (Dear me! I hope that's spelt correctly, though somehow or other it don't look quite right to me). It only makes all the men afraid of her. So where's the good of it? What's the use of bothering your brains if the men wont like you any better for it?

Then they give another reason for the need of "higher" education, *vis:* That many women are poor and want to earn their own living and want a diploma from a college to certify as to their fitness. As for the diploma, I have shown that you can get it at a school if you think it's going to do you any good. As for being poor, I don't see the need of that either. Why don't they go and live with some relations? Or marry some *rich* man? Or if they are ridiculously stuck up and want to be "independant," why there are lots of ways of making money. They can do spatter-work or worsted work, or paint plaques. It's awfully easy. I never took any drawing lessons at school (because the drawing teacher wasn't a bit young and poetic-looking, as an artist ought to be) and have taken only six painting lessons in my whole life, and yet I paint beautifully (this may seem conceited but it isn't). This winter I made a plaque and only painted seven weeks on it, and sent it to a fair and it sold the very first night for ten dollars. I'm sure that shows it was good. In fact I didn't like to part with it, so I made Cousin Jack promise to buy it for me and he did. He's just devoted to me.

I forgot to tell you that I'm the secretaryess of the North-American — literary — society (no real writers, you know, but only amateurs who could be if they wanted to), and so I have a great deal of experience in reading the very best essays, and I have often noticed that most of those that cry about the "right" of women are those "left" by men. (Isn't that an awfully well turned sentense?)

Anyway, I feel sure that you can get lots of culture now in New York, if you really want it and can get invited to the right places. What with the "Causeries de Lundi" and the "Goethe Lectures" and "Tasso Readings," and "Raphael Conversazione" and "Nineteenth Century Club" and "Biology Class" and so on *ad infantum*. (You see I can quote Latin too, if I want to, but I don't think it's good taste to air your learning — it seems too dogmatic.)

But I shall have to stop now as I am afraid you will (Ought you say *will* here or *shall*?) get angry with me, if I keep you any longer from your printing; and besides, I have a most important engagement with my dressmaker, and anyway if I cross this sheet a third time I am afraid you may, here and there, have some difficulty in reading it *current calamo*.

Beleive (I'm never quite sure whether it is ie or ei, but I haven't time to look for the dictionary) me ——

Yours for health,

PINKIE ROSEBUD.

P. S. — You may have this even if you don't think you can afford to pay all it's worth; but I should like to receive something, so as to be able to say that I have been paid for my writing, because you know that always shows it's good.

P. R.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Time's Revenge.

When I was ten and she fifteen—
  Ah, me! how fair I thought her.
She treated with disdainful mien
  The homage that I brought her,
And, in a patronizing way,
Would of my shy advances say:
  "It's really quite absurd, you see;
  He's very much too young for me."

I'm twenty now, she twenty-five—
  Well, well! how old she's growing.
I fancy that my suit might thrive
  If pressed again; but, owing
To great discrepancy in age,
Her marked attentions don't engage
  My young affections, for, you see,
  She's really quite too old for me.

Walter Learned.

Childer and Wife.

I was going home, one snowy winter day,
When a poor old creature stopped my weary way.
  Have you any pennies?" (crouching like a slave)
"For I have two childer, and their mother's in the grave."

Though I have a wife, I don't care much for pelf
When I meet a man who is poorer than myself;
Beaten by the world, I feel no longer brave,
For my two children are lying in the grave!

I gave my brother pauper pennies four or five—
Enough, I hope, to keep him another hour alive.
My pocket was opened by the reasons that he gave,—
His two little children, and their mother in the grave!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Song.

If you love me, come and be
In my heart of hearts, and see
How I think of naught but thee!

If you hate me, tell me so;
I should love you still, I know:
Hate to love will sometimes grow.

If you neither love nor hate,
For your grace I ne'er will wait;
You will never be my fate.

Oscar Fay Adams.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

Your luck aint always ekul to de lenk o' your fishin'-pole.

Grass don't grow high roun' de corn-crib.

De man aint put togedder right dat don't lub his own dorg.

Sunset mighty pretty to de plow-hand.

It takes a hones' miller to keep lean shotes.

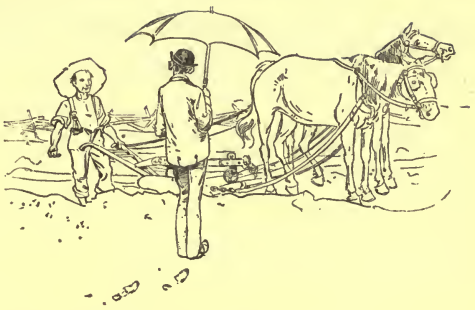
Don't kill de old goose in sight o' de fedder-bed.

De full moon is a po' han' to keep secrets.

Old hen got 'nough l'arnin to tell her own chillun in de dark.

J. A. Macon.

Plowing.



Good mornin', sir! A clearin' sky—
What? Want to talk with me, sir?
You tracked across that piece o' rye,
But we wont disagree, sir.

I'm sure yer welcome on this sod.
The piece was heavy-seeded;
The finest catch there, where you trod,
Since the old farm was deeded.

Whoa, boy! It's gettin' warm ag'in—
That colt is just a-learnin'—
Come, boy! Come Fan, come in! *Come in!*
They're rather slow a-turnin'.

The air, I guess, don't smell so sweet
Where you live, in the city,
No grass or shade-trees on the street?
Now, that must be a pity.

I calculate a farmer lacks
Some things you make a show of;
But there may be some curious facts
That city folks don't know of.

You see the nest on that pine-bough?
Do you know what there's hid in't?
D'ye know what bird 'tis singin' now?
No? Well, I thought you didn't.

You mus'n't think a pleasin' thing
Is lost on country people;
The birds that in that maple sing
Beat chimes in any steeple.

And as for good, fresh thinkin' stuff,
Paved streets can't be so givin';
While this one field has got enough
To last you while you're livin'.

Kin Boston beat that row of stumps
The little lot is fenced with?
Who-o-o-a! Woodchuck holes are wuss'n mumps!
The beasts might be dispensed with.

You'd like to hold the plow awhile?
All right, sir. I am willin'.
Whoa there, I say! Don't go *a mile!*
You'd ought to kept its *bill in.*

What threw the plow out? Oh, a stone
They're rather *apt* to turn her.
I guess I'll go it best alone—
You do well for a learner.

Why, I have seen men lean and try
To push the plow before 'em!
'Twould make a horse laugh till he'd cry;
But one fool makes a quorum.

I s'pose they think that Kingdom Come
Depends on them for motion;
But of the Power that's pullin' some
They haven't the slightest notion.

It's like good times to plow sod loam,—
To hear the coulter rippin',
And the soft earth, like fallin' foam,
Into the furrer drippin'.

But when you strike a stretch o' stone
It's sickness and low prices!
The plow not only shakes each bone
But kinder wakes yer vices.

A plow's a contrary concern,
A young calf can't out-do it;
To guide the point the handles turn
The opposite way to it.

Cut furrer wide, lean handles right—
You know how 'tis, I dare say—
Lift up, and it dives out of sight,
And t'other way, vice versey.

Not married? Well, you'll hardly swim
Before you go in swimmin';
But p'raps you'll find that in this whim
A plow is like some wimmin!

Nags like the furrer—softer ground—
Their crowdin's apt to balk us;
They're like two politicians bound
To carry the same caucus.

The colt lags, don't he? 'Pon my soul,
I guess the mare's the stronger!
I'll move that clevis up a hole
And make his end the longer.

Young hoss, if you don't stop that prank
I'm 'fraid you'll get a floggin'.
This knoll grows quack-grass mighty rank—
The meanest stuff for cloggin'!

I'm blamed if quack-grass aint like sin,
It grows where land's the poorest;
Ag'in a hoe it's sure to win—
Guess buryin's the surest.

I tried a new plow at the fair;
'Twas neat, but I refused it.
This "Rough and Ready" stands the tear,
And our folks allus used it.

Old plows and old beliefs are strong,
And good yet if kept shinin'!
Things that have stood the strain so long
Kin stand *some* underminin'.

I like to watch before the plow
The grass a-tumblin' over;
The big and little have to bow,
The June-grass and the clover.

A plow reminds me, then, of Time.
Does't other folks, I wonder?
There goes a violet in its prime—
I hate to turn *them* under.

But when above the buried weeds
The yellow wheat is wavin',
'Twill teach that buried years and deeds
Still live, if worth the savin'.

A life-time dwindles like these lands
In which the lot's divided;
When the dead-furrer's reached one stands
And wonders where it's slided.

Tell how I run a furrer straight,
And keep my sights when sowin'?
Yer competition would be late,
So I don't mind yer knowin'.

I set that pole this side the lot,
Then start from over yonder,
And range that pole with some fur spot
And never let it wander.

I've sometimes thought if we would range
Our daily walk with Natur',
Our lives with things that never change,
We'd draw our furrer straighter.

I'm apt at preachin'? So I've heard.
Yes, I 'tend church on Sunday.
Why, if I didn't hear the Word
I couldn't work on Monday.

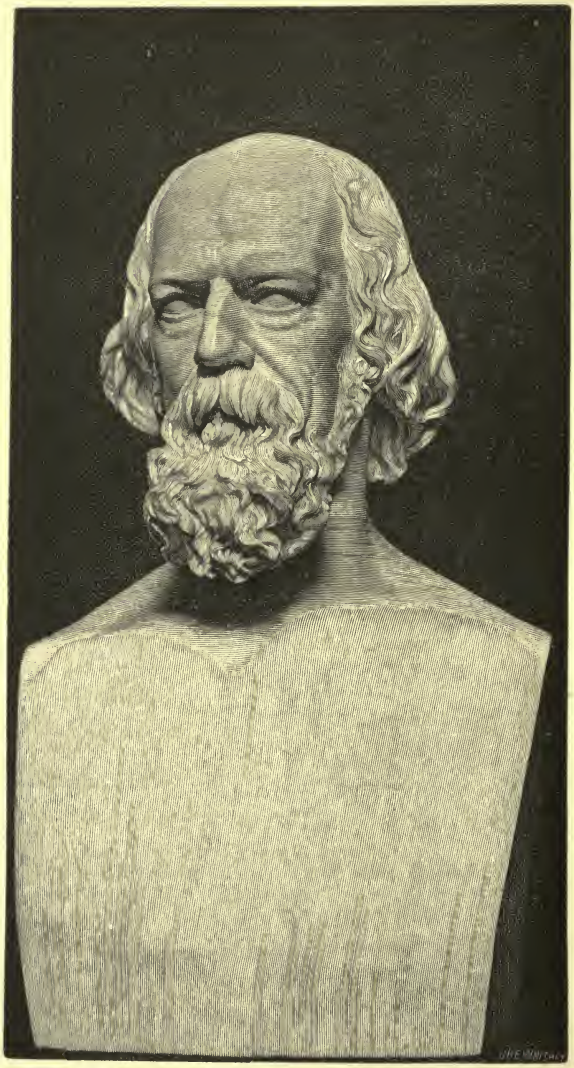
Ah, ha! That whistle blows for noon,
And dinner-time, I'm thinkin';
Well, I don't think it blows too soon,—
I feel like eatin' an' drinkin'.

Ned's callin' me, my little son,—
Jest five years ter his story;—
He makes us seven, countin' one
That's now a child o' glory.

How proud that team steps now that they
Are p'intin' for the stable!
A pretty tune their trappin's play,
Judgin' as I am able.

Come in the house and see my Nell—
I think she aint bad-lookin'—
And she's just as reliable
At counselin' as cookin'!

Charles H. Crandall.



(ALFRED TENNYSON, AFTER A BUST BY THOMAS WOOLNER.)

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LIVING ENGLISH SCULPTORS.

I.

IT is a very impressive moment to the lover of sculpture when he stands by the ivy-grown tomb of Thorwaldsen in Copenhagen, and sees around him those stately and noiseless galleries in which rest the masterpieces of the father of modern plastic art. Nature loves to refresh the pools of thought with water brought from distant and sequestered springs, and nourishes her Winckelmanns in the arid wastes of Brunswick, and brings forth her Thorwaldsens from a squalid village in Iceland. By this means she renews her ancient forces; for in art, as in everything else, her process is one of birth, of perfection, of decay, and of birth again out of decay. During certain long periods of history, sculpture has hardly existed in Europe. When the last Roman revival of Greek sculpture ceased, there was an absolute eclipse till Christian art began to carve the fronts of Wells and Pisa. Less obvious but as real eclipse darkened the two centuries that lie between the manhood of Bernini and the youth of Thorwaldsen,—a period not indeed unprovided with statues and busts, but permeated by ignorance and false taste to such a degree that the revival of the art seemed absolutely hopeless. In every part of the west of Europe this dark age of sculpture has left its mark, often signed by names of those to whom we pay all possible positive honor, though denying their relative position,—such artists as Roubillac with his astonishing swiftness and versatility, as Bacon with his virile force, as Canova with his prescience of a better age that was coming and with his wonderful skill in technique. Yet these and many other sculptors, who achieved reputation in the seventeenth and more particularly late in the eighteenth century, leave us dissatisfied with their aim and vision. If they strive to be classical, they are removed so many degrees from the simple and learned beauty of the Greeks, that we find them, on the whole, insipid; if their aim is to be Christian, they are so deeply impregnated with conventional elegance and so bound by a series of acknowledged symbols, that we are neither solemnized nor touched, for the element of spiritual surprise is carefully avoided. We find that skill has entirely taken the place of sentiment, and workmanship of imagination; yet, by a curious irony of nature, the technique for which everything has been sacrificed has almost every fault except that of rudeness. The "Graces" of that excessively clever carver, Canova, by dint of over-elaboration, seem to simper at every joint of their polished bodies, and their fingers, in excess of flexibility, cling to their flesh like leeches. Thus a man of unusual talent, a workman of the first order, fails in the very matter of modeling through ignorance of the true principles of his art; he knows not what to select or what to avoid. Into this false atmosphere, charged with bad taste and erroneous ambition, Thorwaldsen brought his eager northern spirit, rugged and sincere, and led the way for great and essential changes.

Unfortunately he, too, was brought up in a false school, and kept under vicious authority too long to perform all that his genius might have effected. He was ill-equipped in many technical respects, lazy as a workman, only very occasionally inspired by great and original ideas,—a man of strange contradictions, now brilliantly enterprising, now indolently dull. Some of his most famous work can in no way be esteemed better or even different in character from the conventional

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work of the century before him. The visitor to Cambridge must pronounce that, as he is there revealed, he cuts a sorry figure by the side of the vigorous Roubillac. And therefore I began by saying that the student of modern sculpture must make a pilgrimage to Copenhagen. There, as he wanders among the countless plaster works which bear still the impress of Thorwaldsen's hand, he may see, what he misses in the smooth and facile marbles carved often in the absence of the indifferent sculptor, how the ancient fire was sometimes rekindled between those uncertain fingers and the true principles of sculpture revealed to that sluggish brain. Standing before the "Mercury" of Thorwaldsen, that noble figure of adolescence, the whole attitude of which breathes a lyric simplicity and grace,—noting the vivid eye, the absorbed features, the finely modeled hands lifting the pipes,—I have been inclined to fancy that the spirit of pure sculpture, which fled from the world when Goujon fell, shot to the heart, from the relievo he was carving on the day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, came back to earth with timid flight while Thorwaldsen was fashioning this statue.

What Thorwaldsen partly performed in the way of recalling plastic art to truth and sincerity of expression was carried much further and in a finer spirit by an artist of our own race. The divine Flaxman—to whom England alone of all the countries of Europe has been slow to do honor, that great poet of design in whom our critics will perhaps one day learn to recognize the greatest ornament of English art—saw through the medium of his keen and learned imagination all that was needed to revive the practice of sculpture. Before the light of his intuition all the finery and flummery of Italian false taste, all the dull traditions and pompous Latinities that the French had laid down as law to Europe, all the burden of detail, all the dread of vitality, passed away like a vapor, and he saw life and man as the Greeks saw them. Where then, it may be asked, are the statues of this great sculptor? What museum is crowded with his figures, what church with his reliefs? To this we all know the melancholy answer. He lived at a period and in a country that were blind to the value of such work as his; the ignorance of his rich contemporaries put so few commissions of the grander sort within his reach, that his hand never quite attained that sureness and vigor of workmanship which must always come with use; and accordingly, the exquisite and nobly sculpturesque dreams with which his brain was always brimming were expended on the decoration of plates and cups, or drag out a dubious existence on scraps of paper. If the English Government or the wealthy classes in England had known what manner of man was moving so quietly among them, they might have won the gratitude of posterity by supplying him with bronze and marble. There is something exceedingly irritating in the reflection that a Bernini can always secure abundance of material on which to perpetuate his monstrous taste, and yet that, when once in five hundred years a Flaxman is born, the wealthiest nation in the world cannot find him blocks of marble to work upon.

The legacy of Flaxman to us, therefore, is almost intellectual rather than physical. His matchless designs pathetically cry to the student: "Thus I should have modeled if the world had cared to let me; work thus if you are born into a more intelligent age than I was." And it is from his drawings rather than from his executed works that we must gather his message to posterity. His immediate followers did not understand his mission. They sought to imitate the exact practice of Flaxman in individual cases, instead of trying to look at nature and the human body from his free and original standpoint. So that once more the attempt to revive sculpture, in the broader sense, as a great imaginative medium, failed for want of courage and instinct in those who trod in the steps of Flaxman. Sculpture fell lower than ever, reaching throughout Europe, about fifty years ago, a condition of nullity and poverty greater than, perhaps, at any moment, even in the unlucky eighteenth century.

Germany had revived the judicious love of antiquity; Denmark and England had successively indicated the direction of revival; it was left to France to carry out this newest *renaissance*, and make sculpture once more take rank among the living arts. It was François Rude, the great sculptor of Dijon, who brought to this task the needful combination of skill and intelligence, and who first dared to set entirely aside those rules and exceptions, traditional bondage of the schools, which every sculptor had bowed down to until his time. It is no part of my business here to tell the story of Rude's life, or chronicle the successes of French sculpture. The first has often been done for English readers, and particularly well by Mr. Hamerton in his charming book called "Modern Frenchmen"; the second is obvious to any one who visits Paris with discerning eyes. But, before proceeding to discuss what has been done of late in England by a group of artists whose inspiration comes more or less from the true modern source, I must quote one phrase of Rude's which is very significant in its bearing on

VIRGILIA. (THOMAS WOOLNER.)

sculptors' work. Rude was a rough man, not given much to writing or reading, but his disciples have preserved for us some of his apothegms, and they are wonderfully wise. To some one who asked him how he would define the human body, he replied, "As a skeleton, of which the muscles form the ornament." It is easy to see that a man with such a doctrine of his art could not go far wrong, and the acceptance or disregard of this seems at the root of all failure or success. The ancient Greek who modeled his queer archaic figure of Phœbus was thinking mainly about the skeleton; we see the ribs correctly indicated, the slope of the pelvis and even the contours of the thigh-bones excellently suggested, and we take great pleasure in looking at the statuette, though its ornaments —its muscles and skin—and the modeling of the face are very rude and poor. We take, for instance, much more pleasure in it than we do in the late Roman statue of the same god, where the skin is polished, the features exquisitely even, and the muscles laid on with every affectation of elegance, but where the bony structure is absolutely neglected or treated in slavish accordance with some traditional practice of Praxiteles or Polycletus. For it is a very remarkable fact, of which the history of art is forever repeating examples, that the artist injects into his work the charm of his conscientious effort,

and that what is carelessly done, or done in the spirit of a charlatan, or even ignorantly and tamely done, may please the world for awhile and secure ephemeral applause, but cannot long arrest the attention of any unbiased company of observers.

Sincerity, then, and study of nature must be the leading forces of sculpture if it is to regain its authority over human thought; and these must be exercised in a large sense by men of remarkable power, moving in a bracing and strenuous atmosphere of intellectual effort. No doubt there is a species of monumental and iconic sculpture,—memorial figures and portrait busts,—in which at all times, whether the art rises or falls, honest workmen will achieve tolerable results. In England, at the darkest periods of our art, we have had sculptors like Nollekens and Behnes who produced contemporary heads which were entirely satisfactory,—valuable documents, precious to students of history, and well executed as works of art. But portraiture is, after all, though the most prosperous and necessary branch of sculpture, not its noblest, and not that which feels most sensitively the spring or winter of the imagination. It is in ideal work, in the poetic creations of the sculptor's mind, that we see most readily whether his mode of work is sound or not. Now it may seem to some readers a bold thing to say, and yet is merely a truism to those who think on the subject, that so great has been the general rise in sincere and capable treatment of sculpture in the French schools within two generations, that any one who visits the Salon at Paris will see, even in an unfavorable year, several imaginative statues which show more real knowledge of the body, a truer sense of beauty, a livelier fidelity to pure Greek feeling, than is to be found in all Canova's work, in most of Thorwaldsen's work, and in all else that Europe produced in sculpture from the death of Bernini (1680) until the present age. We need to have this said plainly, and to clear our minds of tradition and prejudice. If we want to see what is truly beautiful in sculpture, let us look at such fragments of genuine old Greek work, down to the age of Praxiteles, as the piety of the modern world has collected out of chaos; in Christian sculpture at the alto-relievos of Ghiberti, the penciled bass-reliefs of Donatello, the saintly terra-cottas of Della Robbia, and the virile monuments of the pagan Italians from Verrochio down to Michelangelo; then at nothing else, however much the amateurs of two centuries may have praised it, until we come to the work of Frenchmen who are not yet old, Chapu and Dubois, Falguière and Mercié.

The poverty of English sculpture has been due to the fact that, not having the force of the Middle Ages, when, as it seems, sculpture was rediscovered for Europe by the Englishmen who built Wells Cathedral,—not having, I say, the force of the thirteenth century, it was obliged to move in bondage to the old traditions, copying not Greek art, but wretched Roman imitations of Greek art, not Michelangelo and the manly Italians before him, but the feebly furious school that aped his mannerisms, erring everywhere through timidity and half-heartedness, contented, as we see the Italians of to-day contented, to be executants and not composers, servants, not masters, unrivaled workmen in the technical part of their trade, but without any creative talent, without courage, without taste. We may take Foley as a very fair example of the best sort of sculptor that the old tradition could produce in England,—a man equipped as a workman at all points; practically without fault, in his best time, as far as the superficial part of the modeling goes and in crafty treatment of surface, yet merely a workman at best; without knowledge or the trained instinct that makes up for knowledge; without imagination, content to ring the changes on half-a-dozen vigorous or graceful attitudes; in short, a man of extraordinary native gifts, but ignorant of their meaning and without any just sense of their responsibilities. His statues are simply marvelous pieces of workmanship; they have no sentiment, they suggest no thought. Perhaps his finest work, his truly superb statue of "Caractacus," at the Mansion House, is no contribution to history, and throws no light upon the motives of a savage patriot. It is simply a very fine figure of a naked Englishman, with a large mustache and a very heavy head of hair, looking as though something or another had annoyed him very much. Now if anything is plain in the history of art it is that mere good workmanship, without ideas to guide it, is not self-sufficient for more than a single generation. Sculpture in England has had to begin anew, faintly encouraged, I cannot doubt, by the greater revival across the Channel. The pre-raphaelitism of Mr. Woolner, and the independent movement toward realism of Mr. Armstead, were the first steps toward the light, and we shall briefly discuss these first. They have led the way to a generation of younger artists, who move on the crest of a second wave of revival, a wave much more plainly tending toward us from the shores of France, and of the very highest interest and importance to students of our national art. And this would indeed be the fit place for a brief tribute to the genius of that great and

THOMAS WOOLNER IN HIS STUDIO. (FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.)

obscure artist, the late Alfred Stevens, whom we scarcely knew till he was gone from us, and who stood apart from every school with his eyes fixed on the sole figure of Michel-angelo; but this digression would take us too far from the subject of our present inquiry.

II.

THERE is no living artist whose work a man of letters approaches with more instinctive interest than Mr. Woolner, himself almost as eminent a poet as a sculptor. His literary position is not that side of his career which will be discussed here; his place in literature, as the author of "My Beautiful Lady" and of "Pygmalion," has long ago been decided, and needs no re-illustration. But, after all, the profession of Mr. Woolner's life has been sculpture, and it is as a sculptor that he calls for our attention among his most prominent colleagues. Thomas Woolner was born at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, on the 17th of December, 1825. At the age of thirteen, he began life as the pupil of Behnes, sculptor in ordinary to Her Majesty. With all his faults, Behnes was a considerate and intelligent master; and under him Mr. Woolner found, if no encouragement, at least less opposition to his views with regard to the exact reproduction of nature than he would have found, for instance, in the great rival studio — Sir Francis Chantrey's temple of conventionality. At the age of eighteen, just before leaving

HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD AT WORK. (FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.)

Behnes, Mr. Woolner began to exhibit. The catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1843 announces an "Eleanor sucking the Poison from Edward's Wound," which has disappeared; and there was shown at the same time in Westminster Hall a large group of "The Death of Boadicea," which no longer exists. The first work of Mr. Woolner's which can still be examined is a "Puck," completed at the close of 1843, when he had just started in life on his own merits. It is a work of extraordinary interest. The body of the sinewy little imp is closely modeled after nature; the snake which creeps between his legs, the toad on which he is about to stamp, the broad fungus that supports the whole group,—all these are rendered with that exact observance of truth in detail which was so soon to become the great new power in art. One touch of observation in this work—the rotten leaves being drawn downward by worms—so struck Tennyson years afterward, that into "Enid," which he happened to be then writing, he introduced the famous simile:

"Souls the old serpent long had drawn
Down, as the worm draws in the withered leaf
And makes it earth."

MEMORIAL TO FREDERICK WALKER. (HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD.)

This epoch-making little statue of "Puck," with its unprecedented return to the study of nature in sculpture, was produced just before the beginning of the similar revival in painting, and was in some sort a herald of it. It was by more than a lucky chance that Mr. Woolner was thrown into the company of that celebrated group of lads, mostly younger than himself, whose names have since been so widely known in painting, and of whom Mr. Holman Hunt was the leading spirit. Mr. Woolner formed one of the original Preraphaelite Brotherhood, in company with Mr. Millais, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, and the other less illustrious artists who formed the famous Seven. In 1850, he took a prominent part in bringing out "The Germ,"—that little magazine, so disregarded then, so precious to bibliographers now,—and in its pages he printed the first installments of his poem "My Beautiful Lady." A little before this, in 1848, he had formed the friendship of Mr. Tennyson, then already acknowledged as the coming star in poetry, although still unrecognized by the large public. Mr. Tennyson's lodgings in the north of London were close to Mr. Woolner's studio, and when at last they mutually discovered this fact, an intimacy sprang up between them which has lasted ever since. In 1852, the attention of the artistic world was widely called to Mr. Woolner's name, although the final result of the circumstance was excessively disappointing to the artist himself. Wordsworth having died in 1850, a subscription was at once made to set up a suitable monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Forty-two designs were sent in to a general competition, and among these the most admired was that by Mr. Woolner: his old master Behnes, himself a competitor, remarked, in words to which his position gave great weight, his admiration of his pupil's design and his despair for his own. Mr. Woolner's sketch was so widely acknowledged to be the best, that it was with almost universal surprise and indignation that the news was received that the choice of the judges had fallen upon the very unfortunate monument which now does more dishonor than honor to Wordsworth's memory in Westmin-

ster Abbey. This feeble and ugly work was modeled by a sculptor named Thrupp, who was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for nearly fifty years, but without attaining distinction. Mr. Woolner's sketch remains in his studio, and, as being one of his most remarkable works, deserves particular description. The sculptor had seen Wordsworth but once, in Behnes's studio in 1839, and had no recollection of his appearance, but his collation of accredited portraits and his life-long sympathy with the genius of the man enabled him to give a likeness which the most intimate friends of the poet were eloquent in praising. Wordsworth sits on the central pedestal, dressed like an elderly farmer; his legs are crossed, his right hand is thrust into his bosom, his head is bent forward in reverie. In his left hand he holds a pimpernel, as a blossom at once humble and rustic in character and yet so beautiful as to demand attention. The bass-relief on the front of the pedestal shows Peter Bell, who, in the act of striking the ass, refrains in sudden awe at the presence of the mountains. For the groups flanking the pedestal, and worked out in the round, the sculptor designed Law and Religion. To render these qualities of the soul in sympathy with the genius of Wordsworth, Mr. Woolner sought out a fellow-thinker in Carlyle, and amid the Olympian cloud of tobacco emerging from these two great men's pipes it was finally decided that Law should be depicted by the representation of a father who controls the passion of a sullen boy ("Make him sullen," said Carlyle; "more god-like task that"), and Religion by that of a mother who encourages her little child to pluck a lovely flower, and in the same instant leads the infant mind to the contemplation of the flower's maker, God. Such is the noble and imaginative monument which was so very nearly raised to the memory of Wordsworth, and which may any day, by an accident or a change of studio, be broken up and no longer exist except in memory. It is greatly to be desired that, before it is too late, some wealthy body of devout Wordsworthians should rescue this appropriate and seemly tribute from its perilous condition in plaster. No commission, I should suppose, could, even at this time of day, be so welcome to the poet-sculptor as this which he so nearly received thirty years ago.

In 1854, Mr. Woolner was bitten with the prevalent craze for Australian gold, and went out to Victoria to try his luck at the diggings. After working at several points, not without success, yet not with sufficient to make the toil worth continuing, he proceeded to New South Wales, and made a great "hit" by modeling medallion portraits for the rich Sydney merchants. He was received enthusiastically. It was the first time that any recognized English artist had found his way out to Australia, and the compliment was warmly responded to. Mr. Woolner was so successful in this field of sculpture that he might have remained in Sydney, had not the hope — as it proved, a delusive one — of a very important commission lured him back to London in 1856. He returned, however, to find that his reputation had increased during his absence, and since that year he has very seldom been unrepresented at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy.

It would serve no good purpose to give in this place a bare list of all that Mr. Woolner has produced during the last quarter of a century. The specimens we are able to engrave of his work will give a very good idea of its average manner, and will exemplify the three different classes into which it falls. Mr. Woolner has taken advantage of his long friendship with Mr. Tennyson to record at various stages of life the outlines of that noble and singular countenance. As early as 1857 he contributed a bronze medallion of the Poet Laureate to the Royal Academy, and another, in high relief, in 1867; while a bust taken in middle life is one of the ornaments of Trinity College Library, Cambridge. In our portrait of the sculptor himself, the artist has represented him as carving another of his most striking busts, that of Carlyle in 1868. Carlyle, like Tennyson, sat very frequently to Mr. Woolner, showing an amusing alacrity in response to any offer of portraiture, the idle arts being for once well employed in handing down his crabbed features to posterity. As the sculptor and the humorist sat together in this contiguity, there would break forth windy war of words, for Carlyle's delight was to confound all the artists of the world, from Phidias downward, in one sweeping denunciation of "fools" and "rascals," and very particularly the Greeks. On the subject of art, of course, his knowledge and his taste were, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says of Dr. Johnson's, a minus quantity. Some of Mr. Woolner's later busts — his Kingsley and his Keble, for instance, in Westminster Abbey — have lost vital truth in the excess and finish that he has expended on them; but others, again, form lasting and worthy records of the eminent men they represent. Such are his busts of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak in 1859, of Sir William Hooker in 1860, of John Henry Newman in 1867, of Darwin in 1870, and of Charles Dickens in 1872.

Of the second class of Mr. Woolner's sculpture, that founded directly upon historic work

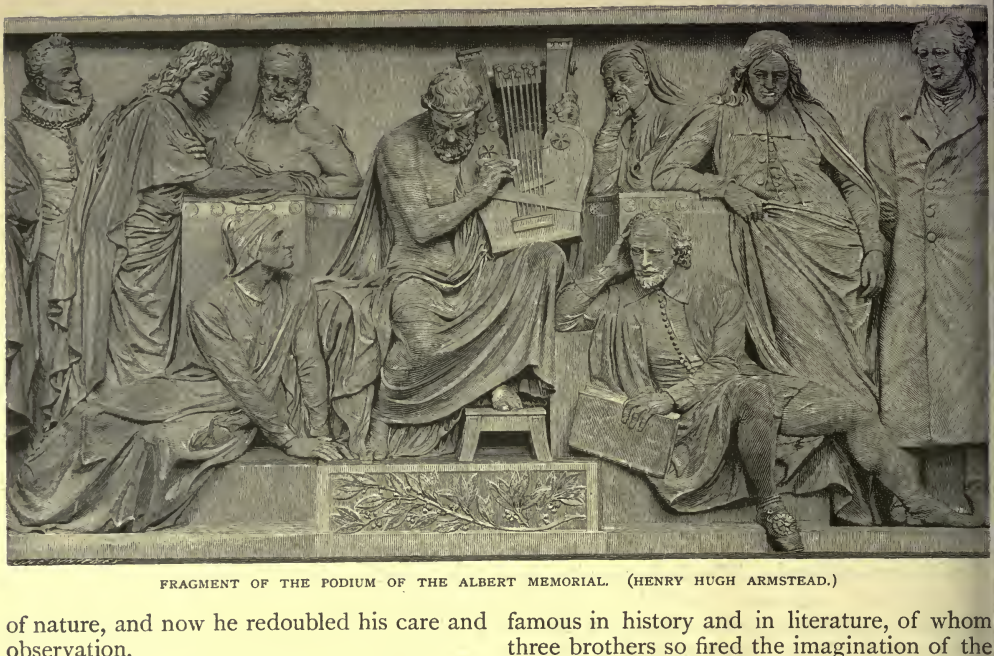
of the imagination, there is no more favorable example to be found than his large and beautiful relief of "Virgilia," of which we give an engraving. The wife of Coriolanus sees in vision her husband routing the Volsces. In the same strenuous manner Mr. Woolner modeled, as his diploma work, on his admission to the full honors of the Royal Academy, a relief of "Pallas and Achilles Shouting in the Trenches." His "Mercury Teaching a Shepherd-Boy to Sing," in 1874, was another of these poetical and refined reliefs. It is a circular composition, in which the god, seated with a lyre in his hands, bends forward over the shy and wondering head of a boy, to whom he teaches the magic by which the learned contrive to make "music and sweet poesy agree."

A fine example of Mr. Woolner's monumental or funeral sculpture is an "In Memoriam" tablet, executed in 1870 for a family of four children who had been carried off at one time by an epidemic. The father waited on Mr. Woolner, and asked him if he thought it possible to erect to their memory a monument which should preserve their features without being extremely painful to the mother. The sculptor undertook to solve the difficulty, and he did so with true poetic tact. He has represented the four children in paradise, full of joy and life, in blithe unconsciousness waiting till those left below on earth shall join them and reunite the family. There is a shade of pensive memory, with no sadness, on the face of the eldest daughter; the second graciously responds to the rapturous ecstasy of her little brother; the third holds out her hand for two butterflies to perch on. This latter incident was criticised, and by no less exact an observer than Mr. Tennyson, as improbable, even in paradise, where the butterflies may, however, surely be conceived as being more confident and courteous than here below; but it appears that there is an earthly precedent for it, for that gentle and patient people, the Japanese, are found to possess the art of taming insects, and in particular of persuading butterflies to perch upon their fingers. It will be seen that the temper of Mr. Woolner's art is joyous and robust; he has not shared the love of melancholy and almost of disease that has been so strange an impulse with many of his most illustrious companions. His conception of sorrow is accidental and transient; his belief in happiness fixed and essential; at least, that is the impression that all which is most successful in his sculpture gives to an observer.

Mr. Woolner was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1871, taking rank between poor Frederick Walker and Sir John Gilbert; and in 1876, he succeeded Foley as a full R. A. He lectured as professor of sculpture for a short time at the Royal Academy, and then abandoned the chair, which still remains vacant.

III.

THERE is probably no living artist who more resembles in temper of mind the great Renaissance masters who just preceded Michelangelo than Mr. Armstead. Like Leopardi or Verrocchio, he is prepared by training and laborious accomplishment to be goldsmith, sculptor, or painter, and as a matter of fact he is all these, even the last. His fecundity of invention, his patience as a workman, his untiring intelligence and perfection of style, have all been expended on a great variety of labors, of which but few have received their due reward of public attention, and it is only of late years that the transcendent merits of this great sculptor have been appreciated. Henry Hugh Armstead was born in London, on the 18th of June, 1828. His father, John Armstead, was the most prominent herald chaser of his time, and indeed raised this branch of art into such a perfection as it has not enjoyed before or since. The son was originally to have been trained to continue his father's calling, but he finally started in life as a silversmith. To prepare himself for this delicate work he became a student at the Royal Academy, and passed through all the accredited art training of the day. What special schooling he did not gain from his father came from Baily, the sculptor, whose heavy thumb, however, usually rather marred than mended the minute traceries that the boy already preferred to the "large treatment" then fashionable in sculpture. As a worker in silver, Mr. Armstead performed, in an unobtrusive way for many years, such lovely work as had never before been modeled for this purpose by an English hand, and developed his talent with such rapidity that soon he could not endure to have fine modeling spoiled by the chasers, and learned to do the repoussé work with his own hand. Countless racing cups and vases carry on their lids the results of his fecund imagination and faultless chasing,—work much of which would not be unworthy of a modern Cellini, but which brought its author the minimum of public recognition. While he was still quite young, the preraphaelite movement began to stir beside him; and though he took no active part in it, he was acquainted with its leaders, and felt a reflex warmth fall upon him from their ardor. From the first he had modeled nothing, however trivial, without exact study



FRAGMENT OF THE PODIUM OF THE ALBERT MEMORIAL. (HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD.)

of nature, and now he redoubled his care and observation.

The climax of his work as a silversmith came in 1860, when he gave months of assiduous labor to the last and greatest of his feats in silver, the "Outram Shield." This masterpiece of delicate and original modeling in very low relief illustrates, in a series of panels which form the exterior of the shield, the romantic events of Sir James Outram's life. They deserve, and, indeed, from the art student demand very close and long attention. So much learning and skill, so much grace in contrivance, so much delicacy in workmanship, so much, in a word, of all that is delightful in modern art, has probably never been expended in vain by any English artist. The result was a masterpiece which nobody looked at with intelligent eyes except half-a-dozen artists and critics; and his wonderful work, not less astounding in its rich completeness than any silver-work of the Italian Renaissance, did not bring its creator the shadow of a single client. Mr. Armstead had performed the work to which all the training of a life-time had been tending, and the result was so crushing that from that time forward he threw up silver-work altogether, and permitted the profession of which he had made an art to degenerate at once into a trade. At the age of thirty-four, he began to be a professional sculptor. The first work that he was engaged upon, after some little skirmishing with book illustration, was a series of mural decorations in stone carving for Eatington Hall, in Warwickshire. In these the sculptor illustrated the adventures of those Shirleys, famous in history and in literature, of whom three brothers so fired the imagination of the age of Elizabeth by their long and romantic captivity among the Persians, their object having been to persuade the Sophi to join in a crusade against the Turks. On this marvelous story the dramatist John Day, in 1607, while all the Shirleys were yet alive, founded his exciting drama of "The Travels of Three English Brothers," and now, after two hundred and fifty years, it has received elaborate illustration from the pencil of the most poetical of sculptors. Mr. Armstead retains the designs for these carvings, and would certainly gratify a great number of his admirers if he could be persuaded to publish them. They display his powers of invention and of composition in their quintessence.

The sculptor then opened the large studios he now occupies at the back of Victoria Station, roofing over a carpenter's shop to add to his rough temple of art, and was soon busy with a number of important commissions. Comparatively little of his monumental and decorative sculpture has been exhibited in public galleries; its dimensions have usually been too considerable. But the visitor to the notable buildings of London may find Mr. Armstead's genius constantly accompanying him. At Westminster, the eighteen friezes in relief, carved in wood around the walls of the Queen's robing-room, represent the sculptor's conception of Arthurian myth, and mainly that branch of it which deals with the visions and the prowess of Sir Galahad. It is to be remarked that, in an age extremely prone to repeat Tennyson's render-

OPHELIA. (WILLIAM CALDER MARSHALL.)

ing of these legends, Mr. Armstead has been actively unaffected by it, and gives a version of his own which has a singular charm of grotesque romance. The reredos of Westminster Abbey is an elaborate contribution by Mr. Armstead to this venerable museum of English sculpture; but we have no space here to dwell upon its marble figures. The elaborate ornamentation of the whole front and side of the Colonial Office in Whitehall belongs to this public class of Mr. Armstead's work, and may properly be described before we approach his masterpiece, although posterior to it in date. These sculptures form the most noticeable external decoration of public buildings in London, and include large reliefs of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, and two allegorical reliefs of Government and Education, while in the niches above these panels are placed statues of a great number of English statesmen. Among the latter, which unfortunately are lifted so high, in accordance with the scheme of ornamentation, that they cannot well be seen in detail, that of Earl Grey is particularly happy.

The work, however, by which Mr. Armstead is most widely known, and by which his name will most prominently be handed down to posterity, is his share of the Albert Memorial, on which he was occupied uninterruptedly for eight years. Of this great monument —a mosaic of many styles and varied talent— his portion is by far the most attractive, and gains in charm as time brings out the demer-

EAGLE-SLAYER. (JOHN BELL.)

its of some of its neighbors. Four large bronze statues on the eastern side of the memorial, representing Chemistry, Astronomy, Rhetoric, and Medicine, and the whole of the elaborate frieze filling the southern and eastern surfaces of the podium, were intrusted to him; and these eighty-four life-size figures testify from their station in Kensington Gardens to the vitality, versatility, and tireless originality of the great artist who carved them in Sicilian marble. It can hardly be contested that these friezes contain the finest, that is, the most fully sustained work dedicated to public uses by an English sculptor.

Since the unveiling of the Albert Memorial, Mr. Armstead has been employed, with the exception of the decoration of the Colonial Office, mainly on private work of an imaginative or monumental kind. In 1873, he exhibited the study for an exquisite public fountain, adorned with figures taken from Milton's "Comus." We believe that we outrage no confidence, and divulge a very open secret, when we say that the Government expressed itself willing to commission the sculptor to execute this fountain in marble for a London site, if he would exchange for the pensive nymph of twilight, which now surmounts it, a figure of "Rule Britannia," and that Mr. Armstead's patriotism broke down under so stringent a test. In 1877, the exhibition of the Royal Academy was adorned by a very delicate and characteristic work of Mr. Armstead's, which we have the pleasure of en-

graving here for the first time,—the medallion placed in Cookham Church to the memory of Frederick Walker. This great and unfortunate painter, in some respects the most original that England has produced since Turner, had died in June, 1875, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, having been prevented for some years, by the fatal disease against which he vainly struggled, from exercising his magnificent powers to their full extent. Mr. Armstead carved this monument entirely as a labor of love, and set it up, in the church where Walker was buried, solely as the personal tribute of a stranger to the marvelous genius of the dead, in the same mood that drew from Dryden those immortal lines of elegy, beginning

"Farewell, too little and too lately known!"

Those who knew personally the Marcellus of English painting pronounced the likeness to be singularly true, and yet Mr. Armstead had, I believe, spoken to Walker but once.

Among Mr. Armstead's latest works must be mentioned two octagonal marble panels in extremely low and broad relief, curiously Ninivite in character, executed for the Guards' Chapel. His diploma work for the Royal Academy, of which he was made an associate in 1875 and a full member in 1879, is a relief of Aphrodite, drawn by dolphins. In 1882, he completed a very finely finished and originally conceived statue of Ariel.

Our business here is mainly with the men who have responded to the spirit of revival. Of the many sculptors who still survive and continue in advanced age what we may call the conservative tradition, there are but two whose names demand attention, Mr. William Calder Marshall and Mr. John Bell.

Mr. Marshall is at present the Nestor of official English sculpture. With the exception of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Cope, he is the oldest member of the Royal Academy, and in sculpture he is the only one who retains the tradition of the age of Chantrey. He was born in Edinburgh in 1813, and began to work in art at a very early age. He was still only a boy when he came up to London, and got permission to walk in and out of Chantrey's studio and pick up any information he could without exactly becoming the pupil of the popular sculptor. He found the style of Chantrey dry, conventional, and prosaic, and as his own bias was all in favor of poetry and Greece, he made his bow to Chantrey as soon as he politely could. Mr. Marshall then turned to Baily, in whom he found a very different master. Flaxman had only been dead five or six years, and in the penetralia of Baily's studio the worship of Flaxman was cultivated with ardor and piety, if hardly according to knowledge. These were the curves—it was explained to novices—which Mr. Flaxman projected in bass-relief before the body of a floating female figure; these were the folds employed by Mr. Flaxman to indicate drapery passing rapidly through air. All such formulæ seem to us not less foreign to the healthy genius of that great artist than to the dictates of nature herself, but they seemed both fascinating and authoritative to the little school of whom Baily, not yet disenchanted by misfortune, was the high-priest, and it may be that Mr. Calder Marshall has never become entirely free from this bondage to tradition. He still thinks that sculpture only moves with safety when it walks closely and demurely in the traces of Greek art, and of Greek art not as by analogy we may judge it to have been, but as by existing relics we know it to be; and he looks with some horror and dismay on those signs of widening observation and realistic freedom of treatment which some of us are apt to look upon as the only possible salvation of modern sculpture. From his youth to the present time he has scarcely ever failed to exhibit every year at the Royal Academy, and he has usually been represented by three or four works. As his task lies almost entirely in imagination, or, as it is called, "ideal" work, and as the public responds very coldly to this sort of sculpture, it follows that, notwithstanding his success, Mr. Marshall's groups have very frequently proceeded no further than plaster. In his magnificent studios in Ebury street, he has arranged a very interesting selection of his work, covering a period of nearly half a century; but in spite of this, to the inquiry of a visitor after some statue admired in the forties or the fifties, Mr. Marshall will grimly reply, "Oh! it was broken up long ago, and buried in the garden." Of the statues of that early time, one of the most notable, and one which, so far from being broken up, has been exquisitely executed in marble, is an "Ophelia," life size, with a trailing garland of the blossoms of the brook depending from her hands.

Mr. John Bell is a sculptor whose work has been favorably before the public for just fifty years, and who yet has reached old age without reaping any of the honors of his profession. There are few living artists, however, who have shown more dignity of conception, or more pure feeling for design, than he. His groups are broadly sculpturesque, they give an impression of solidity and calm, they secure

ARTEMIS.

(HAMO THORNYCROFT.)

TEUCER.

(HAMO THORNYCROFT.)

largeness of plane instead of sacrificing all to ingenuity of detail. One of these days, probably, it will be recognized that Mr. Bell has been an artist whom England would have done well to hold in honor. He was born in Norfolk, in 1811; and as he exhibited in the Royal Academy as far back as 1832, he forms a living link with the art of the beginning of the present century. In the garden of the South Kensington Museum, and passed by every one who enters that interesting institution, stands at present the most successful of Mr. Bell's early works, his "Eagle Slayer," modeled and exhibited in 1837. In 1841, he made a great success with a marble statue, half nude, of a girl washing her feet, called "Dorothea," and illustrated by a charming passage from "Don Quixote." In the International Exhibition, he attracted attention by an "Eve," half-sized, the peculiarity of which was that it was cast in white wax. Mr. Bell has interested himself in art education of all kinds, is the author of several volumes of a theoretical nature, has not disdained to impress the designs of porcelain inkstands and carved wooden bread-platters, and, which is perhaps more important, he made the beautiful iron gates to Kensington Gardens in 1851. He has done a good deal of monumental work for the Government.

By far the most successful, however, of Mr. Bell's works is the group of "America," in the base of the Albert Memorial. In this place he competes with sculptors so accomplished as Foley and MacDowell without losing anything by comparison; indeed, in the judgment of the present writer, his group surpasses even the "Asia" of the first mentioned in all the great qualities necessary for monumental sculpture.

IV.

THE exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1881 was remarkable, and perhaps unique, for containing one statue that was as much discussed and admired as any of the pictures. When we consider how little sculpture has done in England to keep itself on a level with its versatile and flourishing sister art, it is not surprising that visitors to the Academy too often enter the sculpture galleries only to give their eyes a little repose after being so long dazzled with color. But, from the very opening day, it was obvious that Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer," which stood in the place of honor in the middle of the lecture-room, was going to be an exception. There has rarely been such unanimity of applause as greeted this statue, and we may be inclined to turn upon the sculptors who declare that the critics overlook their work, with the answer that when they produce such work as this there is no inclination to do them an injustice. Whether the "Teucer" is or is not, as has rather rashly been asserted, "the best imaginative statue ever exhibited at the Royal Academy," can hardly be decided without careful consideration of what Bacon and Flaxman may have exhibited before the memory of living generations; but it is very easy to admit that recent times have shown us nothing in England fit to compare with it. The young sculptor has leaped to the foremost rank at once, and has done so much at the outset, that he will have to preserve a very strenuous attitude in face of his art to support a reputation so suddenly assumed.

But though Mr. Thornycroft's name was thus abruptly brought before the general public, his own profession has for some years past been aware of his promise. At an unusually early age he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and though his success has been very rapid, he has risen on a gradual plane, and not by a perilous leap. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft was born in 1850. He belongs to a Cheshire family, and from both parents inherits a tendency to sculpture. His mother, Mrs. Mary Thornycroft, is the daughter of John Francis, and herself for many years the most successful female sculptor in the profession. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft went through the schools of the Royal Academy with great success, working meanwhile as the pupil of his father. The competition for the gold medal of the Royal Academy has been very frequently the occasion which has first brought out in a marked degree the individuality of English sculptors. It was so in 1875, when the theme given was a "Warrior Bearing a Wounded Youth from the Field of Battle." Mr. Thornycroft won the prize by a composition of great power and beauty, which showed him for the first time as a master, and which must always remain one of his important works. In this group, which was exhibited in 1876, and which became, in bronze, one of the standing prizes of the Art Union of London, the warrior is represented as a Greek of about thirty years of age, in full battle armor, with a voluminous crested helmet; he is bearded, and carries tenderly, with an expression of great sympathy and distress, a beautiful lad of about eighteen, entirely nude, whose head and limbs droop in the exhaustion of extreme suffering. The theme could hardly have been treated with more dignity or with a finer sentiment; and several points in the composition, though not at all obtruded, are soon

HAMO THORNYCROFT IN HIS STUDIO. (FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.)

detected, and show great study and a happy intuition. For instance, the somewhat rigid forms of the warrior, who stiffens himself in his heavy panoply to carry the tall youth, contrast very cunningly with the soft curves of the swooning, unclothed body that he holds in his hands.

The six years which have succeeded this first public success have been years of sustained effort and continuous ascent. Mr. Thornycroft went to Florence and Rome, and made himself personally acquainted with the great sculptors of the Italian Renaissance, following with close attention, as only a practiced and professional eye can follow, the method of those marvelous workmen. His own work has shown manifest good result from the combined study of the Elgin Marbles and of Michelangelo, the two schools of art in which he has most deeply graduated. In 1877, he did not exhibit at the Royal Academy; he was preparing the statue of heroic size with which he adorned the exhibition of 1878,—a "Lot's Wife" in marble, exquisitely finished, at least in the upper part, and showing great advance on his preceding work. The woman was represented in the act of being changed into a pillar of salt, the transformation having already taken place in the lower part of her body, where the long lines of the drapery had already taken columnar forms, but not in her head, which was violently turned over her shoulder, or in her massive arms, which hung beside her. The

CALLICLES. (GEORGE A. LAWSON.)

modeling of the throat and shoulder were specially admirable, rendered, perhaps, with a certain exaggeration of type, excusable and natural in a young sculptor conscious of his powers and just fresh from the study of the Tomb of the Medici, and due, perhaps, to a conscious revolt against the smooth prettiness of the conventional female statue. Where there may be discovered, perhaps, a failure in the conception of this statue, is in the insistence on the rather trivial fantasy of the figure's turning to an actual pillar of salt, which has made the lower half of the statue monotonous and barely intelligible.

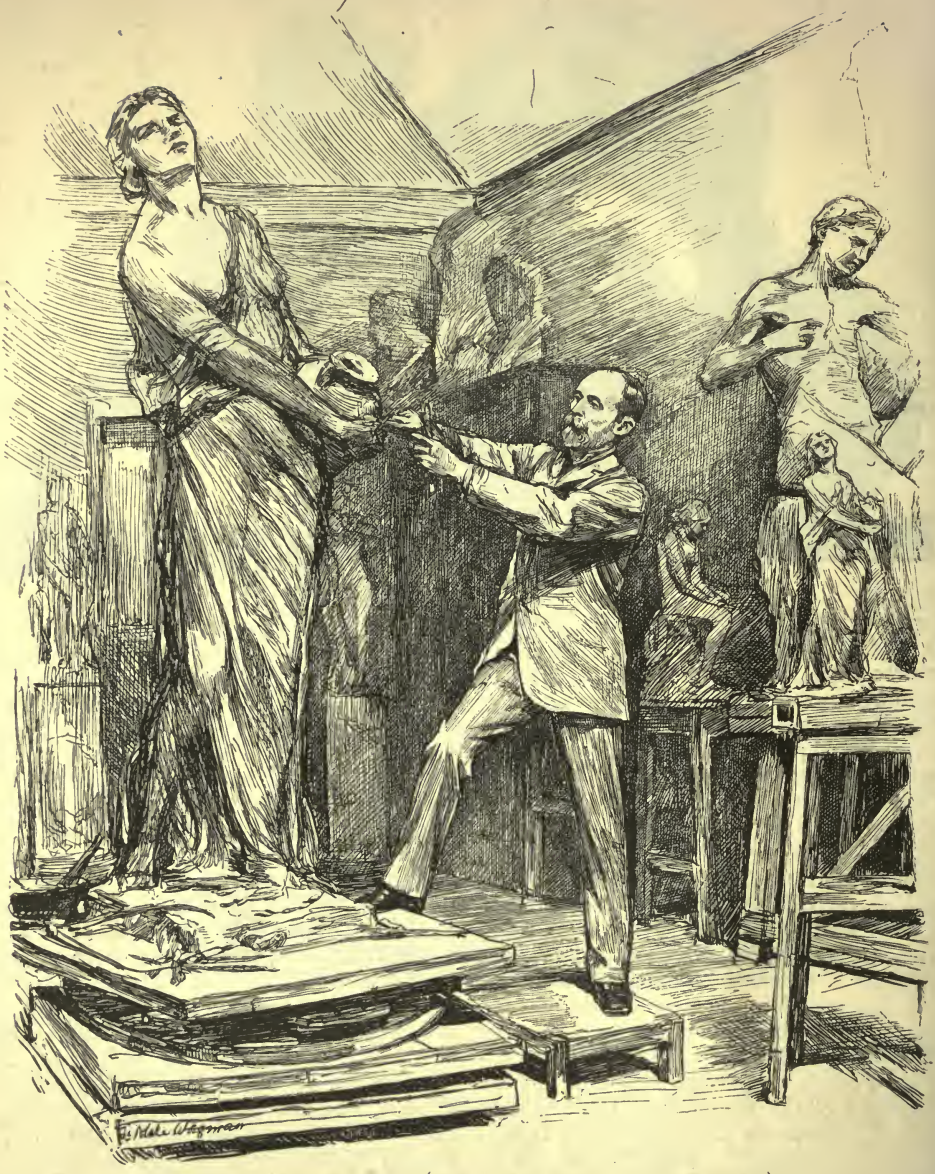
In 1880, Mr. Thornycroft made another great stride forward with his "Artemis," a statue of heroic size, which has since been placed in marble in Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. We give an engraving of this figure seen from the front. The goddess advances through the forest and suddenly arrests her steps as she sees the quarry in front of her; with a dignified action she lays her hand over her right shoulder and takes an arrow from the quiver, which rests on her left. The other hand, with her bow in it, passes behind her back and is drawn against her right hip by her hound, which has strayed on the wrong side. This dog has been much admired, and a little anecdote concerning it, which has not been recorded, may be worth telling. The sculptor had arrived at the point when he wanted a hound as a model, and he could find none that suited him. On the very day when a dog was to have been finally fixed upon, there came to the studio door a very beautiful deer-hound, without any collar or mark of ownership, which seemed to have suffered much privation, and which absolutely refused

IN THE ARENA. (GEORGE A. LAWSON.)

to go away. The model was exactly what Mr. Thornycroft wanted, and while every effort was made to find the dog's master the charming creature sat for her portrait. Nobody claimed her, and she became the pet of the household; but the effects of her long exposure brought on a decline, and in spite of all the care that was taken of her, she died on the night of the day when the model was finished. A Greek would have said, with the utmost confidence, that the goddess had sent her, and when her work was done had taken her away again.

In January, 1881, Mr. Thornycroft was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, —an honor which has very seldom, if ever, fallen to the lot of so young a sculptor. His principal contribution to the ensuing exhibition showed, as we have already said, that he was worthy of the distinction. His statue of "Teucer" represents that warrior, the typical bowman of Homeric warfare, in the act of supporting the army of Greece, which otherwise mainly consisted of spearmen, against the ranks of Troy. Secure behind the shield of his brother Ajax, Teucer aimed constantly at Hector, but in vain. Homer could not, however, permit his mighty archer to be stigmatized as a bad shot, and he therefore states that each shaft was directed by the gods to another Trojan heart, since Hector was not to be slain. Mr. Thornycroft has given to the face of his archer an expression of intense malice and of eager expectation. He has aimed once more at Hector, and his fingers scarcely relax as he bends slightly forward, retaining the tense curve of his figure, while he watches the flight of the arrow. The whole statue is tingling with vitality; strength, passion, intelligence are all there in arrested action; and the warrior, unused to being thwarted in his purpose, can scarcely breathe until he sees that his vengeance is accomplished. Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer," which is now in the public collection at South Kensington Museum, is a figure that has done more to restore the prestige of sculpture in England, and to give us hopes of a general revival of the art, than any which has been produced within the present generation.

Mr. George A. Lawson was born at Edinburgh in 1832, and his instinct for style, which is certainly very great, was starved and thwarted at first by the exhausted atmosphere of the age into which he was born. He received his earliest training from Alexander Ritchie, a Scotch sculptor of some repute in his own day, and after passing through the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy, he proceeded to Rome, where he mingled, but without any overweening sense of devotion, among the worshipers of Gibson. During his early life, Mr. Lawson made what he now considers the mistake of living in Liverpool, thus dividing himself from the larger art life of the metropolis, whither he finally came in 1867, to find himself, at the age of thirty-four, still completely unknown in London. He had, however, already attained a considerable reputation in the north by imaginative groups and figures in terra-cotta, in which he had thus early begun to display that intellectual effort and disapproval of the commonplace which may be said to be the principal char-



GEORGE A. LAWSON AT WORK. (FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.)

acteristic of his works. These terra-cottas, however, had nothing else in common with the severe sculpture by which Mr. Lawson has made himself famous within the last few years. They were essentially romantic and picturesque—thoroughly Scotch, it may be said—in their appeal to a straightforward lyrical emotion or to a broad vein of humor. The year 1868 saw, at the Royal Academy, a work which enjoyed a very wide popularity and first made the artist's name generally accepted. This was his statuette of "Dominie Sampson." Everybody remembers the scene in "Guy Mannering," when the box of books arrives from London, and the dear old pedant is beside himself with excitement at the prospect of so much fine, confused reading. Mr. Lawson has represented him on his knees before the books, with a quarto open on one side and a folio on the other, vainly striving, in his exaltation of spirit, to read in all the volumes at once. In this delightful work humor runs riot,—it is impossible to contemplate the figure without laughing,—yet nothing is unduly exaggerated, and what is most important, the canons of sculpturesque effect are nowhere sacrificed, as, in the comic emanations of modern Italian sculpture, we find them

everywhere sacrificed to mere emphasis and eccentricity. "Dominie Sampson" is one of the most successful works in genre sculpture that has been produced in our time.

In Mr. Lawson's recent manner he has abandoned his early romantic and picturesque style in favor of what is more Greek, and yet, at the same time, more modern. Since that time Mr. Lawson has produced many charming and poetical studies of adolescence. We engrave the "Callicles" of 1879, one of these, a figure of a boy of thirteen or fourteen, in which Mr. Lawson has paid a masterly tribute to the genius of Mr. Matthew Arnold. The young slave of Empedocles has followed his master's mules up the ravine of Etna; and now he sits by the torrent side, under the pines, and having his laurel round his head, and his harp at his side, he tries that rare touch on the strings that the great man loves, and which soon arrests him, for a moment, as he hangs over the edge of the crater. We all know what words he is singing, and can hear on the lips of Mr. Lawson's boyish figure the faultless cadences beginning:

> "When from yon Parnassus' side,
> Young Apollo, all the pride
> Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,
> From the Phrygian highlands came."

In 1880, Mr. Lawson exhibited yet another study of adolescence, a boy a little older than "Callicles," and this, though not perhaps so interesting as others of his works, seems to me to be the most carefully and learnedly modeled of them all. This was "Daphnis," and represented the beautiful young shepherd of Mitylene as he stood when Chloe saw him first, in the shadow of the chestnut-trees, lost in a reverie before plunging into the fountain of the Nymphs. Mr. Lawson's most ambitious works have been "In the Arena," 1878, and "Cleopatra," 1881. The first of these, of which we give an engraving, represents a fight between an athlete and a panther. The "Cleopatra," a dignified draped figure in middle life, of massive forms, shows the "serpent of old Nile" at her last extremity; her head falls back on her throne, the asp is on her bosom, and in another moment her features will be contracted in death. Mr. Lawson exhibited last year a large figure of one of the Danaides, listlessly carrying her urn to the fountain, full of weariness and dejection, dragging along her miserable footsteps in despair. The general composition of this figure is indicated in the portrait we give of Mr. Lawson, who was working at it in the clay when he stood to Mr. Wirgman for his drawing.

If we may say that vivacity and delicacy of sentiment form the ruling characteristics of Mr. Lawson's style, in that of Mr. MacLean we are no less struck by the eminent technical skill and sound professional training. Mr. MacLean is the only English sculptor of consequence who has gone through the French schools, and enjoyed the privilege of art education in the one nation where sculpture is thoroughly alive. Thomas Nelson MacLean was born at Deptford, in Kent, in 1845, and spent his early years, until he was ten or eleven, at Birmingham, where his father was foreman to a firm of pin manufacturers. His father, though without knowledge of or care for art, recognized the boy's talent, and consented to send him to Paris, where he entered the studio of the famous sculptor-goldsmith, Carrier-Belleuse, as his *élève*. The *élève* of a Parisian sculptor is not exactly an apprentice or a pupil. He pays no premium, and he receives no wages. In exchange for lessons and advice received from the master, he has to clean up the studio, wait on the master, and assist the man he employs to execute his works by mixing clay or plaster for them. In Paris, Mr. MacLean enjoyed the companionship of some of the greatest artists of the day, such as Falguière and Dubois, and worked side by side with men who were then unknown, but who now stand in the foremost rank,—the sculptor Mercié, the painter Bastien-Lepage, the etcher Rajon. While thus working as a French sculptor, he did not entirely forget his fatherland, and in 1870 sent to the Royal Academy a statue of "Clio" and a terra-cotta group of a Greek mother teaching her son to read, called "La Reprimande." The accomplished style of these works at once attracted attention, but the war broke out, and any benefit which the artist might have enjoyed was entirely lost. During the siege of Paris, the sculptor was not merely almost starved, but was within an inch of being shot as a spy. On the 15th of November, 1870, he finally slipped through the French and Prussian lines, and contrived to reach London. But he was totally unknown, confounded in the general flight from Paris which glutted the art market, and before he received any employment he had very nearly suffered starvation a second time. At last, after four months of severe privation, he was able to make his way. In 1875, Mr. MacLean produced a certain sensation by his exhibition at the Royal Academy of three important and original works,—a group in marble of "The Finding of Moses"; "La Fleur des Champs," a charming marble statue; and "Ione," a female figure seated, which has been hitherto the most popular of all this sculptor's works. The "Sea-Nymph," a beautiful statuette in

SEA-NYMPH. (THOMAS NELSON MACLEAN.)

terra-cotta, of which we give an engraving, was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879, and a graceful statue destined for the decoration of a fountain, and called "La Source," in 1880.

Mr. MacLean has undergone many vicissitudes in the course of his career, and has pursued his art under unusual privations and disturbances. His severe French training has left him a little cold and mannered in the midst of his fine modern grace, a little reserved in invention, a little afraid of what is bright and novel, but equipped with a science and a technical experience which should insure him brilliant success in the future.

One of the healthiest signs of the revival of sculpture in England is the general spread of executive skill among the youngest generation of sculptors. It would be premature to assert a supreme position for any one of three or four rising men whose names are beginning to be familiar to artists, and who only need to model a "Teucer" or an "Ione" to become familiar to the public. Among those who

stand thus at the very threshold of distinction, Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins and Mr. Percival Ball have yet to do full justice to their remarkable powers. Mr. T. Stirling Lee, whose "Cain" was one of the best statues of 1881, has apparently enjoyed still sounder training, and should appropriate to himself the highest honors. But of all these inheritors of renown, I confess that to myself none has seemed more full of promise, more interpenetrated with the instinct for plastic beauty, than Mr. Alfred Gilbert, of whom I know nothing save that last year he sent from Rome a "Perseus" and a "Kiss of Victory," which were worthy of the highest praise. In the death of a young student named Wade, whose work was seen this winter at the Royal Academy schools, it is probable that we have lost a very considerable sculptor.

We have but traversed half the field of living English sculpture. We have touched the poetry of the art; we may return another day to its prose. An article, at least, would be required to do justice to the most popular sculptor of our day, Mr. Boehm, R. A.; to the school of Foley, with Mr. Thomas Brock, A. R. A., at its head; to the picturesque religious terra-cottas of Mr. Tinworth; and to the monumental art of such rising sculptors as Mr. Onslow Ford and Miss Henrietta Montalba. Names crowd up before us, but we must refrain from further testimony to the wide revival of English sculpture.

Edmund W. Gosse.

AT TEAGUE POTEET'S.

A SKETCH OF THE HOG MOUNTAIN RANGE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

WOODWARD was aroused during the night by the loud barking of dogs, the tramp of horses, and the confused murmur of suppressed conversation. Looking from the window, he judged by the position of the stars that it was three or four o'clock in the morning. He sat upon the side of the bed and sought, by listening intently, to penetrate the mystery of this untimely commotion. He thought he recognized the voice of Tip Watson, and he was sure he heard Sid Parmalee's peculiar cough and chuckle. The conversation soon lifted itself out of the apparent confusion, and became comparatively distinct. The voices were those of Teague and Sis.

"Come, now, pap, you must promise."

"Why, Sis, how *kin* I?"

"You shall, you shall, you *shall!*"

"Why, Sis, hon, he mought be a spy. Sid Parmalee he 'lows that the whole dad-blamed business is a put-up job. He wants to bet right now that we'll all be in jail in Atlanty 'fore the moon changes. I lay they don't none of 'em fool Sid."

"You don't love me any more," said Sis, taking a new tack.

"Good Lord, Sis! Why, honey, what put that idee in your head?"

"I know you don't—I know it! It's always Dave Hightower this, and Sid Parmalee that, and old drunken Jake Norris the other. I just *know* you don't love me."

Teague also took a new tack, but there was a quiver in his voice born of deadly earnestness.

"I tell you, Sis, they er houndin' airter us; they er runnin' us down; they er closin' in on us; they er hemmin' us up. Airter they git your pore ole pappy an' slam 'im in jail, an' chain 'im down, who's a-gwineter promise to take keer er *him?* Haint ole man Joshway Blasingame bin sent away off to Al*benny?* Haint ole man Cajy Shannon a-sarvin' out his time, humpback an' cripple ez he is? Who took keer *them?* Who ast anybody to let up on 'em? But don't you fret, honey; ef they haint no trap sot, nobody aint a-gwineter pester *him.*"

"I wouldn't trust that Sid Parmalee out of my sight!" exclaimed Sis, beginning to cry. "I know him, and I know all of you."

"But ef they is a trap sot," continued Teague, ignoring Sis's tears, "*ef* they is, I tell you, honey, a thousan' folks like me can't hol' the boys down. The time's done come when they er tetotally wore out with thish 'ere sneakin' aroun' an' hidin'-out bizness."

This appeared to end the conversation, but it left Woodward considerably puzzled.

Shortly afterward he heard a rap at his door, and before he could respond to the summons by inquiry or invitation, Teague Poteet entered with a lighted candle in his hand.

"I 'lowed the stirrin' 'roun' mought 'a' sorter rousted you," said Teague, by way of apology, as he placed the light on a small table and seated himself on a wooden chest.

"Yes. What's up?" Woodward inquired.

"Oh, the boys—thes the boys," Teague replied, chuckling and rubbing his chin with an embarrassed air; "hit's thes the boys cuttin' up some er ther capers. They er mighty quare, the boys is," he continued, his embarrassment evidently increasing, "mighty quare. They uv up'd an' tuk a notion for to go on a little frolic, an' they uv come by airter me, an' nothin' wont do 'em but I mus' fetch you. S' I, 'Genter*men*, they haint no manners in astin' a man on a marchin' frolic this time er night,' s' I; but Sid Parmalee, he chipped in an' 'lowed that you wuz ez high up for fun ez the next man."

Woodward thought he understood the drift of things, but he was desperately uncertain. He reflected a moment, and then faced the situation squarely.

"If you were in my place, Mr. Poteet, what would you do?" he asked.

This seemed to relieve Teague. His embarrassment disappeared. His eyes, which had been wandering uneasily around the room, sought Woodward's face and rested there. He took off his wide-brimmed wool hat, placed it carefully upon the floor, and ran his fingers through his iron-gray hair.

"I don't mind sayin'," he remarked, grimly, "that I uv seed the time when I'd uv ast you to drap out'n that winder an' make for the bushes, knowin' that you'd tote a han'ful er bullets in thar wi' you. But on account er me an' Sis, I'm willin' to extracise my bes' judg*ment*. It mayn't be satisfactual, but me and Sis is mighty long-headed when we pulls tergether. Ef I was you, I'd thes slip on my duds, an' I'd go out thar whar the boys is, an' I'd be high up for the'r frolic, an' I'd jine in wi' 'em, an' I'd raise any chune they give out."

With this Poteet gravely bowed himself out, and in a very few minutes Woodward was dressed and ready for adventure. He was young and bold, but he felt strangely ill at ease. He realized that, with all his address, he had never been able to gain the confidence of these mountaineers, and he felt sure they connected him with the revenue raid that was about to be made, and of which they had received information. He appreciated to the fullest extent the fact that the situation called for the display of all the courage and coolness and nerve he could command; but, in the midst of it all, he longed for an opportunity to show Sis Poteet the difference between a real man and a feeble-minded, jocular rascal like Tip Watson.

His spirits rose as he stepped from the low piazza into the darkness and made his way to where he heard the rattle of stirrups and spurs. Some one hailed him:

"Hello, Cap!"

"Ah-yi!" he responded. "It's here we go, gals, to the wedding."

"I knowed we could count on 'im," said the voice of Tip Watson.

"Yes," said Sid Parmalee, "I knowed it so well that I fotch a extry hoss."

"Where are we going?" Woodward asked.

"Well," said Parmalee, "the boys laid off for to have some fun, an' it's done got so these times that when a feller wants fun he's got to git furder up the mounting."

If the words were evasive, the tone was far more so, but Woodward paid little attention to either. He had the air of a man accustomed to being called up in the early hours of the morning to go forth on mysterious expeditions.

A bright fire was blazing in Poteet's kitchen, and the light, streaming through the wide door-way, illuminated the tops of the trees on the edge of the clearing. Upon this background the shadows of the women, black and vast,—Titanic indeed,—were projected as they passed to and fro. From within there came a sound as of the escape of steam from some huge engine; but the men waiting on the outside knew that the frying-pan was doing its perfect work.

The meat sizzled and fried; the shadows in the tops of the trees kept up what seemed to be a perpetual promenade, and the men outside waited patiently and silently. This silence oppressed Woodward. He knew that but for his presence the mountaineers would be consulting together and cracking their dry jokes. In spite of the fact that he recognized in the curious impassiveness of these people the fundamental qualities of courage and endurance, he resented it as a barrier which he had never been able to break down. He would have preferred violence of some sort. He could meet rage with rage, and give blow for blow, but how was he to deal with the reserve by which he was surrounded? He was not physically helpless, by any means, but the fact that he had no remedy against the attitude of the men of Hog Mountain chafed him almost beyond endurance. He was emphatically a man of action—full of the enterprises usually set in motion by a bright mind, a quick temper, and ready cour-

age; but, measured by the impassiveness which these men had apparently borrowed from the vast, aggressive silences that give strength and grandeur to their mountains, how trivial, how contemptible all his activities seemed to be!

But the frying was over after awhile. The Titanic shadows went to roost in the tops of the trees, and Teague Poteet and his friends, including Ex-Deputy Woodward, took themselves and their fried meat off up the mountain, and the raid followed shortly after. It was a carefully planned raid, and deserved to be called a formidable one. Like many another similar enterprise it was a failure, so far as the purposes of the Government were concerned, but fate or circumstance made it famous in the political annals of that period. Fifteen men, armed with carbines, rode up the mountain. They were full of the spirit of adventure. They felt the strong arm of the law behind them. They knew they were depended upon to make some sort of demonstration, and this, together with a dram too much here and there, made them a trifle reckless and noisy. They had been taught to believe that they were in search of outlaws. They caught from the officers who organized them something of the irritation which was the natural result of so many fruitless attempts to bring Hog Mountain to terms. They betrayed a sad lack of discretion. They brandished their weapons in the frightened faces of women and children, and made many foolish mistakes which need not be detailed here.

They rode noisily over the mountain, making a circle of Pulliam's Summit, and found nothing. They peered over the precipitous verge of Prather's Mill Road, and saw nothing. They paused occasionally to listen, and heard nothing. They pounced upon a lonely peddler who was toiling across the mountain with his pack upon his back, and plied him with questions concerning the Moonshiners. This peddler appeared to be a very ignorant fellow indeed. He knew his name was Jake Cohen, and that was about all. He had never crossed Hog Mountain before, and, so help his gracious, he would never cross it again. The roads were all rough and the ladies were all queer. As for the latter—well, great Jingo! they would scarcely look at his most beautiful collection of shawls and ribbons and laces, let alone buy them. In Villa Ray (or, as Cohen called it, "Feel Hooray"), he had heard that Teague Poteet had been arrested and carried to Atlanta by a man named Woodward. No one had told him this, but he heard people talking about it wherever he went in Villa Ray, and there seemed to be a good deal of excitement in the settlement.

Cohen was a droll customer, the revenue officers thought, and the longer they chatted with him the droller he became. First and last they drew from him what they considered to be some very important information. But most important of all was the report of the arrest of Teague Poteet. The deputies congratulated themselves. They understood the situation thoroughly, and their course was perfectly plain. Poteet, in endeavoring to escape from them, had fallen into the clutches of Woodward, and their best plan was to overtake the latter before he reached Atlanta with his prize, and thus share in the honor of the capture. With this purpose in view they took a dram all round and turned their horses' heads down the mountain.

Cohen certainly was a droll fellow. He stood in the road until the revenue men had disappeared. Then he unbuckled the straps of his pack, dropped it upon the ground, and sat down upon a bowlder. With his head between his hands, he appeared to be lost in thought, but he was only listening. He remained listening until after the sounds of the horses' feet had died away.

Then he carried his precious pack a little distance from the roadside, covered it with leaves, listened a moment to be sure that the deputies were not returning, and then proceeded to a little ravine in the side of the mountain where the Moonshiners lay. He had been waiting nearly two days where the revenue men found him, and his story of the capture of Teague Poteet was concocted for the purpose of sending the posse back down the mountain the way they came. If they had gone on a mile farther they would have discovered signs of the Moonshiners, and this discovery would have led to a bloody encounter, if not to the capture of the leaders.

The deputies rode down the mountain in the best of spirits. They had accomplished more than any other posse; they had frightened the Moonshiners of Hog Mountain to their hiding-places, and not a deputy had been killed or even wounded. The clatter they made as they journeyed along attracted the attention of Ab Bonner, a boy about fifteen, who happened to be squirrel-hunting, and he stepped into the road to get a good view of them. He was well-grown for his age, and his single-barreled shotgun looked like a rifle. The revenue men halted at once. They suspected an ambuscade. Experience had taught them that the Moonshiners would fight when the necessity arose, and they held a council of war. The great gawky boy, with the curiosity of youth and ignorance combined, stood in the road and watched them. When they proceeded toward him in a compact body, he

passed on across the road. Hearing a command to halt, he broke into a run, and endeavored to make his way across a small clearing that bordered the road. Several of the deputies fired their guns in the air, but one, more reckless than the rest, aimed directly at the fugitive, and Ab Bonner fell, shot through and through.

Viewed in its relations to all the unfortunate events that have marked the efforts of the Government officials to deal with the violators of the revenue laws from a political point of view, the shooting of this ignorant boy was insignificant enough. But it was important to Hog Mountain. For a moment the deputy-marshals were stunned and horrified at the result of their thoughtlessness. Then they dismounted and bore the boy to the roadside again and placed him under the shade of a tree. His blood shone upon the leaves, and his sallow, shrunken face told a pitiful tale of terror, pain, and death.

The deputy-marshals mounted their horses and rode steadily and swiftly down the mountain, and by nightfall they were far away. But there was no need of any special haste. The winds that stirred the trees could carry no messages. The crows flying over, though they made a great outcry, could tell no tales. Once the boy raised his hand and cried "Mammy!" but there was no one to hear him. And though ten thousand ears should listen, the keenest could hear him no more. He became a part of the silence—the awful, mysterious silence— that sits upon the hills and shrouds the mountains.

This incident in the tumultuous experience of Hog Mountain—the killing of Ab Bonner was merely an incident—had a decisive effect upon the movements of Ex-Deputy Woodward. When Jake Cohen succeeded in turning the revenue officials back, the mountaineers made themselves easy for the day and night, and next morning prepared to go to their homes. Some of them lived on one side of Hog Mountain, and some on the other. They called themselves neighbors, and yet they lived miles apart, and it so happened that, with few exceptions, each went in a different direction. Teague Poteet gave the signal:

"Come, Cap," he said to Woodward, "yess be a-traipsin'. Puss'll be a-puttin' on biskits for supper before we git thar if we don't push on. Be good to yourse'f, boys, an' don't raise no fracas."

Poteet and Woodward rode off together. That afternoon, half a mile from Poteet's, they met a woman running in the road, crying and wringing her hands wildly. She moved like one distracted. She rushed past them, crying:

"They uv killed little Ab! They uv killed him. Oh, Lordy! they uv killed little Ab!"

She ran up the road a little distance and then came running back; she had evidently recognized Poteet. As she paused in the road near them, her faded calico sun-bonnet hanging upon her shoulders, her gray hair falling about her face, her wrinkled arms, writhing in response to a grief too terrible to contemplate, she seemed related in some vague way to the prophets of old who were assailed by fierce sorrows. Here was something more real and more awful than death itself. Woodward felt in his soul that the figure, the attitude, the misery of this poor old woman were all biblical.

"Oh, Teague," she cried, "they uv killed him! They uv done killed my little Ab! Oh, Lordy! that mortal haint a-livin' that he ever done any harm. What did they kill him for?" Then she turned to Woodward: "Oh, Mister, Mister! *please* tell me what he done. *I'm* the one that made the liquor, *I'm* the one. Oh, Lordy! what did they kill little Ab for?"

Teague Poteet dismounted from his horse, took the woman firmly but gently by the arm and made her sit down by the side of the road. Then, when she was more composed, she told the story of finding her son's body. It was a terrible story to hear from the lips of the mother, but she grew quieter after telling it, and presently went on her way. The two men watched her out of sight.

"I'll tell you what, Cap," said Teague, as he flung himself into the saddle, "they er houndin' airter us. They er 'buzin' the wimmin an' killin' the childern; stidder carryin' out the law, they er gwine about a-shootin' an' a-murderin'. *So fur, so good.* Well, now, lemme tell you: the hawk's done lit once too much in the chicken-lot. This is a free country. I haint a-layin' no blame on you. Me an' Sis stood by you when the boys s'ore they wuz a-gwine to rattle you up. We made 'em behave the'rse'ves, an' I haint a-blamin' you, but they er houndin' airter us, an' ef I wuz you, I wouldn't stay on this hill nary 'nuther minit longer than it 'ud take me to git off'n it. When the boys git wind er this ongodly bizness, they ull be mighty hard to hol'. I reckon maybe you'll be a-gwine down about Atlanty. Well, you thes watch an' see what stan' the Govern*ment's* gwineter take 'bout Ab Bonner, an' ef hit don't take no stan', you thes drap in thar an' tell 'em how you seed er ole man name Teague Poteet, an' *he* 'lowed that the revenue fellers better not git too clost ter Hog Mountain, bekaze the hidin'-out bizness is done played. The law what's good enough fer pore little Ab

Bonner is good enough fer the men what shot 'im."

They rode on until they came to Poteet's house.

"We'll thes go in an' git a snack," said Teague, "an' airter that your best gait is a gallop."

But Woodward declined. He was dazed as well as humiliated, and he had no desire to face Sis Poteet. He pictured to himself the scorn and bitterness with which she would connect his presence on the Mountain with the murder of Ab Bonner, and he concluded to ride on to Gullettsville. He took Teague Poteet by the hand.

"Good-bye, old man," he said; "I shall remember you. Tell Miss Sis—well, tell Miss Sis good-bye." With that he wheeled his horse and rode rapidly toward Gullettsville.

It was a fortunate ride for him, perhaps. The wrath of Hog Mountain was mightily stirred when it heard of the killing of Ab Bonner, and Woodward would have fared badly at its hands. The wrath of others was stirred also. The unfortunate affair took the shape of a political issue, and thus the hands of justice were tied. But all this is a matter of history and need not be dwelt upon.

In the meantime, as the days passed, Teague Poteet became dimly and uncomfortably conscious that a great change had come over Sis. One day she would be as bright and as gay as the birds in the trees; the next, she would be quiet, taciturn, and apparently depressed. As Teague expressed, "One minnit hits Sis, an' the nex' hit's some un else." Gradually the fits of depression grew more and more frequent and lasted longer. She was abstracted and thoughtful, and her petulance disappeared altogether. The contrast resulting from this change was so marked that it would have attracted the attention of a person of far less intelligence than Teague Poteet. He endeavored to discuss the matter with his wife, but Puss Poteet was not the woman to commit herself. She was a Mountain Sphinx.

"I'm afeard Sis is ailin'," said Teague, upon one occasion.

"Well," replied Puss, "she aint complainin'."

"That's hit," Teague persisted; "she haint complainin'. That's what pesters me. She looks lonesome, an' she's got one er them kinder fur-away looks in her eyes that gives me the all-overs." The Sphinx rubbed its snuff and swung in its rocking-chair. "Some days she looks holp up, an' then ag'in she looks cas' down. I 'low'd maybe you mought know what ailed her."

"Men folks," said Puss, manipulating her snuff-swab slowly and deliberately, "wont never have no sense while the worl' stan's. Ef a 'oman aint gwine hether an' yan', rippity-clippity, day in an' day out, an' half the night, they er on the'r heads. Wimmen haint men."

"That's so," replied Teague, gravely, "they haint. Ef they wuz, the men 'ud be in a mighty nice fix."

"They'd have some sense," said Puss.

"Likely so. Yit 'oman er man kin shet one eye an' tell that Sis looks droopy, an' when Sis looks droopy I know in reason sump'n' nuther ails her."

"Well, goodness knows, I wish in my soul somebody 'd shet one eye an' look at me," exclaimed Puss, with a touch of jealousy in her tone. "I traipse 'roun' this hill ontell I'm that wore out I kin skacely drag one foot airter t'other, an' I don't never hear nobody up an' ast what ails *me*. It's Sis, Sis, Sis, all the time, an' eternally. Ef the calf's fat, the ole cow aint got much choice betwixt the quogmire an' the tan-vat."

"Lord, how you do run on," said the iron-gray giant, rubbing his knuckles together sheepishly. "You don't know Sis ef you go on that away. Many's the time that chile 'ud foller me up an' say, 'Pap, ef you see my shawl a-hangin' out on the fence, Puss'll be asleep, an' don't you come a-lumberin' in an' wake her up, nuther.' An' many's the time she'd come out an' meet me, an' up an' say, 'Pap, Puss has takin' an' bin a-mopin' all day long; yess you an' me go in an' fetch her up.' An' bless your life," Teague continued, addressing some imaginary person on the other side of the fire-place, "when me an' Sis sets our heads for to fetch anybody up, they er thes natchully erbleeged ter come."

Puss rubbed her snuff and swayed to and fro in her rocking-chair, disdaining to make any reply to this array of facts and arguments; and Teague was as ignorant as ever of the cause of the queer change in his daughter. Perhaps, as becomes a dutiful husband, he should have retorted upon his complaining wife with complaints of his own; but his interests and his isolation had made him thoughtful and forbearing. He had the trait of gentleness which frequently sweetens and equalizes large natures. He remembered that behind whatever complaints—reasonable or unreasonable—Puss might make, there existed a stronghold of affection and tenderness; he remembered that her whole life had been made up of a series of small sacrifices; he knew that she was ready, whenever occasion made it necessary, to cast aside her snuff-swab and her complaints, and go to the rack without a murmur.

But Teague was by no means satisfied with the condition of affairs, so far as Sis was con-

cerned. He said no more to his wife, but he kept his eyes open. The situation was baffling to the point of irritation, but Teague betrayed neither uneasiness nor restlessness. He hung about the house more, and he would frequently walk in quietly when the women thought he was miles away.

There were times when Sis ignored his presence altogether, but as a general thing she appeared to relish his companionship. Sometimes at night, after her mother had gone to bed, she would bring her chair close to Teague's, and rest her head upon his shoulder, while he smoked his pipe and gazed in the fire. Teague enjoyed these occasions to the utmost, and humored his daughter's slightest wish, responding to her every mood and fancy. If she talked, he talked; if she was silent, he said nothing. Once she dropped asleep with her head on his arm, and Teague sat holding her thus half the night. When she did awake she upbraided herself so earnestly for imposing on her old pappy (as she called him) that Teague yawned, and stretched himself, and rubbed his eyes, and pretended that he, too, had been asleep.

"Lordy, honey! I wuz that gone tell I didn't know whe'er I 'uz rolled up in a haystack er stretched out in a feather-bed. I reckon ef you'd 'a' listened right clos't you'd 'a' heern me sno'. I thes laid back an' howled at the rafters, an' once-t er twice-t I wuz afeard I mout waken up Puss."

Sis's response to this transparent fib was an infectious peal of laughter, and a kiss which amply repaid Teague for any discomfort to which he may have been subjected.

Once, after Sis had nestled up against Teague, she asked somewhat irrelevantly:

"Pap, do you reckon Mr. Woodward was a revenue spy after all?"

"Well, not to'rds the last. He drapped that business airter he once seed its whichaways. What makes you ast?"

"Because I hate and despise revenue spies."

"Well, they haint been a-botherin' roun' lately, an' we haint got no call to hate 'em tell they gits in sight. Hatin' is a mighty ha'sh disease. When Puss's preacher comes along, he talks ag'in it over the Bible, an' when you call 'im in to dinner, he talks ag'in it over the chicken-bones. I reckon hit's mighty bad—mighty bad."

"Did you like him?"

"Who? Puss's preacher?"

"Now, you know I don't mean *him*, pap."

"*Oh!* Cap'n Woodward. Well, I tell you what, he had mighty takin' ways. Look in his eye, an' you wouldn't see no muddy water; an' he had grit. They haint no two ways about that. When I ast 'im out with us that night, he went like a man that had a stool to a quiltin'-bee; an' when Duke Dawson an' Sid Parmalee flung out some er the'r slurs, he thes snapt his fingers in the'r face, an' ups an' says, says he, 'Gents, ef youer up for a frolic, I'm your man, an' ef youer in for a fight, thes count me in,' says he. The boys wuz a little drinky," said Teague, apologetically.

Sis squeezed up a little closer against her father's shoulder.

"Did they fight, pap?"

"Lord bless you, no. I thes taken an' flung my han' in Duke's collar an' fetched 'im a shake er two, an' put 'im in a good humor thereckly; an' then airterwerds Tip Watson sot 'em all right when he read out the letter you foun' on the floor."

"Oh, pap!" Sis exclaimed in a horrified tone, "I *slapped* that letter out of Mr. Woodward's *hand!*"

Teague laughed exultantly.

"What'd he say?"

"He didn't say *anything*. He looked like he expected the floor to open and swallow him. I never was so ashamed in my life. I've cried about it a thousand times."

"Why, honey, I wouldn't take an' *cry* 'bout it ef I wuz you."

"Yes, you would, pap, if—if—you were me. I don't know what came over me; I don't know how I could be so hateful. No *lady* would ever do such a thing as that."

Sis gave her opinion with great emphasis. Teague took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Well, I tell you what, honey, they mought er done wuss. I let you know, when folks is got to be a-runnin' here an' a-hidin' yander, hit's thes about time for the gals for to lose the'r manners. Nobody wouldn't a-blamed you much ef you'd a-fetched the Cap'n a clip stidder the letter; leastways, *I* wouldn't."

The girl shivered and caught her breath.

"If I had hit *him*," she exclaimed vehemently, "I should have gone off and killed myself."

"*Shoo!*" said Teague in a tone intended to be at once contemptuous and re-assuring, but it was neither the one nor the other.

This conversation gave Teague fresh cause for anxiety. From his point of view, Sis's newly-developed humility was absolutely alarming, and it added to his uneasiness. He recognized in her tone a certain shyness which seemed to appeal to him for protection, and he was profoundly stirred by it without at all understanding it. With a tact that might be traced to either instinct or accident, he refrained from questioning her as to her troubles. He was confused, but

watchful. He kept his own counsel, and had no more conferences with Puss. Perhaps Puss was also something of a mystery; if so, she was old enough to take care of her own affairs.

Teague had other talks with Sis,—some general, some half-confidential—and he finally became aware of the fact that every subject led to Woodward. He humored this, awkwardly but earnestly, and thought he had a clue, but it was a clue that pestered him more than ever.

He turned it round in his mind and brooded over it. Woodward was a man of fine appearance and winning manners, and Sis, with all the advantages—comparative advantages, merely—that the Gullettsville Academy had given her, was only a country girl after all. What if———? Teague turned away from the suspicion in terror. It was a horrible one; but as often as he put it aside, so often he returned to it. It haunted him. Turn where he might, go where he would, it pursued him night and day.

One mild afternoon in the early spring, Mr. Philip Woodward, ex-deputy marshal, leaned against the railing of Broad street bridge in the city of Atlanta, and looked northward to where Kennesaw Mountain rises like a huge blue billow out of the horizon and lends picturesqueness to the view. Mr. Woodward was in excellent humor. He had just made up his mind in regard to a matter that had given him no little trouble. A wandering prospector, the agent of a company of Boston capitalists, had told him a few hours before that he would be offered twenty thousand dollars for his land-lot on Hog Mountain. This was very important, but it was not of the highest importance. He nodded familiarly to Kennesaw, and thought: "I'll slip by you to-morrow and make another raid on Hog Mountain, and compel that high-tempered girl to tell me what she means by troubling me so."

A train of cars ran puffing and roaring under the bridge, and as Woodward turned to follow it with his eye he saw standing upon the other side a tall, gaunt, powerful-looking man, whom he instantly recognized as Teague Poteet. Teague wore the air of awkward, recklessly-helpless independence which so often deceives those who strike the mountain men for a trade. Swiftly crossing the bridge, Woodward seized Teague and greeted him with a cordiality that amounted to enthusiasm.

"Well, of all the world, old man, you are the one I most wanted to see." Teague's thoughts ran with grim directness to a reward that had been offered for a certain gray old Moonshiner who had made his head-quarters on Hog Mountain. "How are all at home?" Woodward went on, "and what is the news?"

"The folks is porely and puny," Teague replied, "an' the news wont skacely b'ar relatin'. I haint a-denyin'," he continued, rubbing his chin and looking keenly at the other, "I haint a-denyin' but what I'm a-huntin' airter you, an' the business I come on haint got much howdyin' in it. Ef you uv got some place er nuther wher' ever'body haint a cockin' up the'r years at us, I'd like to pass some words wi' you."

"Why, of course," exclaimed Woodward, hooking his arm in Teague's. "We'll go to my room. Come! And after we get through, if you don't say that my business with you is more important than your business with me, then I'll agree to carry you to Hog Mountain on my back. Now that's a fair and reasonable proposition. What do you say?"

Woodward spoke with unusual warmth, and there was a glow of boyish frankness in his tone and manners that Teague found it hard to resist.

"Well, they's thes this much about it," he said. "My business is mighty troublesome, an' yit, hit's got to be settled up."

He had put a revolver in his pocket on account of this troublesome business.

"So is mine troublesome," responded Woodward, laughing, and then growing serious. "It has nearly worried me to death."

Presently they reached Woodward's room, which was up a flight of stairs near the corner of Broad and Alabama streets. It was a very plain apartment, but comfortably furnished and kept with scrupulous neatness.

"Now, then," said Woodward, when Teague had seated himself, "I'll settle my business, and then you can settle yours." He had seated himself in a chair, but he got up, shook himself, and walked around the room nervously. The lithograph of a popular burlesque actress stared brazenly at him from the mantel-piece. He took this remarkable work of art, folded it across the middle, and threw it into the grate. "I've had more trouble than enough," he went on, "and if I hadn't met you to-day I intended to hunt you up to-morrow."

"In Atlanty?"

"No; on Hog Mountain. Oh, I know the risk," Woodward exclaimed, misinterpreting Teague's look of surprise. "I know all about that, but I was going just the same. Has Miss Sis ever married?" he asked, stopping before Teague and blushing like a girl.

"Not less'n it happened sence last We'n's-day, an' that haint noways likely," replied

the other, with more interest than he had yet shown. Woodward's embarrassment was more impressive than his words.

"I hardly know how to say it," he continued, "but what I wanted to ask you was this: Suppose I should go up to Hog Mountain some fine morning, and call on you and say, as the fellow did in the song, 'Old man, old man, give me your daughter,' and you should reply, 'Go upstairs and take her if you want to,' what do you suppose the daughter would say?"

Woodward tried in vain to give an air of banter to his words. Teague leaned forward with his hands upon his knees.

"Do you mean would Sis marry you?" he asked.

"That is just exactly what I mean," Woodward replied.

The old mountaineer rose and stretched himself, and drew a deep sigh of relief. His horrible suspicion had no foundation. He need not fly to the mountains with Woodward's blood upon his hands.

"Lemme tell you the honest truth, Cap," he said, placing his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder. "I might 'low she would, an' I might 'low she wouldn't; but I'm erbleege to tell you that I dunno nothin' 'bout that chil' no more'n ef I hadn't a-never seed 'er. Wimmin is mighty kuse."

"Yes," said Woodward, "they are curious."

"Some days they er gwine rippitin' aroun' like the woods wuz a-fire, an' then ag'in they er mopin' an' a-moonin' like ever' minnit wuz a-gwine to be the nex'. I bin a-studyin' Sis sence she wan't no bigger'n a skinned rabbit, an' yit I haint got to A, B, C, let alone *a-b* ab, *u-b* ub. When a man lays off for to keep up wi' the wimmin folks, he kin thes make up his min' that he'll have to git in a dark corner an' scratch his head many a time when he oughter be a-diggin' for his livin'. They'll addle 'im thereckly."

"Well," said Woodward, with an air of determination, "I'm going back with you and hear what Miss Sis has to say. Sit down. Didn't you say you wanted to see me on business?"

"I did start out wi' that idee," said Teague, slipping into a chair and smiling curiously, "but I disremember mostly what 'twuz about. Ever'thing is been a-pesterin' me lately, an' a man that's hard-headed an' long-legged picks up all sorts er foolish notions. I wish you'd take keer this pickle-bottle, Cap," he continued, drawing a revolver from his coat-tail pocket and placing it on the table. "I uv bin afeared ever sence I started out that the blamed thing 'ud go off an' t'ar my jacket wrong-sud-outerds. Gimme a gun, an' you'll gener'lly fin' me somewheres aroun'; but them ar clickety-cluckers is got mos' too many holes in 'em for to suit my eyesight."

Usually, it is a far cry from Atlanta to Hog Mountain, but Teague Poteet and Woodward lacked the disposition of loiterers. They shortened the distance considerably by striking through the country, the old mountaineer remarking that if the big road would take care of itself he would try and take care of himself.

They reached Poteet's one afternoon, creating a great stir among the dogs and geese that were sunning themselves outside the yard. Sis had evidently seen them coming, and was in a measure prepared; but she blushed painfully when Woodward took her hand, and she ran into her father's arms with a little hysterical sob.

"Sis didn't know a blessed word 'bout my gwine off to Atlanty," said Teague, awkwardly but gleefully. "Did you, honey?"

Sis looked from one to the other for an explanation. Woodward was smiling the broad, unembarrassed smile of the typical American lover, and Teague was laughing. Suddenly it occurred to her that her father, divining her secret—her sweet, her bitter, her well-guarded secret—had sought Woodward out and begged him to return. The thought filled her with such shame and indignation as only a woman can experience. She seized Teague by the arm:

"Pap, have you been to Atlanta?"

"Yes, honey, an' I made 'as'e to come back."

"Oh, how could you! How *dare* you do such a thing!" she exclaimed, passionately. "I will never forgive you as long as I live—never!"

"Why, honey——"

But she was gone, and neither Teague nor her mother could get a word of explanation from her. Teague coaxed, and wheedled, and threatened, and Puss cried and quarreled; but Sis was obdurate. She shut herself in her room and remained there. Woodward was thoroughly miserable. He felt that he was an interloper in some measure, and yet he was convinced that he was the victim of a combination of circumstances for which he was in nowise responsible. He had never made any special study of the female mind, because, like most young men of sanguine temperament, he was convinced that he thoroughly understood it; but he had not the remotest conception of the tragic element which, in spite of social training or the lack of it, controls and gives strength and potency to feminine emotions. Knowing nothing of this, Woodward knew nothing of women.

The next morning he was stirring early, but he saw nothing of Sis. He saw nothing of her during the morning, and at last, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he saddled his horse, and made preparations to go down the mountain.

"I reckon it haint no use to ast you to make out your visit," said Teague gloomily. "That's what I says to Puss. I'm a free nigger ef Sis don't beat my time. You'll be erbleege to stop in Gullettsville to-night, an' in case er accidents you thes better tie this on your coat."

The old mountaineer produced a small piece of red-woolen string and looped it in Woodward's button-hole.

"Ef any er the boys run up wi' you an' begin to git limber-jawed," Teague continued, "thes hang your thum' in that kinder keerless like, an' they'll sw'ar by you thereckly. Ef any of 'em asts the news, thes say they's a leak in Sugar Creek. Well, well, well!" he exclaimed, after a little pause; "hit's thes like I tell you. Wimmin folks is mighty kuse."

When Woodward bade Puss good-bye, she looked at him sympathetically and said:

"Sometime when youer passin' by, I'd be mighty thankful ef you 'ud fetch me some maccaboy snuff."

The young man, unhappy as he was, was almost ready to accuse Mrs. Poteet of humor, and he rode off with a sort of grim desire to laugh at himself and the rest of the world. The repose of the mountain fretted him; the vague blue mists that seemed to lift the valleys into prominence and carry the hills farther away, tantalized him; and the spirit of spring, just touching the great woods with a faint suggestion of green, was a mockery. There was a purpose—a decisiveness—in the stride of his horse that he envied, and yet he was inclined to resent the swift amiability with which the animal moved away.

But it was a wise steed, for when it came upon Sis Poteet standing by the side of the road, it threw up its head and stopped. Woodward lifted his hat, and held it in his hand. She gave him one little glance, and then her eyes drooped.

"I wanted to ask you something," she said, pulling a dead leaf to pieces. Her air of humility was charming. She hesitated a moment, but Woodward was too much astonished to make any reply. "Are you very mad?" she asked with bewitching inconsequence.

"Why should *I* be mad, Miss Sis? I am glad you have given me the opportunity to ask your pardon for coming up here to worry you."

"I wanted to ask you if pap—I mean, if father went to Atlanta to see you," she said, her eyes still bent upon the ground.

"He said he wanted to see me on business," Woodward replied.

"Did he say anything about me?"

"Not that I remember. He never said anything about his business, even," Woodward went on. "I told him about some of my little troubles, and when he found I was coming back here, he seemed to forget all about his own business. I suppose he saw that I wouldn't be much interested in anybody else's business but my own just then."

Sis lifted her head and looked steadily at Woodward. A little flush appeared in her cheeks, and mounted to her forehead, and then died away.

"Pap doesn't understand—I mean he doesn't understand everything, and I was afraid he had—— Why do you look at me so?" she exclaimed, stopping short, and blushing furiously.

"I ask your pardon," said the young man; "I was trying to catch your meaning. You say you were afraid your father——"

"Oh, I am not afraid now. Don't you think the weather is nice?"

Woodward was a little puzzled, but he was not embarrassed. He swung himself off his horse and stood beside her.

"I told your father," he said, drawing very near to the puzzling creature that had so willfully eluded him—"I told your father that I was coming up here to ask his daughter to marry me. What does the daughter say?"

She looked up in his face. The earnestness she saw there dazzled and conquered her. Her head drooped lower, and she clasped her hands together. He changed his tactics.

"Is it really true, then, that you hate me?"

"Oh! if you only *knew!*" she cried, and with that, Woodward caught her in his arms.

An old woman, gray-haired, haggard and sallow, who had been drawn from the neighborhood of Hog Mountain by the managers of the Atlanta Cotton Exposition to aid in illustrating the startling contrasts that the energy and progress of man have produced, had but one vivid remembrance of that remarkable display. She had but one story to tell, and, after the Exposition was over, she rode forty miles on horseback, in the mud and rain, to tell it at Teague Poteet's.

"I wish I may die," she exclaimed, flinging the corners of her shawl back over her shoulders, and dipping her clay pipe in the glowing embers—"I wish I may die ef I ever see sech gangs, an' gangs, an' *gangs* of

folks, an' ef I git the racket out'n my head by next Chris'mas, I'll be *mighty* lucky. They sot me over ag'in the biggest fuss they could pick out, an' gimme a pa'r of cotton kyards. Here's what kin kyard when she gits her han' in, an' I b'leeve'n my soul I kyarded 'nuff bats to thicken all the quilts betwix' this an' Californy. The folks, they 'ud come an' stan', and star', an' then they 'ud go some'rs else; an' then new folks 'ud come, an' stan', an' star', an' go some'rs else. They wuz jewlarkers thar frum ever'wheres, an' they lookt like they wuz too brazen to live skacely. Not that *I* keerd. No, bless you! Not when folks is a-plumpin' down the cash money. Not me. No, siree. I wuz a-settin' thar one day, a-kyardin' away, a-kyardin' away, when all of a sudden some un retched down an' grabbed me 'roun' the neck, an' bussed me right here on the jaw. Now, I haint a-tellin' you no lie, I like to 'a' fainted. I lookt up, an' who do you reckon it wuz?"

"I bet a hoss," said Teague dryly, "that Sis wa'n't fur from thar when that bussin' wuz a-gwine on."

"Who should it be *but* Sis!" exclaimed the old woman. "Who else but Sis wuz a-gwine to grab me an' gimme a buss right here on the jaw frontin' of all them jewlarkers? When I lookt up an' seen it twuz Sis, I thought in my soul she'uz the purtiest creatur I ever led eyes on. 'Well, the Lord love you, Sis!' s' I, 'Whar on the face of the yeth did you drap frum?' s' I. I ketched 'er by the arm and helt 'er off, and s' I, 'Ef I don't have a tale to tell when I git home, no 'oman never had none,' s' I. She took an' buss'd me right frontin' of all them jewlarkers, an' airter she 'uz gone, I sot down an' had a good cry.'

And then, the old woman fell to crying softly at the remembrance of it, and those who sat around the wide hearth cried with her. And narrow as their lives are, the memory of the girl seemed to sweeten and inspire all who sat around the hearth that night at Teague Poteet's.

ON THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN'S VOICES.

To the Editor of The Century.

Dear Sir: It gives me much pleasure to comply with your request to write an introduction to my friend Mr. W. L. Tomlins' article on the training of children's voices.

In a brief and necessarily hasty paper on "Musical Possibilities in America," which, at the request of its editor, I prepared for this magazine in March, 1881, I took occasion to express my emphatic disapproval of the system of musical instruction which prevails in the public schools. My remarks upon this subject excited wide and animated discussion, and letters from music teachers and students poured in upon me from all directions. They were mainly in sympathy with the views I had expressed, and afforded gratifying evidence of a general desire for progress toward better things. I am glad to take this opportunity to acknowledge them, and to express my regret that the pressure of constant and exacting duties made individual replies to them impossible. Many of them came from superintendents and other school officers, expressing an earnest wish to carry out the reform suggested, and asking for specific directions and personal suggestions. To give these, required time which I could not command. It was with the greatest reluctance that I consented to write at all, and I only did so with the hope that, by mentioning abuses which had come within my observation, I could awaken discussion and prompt others whose talents more especially fit them for the work to point out the methods best adapted to secure the needed reforms.

On one important point, the treatment of the voice, this hope has been completely realized. In the paper alluded to, after speaking of the harm done to children by allowing them to scream instead of sing, I said: "I was once asked by a gentleman what he ought to do to make his children musical. I told him to form for them a singing-class under the care of a good teacher." By a "good teacher," I mean a man who is competent to give instruction not only in reading music but also in the proper use of the vocal organs. It rarely happens that these qualities are combined in one teacher. Instruction in the use of the voice ought only to be given by a teacher who has made the development of the voice a special study. Teachers ought to be trained to combine both branches of instruction. At present this is not the case. The children are taught to read music, without being taught how to form a good tone. If it be objected that the classes are too large in our schools to make such teaching in singing practicable, the reply is, that the experiment has already been successfully made. Mr. Tomlins began last fall a pioneer work of this kind. He formed a class of children, numbering between two hundred

and three hundred, and began work with them by methods which are best described by himself in a letter received by me a few months ago, just before a visit to Chicago, where I was present at a first exhibition of his class. In that letter, written for my private information, and with no idea that it would be published, he said:

"Your time in Chicago is so short that I advise you in advance in regard to the children's class, telling you what I have endeavored to do, and my plan of working. I found the voices loud and hard, as children's voices are. Directly I reduced the improper muscular action the voices became weak, husky, and very flat, and soon became tired. The proper muscles were unused to action, and the sprained condition of the throats also contributed to this state of things. I therefore rested them (from all but the slightest work) for weeks, and devoted most time to the strengthening of the chest muscles. Cultivating the ability to throw a steady but very light stream of breath through the throat. At last I reduced this stream of air to a softness equal to the faint ability of the throat to chop it into vibration. And from this point we began to build. With many goings back for the sake of the weaker ones and on account of overdoing and on account of climate changes which so readily affect voices in such a condition.

"I began first with 'm' (humming), then 'e' and 'o,' alternating these vowels on a single note; then changing two or three notes on a single vowel; then changing vowels and notes. From this point we worked the many vowel and consonant forms and combinations up to words and sentences. I found, however, that after mechanical correctness was acquired, the most rapid advancement was made by appealing to their emotional natures; in this respect they made greater progress than any adult class I ever taught.

"The stiff, stolid singing of a chorus is its greatest curse. A solo vocalist naturally smiles, relaxing the muscles of the neck and head. A chorus-singer gets dignified, and in public, especially, hardens the muscles of the throat, obstructing the breath, and injuring the tone. Now I have noticed that the children, in reciting lessons or singing, indulge in this bad habit and produce the bad tone; but in the play-room they relax, and under the influence of emotions, playing various characters as they do, the tone becomes lighter and better. And so we have all sorts of things played in class. In a cradle-song we have played that Dolly was sick and had to be soothed to sleep, as mamma has soothed us when we were sick. We have played 'ladies and gentlemen' (polite people), smiling and singing softly to each other.

"And to get an active action of the face and throat (by active I mean that action which is used to influence others, earnest, fervent speech or song). We have played circus-clowns paid to sing to the people to make them laugh.

"During the past two weeks we have taken a soldier's song, playing soldiers who were marching to surprise an enemy, singing with precision and sharp jaw-action for the march, but with *softness* for the surprise. This tends to break down the common habit of singing sluggishly when one sings softly.

"Of course, all this is in miniature; ounces instead of pounds of voice. But the ounce must contain the germ of all that is good in singing — the smile and the sigh are the first steps in emotional tone, and thus far have we gone.

"I have wasted no time in the work of ordinary singing-schools; in the first place, because this is the experimental part, and, to my mind, the important work. Music notation, reading music, singing together, watching the leader, singing in parts, etc., are all necessary, but not *so* necessary. All of these, we can take for granted, will come in time."

The singing of the children, as I heard it on that occasion, demonstrated the soundness of Mr. Tomlins' theories, and his rare abilities as a teacher. They showed ease, spontaneity, warmth, expression, accuracy of pitch, precision;—in fact, came so near to perfection, that I assured them I had never before heard such beautiful singing. From that time I have naturally been deeply interested in Mr. Tomlins' work, and I cordially recommend all persons whose attention has been drawn to this important field of instruction to read, in the first place, his exposition of his theories as unfolded in the subjoined article; and, in the second place, to improve the first opportunity which presents itself of witnessing the results of his work among the children of Chicago.

Theodore Thomas.

WHEN the study of singing was first introduced into the public schools of Boston, the most utopian anticipations were indulged in with regard to the degree and value of the musical culture that would then become the acquisition of every child. Two advantages, in particular, were counted upon: That fluent singing by note would become common, and that a foundation would be laid for a genuine appreciation of good music. To some extent, these expectations have been realized. A certain very moderate knowledge of musical notation has become general among the younger people — not only of that city but of almost all other cities throughout the country, for into nearly all of them music has been introduced. Even this moderate facility in reading music has served as a means of enlarging the pupil's practical acquaintance with musical literature, and to that extent the school instruction has done something to advance musical taste.

But, on the other hand, it is very far from the truth, that the ability has become general to sing accurately by note any but the simplest music, even among the more musical of the students in these schools. It is equally doubtful whether the wider dissemination of musical taste is to any considerable extent related to the public school instruction in music.

There is, however, a more serious question which deserves to be considered. It is, whether the exercise of singing as commonly conducted in the public schools is not positively harmful to the voice and destructive to future ability to sing artistically.

Briefly mentioned, the faults of current instruction are these: Everything is sacrificed

to a knowledge of musical notation. The voice is developed only in respect to power, and this, unfortunately, in a way which must be entirely undone whenever the study of artistic singing is begun. Instead of soft, pleasant, expressive voices, one hears in school almost universally a hard, shouty tone, unsympathetic and inexpressive. This tone is produced by an improper action of the throat which absolutely prevents the production of an emotional tone. In this way is formed a bad habit which must be entirely undone before expression can be acquired. Singing thus conducted is not even a healthful exercise, for it engenders vocal habits which react unfavorably upon the throat.

Nor do the musical text-books exhibit a real progressiveness toward higher and nobler ideas. How far this is the case will appear as soon as we compare the singing-books with the ordinary school readers. In the latter the child begins with easy words and very simple thoughts. From this he is led to longer words, more involved sentences, and more mature ideas. The progress does not stop short of Shakspere and Milton. Instead of such a progressive course in music, the pupil is held to the lower grade. Even where the difficulties of music-reading are gradually increased, the musical ideas are not correspondingly raised.

All of these short-comings finally reduce themselves to two, namely: Ignorance of or indifference to the physiological relation between singing and the vocal organs; and second, apathy with regard to all kinds of musical relations beyond the simplest and most obvious.

This state of things, which prevails for the most part throughout the country, is to be accounted for, or at least, has been influenced by two or three circumstances. The music teachers are chosen mainly for their knowledge of notation and the sight-reading of music. They are generally earnest, practical teachers, with perhaps a turn for music, but with no systematized training in the physiology of the vocal organs, and without practical acquaintance with the technic of vocal culture. They are precentor-like singers, with loud, unsympathetic voices, and with a low grade of musical ideas.

Another cause of trouble has been the text-books, which have catered to this musical ignorance. The Sunday-school singing-books and the Moody and Sankey hymns are for the most part written down to the market demands. That they sell as readily as dime novels is good for trade; that they are as readily discarded for newer books is also good for trade. But educational work, musical or otherwise, should be above such mercenary motives.

The advantages proper to be sought by instruction in singing in the public schools would seem to be these and in this order:

First. The cultivation of a musical voice. This embraces not only the proper utterance of thought in speech and song, but its appropriate coloring by an emotional character of voice. The presence of this quality determines that the mechanism of the voice is in right action, for any impropriety in tone-production will immediately reveal itself in the form of a hard or unmusical and inexpressive tone.

Second. The "How to observe good music," or the ability to perceive and feel musical relations. This includes a familiarity with the primary principles of music, the habits of chords, an analysis of forms, simple exercises in musical construction, primary rhythms,—in fact, an appreciation of the thing, Music, apart from its sign, musical notation. All this may be delightfully taught in connection with singing and listening to good music.

Third. Knowledge of musical notation and the ready reading of new music.

Fourth. Acquaintance with musical literature.

To these may be added the practice of singing as a recreation and healthful exercise.

In regard to the relative importance of these proposed ends of musical instruction in schools, there appears to be no room for reasonable difference of opinion.

A pleasant voice is eminently desirable both for ease in using it (for ease and pleasing quality go together) and for the sake of clearness in expressing refined shades of meaning, as well as the agreeable impression it makes upon others. All our life long we are addressing ourselves to others, frequently in cases where it makes a considerable difference to ourselves whether we commend our cause or not. Hence a pleasant voice is greatly to be desired, and can be acquired by almost every one if right methods of speaking and singing are formed in childhood.

The disposition of the technical means necessary for attaining these advantages would amount almost to a complete reversal of the methods now prevailing.

Proper methods of singing demand that the flow of the air-column which passes the throat of a singer shall be (1) controlled and regulated entirely by the action of the lungs, (2) transformed into the higher power of vibration by the action of the throat, and (3) shaped into vowel and consonant combinations in its further progress through the chambers of the upper throat and head. The breath is both the substance and the motive power of vocalization, as a current of air in forcing itself through a revolving ventilator will compel it to action and be thereby transformed into vibration.

The machinery of a child's voice must run with the minimum of effort. The slightest excess will provoke a rigidity of the throat and head, and thereby prevent the sympathetic response of those resonant cavities of the head and chest which reflect the vibrations of the throat, and in voices, as in the violin, impart sonority and musical quality to the tone.

Singing, therefore, should never be accompanied by physical exertion, nor should the vocal exercises of the school immediately follow the exertions of the play-ground. The panting of the breath directs the blood to the throat and lungs, and involves an action of the extrinsic muscles of the throat, which directly antagonizes the proper act of singing. Nor is the effect confined to the short period of being out of breath. It is a fact well known to voice-trainers, that any physical effort which induces labored breathing thickens the voice for at least an hour. For this reason energetic dancers never have good voices.

It would be impossible, within present limits, to enumerate the many forms of wrong-doing in which children are indulged, or to explain the exercises which are necessary to correct them. An analysis of these bad habits would prove them to be for the most part but the natural outgrowth of an underlying principle of wrong, namely, the attempt to control and regulate the air-column by an improper contraction of the throat.

A second point is that children's voices should be very soft. The vocal chords in a child's throat are not able to withstand any overpressure of the breath. How often one may observe among singers and preachers that a voice which is agreeable and winning when used in moderation becomes repelling and unsympathetic directly too much emphasis or power is employed.

Another point of complaint is that children's voices are commonly used at a low pitch, a custom sanctioned by authorities, but nevertheless a faulty one. The natural voice of a child is soft and high: neither shrill nor harsh, but of low power and high pitch. This is reasonable, for at the age of five or six years, the child's larynx is retarded in its growth, and does not materially increase in size until about the age of fourteen, when by a year or two of rapid growth it is enlarged to adult size. Prior to this period of "change of voice," a child's larynx is in proportion to a woman's as 3 to 5, and to a man's as 3 to 7. Children's voices, therefore, are naturally higher than those of women, as women's are higher than men's. It is true that the children as at present taught are unable to reach the high notes. As well might a violinist expect to obtain the upper tones of his instrument by tightening instead of shortening the string. Listen to the soft laugh of a child when a smile has relaxed the muscular contraction of the throat, and the true childish ring will be heard, charming as it is.

It is an unfortunate phase of this subject that wrong habits have been formed that will not be corrected by those practices which in the beginning would have prevented them. The experience of many who have studied with good teachers testifies to years of tedious study and undoing.

In this connection a lesson can be learned by contrasting the voices of the boys in a play-ground of one of the cathedral schools in Europe, schools consisting only of children of a surpliced choir, with those of a company of street *gamins* whose habits incline them to vehement assertion. The former are gentle, distinguished, genteel in quality; the latter, hard, strident, and coarse.

In fact, the vocal trouble complained of is largely induced in the play-ground, where loud talking is accompanied by excessive physical exercise. While it is impossible to control fully the evil in the play-ground, it is quite possible to modify it at home and in school by proper habits of speaking and singing. The personal experience of the writer has afforded him unusual facilities for the examination of young people's voices, and testifies to the terrible effects of improper singing in day-schools and Sunday-schools: voices wrenched by over-effort out of all semblance to proper vocalism, and sprained throats with their baneful results to health. Children whose gifts of voice or musical ability have fitted them for leadership have suffered in greater proportion and to a greater degree.

While it is an open question as to the amount of musical instruction which should be included in the system of school teaching, there can be no doubt that, whether the exercise of singing be undertaken as a study or a recreation, some reform should be adopted which will save the children's voices from injury by day-school teachers, whose musical ability lies solely in their knowledge of musical notation, and from Sunday-school leaders who ruin young and delicate voices by bad examples and injudicious precepts.

In the nature of the case, such a reform can take no other shape than the general observance of the fundamental principles of good vocalization, as indicated above; and this, in turn, must be accomplished through a general dissemination of proper knowledge among teachers, which might perhaps be done through the normal schools and teachers' institutes.

William L. Tomlins.

SONGS.

ONE.

One day is gladdest of the year,
One loveliest when shadows near;
One cloud floats softest, lone and high,
One star is brightest of the sky.

One tint lies fairest on the hill,
One glance flies brightest from the rill;
One whitest lily, reddest rose,—
None other such the summer knows.

Once come and gone the one dear face,
Forever empty is its place;
Only one voice the lover hears,
Sounding across the waste of years.

Only one spirit rules the breast,
Be it in waking or in rest;
Only one lays, at will, the spell
Subduing as when first it fell.

Of all the myriad things that prove
The human heart was framed to love,
Wise nature never suffers two
To mate the soul as one shall do.

SUMMER NOON.

A summer noon is this,
The trees are breathless, every one;
Underneath the shadow is,
And overhead the sun.

No mowers in the mead,
No children on the green at play;
Listless drops the thistle seed
Beside the traveled way.

Alone, the butterfly
Floats dreamily in lower air;
And the circling hawk on high
Is all that's moving there.

The brook runs ever by,
But seems to pause the while it flows;
'Tis more like a line of sky,
So placidly it goes.

THE OLD TREE.

Yon stricken monarch—lifeless form!—
No longer braves the winter storm;
Tempest, at last, and length of days
Have mastered: lo! the king decays.

Once its proud head, now lopped and seared,
Was greenest in the forest reared;
And from its royal boughs were heard
The sweetest songs of summer-bird.

Time was when, cool beneath its shade,
At noon the lordlier cattle laid;
When to its arms the squirrel ran,
And eyed, secure, designing man.

Years since, I climbed that highest bough;
Only the hawk dare trust it now.
Alas! I, too, was younger then—
We go together, oaks and men!

How like our own last reach of pray'r,
Those empty hands uplitt in air;
Our own stern close with destiny
The struggle of the aged tree!

EVENING.

Behind the hill-top drops the sun,
The curled heat falters on the sand;
While evening's ushers, one by one,
Lead in the guests of twilight-land.

The bird is silent overhead,
Below the beast has lain him down;
Alone the marbles watch the dead,
Alone the steeple guards the town.

The south wind feels its amorous course
To cloistered sweets in thickets found;
The leaves obey its tender force,
And stir 'twixt silence and a sound.

John Vance Cheney.

FATHER JUNIPERO AND HIS WORK.

A SKETCH OF THE FOUNDATION, PROSPERITY, AND RUIN OF THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA. II.

If the little grief-stricken band of monks who stood weeping around Junipero Serra's grave in 1784 could have foreseen the events of the next thirty years, their weeping would have been turned into exultant joy. But not the most daring enthusiast among them could have dreamed of the harvest of power destined to be raised from the seed thus sown in weakness.

Almost with his dying breath Father Junipero had promised to use "all his influence with God" in behalf of the missions. In the course of the next four months after his death more converts were baptized than in the whole three years previous; and it became at once the common belief that his soul had passed directly into heaven, and that this great wave of conversions was the result of his prayers. Prosperity continued steadily to increase. Mission after mission was successfully founded, until, in 1804, the occupation of the sea-coast line from San Francisco to San Diego was complete, there being nineteen mission establishments only an easy day's journey apart from each other.

The ten new missions were founded in the following order: Santa Barbara, December 4, 1786; La Purissima, December 8, 1787; Santa Cruz, September 25, 1791; Soledad, October 9, 1791; San José, June 11, 1797; San Juan Bautista, June 24, 1797; San Miguel, July 25, 1797; San Fernando Rey, September, 8, 1797; San Luis Rey de Francia, June 18, 1798; Santa Inez, September 7, 1804.

Beginnings had also been made on a projected second line, to be from thirty to fifty miles back from the sea, and this inland chain of settlements and development promised to be in no way inferior to the first. The wealth of the mission establishments had grown to an almost incredible degree. In several of them massive stone churches had been built, of an architecture at once so simple and harmonious that, even in ruins, it is to-day the grandest in America; and it will remain, so long as arch, pillar, or dome of it shall stand, a noble and touching monument of the patient Indian workers who built, and of the devoted friars who designed, its majestic and graceful proportions.

In all of the missions were buildings on a large scale, providing for hundreds of occupants, for all the necessary trades and manufactures, and many of the ornamental arts of civilized life. Enormous tracts of land were under high cultivation; the grains, and cool fruits of the temperate zone, flourishing, in the marvelous California air, side by side with the palm, olive, grape, fig, orange, and pomegranate. From the two hundred head of cattle sent by the wise Galvez had grown herds past numbering; and to these had been added vast flocks of sheep, and herds of horses. In these nineteen missions were gathered over twenty thousand Indians, leading regular and industrious lives, and conforming to the usages of the Catholic religion.

A description of the San Luis Rey mission, written by De Mofras, an attaché of the French Legation in Mexico in 1842, gives a clear idea of the form, and some of the methods of the mission establishments.

> "The building is a quadrilateral, four hundred and fifty feet square; the church occupies one of its wings; the façade is ornamented with a gallery. The building is two stories in height. The interior is formed by a court ornamented with fountains, and decorated with trees. Upon the gallery which runs around it open the dormitories of the monks, of the major-domos, and of travelers, small work-shops, school-rooms and store-rooms. The hospitals are situated in the most quiet parts of the mission, where also the schools are kept. The young Indian girls dwell in halls called monasteries, and are called nuns. Placed under the care of Indian matrons, who are worthy of confidence, they learn to make cloth of wool, cotton, and flax, and do not leave the monastery until they are old enough to be married. The Indian children mingle in schools with those of the white colonists. A certain number chosen among the pupils who display the most intelligence learn music, chanting, the violin, flute, horn, violoncello, or other instruments. Those who distinguish themselves in the carpenters' shops, at the forge, or in agricultural labors, are appointed alcaldes or overseers, and charged with the directions of the laborers."

Surrounding these buildings, or arranged in regular streets upon one side of them, were the homes of the Indian families. These were built of adobe, or of reeds, after the native fashion. The daily routine of the Indians' life was simple and uniform. They were divided into squads of laborers. At sunrise, the Angelus bell called them to mass. After the mass they breakfasted, and then dispersed to their various labors. At eleven, they were

again summoned together for dinner, after which they rested until two, when they went again to work, and worked until the evening Angelus just before sunset. After prayers and supper, they were in the habit of dancing and playing games until bedtime. Their food was good. They had meat at noon accompanied by *posale*, a sort of succotash made of corn, beans, and wheat, boiled together. Their breakfast and supper were usually of porridge made from different grains, called *atole* and *pinole*.

The men wore linen shirts, pantaloons, and blankets. The overseers and best workmen had suits of cloth like the Spaniards. The women received every year two chemises, one gown, and a blanket. De Mofras says:

"When the hides, tallow, grain, wine, and oil were sold at good prices to ships from abroad, the monks distributed handkerchiefs, wearing apparel, tobacco, and trinkets among the Indians, and devoted the surplus to the embellishment of the churches, the purchase of musical instruments, pictures, church ornaments, etc.; still they were careful to keep a part of the harvest in the granaries to provide for years of scarcity."

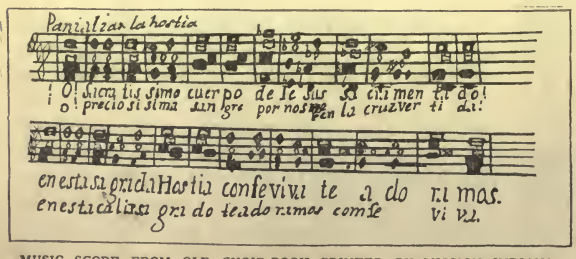
The rule of the friars was in the main a kindly one. The vice of drunkenness was severely punished by flogging. Quarreling between husbands and wives was also dealt with summarily, the offending parties being chained together by the leg till they were glad to promise to keep peace. New converts and recruits were secured in many ways; sometimes by sending out parties of those already attached to the new mode of life, and letting them set forth to the savages the advantages and comforts of the Christian way; sometimes by luring strangers in with gifts; sometimes, it is said, by capturing them by main force; but of this there is only scanty evidence, and it is not probable that it was often practiced. It has also been said that cruel and severe methods were used to compel the Indians to work; that they were driven under the lash by their overseers, and goaded with lances by the soldiers. No doubt there were individual instances of cruelty; seeds of it being indigenous in human nature, such absolute control of hundreds of human beings could not exist without some abuses of the power. But that the Indians were, on the whole, well treated and cared for, the fact that so many thousands of them chose to remain in the missions is proof. With open wilderness on all sides, and with thousands of savage friends and relatives close at hand, nothing but their own free will could have kept such numbers of them loyal and contented. Forbes, in his history of California, written in 1832, says:

"The best and most unequivocal proof of the good conduct of the fathers is to be found in the unbounded affection and devotion invariably shown toward them by their Indian subjects. They venerate them not merely as friends and fathers, but with a degree of devotion approaching to adoration."

The picture of life in one of these missions during their period of prosperity is unique and attractive. The whole place was a hive of industry: trades plying indoors and outdoors; tillers, herders, vintagers by hundreds, going to and fro; children in schools; women spinning; bands of young men practicing on musical instruments; music, the scores of which, in many instances, they had themselves written out; at evening, all sorts of games of running, leaping, dancing, and ball-throwing, and the picturesque ceremonies of a religion which has always been wise in availing itself of beautiful agencies in color, form, and harmony.

At every mission were walled gardens with waving palms, sparkling fountains, groves of olive trees, broad vineyards, and orchards of all manner of fruits; over all, the sunny, delicious, winterless California sky.

More than mortal, indeed, must the Franciscans have been, to have been able, under these conditions, to preserve intact the fervor and spirit of self-abnegation and deprivation inculcated by the rules of their order. There is a half-comic pathos in the records of occasional efforts made by one and another of the presidents to check the growing disposition toward ease on the part of the friars. At one time, several of them were found to be carrying silver watches. The watches were taken away, and sent to Guadalajara to be sold, the money to be paid into the Church treasury. At another time, an order was issued, forbidding the wearing of shoes and stockings in place of sandals, and the occupying of too large and comfortable rooms. And one zealous president, finding that the friars occasionally rode in the carts belonging to their missions, had all the carts burned, to compel the fathers to go about on foot.


Panialzar la hostia
O! Sacratissimo cuerpo de Jesus Sacramentado!
O! precio si sima sangre por nosotros en la cruz ver ti do!
en esta sagrada Hostia confesamos te a do ramos.
en esta divina grado teado ramos comfe vi vi.

MUSIC SCORE FROM OLD CHOIR-BOOK PRINTED BY MISSION INDIANS.

BELL-POST AND CORRIDOR AT SAN MIGUEL MISSION.

The friars were forced, by the very facts of their situation, into the exercise of a constant and abounding hospitality, and this of itself inevitably brought about large departures from the ascetic *régime* of living originally preached and practiced. Most royally did they discharge the obligations of this hospitality. Travelers' rooms were kept always ready in every mission; and there were even set apart fruit orchards called "travelers' orchards." A man might ride from San Diego to Monterey by easy day's journeys, spending each night as guest in a mission establishment. As soon as he rode up, an Indian page would appear to take his horse; another to show him to one of the travelers' rooms. He was served with the best of food and wine, as long as he liked to stay, and when he left, he might, if he wished, take from the mission herd a fresh horse to carry him on his journey. All the California voyagers and travelers of the time speak in glowing terms of this generous and cordial entertaining by the friars. It was, undoubtedly, part of their policy as representatives of the State, but it was no less a part of their duty as Franciscans.

Some of the highest tributes which have been paid to them, both as men and as administrators of affairs, have come from strangers who, thus sojourning under their roofs, had the best opportunity of knowing their lives. Says Forbes:

"Their conduct has been marked by a degree of benevolence, humanity, and moderation probably unexampled in any other situation."

"I have never heard that they have not acted with the most perfect fidelity, or that they ever betrayed a trust, or acted with inhumanity."—Forbes's "California."

This testimony is of the more weight that it comes from a man not in sympathy with either the religious or the secular system on which the friars' labors were based.

The tales still told by old people of festal occasions at the missions sound like tales of the Old World rather than of the New. There was a strange difference, fifty years ago, between the atmosphere of life on the east and west sides of the American continent: On the Atlantic shore, the descendants of the Puritans, weighed down by serious purpose, half grudging the time for their one staid yearly Thanksgiving, and driving the Indians farther and farther into the wilderness every year, fighting and killing them; on the sunny Pacific shore, the merry people of Mexican and Spanish blood, troubling themselves about nothing, dancing away whole days and nights like children, while their priests were gathering the Indians by thousands into communities, and feeding and teaching them.

The most beautiful woman known in California a half-century ago, still lives in Santa Barbara, white-haired, bright-eyed, eloquent-tongued to-day. At the time of her marriage, her husband being a brother of the superior of the Santa Barbara mission, her wedding banquet was spread on tables running the whole length of the outer corridor of the mission. For three days and three nights the feasting and dancing were kept up, and the whole town was bid. On the day after her wedding came the christening or blessing of the right tower of the church. She and her husband, having been chosen godfather and godmother to the tower, walked in solemn

procession around it, carrying lighted candles in their hands, preceded by the friar, who sprinkled it with holy water and burned incense. In the four long streets of Indians' houses, then running eastward from the mis-

A CAPACIOUS FIRE-PLACE—SAN LUIS REY.

sion, booths of green boughs, decorated with flowers, were set up in front of all the doors. Companies of Indians from other missions came as guests, dancing and singing as they approached. Their Indian hosts went out to meet them, also singing, and pouring out seeds on the ground for them to walk on. These were descendants of the Indians who, when Viscayno anchored off Santa Barbara in 1602, came out in canoes, bringing their king, and rowed three times around Viscayno's ship, chanting a chorus of welcome. Then the king going on board the ship, walked three times around the deck, chanting the same song. He then gave to the Spaniards gifts of all the simple foods he had, and implored them to land, promising that if they would come and be their brothers, he would give to each man ten wives.

With the increase of success, wealth, and power on the part of the missions came increasing complexities in their relation to the military settlements in the country. The original Spanish plan of colonization was threefold—religious, military, and civil. Its first two steps were a mission and a presidio, or garrison; the presidio to be the guard of the mission; later was to come the pueblo * or town. From indefiniteness in the understanding of property rights, and rights of authority, as vested under these three heads, there very soon arose confusion, which led to collisions—collisions which have not yet ceased, and never will, so long as there remains a land-title in California to be quarreled over. The law records of the State are brimful of briefs, counter-briefs, opinions, and counter-opinions regarding property issues, all turning on definitions which nobody has now clear right to make, of old pueblo and presidio titles and bounds.

In the beginning there were no grants of land; everything was done by royal decree. In the form of taking possession of the new lands, the Church, by right of sacred honor, came first, the religious ceremony always preceding the military. Not till the cross was set up, and the ground consecrated and taken possession of, in the name of God, for the Church's purposes, did any military commander ever think of planting the royal standard, symbolizing the king's possession. In the early days, the relation between the military and the ecclesiastical representatives of the king were comparatively simple; the soldiers were sent avowedly and specifically to protect the friars; moreover, in those earlier days, soldiers and friars were alike devout, and, no doubt, had the mission interests more equally at heart than they did later. But each year's increase of numbers in the garrisons, and of numbers and power in the missions, increased the possibilities of clashing, until finally the relations between the two underwent a singular reversal; and the friars, if disposed to be satirical, might well have said that, however bad a rule might be which would not work both ways, a rule which did was not of necessity a good one, it being now the duty of the missions to support the presidios; the military governors being authorized to draw upon the friars not only for supplies, but for contributions of money, and for levies of laborers.†

On the other hand, no lands could be set off or assigned for colonists without consent

* The term pueblo answers to that of the English word town, in all its vagueness and all its precision. As the word town in English generally embraces every kind of population from the village to the city, and also, used specifically, signifies a town corporate and politic, so the word pueblo in Spanish ranges from the hamlet to the city, but, used emphatically, signifies a town corporate and politic.—"Dwinelle's Colonial History of San Francisco."

† In the decade between 1801 and 1810 the missions furnished to the presidios about eighteen thousand dollars' worth of supplies each year.

of the friars, and there were many other curious and entangling cross-purpose powers distributed between friars and military governors quite sufficient to make it next to impossible for things to go smoothly.

The mission affairs, so far as their own internal interests were concerned, were administered with admirable simplicity and system. The friars in charge of the missions were responsible directly to the president or prefect of the missions. He, in turn, was responsible to the president or guardian of the Franciscan College in San Fernando, in Mexico. One responsible officer, called procurador, was kept in the city of Mexico to buy supplies for the missions from stipends due, and from the drafts given to the friars by the presidio commanders for goods furnished to the presidios. There was also a syndic or general agent at San Blas, who attended to the shipping and forwarding of supplies. It was a happy combination of the minimum of functionaries with the maximum of responsibility.

The income supporting the missions was derived from two sources, the first of which was a fund, called the "Pious Fund," originally belonging to the Jesuit Order, but on the suppression of that order, in 1868, taken possession of by the Spanish Government in trust for the Church. This fund, begun early in the eighteenth century, was made up of estates, mines, manufactories, and flocks — all gifts of rich Catholics to the Society of Jesus. It yielded an income of fifty thousand dollars a year, the whole of which belonged to the Church, and was to be used in paying stipends to the friars (to the Dominicans in Lower as well as to the Franciscans in Upper California), and in the purchasing of articles needed in the missions. The missions' second source of income was from the sales of their own products; first to the presidios — these sales, paid for by drafts on the Spanish or Mexican Government; second, to trading ships, coming more and more each year to the California coast.

As soon as revolutionary troubles began to agitate Spain and Mexico, the income of the missions from abroad began to fall off. The Pious Fund was too big a sum to be honestly administered by any government hard pressed for money. Spain began to filch from it early, to pay the bills of her wars with Portugal and England; and Mexico, as soon as she had the chance, followed Spain's example vigorously, — selling whole estates, and pocketing their price; farming the fund out for the benefit of the State treasury; and, finally, in Santa Anna's time, selling the whole outright to two banking-houses. During these troublous times, the friars not only failed frequently to receive their regular stipends allotted from the interest of this Pious Fund, but their agent was unable to collect the money due them for the supplies furnished to the presidios. The sums of which they were thus robbed by two governments — that, being ostensibly of the Catholic faith, should surely have held the Church's property sacred — mounted up in a few years to such enormous figures, that restitution would have been practically impossible, and, except for their own internal sources of revenue, the missions must have come to bankruptcy and ruin.

However, the elements which were to bring about this ruin were already at work — were, indeed, inherent in the very system on which they had been founded. The Spanish Government was impatient to see carried out, and to reap the benefit of, the pueblo feature of its colonization plan. With a singular lack of realization of the time needed to make citizens out of savages, it had set ten years as the period at the expiration of which the Indian communities attached to the missions were to be formed into pueblos, — the missions to be secularized, that is, turned into curacies, the pueblo being the parish. This was no doubt the wise and proper ultimate scheme, the only one, in fact, which provided either for the entire civilization of the Indian or the successful colonization of the country. But five times ten years would have been little enough to allow for getting such a scheme fairly under way, and another five times ten years for the finishing and rounding of the work. It is strange how sure civilized peoples are, when planning and legislating for savages, to forget that it has always taken centuries to graft on or evolve out of savagery anything like civilization.

Aiming toward this completing of their colonization plan, the Spanish Government had very early founded the pueblos of Los Angeles and San José. A second class of pueblos, called, in the legal phrase of California's later days, "Presidial Pueblos," had originated in the settlement of the presidios, and gradually grown up around them. There were four of these — San Diego, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Francisco.

It is easy to see how, as these settlements increased, of persons more or less unconnected with the missions, there must have grown up discontent at the Church's occupation and control of so large a proportion of the country. Ready for alliance with this discontent was the constant jealousy on the part of the military authorities, whose measures were often — and, no doubt, often rightly — opposed by the friars. These fomenting causes of disquiet reacted on the impatience and greed in

CHURCH AND FOUNTAIN, SANTA BARBARA.

Spain; all together slowly, steadily working against the missions, until, in 1813, the Spanish Cortes passed an act decreeing their secularization. This was set forth in sounding phrase as an act purely for the benefit of the Indians, that they might become citizens of towns. But it was, to say the least of it, as much for Spain as for the Indians; since, by its provisions, one-half of the mission lands were to be sold for the payment of Spain's national debt. This act, so manifestly premature, remained a dead letter; but it alarmed the friars, and with reason. It was the tocsin of their doom, of the downfall of their establishments, and the ruin of their work.

Affairs grew more and more unsettled. Spanish viceroys and Mexican insurgents took turns at ruling in Mexico, and the representatives of each took turns at ruling in California. The waves of every Mexican revolution broke on the California shore. The College of San Fernando, in Mexico, also shared in the general confusion, and many of its members returned to Spain.

From 1817 to 1820 great requisitions were made by the Government upon the missions. They responded generously. They gave not only food, but money. They submitted to a tax, per capita, on all their thousands of Indians, to pay the expenses of a deputy to sit in the Mexican Congress. They allowed troops to be quartered in the mission buildings. At the end of the year 1820 the outstanding drafts on the Government, in favor of the missions, amounted to four hundred thousand dollars.

It is impossible, in studying the records of this time, not to feel that the friars were, in the main, disposed to work in good faith for the best interests of the State. That they opposed the secularization project is true; but it is unjust to assume that their motives in so doing were purely selfish. Most certainly, the results of the carrying out of that project

IN THE MISSION GARDEN, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

were such as to prove all that they claimed of its untimeliness. It is easy saying, as their enemies do, that they would never have advocated it, and were not training the Indians with a view to it; but the first assertion is an assumption, and nothing more; and the refutation of the second lies in the fact that, even in that short time, they had made the savages into "masons, carpenters, plasterers, soap-makers, tanners, shoe-makers, blacksmiths, millers, bakers, cooks, brick-makers, carters and cart-makers, weavers and spinners, saddlers, ship hands, agriculturists, herdsmen, vintagers; — in a word, they filled all the laborious occupations known to civilized society."* Moreover, in many of the missions, plots of land had already been given to individual neophytes who seemed to have intelligence and energy enough to begin an independent life for themselves. But it is idle speculating now as to what would or would not have been done under conditions which never existed.

So long as Spain refused to recognize Mexico's independence, the majority of the friars, as was natural, remained loyal to the Spanish Government, and yielded with reluctance and under protest, in every instance, to Mexico's control. For some years President Sarria was under arrest for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Mexican republic. Nevertheless, it not being convenient to remove him and fill his place, he performed all his functions as president of the missions through that time. Many other friars refused to take the oath, and left the country in consequence. During three years the secularization project was continually agitated, and at intervals measures initiatory to it were decreed and sometimes acted upon.

The shifting governors of unfortunate California legislated for or against the mission interests according to the exigencies of their needs or the warmness or lukewarmness of their religious faith.

* Special Report of the Hon. B. D. Wilson, of Los Angeles, Cal., to the Interior Dept. in 1852.

An act of one year, declaring the Indians liberated, and ordering the friars to turn over the mission properties to administrators, would be followed a few years later by an act restoring the power of the friars, and giving back to them all that remained to be rescued of the mission properties and converts. All was anarchy and confusion. During the fifty-five years that California was under Spanish rule she had but nine governors. During the twenty-four that she was under Mexican misrule she had thirteen. It would be interesting to know what the Indian populations thought, as they watched these quarrelings and intrigues among the Christians who were held up to them as patterns for imitation.

In a curious pamphlet left by one of the old friars, Father Boscana, is told a droll story of the logical inferences some of them drew from the political situations among their supposed betters. It was a band of San Diego Indians. When they heard that the Spanish viceroy in the city of Mexico had been killed, and a Mexican made emperor in his place, they forthwith made a great feast, burned up their chief, and elected a new one in his stead. To the stringent reproofs of the horrified friars they made answer: "Have you not done the same in Mexico? You say your king was not good, and you killed him. Well, our captain was not good, and we burned him. If the new one turns out bad, we will burn him, too,"—a memorable instance of the superiority of example to precept.

At last, in 1834, the final blow fell on the missions. The Governor of California, in compliance with instructions received from Mexico, issued an authoritative edict for their secularization. It was a long document, and had many significant provisions in it. It said that the Indians were now to be "emancipated." But the 16th article said that they "should be obliged to join in such labors of community as are indispensable, in the opinion of the political chief, in the cultivation of the vineyards, gardens, and fields, which for the present remain unapportioned." This was a curious sort of emancipation, and it is not surprising to read, in the political records of the time, such paragraphs as this: "Out of one hundred and sixty Indian families at San Diego, to whom emancipation was offered by Governor Figueroa, only ten could be induced to accept it." The friars were to hand over all records and inventories to stewards or administrators appointed. Boards of magistrates were also appointed for each village. One-half of the movable property was to be divided among the "emancipated persons," and to each head of a family was to be given four hundred square yards of land. Everything else—lands, movable properties, property of all classes—was to be put into the hands of the administrator, to be held subject to the Federal Government. Out of these properties the administrators were to provide properly for the support of the father or fathers left in charge of the church, the church properties, and the souls of the "emancipated persons." A more complete and ingenious subversion of the previously existing state of things could not have been devised, and it is hard to conceive how any student of the history of the period can see, in its shaping and sudden enforcing, anything except bold and unprincipled greed hiding itself under specious cloaks of right.

"Beneath these specious pretexts," says Dwinelle, in his "Colonial History," "was undoubtedly a perfect understanding between the Government of Mexico and the leading men in California, that in such a condition of things the Supreme Government might absorb the Pious Fund, under the pretense that it was no longer necessary for missionary purposes, and thus had reverted to the State as a quasi escheat, while the co-actors in California should appropriate the local wealth of the missions, by the rapid and sure process of administering their temporalities."

Of the manner in which the project was executed, Dwinelle goes on to say: "These laws, whose ostensible purpose was to convert the missionary establishments into Indian pueblos, their churches into parish churches, and to elevate the Christianized Indians to the rank of citizens, were after all executed in such a manner that the so-called secularization of the missions resulted in their plunder and complete ruin, and in the demoralization and dispersion of the Christianized Indians."

It is only just to remember, however, that these laws and measures were set in force in a time of revolution, when even the best measures and laws could have small chance of being fairly executed, and that a government which is driven, as Mexico was, to recruiting its colonial forces by batches of selected prison convicts, is entitled to pity, if not charity in our estimates of its conduct. Of course, the position of administrator of a mission became at once a political reward and a chance for big gains, and simply, therefore, a source and center of bribery and corruption.

Between the governors—who now regarded the mission establishments as state property, taking their cattle or grain as freely as they would any other revenue, and sending orders to a mission for tallow, as they would draw

checks on the treasury—and the administrators, who equally regarded them as easy places for the filling of pockets, the wealth of the missions disappeared as dew melts in the sun. Through all this the Indians were the victims. They were, under the administrators, compelled to work far harder than before: they were ill-fed, and ill-treated; they were hired out in gangs to work in towns or on farms, under masters who regarded them simply as beasts of burden; their rights to the plots of land which had been set off for them were, almost without exception, ignored. A more pitiable sight has not often been seen on earth than the spectacle of this great body of helpless, dependent creatures, suddenly deprived of their teachers and protectors, thrown on their own resources, and at the mercy of rapacious and unscrupulous communities, in time of revolution. The best comment on their sufferings is to be found in the statistics of the mission establishments after a few years of the administrators' reign.

In 1834 there were, according to the lowest estimates, from fifteen to twenty thousand Indians in the missions. De Mofras's statistics give the number as 30,620. In 1840 there were left, all told, but six thousand. In many of the missions there were less than one hundred. According to De Mofras, the cattle, sheep, horses, and mules, in 1834, numbered 808,000; in 1842, but 6320. Other estimates put the figures for 1834 considerably lower. It is not easy to determine which are true; but the most moderate estimates of all tell the story with sufficient emphasis. There is also verbal testimony on these points still to be heard in California, if one has patience and interest enough in the subject to listen to it. There are still living, wandering about, half-blind, half-starved, in the neighborhood of the mission sites, old Indians who recollect the mission times in the height of their glory. Their faces kindle with a sad flicker of recollected happiness, as they tell of the days when they had all they wanted to eat, and the padres were so good and kind: "*Bueno tiempo! Bueno tiempo,*" they say, with a hopeless sigh and shake of the head.

Under the new régime the friars suffered hardly less than the Indians. Some fled the country, unable to bear the humiliations and hardships of their position under the control of the administrators or major-domos, and dependent on their caprice for shelter and even for food. Among this number was Father Antonio Peyri, who had been for over thirty years in charge of the splendid mission of San Luis Rey. In 1800, two years after its founding, this mission had three hundred and sixty-nine Indians. In 1827 it had two thousand six hundred and eighty-six; it owned over twenty thousand head of cattle, and nearly twenty thousand sheep. It controlled over two hundred thousand acres of land, and there were raised in its fields in one year three thousand bushels of wheat, six thousand of barley, and ten thousand of corn. No other mission had so fine a church. It was one hundred and sixty feet long, fifty wide, and sixty high, with walls four feet thick. A tower at one side held a belfry for eight bells. The corridor on the opposite side had two hundred and fifty-six arches. Its gold and silver ornaments are said to have been superb.

When Father Peyri made up his mind to leave the country, he slipped off by night to San Diego, hoping to escape without the Indians' knowledge. But, missing him in the morning, and knowing only too well what it meant, five hundred of them mounted their ponies in hot haste, and galloped all the way to San Diego, forty-five miles, to bring him back by force. They arrived just as the ship, with Father Peyri on board, was weighing anchor. Standing on the deck, with outstretched arms, he blessed them amid their tears and loud cries. Some flung themselves into the water and swam after the ship. Four reached it, and, clinging to its sides, so implored to be taken that the father consented, and carried them with him to Rome, where one of them became a priest.

There were other touching instances in which the fathers refused to be separated from their Indian converts, and remained till the last by their side, sharing all their miseries and deprivations. De Mofras, in his visit to the country in 1842, found, at the mission of San Luis Obispo, Father Azagonais, a very old man, living in a hut, like the Indians, sleeping on a rawhide on the bare ground, with no drinking-vessel but an ox-horn, and no food but some dried meat hanging in the sun. The little he had he shared with the few Indians who still lingered there. Benevolent persons had offered him asylum, but he refused, saying that he would die at his post. At the San Antonio mission, De Mofras found another aged friar, Father Gutierrez, living in great misery. The administrator of this mission was a man who had been formerly a menial servant in the establishment; he had refused to provide Father Gutierrez with the commonest necessaries, and had put him on an allowance of food barely sufficient to keep him alive.

At Soledad was a still more pitiful case. Father Sarria, who had labored there for thirty years, refused to leave the spot, even

INTERIOR OF LA PURISSIMA MISSION.

after the mission was so ruined that it was not worth any administrator's while to keep it. He and the handful of Indians who remained loyal to their faith and to him lived on there, growing poorer and poorer each day; he sharing his every morsel of food with them, and starving himself, till one Sunday morning, saying mass at the crumbling altar, he fainted, fell forward, and died in their arms, of starvation. This was in 1838. Only eight years before, this Soledad Mission had owned thirty-six thousand cattle, seventy thousand sheep, three hundred yoke of working oxen, more horses than any other mission, and had an aqueduct, fifteen miles long, supplying water enough to irrrigate twenty thousand acres of land.

For ten years after the passage of the Secularization Act affairs went steadily on from bad to worse with the missions. Each governor had his own plans and devices for making the most out of them, renting them, dividing them into parcels, for the use of colonists, establishing pueblos on them, making them subject to laws of bankruptcy, and finally selling them. The departmental assemblies sometimes indorsed and sometimes annulled the acts of the governors. In 1842, Governor Micheltorena proclaimed that the twelve southern missions should be restored to the Church, and that the Government would not make another grant of land without the consent of the friars. This led to a revolution or rather an ebullition, and Micheltorena was sent out of the country. To him succeeded Pio Pico, who remained in power till the occupation of California by the United States forces in 1846. During the reign of Pio Pico, the ruin of the mission establishments was completed. They were at first sold or rented in batches to the highest bidders. There was first a preliminary farce of proclamation to the Indians to return and take possession of the missions if they did not want them sold. These proclamations were posted up in the pueblos for months before the sales. In 1844, the Indians of Dolores, Soledad, San Miguel, La Purissima, and San Rafael* were thus summoned to come back to their missions—a curious bit of half conscience-stricken, half politic recognition of the Indians' ownership of the lands, the act of the Departmental Assembly saying that if they (the Indians) did not return before such a date, the Government would declare said missions to be "without owners," and dispose of them accordingly. There must have been much bitter speech in those days when news of these proclamations reached the wilds where the mission Indians had taken refuge.

At last, in March, 1846, an act of the Departmental Assembly made the missions liable to the laws of bankruptcy, and authorized the governor to sell them to private persons. As by this time all the missions that had any pretense of existence left had been run hopelessly into debt, proceedings in regard to them were much simplified by this act. In the same year, the President of Mexico issued an order to Governor Pico to use all means within his power to raise money to defend the country against the United States; and under color of this double authorization the governor forthwith proceeded to sell missions right and left. He sold them at illegal private sales; he sold them for insignificant sums, and for sums not paid at all; whether he was, to use the words of a well-known legal

* The missions of San Rafael and San Francisco de Solano were the last founded; the first in 1819, and the latter in 1823—too late to attain any great success or importance.

CHURCH AND GRAVE-YARD OF SAN LUIS REY.

brief in one of the celebrated California land cases, "willfully ignorant or grossly corrupt" there is no knowing, and it made no difference in the result.

One of the last acts of the Departmental Assembly, before the surrender of the country, was to declare all Governor Pico's sales of mission property null and void. And one of Governor Pico's last acts was, as soon as he had made up his mind to run away out of the country, to write to some of his special friends and ask them if there were anything else they would like to have him give them before his departure.

On the 7th of July, 1846, the American flag was raised in Monterey, and formal possession of California was taken by the United States. The proclamation of Admiral Sloat, on this memorable occasion, included these words: "All persons holding title to real estate, or in quiet possession of lands under color of right, shall have those titles and rights guaranteed to them." "Color of right" is a legal phrase, embodying a moral idea, an obligation of equity. If the United States Government had kept this guarantee, there would be living in comfortable homesteads in California to-day many hundreds of people that are now homeless and beggared — Mexicans as well as Indians.

The army officers in charge of different posts in California, in these first days of the United States' occupation of the country, were perplexed and embarrassed by nothing so much as by the confusion existing in regard to the mission properties and lands. Everywhere men turned up with bills of sale from Governor Pico. At the San Diego Mission, the

A GLIMPSE OF THE BULL RING, SAN JUAN.

ostensible owner, one Estudillo by name, confessed frankly that he "did not think it right to dispose of the Indians' property in that way, but, as everybody was buying missions, he thought he might as well have one."

In many of the missions, squatters, without show or semblance of title, were found; these the officers turned out. Finally, General Kearney, to save the trouble of cutting any more Gordian knots, declared that all titles of missions and mission lands must be held in abeyance till the United States Government should pronounce on them.

For several years the question remained unsettled, and the mission properties were held by those who had them in possession at the time of the surrender. But in 1856 the United States Land Commission gave, in reply to a claim and petition from the Catholic Bishop of California, a decision, which, considered with reference to the situation of the mission properties at the time of the United States possession, was perhaps as near to being equitable as the circumstances would admit. But, considered with reference to the status of the mission establishments under the Spanish rule, to their original extent, the scope of the work, and the magnificent success of their experiment up to the time of the revolutions, it seems a sadly inadequate return of property once rightfully held; still, it was not the province of the United States to repair the injustices or make good the thefts of Spain and Mexico; and any attempt to clear up the tangle of confiscations, debts, frauds, and robberies in California, for the last quarter of a century before the surrender, would have been bootless work.

KITCHEN CHIMNEY, SAN JUAN.

The Land Commissioner's decision was based on the old Spanish law which divided church property into two classes, sacred and ecclesiastical, and held it to be inalienable,

OLD DOOR AND CORRIDOR ARCHES, SAN JUAN.

except in case of necessity, and then only according to provisions of canon law; in the legal term, it was said to be "out of commerce." The sacred property was that which had been in a formal manner consecrated to God—church buildings, sacred vessels, vestments, etc. Ecclesiastical property was land held by the Church, and appropriated to the maintenance of divine worship, or the support of the ministry; buildings occupied by the priests, or necessary for their convenience; gardens, etc. Following a similar division, the property of the mission establishments was held by the Land Commission to be of two sorts—mission property, and church property: the mission property, embracing the great tracts of land formerly cultivated for the community's purpose, it was decided, must be considered as government property; the church property, including with the church buildings, houses of priests, etc., such smaller portions of land as were devoted to the im-

mediate needs of the ministry, it was decided must still rightfully go to the Church. How many acres of the old gardens, orchards, vineyards, of the missions, could properly be claimed by the Church under this head, was of course a question; and it seems to have been decided on very different bases in different missions, as some received much more than others. But all the church buildings, priests' houses, and some acres of land, more or less, with each, were pronounced by this decision to have been "before the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo solemnly dedicated to the use of the Church, and therefore withdrawn from commerce"; "such an interest is protected by the provisions of the treaty, and must be held inviolate under our laws." Thus were returned at last, into the inalienable possession of the Catholic Church, all that were left of the old mission churches, and some fragments of the mission lands. Many of them are still in operation as curacies; others are in ruins; of some, not a trace is left—not even a stone.

At San Diego, the walls of the old church are still standing, unroofed, and crumbling daily. It was used as a cavalry barracks during the war of 1846; and has been a sheepfold since. Opposite it is an olive orchard, of superb hoary trees still in bearing: a cactus wall twenty feet high, and a cluster of date palms, are all that remain of the friars' garden.

At San Juan Capistrano, the next mission to the north, some parts of the buildings are still habitable. Service is held regularly in one of the small chapels. The priest lives there, and ekes out his little income by renting some of the moldering rooms. The church is a splendid ruin. It was of stone, a hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred in width, with walls five feet thick, a dome eighty feet high, and a fine belfry of arches in which four bells rang. It was thrown down by an earthquake in 1812, on the day

OLD PADRE'S CHAIR AT SAN JUAN.

INDIAN WORK AT SAN JUAN.

of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Morning mass was going on, and the church was thronged; thirty persons were killed and many more injured.

The little hamlet of San Juan Capistrano lies in harbor, as it were, looking out on its glimpse of sea, between two low spurs of broken and rolling hills, which in June are covered with shining yellow and blue, and green, iridescent as a peacock's neck. It is worth going across the continent to come into the village at sunset, of a June day. The peace, silence, and beauty of the spot are brooded over and dominated by the grand gray ruin, lifting the whole scene into an ineffable harmony. Wandering in room after room, court after court, through corridors with red-tiled roofs and hundreds of broad Roman arches, over fallen pillars, and through carved door-ways, whose untrodden thresholds have sunk out of sight in summer grasses, one asks himself if he be indeed in America. On the interior walls are still to be seen spaces of brilliant fresco-work, in Byzantine patterns of superb red, pale green, gray and blue; and the corridors are paved with tiles, large and square. It was

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

our good fortune to have with us, in San Juan Capistrano, a white-haired Mexican, who in his boyhood had spent a year in the mission. He remembered as if it were yesterday its bustling life of fifty years ago, when the arched corridor ran unbroken around the great court-yard, three hundred feet square, and was often filled with Indians, friars, officers, and gay Mexican ladies looking on at a bull-fight in the center. He remembered the splendid library, filled from ceiling to floor with books, extending one whole side of the square: in a corner, where had been the room in which he used to see sixty Indian women weaving at looms, we stood ankle-deep in furzy weeds and grass. He showed us the door-way, now closed up, which led into the friars' parlor. To this door, every Sunday, after mass, came the Indians, in long processions, to get their weekly gifts. Each one received something, a handkerchief, dress, trinket, or money. While their gifts were being distributed, a band of ten or twelve performers, all Indians, played lively airs on brass and stringed instruments. In a little baptistry, dusky with cobweb and mold, we found huddled a group of wooden statues of saints, which once stood in niches in the church: on their heads were faded and brittle wreaths, left from the last occasion on which they had done duty. One had lost an eye; another a hand. The gilding and covering of their robes were dimmed and defaced. But they had a dignity which nothing could destroy. The contours were singularly expressive and fine, and the rendering of the drapery was indeed wonderful — flowing robes, and gathered and lifted mantles, all carved in solid wood.

There are statues of this sort to be seen in several of the old mission churches. They were all carved by the Indians, many of whom showed great talent in that direction. There is also in the office of the justice or alcalde, as he is still called, of San Juan Capistrano, a carved chair of noticeably bold and graceful design made by Indian workmen. A few tatters of heavy crimson brocade hang on it still, relics of the time when it formed part of a gorgeous paraphernalia and service.

Even finer than the ruins of San Juan Capistrano are those of the church at San Luis Rey. It has a perfectly proportioned dome over the chancel, and beautiful groined arches on either hand and over the altar. Four broad pilasters on each side of the church are frescoed in a curious mixing of blues, light and dark, with reds and black, which have faded

AT SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

and blended into a delicious tone. A Byzantine pulpit hanging high on the wall, and three old wooden statues in niches, are the only decorations left. Piles of dirt and rubbish fill the space in front of the altar, and grass and weeds are growing in the corners; great flocks of wild doves live in the roof, and have made the whole place unclean and foul-aired. An old Mexican, eighty years old, a former servant of the mission, has the ruin in charge, and keeps the doors locked still, as if there were treasure to guard. The old man is called "alcalde" by the village people, and seems pleased to be so addressed. His face is like wrinkled parchment, and he walks bent into a parenthesis, but his eyes are bright and young. As he totters along, literally holding his rags together, discoursing warmly of the splendors he recollects, he seems indeed a ghost from the old times.

The most desolate ruin of all is that of the La Purisima mission. It is in the Lompoc valley, two days' easy journey north of Santa Barbara. Nothing is left there but one long, low adobe building, with a few arches of the corridor; the doors stand open, the roof is falling in: it has been so often used as a stable and sheep-fold, that even the grasses are killed around it. The painted pulpit hangs half falling on the wall, its stairs are gone, and its sounding-board is slanting awry. Inside the broken altar-rail is a pile of stones, earth, and rubbish, thrown up by seekers after buried treasures; in the farther corner another pile and hole, the home of a badger; mud-swallows' nests are thick on the cornice, and cobwebbed rags of the old canvas ceiling hang fluttering overhead. The only trace of the ancient cultivation is a pear-orchard a few rods off, which must have been a splendid sight in its day; it is at least two hundred yards square, with a double row of trees all around, so placed as to leave between them a walk fifty or sixty feet wide. Bits of broken aqueduct here and there, and a large, round stone tank overgrown by grass, showed where the life of the orchard used to flow in; it has been many years slowly dying of thirst. Many of the trees are gone, and those that remain stretch out gaunt and shriveled boughs, which, though still bearing fruit, look like arms tossing in vain reproach and entreaty; a few pinched little blossoms seemed to heighten rather than lessen their melancholy look.

At San Juan Bautista there lingers more of the atmosphere of the olden time than is to be found in any other place in California. The mission church is well preserved; its grounds are inclosed and cared for; in its garden are still blooming roses and vines, in the shelter of palms, and with the old stone sun-dial to tell time. In the sacristy are oak chests, full of gorgeous vestments of brocades, with silver and gold laces. On one of these robes is an interesting relic. A lost or worn-out silken tassel had been replaced by the patient Indian workers with one of fine-shredded rawhide; the shreds wound with silver wire, and twisted into tiny rosettes and loops, closely imitating

THE OLD ALCALDE, SAN LUIS REY.

the silver device. The church fronts south, on a little green-locust walled plaza — the sleepiest, sunniest, dreamiest place in the world. To the east the land falls off abruptly, so that the paling on that side of the plaza is outlined against the sky, and its little locked gate looks as if it would open into the heavens. The mission buildings used to surround this plaza; after the friars' day came rich men living there; and a charming inn is kept now in one of their old adobe houses. On the east side of the church is a succession of three terraces leading down to a valley. On the upper one is the old grave-yard, in which it is said there are sleeping four thousand Indians.

In 1825 there were spoken at this mission thirteen different Indian dialects.

Just behind the church is an orphan girls' school, kept by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. At six o'clock every morning the bells of the church ring for mass as they used to ring when over a thousand Indians flocked at the summons. To-day, at the sound, there comes a procession of little girls and young maidens, the black-robed sisters walking before them with crossed hands and placid faces. One or two Mexican women, with shawls over their heads, steal across the faint paths of the plaza, and enter the church.

I shall always recollect the morning when I went, too. The silence of the plaza was in itself a memorial service, with locust blossoms swinging incense. It was barely dawn in the church. As the shrill yet sweet childish voices lifted up the strains of the Kyrie Eleison, I seemed to see the face of Father Junipero in the dim lighted chancel, and the benediction was as solemn as if he himself had spoken it. Why the little town of San Juan Bautista continues to exist is a marvel. It is shut out and cut off from everything; only two or three hundred souls are left in it; its streets are grass-grown; half its houses are empty. But

it has a charm of sun, valley, hill, and seaward off-look unsurpassed in all California. Lingering out a peaceful century there are many old men and women, whose memories are like magic glasses, reproducing the pictures of the past. One such we found—a Mexican woman eighty-five years old, portly, jolly, keen-tongued, keen-eyed; the widow of one of the soldiers of the old mission guard. She had had twelve children; she had never been ill a week in her life; she is now the village nurse, and almost doctor. Sixty years back she remembered. "The Indians used to be in San Juan Bautista like sheep," she said, "by the thousand and thousand." They were always good, and the padres were always kind. Fifty oxen were killed for food every eight days, and everybody had all he wanted to eat. There was much more water then than now, plenty of rain, and the streams always full. "I don't know whether you or we were bad, that it has been taken away by God," she said, with a quick glance, half humorous, half antagonistic.

The Santa Barbara Mission is still in the charge of Franciscans, the only one remaining in their possession. It is now called a college for apostolic missionary work, and there are living within its walls eight members of the order. One of them is very old—a friar of the ancient régime; his benevolent face is well known throughout the country, and there are in many a town and remote hamlet men and women who wait always for his coming before they will make confession. He is like St. Francis's first followers: the obligations of poverty and charity still hold to him, the literal fullness of the original bond. He gives away garment after garment, leaving himself without protection against cold, and the brothers are forced to lock up and hide from him all provisions, or he would leave the house bare of food. He often kneels from midnight to dawn on the stone floor of the church, praying and chanting psalms, and when a terrible epidemic of small-pox broke out some years ago, he labored day and night, nursing the worst victims of it, shriving them, and burying them with his own hands. He is past eighty and has not much longer to stay. He has outlived many things beside his own prime: the day of the sort of faith and work to which his spirit is attuned has passed by forever.

The mission buildings stand on high ground, three miles from the beach, west of the town and above it, looking to the sea. In the morning the sun's first rays flash full on its front, and at evening they linger late on its western wall. It is an inalienable benediction to the place. The longer one stays there the more he is aware of the influence on his soul, as well as of the importance in the landscape of the benign and stately edifice.

On the corridor of the inner court hangs a bell which is rung for the hours of the daily offices and secular duties. It is also struck whenever a friar dies, to announce that all is over. It is the duty of the brother who has watched the last breath of the dying one to go immediately and strike this bell. Its sad note has echoed many times through the corridors.

One of the brothers said, last year:

"The first time I rang that bell to announce a death, there were fifteen of us left. Now there are only eight."

The sentence itself fell on my ear like the note of a passing bell. It seems a not unfitting last word to this slight and fragmentary sketch of the labors of the Franciscan Order in California.

Still more fitting, however, are the words of a historian, who, living in California and thoroughly knowing its history from first to last, has borne the following eloquent testimony to the friars and their work:

"The results of the mission scheme of Christianization and colonization were such as to justify the plans of the wise statesman who devised it and to gladden the hearts of the pious men who devoted their lives to its execution.

"At the end of sixty years, the missionaries of Upper California found themselves in the possession of twenty-one prosperous missions, planted on a line of about seven hundred miles, running from San Diego north to the latitude of Sonoma. More than thirty thousand Indian converts were lodged in the mission buildings, receiving religious culture, assisting at divine worship, and cheerfully performing their easy tasks. * * If we ask where are now the thirty thousand Christianized Indians who once enjoyed the beneficence and created the wealth of the twenty-one Catholic missions of California, and then contemplate the most wretched of all want of systems which has surrounded them under our own government, we shall not withhold our admiration from those good and devoted men who, with such wisdom, sagacity, and self-sacrifice, reared these wonderful institutions in the wilderness of California. They at least would have preserved these Indian races if they had been left to pursue unmolested their work of pious beneficence."—JOHN W. DWINELLE'S "Colonial History of San Francisco," pp. 44–87.

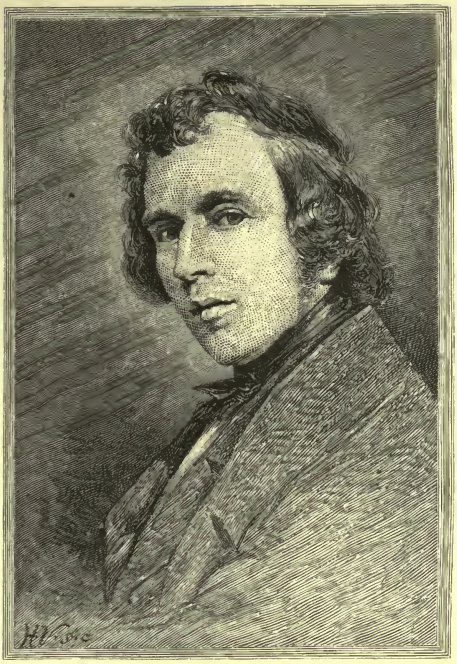
H. H.

JOHN KEATS IN HIS LAST ILLNESS.

FROM THE SKETCH BY JOSEPH SEVERN, JANUARY 28, 1821.*

God bless you, my dear
Brother & Sister. Your ever affectionate
Brother John Keats.

*Charles Cowden Clarke characterized this portrait as "a marvellously correct likeness."



Joseph Severn

ON SEVERN'S LAST SKETCH OF KEATS.

ANGEL of Sleep or Death! whom hast thou here,
With meek head droop'd, all haggard and outworn!
So looked Leander, to the startled morn,
Left by the tide on sands and rushes sere;
And so looked Hyacinth, to Phœbus dear,
As on the sward he lay, by envy shorn;
So looked Rome's martyr youth to burial borne
Within some delvéd cavern, chill and drear.

O fair death-sleeper! gazing on thee now,
Forgetting all thy years profound of rest
In peaceful barrow by the daisy drest,
We keep a vigil,—by thy pillow bow,
And listen, smiling through our tears when thou
Murm'rest of flowers that spring above thy breast.

Edith M. Thomas.

[Joseph Severn (whose sketch of the dying Keats is reproduced on the opposite page) died in the city of Rome, August 3, 1879, fifty-eight years after the death of his illustrious friend, and was buried by his side. The above portrait of Severn is from a drawing by himself, made in his youth, and both portraits are given here by the kind permission of Mr. Walter Severn, son of the artist. The Severn autograph was written in May, 1879.]

THE OLD LEVEE COTTON-PRESS.

THE GREAT SOUTH GATE.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," etc.

I.

FAUBOURG STE. MARIE.

If one will stand to-day on the broad levee at New Orleans, with his back to the Mississippi, a short way out to the left and riverward from the spot where the long vanished little Fort St. Louis once made pretense of guarding the town's upper river corner, he will look down two streets at once. They are Canal and Common, which gently diverge from their starting-point at his feet and narrow away before his eye as they run down toward the low, unsettled lots and commons behind the city.

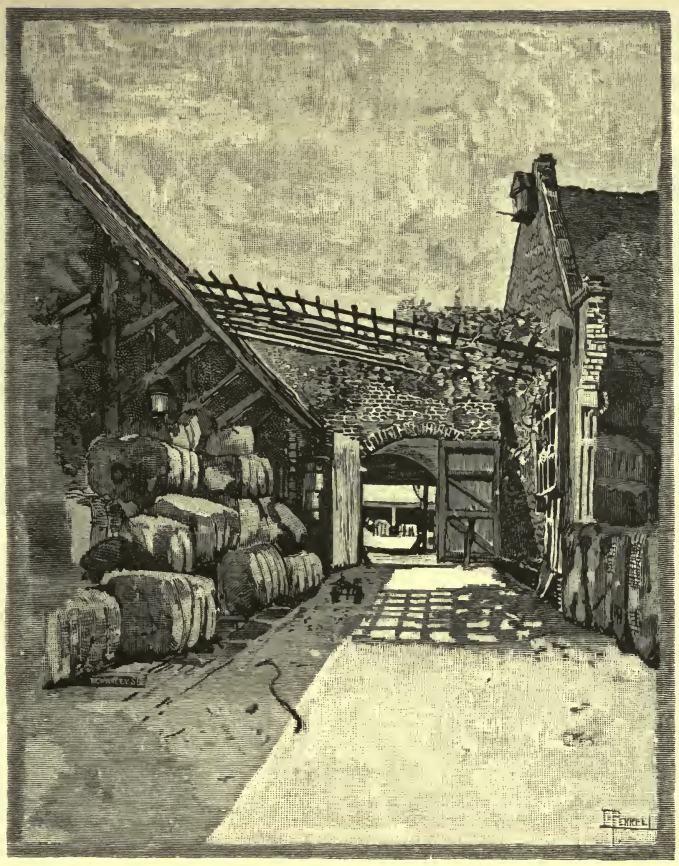
Canal street, the center and pride of New Orleans, takes its name from the slimy old moat that once festered under the palisade wall of the Spanish town, where it ran back from river to swamp and turned northward on the line now marked by the beautiful tree-planted Rampart street.

Common street marks the ancient boundary of the estates wrested from the exiled Jesuit fathers by confiscation. In the beginning of the present century, the long wedge-shaped tract between these two lines was a Government reservation, kept for the better efficiency of the fortifications that overlooked its lower border and for a public road to Noman's land. It was called the Terre Commune.

That part of the Jesuits' former plantations that lay next to the Terre Commune was mainly the property of a singular personage named Jean Gravier. Its farther side boundary was on a line now indicated by Delord street. When the fire of 1788 laid nearly the half of New Orleans in ashes, his father, Bertrand, and his mother, Marie, had laid off this tract into lots and streets, to the depth of three squares backward from the river, and called it Villa Gravier. On her death, the name was changed in her honor, and so became the Faubourg Ste. Marie.

Capitalists had smiled upon the adventure. Julian Poydras, Claude Girod, Julia, a free woman of color, and others had given names to its cross-streets by buying corner-lots on its river-front. Along this front, under the breezy levee, ran the sunny and dusty Tchoupitoulas road, entering the town's southern river-side gate, where a sentry-box and Spanish corporal's guard drowsed in the scant shadow of Fort St. Louis. Outside the levee the deep Mississippi glided, turbid, silent, often overbrimming, with many a swirl and upward heave of its boiling depths, and, turning, sent a long smooth eddy back along this "making bank," while its main current hurried onward, townward, *northward*, as if it would double on invisible pursuers before it swept to the east and south-east from the Place d'Armes and disappeared behind the low groves of Slaughterhouse Point.

In the opening years of the century only an occasional villa and an isolated roadside shop or two had arisen along the front of Faubourg Ste. Marie and in the first street behind. Calle del Almazen, the Spanish notary wrote this street's name, for its lower (northern) end looked across the Terre Commune upon the large Almazen or store-house of Kentucky tobacco which Don Estevan Mirò thought it



ENTRANCE TO A COTTON-YARD.

wise to keep filled with purchases from the perfidious Wilkinson. Rue du Magasin, the Creoles translated it, and the Americans made it Magazine street; but it was still only a straight road. Truck-gardens covered the fertile arpents between and beyond. Here and there was a grove of wide-spreading live-oaks, here and there a clump of persimmon trees, here and there an orchard of figs, here and there an avenue of bitter oranges or of towering pecans. The present site of the "St. Charles" was a cabbage-garden. Midway between Poydras and Girod streets, behind Magazine, lay a *campo de negroes*, a slave camp, probably of cargoes of Guinea slaves. The street that cut through it became Calle del Campo—Camp street.

Far back in the rear of these lands, on the old Poydras draining canal, long since filled up and built upon,—in a lonely, dreary waste of weeds and bushes dotted thick with cypress stumps and dwarf palmetto, full of rankling ponds choked with bulrushes, flags, and pickerel-weed, fringed by willows and reeds, and haunted by frogs, snakes, crawfish, rats, and mosquitoes, on the edge of the tangled swamp forest,—stood the dilapidated home of "Doctor" Gravier. It stood on high pillars. Its windows and doors were high and wide, its verandas were broad, its roof was steep, its chimneys were tall, and its occupant was a childless, wifeless, companionless old man, whose kindness and medical attention to negroes had won him his professional title. He claims mention as a type of that strange group of men which at this early period figured here as the shrewd acquirers of wide suburban tracts, leaders of lonely lives, and leavers of great fortunes.

John McDonough, who at this time was a young man, a thrifty trader in Guinea negroes, and a suitor for the hand of Don Andreas Almonaster's fair daughter, the late Baroness Pontalba, became in after days a like solitary type of the same class. Jean Gravier's house long survived him, a rendezvous for desperate characters, and, if rumor is correct, the scene of many a terrible murder.

In the favoring eddy under the river-bank in front of Faubourg Ste. Marie landed the flat-boat fleets from the Ohio, the Tennessee,

and the Cumberland. Buyers crowded here for cheap and fresh provisions. The huge, huddled arks became a floating market-place, with the kersey and woolsey and jeans clad bargemen there, and the Creole and his sometimes brightly clad and sometimes picturesquely ragged slave here, and the produce of the West changing hands between. But there was more than this. Warehouses began to appear on the edge of Tchoupitoulas road, and barrels of pork and flour and meal to run bickering down into their open doors from the levee's top. Any eye could see that, only let war cease, there would be a wonderful change in the half-drained, sun-baked marshes and kitchen-gardens of Faubourg St. Marie.

IN A COTTON YARD.

Presently the change came. It outran the official news of peace. "Our harbor," wrote Claiborne, the governor, in March, 1815, "is again whitening with canvas; the levee is crowded with cotton, tobacco, and other articles for exportation."

A full sunrise of prosperity shone upon New Orleans. The whole great valley above began to fill up with wonderful speed and to pour down into her lap the fruits of its agriculture. Thirty-three thousand people were astir in her homes and streets. They overran the old bounds. They pulled up the old palisade. They shoveled the earth-works into the moat and pushed their streets out into the fields and thickets. In the old narrow ways—and the wider new ones alike—halls, churches, schools, stores, warehouses, banks, hotels, and theaters sprang up by day and night.

Faubourg Ste. Marie outstripped all other quarters. The unconservative American was everywhere, but in Faubourg Ste. Marie he was supreme. The Western trade crowded down like a breaking up of ice. In 1817, 1500 flat-boats and 500 barges tied up to the willows of the levee before the new faubourg. Inflation set in. Exports ran up to thirteen million dollars' worth.

In 1819 came the collapse, but development overrode it. Large areas of the *batture* were reclaimed in front of the faubourg, and the Americans covered them with store buildings. In 1812, the first steam vessel had come down the Mississippi; in 1816, for the first time, one overcame and re-ascended its current; in 1821, 441 flat-boats and 174 barges came to port, and there were 287 arrivals of steam-boats.

The kitchen-gardens vanished. Gravier street, between Tchoupitoulas and Magazine, was paved with cobble-stones. The Creoles laughed outright. "A stone pavement in New Orleans soil? It would sink out of sight!" But it bore not only their ridicule, but an uproar and gorge of wagons and drays. There was an avalanche of trade. It crammed the whole harbor-front—old town and new—with river and ocean fleets. It choked

the streets. The cry was for room and facilities. The Creoles heeded it. Up came their wooden sidewalks and curbs, brick and stone went down in their place, and by 1822 gangs of street paviors were seen and heard here, there, and yonder, swinging the pick and ramming the roundstone. There were then 41,000 people in the town and its suburbs.

The old population held its breath. It clung bravely to the failing trades of the West Indies, France, and Spain. Coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, and foreign fruits and wines were still handled in the Rues Toulouse, Conti, St. Louis, Chartres, St. Peter, and Royale; but the lion's share — the cotton, the tobacco, pork, beef, corn, flour, and northern and British fabrics — poured into and out of Faubourg Ste. Marie through the hands of the swarming Americans.

"New Orleans is going to be a mighty city," said they in effect, "and we are going to be New Orleans." But the Creole was still powerful, and jealous of everything that hinted of American absorption. He had, in 1816, elected one of his own race, General Villeré, to succeed Claiborne in the governor's chair, and to guard the rights that headlong Americans might forget. "Indeed," this governor wrote in a special message on the "scandalous practices almost every instant taking place in New Orleans and its suburbs"—"Indeed, we should be cautious in receiving all foreigners." That caution was, however, of little avail.

II.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE.

WHAT a change! The same Governor Villeré could not but say, "The Louisianian who retraces the condition of his country under the government of kings can never cease to bless the day when the great American confederation received him into its bosom." It was easy for Louisianians to be Americans; but to let Americans be Louisianians! — there was the rub. Yet it had to be. In ten years, the simple export and import trade of the port had increased fourfold; and in the face of inundations and pestilences, discord of sentiment and tongues, and the saddest of public morals and disorder, the population had nearly doubled.

Nothing could stop the inflow of people and wealth. In the next ten years, 1820–30, trade increased to one-and-three-quarters its already astonishing volume. The inhabitants were nearly 50,000, and the strangers from all parts of America and the commercial world were a small army. Sometimes there would be five or six thousand up-river bargemen in town at once, wild, restless, and unemployed. On the levee especially this new tremendous life and energy heaved and palpitated. Between 1831 and 1835, the mere foreign exports and imports ran up from twenty-six to nearly fifty-four million dollars. There were no wharves built out into the harbor yet, and all the vast mass of produce and goods lay out under the open sky on the long, wide, unbroken level of the curving harbor-front, where Ohio bargemen, Germans, Mississippi raftsmen, Irishmen, French, English, Creoles, Yankees, and negro and mulatto slaves surged and jostled and filled the air with shouts and imprecations.

Vice put on the same activity that commerce showed. The Creole had never been a strong moral force. The American came in as to gold diggings or diamond fields, to grab and run. The transatlantic immigrant of those days was the offscouring of Europe. The West Indian was a leader in licentiousness, gambling, and dueling. The number of billiard-rooms, gaming-houses, and lottery-offices was immense. In the old town they seemed to be every second house. There was the French Evangelical Church Lottery, the Baton Rouge Church Lottery, the Natchitoches Catholic Church Lottery, and a host of others less piously inclined. The cafés of the central town were full of filibusters. In 1819, "General" Long sailed hence against Galveston. In 1822, a hundred and fifty men left New Orleans in the sloop-of-war *Eureka*, and assisted in the taking of Porto Cabello, Venezuela, etc., etc. The paving movement had been only a flurry or two, and even in the heart of the town, where carriages sometimes sank to their axles in mud, highway robbery and murder lay always in wait for the incautious night wayfarer who ventured out alone. The police was a mounted *gendarmerie*. If the Legislature committed a tenth of the wickedness it was charged with, it was sadly corrupt. The worst day of all the week was Sunday. The stores and shops were open, but toil slackened and license gained headway. Gambling-rooms and ball-rooms were full, weapons were often out, the masques of the Salle de Condé were thronged with men of high standing, and crowds of barge and raftsmen, as well as Creoles and St. Domingans, gathered at those open-air African dances, carousals, and debaucheries in the rear of the town that have left their monument in the name of "Congo" Square.

Yet still prosperity smiled and commerce roared along the streets of the town and her faubourgs — Ste. Marie on her right, Marigny on her left — with ever-rising volume and value, and in spite of fearful drawbacks. The climate was deadly to Americans, and more deadly to the squalid immigrant. Social life, unattractive at best, received the Creole and shut the door. The town was without beauty,

and the landscape almost without a dry foothold. Schools were scarce and poor, churches few and ill attended, and domestic service squalid, inefficient, and corrupt. Between 1810 and 1837 there were fifteen epidemics of yellow fever. Small-pox was frequent. In 1832, while yellow fever was still epidemic, cholera entered and carried off one person in every six; many of the dead were buried where they died, and many were thrown into the river. Moreover, to get to the town or to leave it was a journey famed for its dangers. On one steam-boat, three hundred lives were lost; on another, one hundred and thirty; on another, the same number; on another, one hundred and twenty. The cost of running a steamer was six times as great as on the northern lakes.

Without these drawbacks what would New Orleans have been? For, with them all, and with others which we pass by, her population between 1830 and 1840 once more doubled its numbers. She was the fourth city of the United States in the number of her people. Cincinnati, which in the previous decade had outgrown her, was surpassed and distanced. Only New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore were larger. Boston was nearly as large; but besides these there was no other city in the Union of half her numbers. Faubourg Ste. Marie had swallowed up the suburbs above her until it comprised the whole expanse of the old Jesuits' plantations to the line of Felicity road. The old Marquis Marigny de Mandeville, whose plantation lay on the lower edge of the town just across the Esplanade, had turned it into lots and streets, and the town had run over upon it and covered it with small residences, and here and there a villa. The city boundaries had been extended to take in both these faubourgs; and the three "municipalities," as they were called, together numbered one hundred and two thousand inhabitants.

The ends of the harbor-front were losing sight of each other. In the seasons of high water the tall, broad, frail-looking steamers that crowded in together, "bow on," at the busy levee, hidden to their hurricane roofs in cargoes of cotton bales, looked down upon not merely a quiet little Spanish-American town of narrow streets, low, heavy, rugged roofs, and Latin richness and variety of color peeping out of a mass of overshadowing greenery. Fort St. Charles, the last fraction of the old fortifications, was gone, and the lofty chimney of a United States mint smoked in its place. The new Bourse, later known as St. Louis Hotel, and yet later as the famed State-house of Reconstruction days, just raised its low, black dome into view above the intervening piles of brick. A huge prison lifted its frowning walls and quaint Spanish twin belfries gloomily over Congo Square. At the white stuccoed Merchants' Exchange, just inside the old boundary on the Canal street side, a stream of men poured in and out, for there was the post-office. Down in the lower arm of the river's bend shone the Third Municipality, —that had been Faubourg Marigny. On its front, behind a net-work of shipping, stood the Levee Cotton Press, which had cost half a million dollars. Here on the south, sweeping far around and beyond the view almost to the "Bull's Head Coffee-house," was the Second Municipality, once Faubourg Ste. Marie, with its lines and lines of warehouses, its Orleans Press, that must needs cost a quarter million more than the other, and many a lesser one. The town was full of banks: the Commercial, the Atchafalaya, the Orleans, the Canal, the City, etc. Banks's Arcade was there, a glass-roofed mercantile court in the midst of a large hotel in Magazine street, now long known as the St. James. Hotels were numerous. In Camp and St. Charles streets stood two theaters where the world's stars deigned to present themselves, and the practical jokers of the upper galleries concocted sham fights and threw straw men over into the pit below, with cries of murder. Here and there a church—the First Presbyterian, the Carondelet Methodist —raised an admonitory finger. The site of old Jean Gravier's house was hidden behind Poydras Market; the uncanny iron frames of the Gas Works rose beyond. The reservoir of the water-works lay in here to the left near the river, whose muddy water it used. Back yonder in the street named for Julia, the f. w. c.,* a little bunch of schooner masts and pennons showed where the Canal Bank had dug a "New Basin" and brought the waters of Lake Pontchartrain up into this part of the city also.

It was the period when the American idea of architecture had passed from its untrained innocence to a sophomoric affectation of Greek forms. Banks, hotels, churches, theaters, mansions, cottages, all were Ionic or Corinthian, and the whole American quarter was a gleaming white. The commercial shadow of this quarter fell darkly upon the First Municipality, the old town. A quiet crept into the Rue Toulouse. The fashionable shops on the Rue Royale slipped away and spread out in Canal street. The vault of the St. Louis dome still echoed the voice of the double-tongued French-English auctioneer of town lots and slaves; but in the cabbage-garden of "old Mr. Percy," in the heart of Faubourg Ste. Marie, a resplendent rival, the palatial S.

* Free woman of color.

Charles, lifted its dazzling cupola high above all surroundings and overpeered old town and new, river, plain, and receding forest. Its rotunda was the unofficial guildhall of all the city's most active elements. Here met the capitalist, the real estate operator, the merchant, the soldier, the tourist, the politician, the filibuster, the convivialist, the steam-boat captain, the horse-fancier; and ever conspicuous among the throng—which had a trick of separating suddenly and dodging behind the pillars of the rotunda at the sound of high words—was a man, a type, an index of great wealth to New Orleans, who in this spot was never a stranger and was never quite at home.

III.

FLUSH TIMES.

THE brow and cheek of this man were darkened by outdoor exposure, but they were not weather-beaten. His shapely, bronzed hand was no harder or rougher than was due to the use of the bridle-rein and the gunstock. His eye was the eye of a steed; his neck—the same. His hair was a little luxuriant. His speech was positive, his manner was military, his sentiments were antique, his clothing was of broadcloth, his boots were neat, and his hat was soft, broad, and slouched a little to show its fineness. Such in his best aspect was the Mississippi River planter. When sugar was his crop and Creole French his native tongue, his polish would sometimes be finer still, with a finish got in Paris, and his hotel would be the St. Louis.

He was growing to be a great power. The enormous agricultural resources of Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Tennessee were his. The money-lender gyrated around him with sweet smiles and open purse. He was mortgaged to the eyes, and still commanded a credit that courted and importuned him. He caused an immense increase of trade. His extravagant wants and the needs of his armies of slaves kept the city drained of its capital almost or quite the whole year round. Borrower and lender vied with each other in recklessness. Much the larger portion of all the varied products of the West received in New Orleans was reshipped, not to sea, but to the plantations of the interior, often returning along the same route half the distance they had originally come. Millions of capital that would have yielded slower but immensely better final results in other channels went into the planters' paper, based on the value of slaves and of lands whose value depended on slave labor,—a species of wealth unexchangeable in the great world of commerce, fictitious as paper money, and even more illusory. But, like the paper money that was then inundating the country, this system produced an immense volume of business; and this, in turn, called into the city to fill the streets and landings and the thousands of humble dwellings that sprang up throughout the old Faubourg Marigny and spread out on the right flank of Faubourg Ste. Marie, the Irish and German emigrant, by tens of thousands.

It was in the midst of these conditions that mad speculations in Western lands and the downfall of the United States Bank rolled the great financial crisis of 1837 across the continent. Where large results had intoxicated enterprise, banks without number and often without foundation strewed their notes among the infatuated people. But in New Orleans enterprise had forgotten everything but the factorage of the staple crops. The banks were not so many, but they followed the fashion in having make-believe capital and in their crumbling to ashes at a touch. Sixty millions capital, four of deposits, twelve hundred thousand specie, eighteen hundred thousand real estate, and seventy-two millions receivables, mostly protested,—such was their record when they suspended.

"A whirlwind of ruin," said one of the newspapers, "prostrated the greater portion of the city." Everybody's hands were full of "shin-plasters." There was no other currency. Banks and banking were execrated, and their true office so ill understood that a law passed preventing the establishment of any such institution in the State. A few old banks that weathered the long financial stress accepted, with silent modesty, the monopoly thus thrown into their hands, and in 1843, having abandoned the weaker concerns to shipwreck, resumed specie payment. The city's foreign commerce had dropped to thirty-four and three-quarters million dollars, a loss of nineteen millions; but, for the first time in her history, she sent to sea a million bales of cotton.

The crisis had set only a momentary check upon agriculture. The financiers of New Orleans came out of it more than ever infatuated with the plantation idea. It had become the ruling principle in the social organism of the South, the one tremendous drawback to the best development of country and city; and now the whole lower Mississippi valley threw all its energies and all its fortune into this seductive mistake.

And still the city grew; grew as the delta sands on which it stands had grown, by the compulsory tribute of the Mississippi. The great staples of the valley poured down ever more and more. In 1842, the value of these receipts was $45,700,000; in 1844, it was $60,000,000; in 1846, it was over $77,000,-

000; in 1847, it was $90,000,000; in 1850, it was close to $97,000,000. The city lengthened; it broadened; it lifted its head higher. The trowel rang everywhere on home-made brick and imported granite, and houses rose by hundreds. The Irish and Germans thronged down from the decks of emigrant ships at the rate of thirty thousand a year. They even partly crowded out slave service. In 1850, there were 5330 slaves less in the city than in 1840. The free mulatto also gave way. Unenterprising, despised, persecuted, this caste, once so scant in numbers, had grown, in 1840, to be nearly as numerous as the whites. The "abolition" question brought them double hatred and suspicion; and restrictive, unjust, and intolerant State legislation reduced their numbers—it must have been by exodus—from 19,000 to less than 10,000 souls. Allowing for natural increase, eleven or twelve thousand must have left the city. The proportion of whites rose from fifty-eight to seventy-eight per cent., and the whole population of New Orleans and its environs was 133,650.

Another city had sprung up on the city's upper boundary. In 1833, three suburbs, Lafayette, Livaudais, and Réligeuses, the last occupying an old plantation of the Ursuline nuns, combined into a town. About 1840, the wealthy Americans began to move up here into "large, commodious, one-story houses, full of windows on all sides, and surrounded by broad and shady gardens." Here, but nearer the river, Germans and Irish—especially the former—filed in continually, and by 1850 the town of Lafayette contained over fourteen thousand residents, nearly all white.

It was a red-letter year. The first street pavement of square granite blocks was laid. Wharf building set in strongly. The wires of the electro-magnetic telegraph drew the city into closer connection with civilization. The mind of the financier was aroused, and he turned his eye toward railroads. The "Tehuantepec route" received its first decided impulse. Mexican grants were bought; surveys were procured; much effort was made—and lost. The Mexican Government was too unstable and too fickle to be bargained with. But in 1851, meantime, two great improvements were actually set on foot; to wit, the two railways that now unite the city with the great central system of the Union in the Mississippi-Ohio valley, and with the vast Southwest, Mexico, and California. These two works moved slowly, but by 1855 and 1857 the railway trains were skimming out across the flowery *prairies tremblantes* eighty miles westward toward Texas, and the same distance northward toward the center of the continent. In 1852, Lafayette and the municipalities were consolidated into one city government. Sixteen years of subdivision under separate municipal councils, and similar expensive and obstructive nonsense, had taught Creole, American, and immigrant the value of unity and of the American principles of growth better than unity could have done it. Algiers, a suburb of machine shops and nautical repair yards, began to grow conspicuous on the farther side of the river.

The consolidation was a great step. The American quarter became the center and core of the whole city. Its new and excessively classic marble municipality hall became the city hall. Its public grounds became the chosen rendezvous of all popular assemblies. All the great trades sought domicile in its streets; and the St. Charles, at whose memorable burning in 1850 the people wept, being restored in 1852–53, made final eclipse of the old St. Louis.

A small steel-engraved picture of New Orleans, made just before this period, is obviously the inspiration of the commercial and self-important American. The ancient plaza, the cathedral, the old hall of the cabildo, the calaboza, the old Spanish barracks, the emptied convent of the Ursulines, the antiquated and decayed Rue Toulouse, the still quietly busy Chartres and Old Levee streets—all that was time honored and venerable are pushed out of view, and the lately humble Faubourg Ste. Marie fills the picture almost from side to side. Long ranks of huge, lofty-chimneyed Mississippi steamers smoke at the levee; and high above the deep and solid phalanxes of brick and stone rise the majestic dome of the first St. Charles and the stately tower of St. Patrick's Church, queen and bishop of the board.

But the ancient landmarks trembled to a worse fate than being left out of a picture. Renovation came in. In 1850, the cathedral was torn down to its foundations, and began to rise again with all of its Spanish picturesqueness lost and little or nothing gained in beauty. On its right and left absurd French roofs were clapped upon the cabildo and the court-house. The Baroness Pontalba replaced the quaint old tile-roofed store buildings that her father had built on either side of the square with large, new rows of red brick. The city laid out the Place d'Armes, once her grassy play-ground, in blinding white-shell walks, trimmed shrubbery, and dusty flower-beds, and later, in 1855, placed in its center the bronze equestrian figure of the deliverer of New Orleans, and called the classic spot Jackson Square. Yet, even so, it remains to the present the last lurking-place of the romance of primitive New Orleans.

It was not a time to look for very good taste All thoughts were led away by th golden charms of commerce. In 1851, the value of receipts from the interior was nearly $107,000,000. The mint coined $10,000,000, mostly the product of California's new-found treasure-fields. The year 1853 brought still greater increase. Of cotton alone, there came sixty-eight and a quarter million dollars' worth. The sugar crop was tens of thousands of hogsheads larger than ever before. Over a tenth of all the arrivals from sea were of steam-ships. There was another inflation. Leaving out the immense unascertained amounts of shipments *into* the interior, the city's business, in 1856, rose to two hundred and seventy-one and a quarter millions. In 1857 it was three hundred and two millions. In this year came a crash, which the whole country felt. New Orleans felt it rather less than other cities, and quickly recovered.

We pause at 1860. In that year New Orleans rose to the proudest commercial exaltation she has ever enjoyed, and at its close began that sudden and swift descent which is not the least pathetic episode of our unfortunate civil war. In that year, the city that one hundred and forty years before had consisted of one hundred bark and palmetto-thatched huts in a noisome swamp counted, as the fraction of its commerce comprised in its exports, imports, and domestic receipts, the value of three hundred and twenty-four million dollars.

IV.

WHY NOT BIGGER THAN LONDON.

THE great Creole city's geographical position has always dazzled every eye except the cold, coy scrutiny of capital. "The position of New Orleans," said President Jefferson in 1804, "certainly destines it to be the greatest city the world has ever seen." He excepted neither Rome nor Babylon. But man's most positive predictions are based upon contingencies; one unseen victory over nature bowls them down; the seeming certainties of to-morrow are changed to the opposite certainties of to-day; deserts become gardens, gardens cities, and older cities the haunts of bats and foxes.

When the early Kentuckian and Ohioan accepted nature's highway to market, and proposed the conquest of New Orleans in order to lay that highway open, they honestly believed there was no other possible outlet to the commercial world. When steam navigation came, they hailed it with joy and without question. To them it seemed an ultimate result. To the real-estate hoarding Creole, to the American merchant who was crowding and chafing him, to every superficial eye at least, it seemed a pledge of unlimited commercial empire bestowed by the laws of gravitation. Few saw in it the stepping-stone from the old system of commerce by natural highways to a new system by direct and artificial lines.

It is hard to understand, looking back from the present, how so extravagant a mistake could have been made by wise minds. From the first — or perhaps, we should say, from the peace of 1815 — the development of the West declined to wait on New Orleans, or even on steam. In 1825, the new principle of commercial transportation — that despises alike the aid and the interference of nature — opened, at Buffalo, the western end of the Erie Canal, the gate-way of a new freight route to northern Atlantic tide-waters, many hundreds of leagues more direct than the long journey down the Mississippi to New Orleans and around the dangerous capes of Florida. In the same year another canal was begun, and in 1832 it connected the Ohio with Lake Erie; so that, in 1835, the State of Ohio alone sent through Buffalo to Atlantic ports 86,000 barrels of flour, 98,000 bushels of wheat, and 2,500,000 staves.

Another outlet was found, better than all transits — manufactures. Steam, driving all manner of machinery, built towns and cities. Cincinnati had, in 1820, 32,000 inhabitants; in 1830, 52,000. Pittsburg became, "in the extent of its manufactures, the only rival of Cincinnati in the West." St. Louis, still in embryo, rose from 10,000 to 14,000. Buffalo, a town of 2100, quadrupled its numbers.

Meanwhile far down in New Orleans the Creole, grimly, and the American, more boastfully, rejoiced in a blaze of prosperity that blinded both. How should they, in a rain of wealth, take note that, to keep pace with the wonderful development in the great valley above, their increase should have been three times as great as it was, and that the sun of illimitable empire, which had promised to shine brightest upon them, was shedding brighter promises and kinder rays eastward, and even northward, *across* nature's highways and barriers. Even steam navigation began, on the great lakes, to demonstrate that the golden tolls of the Mississippi were not all to be collected at one or even two gates.

How might this have been stopped? By no means. The moment East and West saw that straighter courses toward commercial Europe could be taken than wild nature offered, the direct became the natural route, and the circuitous the unnatural. East-and-west trade lines meant, sooner or later, the commercial subordination of New Orleans, until such time as the growth of countries be-

hind her in the South-west should bring her also upon an east-and-west line. Meantime the new system could be delayed by improving the old, many of whose drawbacks were removable. That which could not be stopped could yet be postponed.

But there was one drawback which riveted all the rest. Through slave-holding, and the easy fortune-getting it afforded, an intellectual indolence spread everywhere, and the merchant of Faubourg Ste. Marie, American—often New Englander—as he was, sank under the seductions of a livelihood so simple, so purely executive, and so rich in perquisites, as the marketing of raw crops. From this mental inertia sprang an invincible provincialism; the Creole, whose society he was always courting, intensified it. Better civilizations were too far away to disturb it. A "peculiar institution" doubled that remoteness, and an enervating, luxurious climate folded it again upon itself. It colored his financial convictions and all his conduct of public affairs. He confronted obstacles with serene apathy; boasted of his city's natural advantages, forgetting that it was man, not nature, that he had to contend with; surrendered ground which he might have held for generations; and smilingly ignored the fact that, with all her increase of wealth and population, his town was slipping back along the comparative scale of American cities. "Was she not the greatest in exports after New York?"

The same influence that made the Creole always and only a sugar, tobacco, or cotton factor, waived away the classes which might have brought in manufactures with them. Its shadow fell as a blight upon intelligent, trained labor. Immigrants from the British isles and from Europe poured in; but these adepts in mechanical and productive arts that so rapidly augmented the commonwealth staid away; there was nothing in surrounding nature or society to evolve the operative from the hod-carrier and drayman, and the prospecting manufacturer and his capital turned aside to newer towns where labor was uncontemned, and skill and technical knowledge sprang forward at the call of enlightened enterprise.

Men never guessed the whole money value of time until the great inventions for the facilitation of commerce began to appear. "Adopt us," these seemed to say as they came forward in procession, "or you cannot become or even remain great." But, even so, only those cities lying somewhere on right lines between the great centers of supply and demand could seize and hold them. It was the fate, not the fault, of New Orleans not to be one such. St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, were more fortunate; while Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago, were born of these new conditions. The locomotive engine smote the commercial domain of New Orleans in half, and divided the best part of her trade beyond the mouth of the Ohio among her rivals. In that decade of development—1830–40—when the plantation idea was enriching her with one hand and robbing her of double with the other, the West was filling with town life, and railroads and canals were starting eagerly eastward and westward, bearing immense burdens of freight and travel and changing the scale of miles to that of hours. Boston and New York had preëmpted the future with their daring outlays, and clasped hands tighter with the States along the Ohio by lines of direct transit. Pennsylvania joined Philadelphia with the same river, and spent more money in railroads and canals than any other State in the Union. Baltimore reached out her Chesapeake and Ohio canal and railway. Ohio and Indiana spent millions. But the census of 1840 proclaimed New Orleans the fourth city of the Union, and her merchants openly professed the belief that they were to become the metropolis of America without exertion.

Rapid transit only amused them, while raw crops and milled breadstuffs still sought the cheapest rates of freight. They looked at the tabulated figures; they were still shipping their share of the Valley's vastly increased field products. It was not true, they said, with sudden resentment, that they "sold the skin for a groat and bought the tail for a shilling." But they did not look far enough. Improved transportation, denser settlement, labor-saving machinery, had immensely increased the West's producing power. New Orleans should have received and exported an even greater proportion—not merely quantity—of those products of the field. Partly not heeding, and partly unable to help it, she abandoned this magnificent surplus to the growing cities of the West and East. Still more did she fail to notice that the manufactures of the Mississippi and Ohio States had risen from fifty to one hundred and sixty-four millions. She only began to notice these facts as another decade was closing with 1850, when her small import trade had shrunken to less than a third that of Boston and a tenth that of New York.

Her people then began to call out in alarm. Now admitting, now denying, they marked, with a loser's impatience, the progress of other cities at what seemed to be their expense. Boston had surpassed them in numbers; Brooklyn was four-fifths their size; St. Louis, seven-eighths; Cincinnati was but a twenty-fifth behind; Louisville, Chicago, Buf-

falo, Pittsburg, were coming on with populations of from forty to fifty thousand. Where were the days when New Orleans was the commercial empress of her great valley and heir-apparent to the sovereignty of the world's trade? New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Liverpool—could they ever be overtaken? American merchant and Creole property-holder cried to each other to throw off their lethargy and place New Orleans where Nature had destined her to sit.

The air was full of diagnoses: There had been too exclusive an attention to the moving of crops; there had been too much false pride against mercantile pursuits; sanitation had been neglected; there had not been even a quarantine since 1825; public improvements had been few and trivial; a social exclusiveness made the town unhomelike and repellant to the higher order of immigrant; the port charges were suicidal. One pen even brought out the underlying fact of slave labor, and contrasted its voiceless acceptation of antiquated methods of work with the reflecting, outspeaking, acting liberty of the Northern workman which filled the Northern communities with practical thinkers. The absurd municipality system of city government, which split the city into four towns, was rightly blamed for much non-progression.

Much, too, was the more unjust blame laid at the door of financiers and capitalists. Railways? But who could swing a railway from New Orleans, in any direction, that would not better stretch it from some point near the center of Western supply to some other center in the manufacturing and consuming East? Slave labor had handed over the rich prize of European and New England immigration to the unmonopolized West, and the purely fortune-hunting canal-boat and locomotive pushed aside the slave and his owner and followed the free immigrant. And, in truth, it was years later, when the outstretched iron arms of Northern enterprise began to grasp the products of the South-west itself, that New Orleans capitalists, with more misgiving than enthusiasm, thrust out their first railway worthy of the name through the great plantation State of Mississippi.

Some lamented a lack of banking capital. But bankers knew that New York's was comparatively smaller. Some cried against summer absenteeism; but absenteeism was equally bad in the cities that had thriven most. Some pointed to the large proportion of foreigners; but the first census that gave this proportion showed it but forty-four and a half per cent. of the whites in New Orleans, against forty-two in Cincinnati, forty-eight in New York, and fifty-two in St. Louis. The truth lay deeper hid. In those cities American thought prevailed, and the incoming foreigner accepted it. In New Orleans American thought was foreign, unwelcome, disparaged by the unaspiring, satirical Creole, and often apologized for by the American, who found himself a minority in a combination of social forces oftener in sympathy with European ideas than with the moral energies and the enthusiastic and venturesome enterprise of the New World. Moreover, twenty-eight thousand slaves and free blacks hampered progress by sheer dead weight.

Was it true that the import trade needed only to be cultivated? Who should support it besides the planter? And the planter, all powerful as he was, was numerically a small minority, and his favorite investments were land and negroes. The wants of his slaves were only the most primitive, and their stupid and slovenly eye-service made the introduction of labor-saving machinery a farce. Who or what should make an import trade? Not the Southern valley. Not the West, either; for her imports, she must have straight lines and prompt deliveries.

Could manufactures be developed? Not easily, at least. The same fatal shadow fell upon them. The unintelligent, uneconomical black slave was unavailable for its service; and to graft upon the slave-burdened South the high-spirited operatives of other countries was impossible.

What did all this sum up? Stripped of disguises, it stood a triumph of machinery over slavery that could not be retrieved, save possibly through a social revolution so great and apparently so ruinous that the mention of it kindled a white heat of public exasperation.

All this was emphasized by the Creole. He retained much power still, as well by his natural force as by his ownership of real estate and his easy coalition with foreigners of like ideas. He cared little to understand. It was his pride not to be understood. He divided and paralyzed public sentiment when he could no longer rule it, and often met the most imperative calls for innovation with the most unbending conservatism. For every movement was change, and every change carried him nearer and nearer toward the current of American ideas and to absorption into their flood, which bore too much the semblance of annihilation. Hold back as he might, the transformation was appallingly swift. And now a new influence had set in, which more than all others was destined to promote, ever more and more, the unity of all the diverse elements of New Orleans society, and their equipment for the

task of placing their town in a leading rank among the greatest cities of the world.

V.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

THE year 1841 dates the rise in New Orleans of the modern system of free public schools. It really began in the German-American suburb, Lafayette; but the next year a single school was opened in the Second Municipality "with some dozen scholars of both sexes."

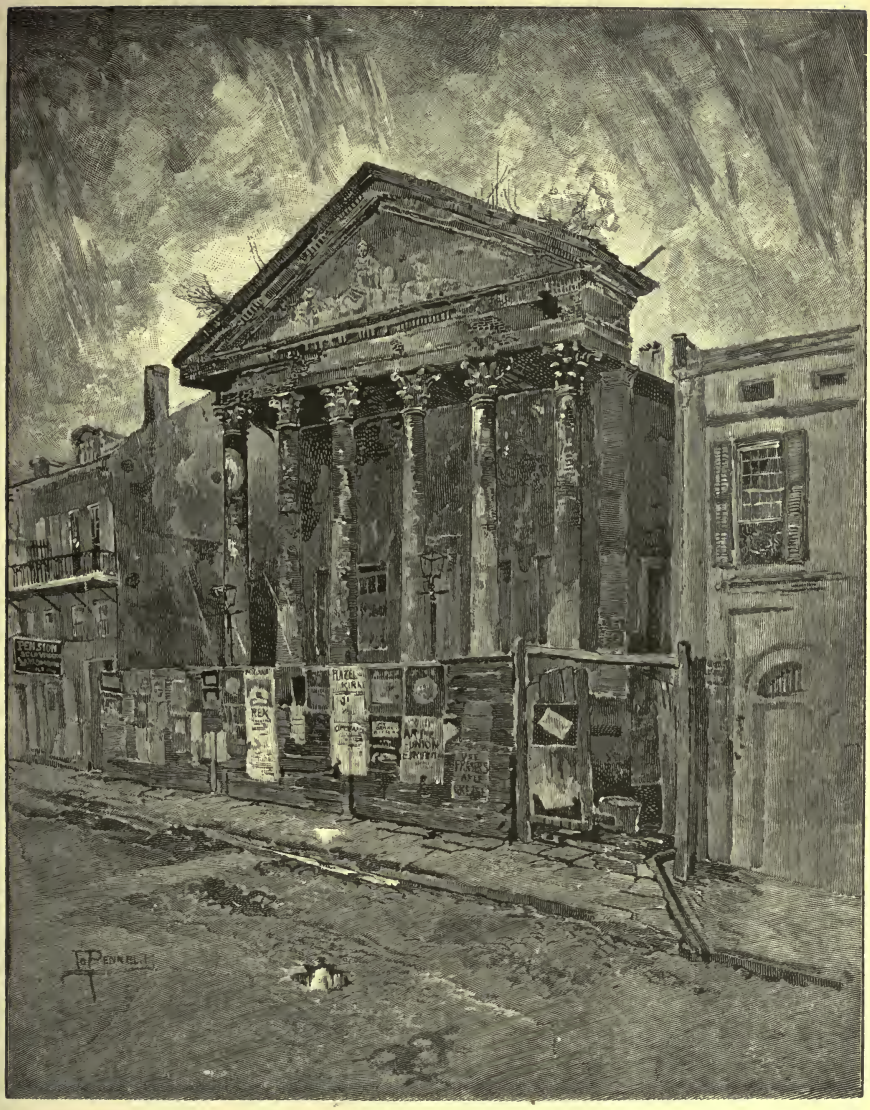
All the way back to the Cession, efforts, more or less feeble, had been made for public education; but all of them lacked that idea of popular and universal benefit which has made the American public school a welcome boon throughout America, not excepting Louisiana. In 1804, an act had passed "to establish a university in the territory of Orleans." The university was to comprise the "college of New Orleans." But seven years later nothing had been done. In 1812, however, there rose on the old Bayou road, a hundred yards or so beyond the former line of the town's rear ramparts, at the corner of St. Claude street, such a modest Orleans college as $15,000 would build and equip. But it was not free, except to fifty charity scholars. The idea was still that of condescending benevolence, not of a paying investment by society for its own protection and elevation. Ten years later this was the only school in the city of a public character. In 1826, there were three small schools where "all the branches of a polite education" were taught. Two of these were in the old Ursuline Convent. A fourth finds mention in 1838, but the college seems to have disappeared.

Still the mass of educable youth,—the children who played "oats, peas, beans," with French and German and Irish accents, about the countless sidewalk doorsteps of a city of one and two story cottages (it was almost such); the girls who carried their little brothers and sisters on one elbow and hip and stared in at weddings and funerals; the boys whose kite-flying and games were full of terms and outcries in mongrel French, and who abandoned everything at the wild clangor of bells and ran to fires where the volunteer firemen dropped the hose and wounded and killed each other in pitched battles; the ill-kept lads who risked their lives daily five months of the year swimming in the yellow whirlpools of the Mississippi among the wharves and flat-boats, who, naked and dripping, dodged the dignified police that stalked them among the cotton bales, who robbed mocking-birds' nests and orange and fig-trees, and trapped nonpareils and cardinals, orchard-orioles and indigo-birds, in the gardens of Lafayette and the suburban fields,—these had not been reached, had not been sought by the educator. The public recognition of a common vital interest in a common elevation was totally lacking.

At length this feeling was aroused. Men of public spirit spoke and acted; and such pioneers as Peters, Burke, Touro, Martin, De Bow, and the Creoles Dimitry, Forstall, Gayarre, and others are gratefully remembered by a later generation for their labors in the cause of education. In the beginning of 1842 there were in the American quarter 300 children in private schools and 2000 in none. At its close, the public schools of this quarter and Lafayette had over 1000 pupils. In the next year, there were over 1300; in 1844, there were 1800. In 1845, the University of Louisiana was really established. The medical department had already an existence; this branch and that of law were in full operation in 1847, and Creole and American sat side by side before their lecturers.

Meanwhile the impulse for popular enlightenment took another good direction. In 1842, Mr. B. F. French threw open a library to the public, which in four years numbered 7500 volumes. The State Library was formed, with 3000 volumes, for the use, mainly, of the Legislature. The City Library, also 3000 volumes, was formed. In 1848 it numbered 7500 volumes; but it was intended principally for the schools, and was not entirely free. An association threw open a collection of 2000 volumes. An historical society was revived. In 1846 and 1847 public lectures were given and heartily supported; but, in 1848, a third series was cut short by a terrible epidemic of cholera. About the same time, the "Fisk" Library of 6000 volumes, with "a building for their reception," was offered to the city. But enthusiasm had declined. The gift was neglected, and as late as 1854, the city was still without a single entirely free library.

In 1850 there was but one school, Sunday-school, or public library in Louisiana to each 73,966 persons, or 100 volumes to each 2310 persons. In Rhode Island, there were eleven and a half times as many books to each person. In Massachusetts, there were 100 volumes to every 188 persons. In the pioneer State of Michigan, without any large city, there was a volume to every fourth person. True, in Louisiana there were 100 volumes to every 1218 *free* persons, but this only throws us back upon the fact that 245,000 persons

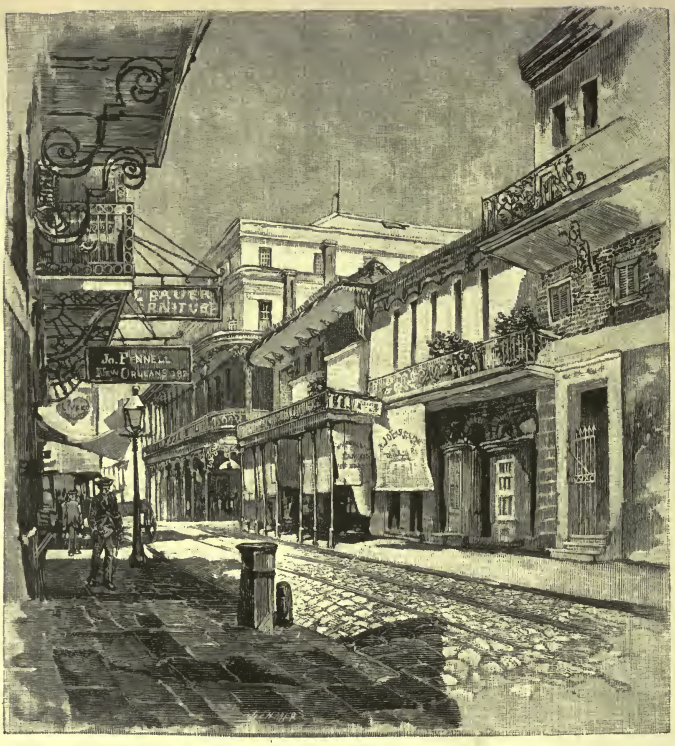


THE OLD BANK IN TOULOUSE STREET.

were totally without books and were forbidden by law to read.

It is pleasanter to know that the city's public schools grew rapidly in numbers and efficiency, and that, even when her library facilities were so meager, the proportion of youth in these schools was larger than in Baltimore or Cincinnati, only slightly inferior to St. Louis and New York, and decidedly surpassed only in Philadelphia and Boston. In the old French quarter, the approach of school-hour saw thousands of Creole children, satchel in hand, on their way to some old live-oak-shaded colonial villa, or to some old theater once the scene of nightly gambling and sword-cane fights, or to some ancient ball-room where the now faded quadroons had once shone in splendor and waltzed with the mercantile and official dignitaries of city and State, or to some bright, new school building, all windows and verandas. Thither they went for an English education. It was not first choice, but it was free, and — the father and mother admitted, with an amiable shrug — it was also best.

The old fierce enmity against the English tongue and American manners began to lose its practical weight and to be largely a matter of fireside sentiment. The rich Creole, both of plantation and town, still drew his inspira-



OLD ST. LOUIS HOTEL. (AFTERWARD THE STATE HOUSE.)

tions from French tradition,—not books,—and sought both culture and pastime in Paris. His polish heightened; his language improved; he dropped the West Indian softness that had crept into his pronunciation, and the Africanisms of his black nurse. His children still babbled them, but they were expected to cast them off about the time of their first communion. However, the suburban lands were sold, old town and down-town property was sinking in value, the trade with Latin countries languished, and the rich Creole was only one here and there among throngs of humbler brethren who were learning the hard lessons of pinched living. To these an English-American training was too valuable to be refused. They took kindly to the American's counting-room desk. They even began to emigrate across Canal street.

VI.

LATER DAYS.

Not schools only, but churches, multiplied rapidly. There was a great improvement in public order. Affrays were still common; the Know-nothing movement came on, and a few "thugs" terrorized the city with campaign broils, beating, stabbing, and shooting. Base political leaders and spoilsmen utilized these disorders, and they reached an unexpected climax and end one morning confronted by a vigilance committee, which had, under cover of night, seized the town arsenal behind the old Cabildo and barricaded the approaches to the Place d'Armes with uptorn paving-stones. But riots were no longer a feature of the city. It was no longer required that all the night-watch within a mile's circuit should rally at the sound of a rattle. Fire-engines were no longer needed to wet down huge mobs that threatened to demolish the Carondelet street broker's shops or the Cuban cigar stores. Drunken bargemen had ceased to swarm by many hundreds against the peace and dignity of the State, and the publicity and respectability of many other vicious practices disappeared.

Communication with the outside world was made much easier, prompter, and more frequent by the growth of railroads. Both the average Creole and the average American became more polished. The two types lost some of their points of difference. The American ceased to crave entrance into Creole society, having now separate circles of his own; and when they mingled it was on more equal terms, and the Creole was sometimes the proselyte. They were one on the great question that had made the Southern Ameri-

can the exasperated champion of ideas contrary to the ground principles of American social order. The New Orleans American was apt, moreover, by this time to be New-Orleans-born. He had learned some of the Creole lethargy, much of his love of pleasure and his childish delight in pageantry. St. Charles street — the center of the American quarter, the focus of American theaters and American indulgences in decanter and dice — seemed strangely un-American when Mardi-gras filled it with dense crowds, tinsel, rouge, grotesque rags, Circean masks, fool's-caps and harlequin colors, lewdness, mock music, and tipsy buffoonery. "We want," said one American of strange ambition, "to make our city the Naples of America."

By and by a cloud darkened the sky. Civil war came on. The Creole, in that struggle, was little different from the Southerner at large. A little more impetuous, it may be, a little more gayly reckless, a little more prone to reason from desire; gallant, brave, enduring, faithful; son, grandson, great-grandson, of good soldiers, and a better soldier every way and truer to himself than his courageous forefathers. But we will not follow him. Arming, marching, blockade, siege, surrender, military occupation, grass-grown streets, hungry women, darkened homes, broken hearts,—let us not write the chapter; at least, not now.

OLD "PASSAGE DE LA BOURSE" (EXCHANGE ALLEY AND STATE HOUSE.)

The war passed. The bitter days of Reconstruction followed. They, too, must rest unrecounted. The sky is brightening again. The love of the American Union has come back to the Creole and the American of New Orleans stronger, for its absence, than it ever was before; stronger, founded in a triple sense of right, necessity, and choice.

The great south gate of the Mississippi stands to-day a city of two hundred and sixteen thousand people. Only here and there a broad avenue, with double roadway and slender grassy groves of forest trees between, marks the old dividing lines of the faubourgs that have from time to time been gathered within her boundaries. Her streets measure five hundred and sixty-six miles of length. One hundred and forty miles of street railway traverse them. Her harbor, varying from 60 to 280 feet in depth, and from 1500 to 3000 feet in width, measures twelve miles in length on either shore, and more than half of this is in actual use.

One of the many developments in commerce, unforeseen by New Orleans in her days of over-confidence, was the increase in the size of sea-going vessels. It had been steady and rapid, but was only seen when the larger vessels had begun to shun the bars and mud-lumps of the river's mouths. In 1852 there were, for weeks, nearly forty ships aground there, suffering detentions of from two days to eight weeks. It is true, some slack-handed attention had been given to these bars from the earliest times. Even in 1721, M. de Pauger, a French engineer, had recommended a system for scouring them away, by confining the current, not materially different from that which proved so successful one hundred and fifty years later. The United States Government made surveys and reports in 1829, '37, '39, '47, and '51. But, while nature was now shoaling one "pass" and now deepening another, the effort to keep them open artificially was not efficiently or persistently made. Dredging, harrowing, jetty-ing, and side-canaling — all were proposed, and some were tried; but nothing of a permanent character was effected. In 1853 vessels were again grounding on the bars, where some of them remained for months.

At length, in 1874, Mr. James B. Eads came forward with a proposition to secure a permanent channel in one of the passes, twenty-eight feet deep, by a system of jetties. He met with strenuous opposition from pro-

EXCHANGE ALLEY, LOOKING TOWARD CANAL STREET.

fessional and unprofessional sources, but overcame both man and nature, and in July successfully completed the work which has made him world-famous and which promises to New Orleans once more a magnificent future. Through a "pass" where a few years ago vessels of ten feet draft went aground, a depth of thirty feet is assured. Capital has responded to this great change. Railroads have hurried and are hurrying down upon the city, and have joined her with Mexico and California; new energies, new ambitions, are felt by her people; and in every department of life and every branch of society there is earnest, intelligent effort to remove old drawbacks and prepare for the harvests of richer years.

[Begun in the February Number.]

A WOMAN'S REASON.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

X.

THE character of no man is fixed till it has been tried by that of the woman he loves. Till then he has only the materials of character, and they are all to be shaped and ordered as newly as if he had never had them before. The thousand and one mysteries of Helen's girlish uncertainty, her fantastic waverings, her æsthetic coquetries with the idea of being in love, were as unintelligible to Fenton as his headlong and outspoken passion was to her. But while she thought his bluntness charming, in a way, and constantly trembled nearer and nearer to him in her heart, Fenton was far too simple a fellow to feel anything but trouble at the misgivings and delays which she enjoyed. When at last he made what he felt must be his last offer, and she met it with all those freshly alarmed ideals and metaphysical scruples which a wiser and worse man would have trampled under foot,—tearing her from herself, as she unconsciously meant, and making her his in her own despite, as she reluctantly wished,—Fenton lost his head in a delirium of angry and wounded pride.

When he awoke from it, irretrievably committed to three years' exile, it was in a self-abhorrence and despair and a sort of stupefaction that he should have done what he had done. His repentance came before he had forgiven Helen, and long before he had begun to conceive that her letter might have another meaning than that which he had first taken from it. Of his own light, perhaps, he never saw more in it than it seemed to say. It was without reading it again, without having the heart to look at it, that he hated himself for what he had done, and loathed himself for his futile desire to make reparation. It was impossible to repair his fault, and if it were possible it would be despicable to attempt it.

He went haggardly about his duty—a machine that did its work, but with no more mind upon it than a machine. There came long spaces of time in which he afterward recognized that he had not known what he was doing; that he had been altogether absent without having been anywhere else. He awoke from these absences as from a profound, dreamless torpor and with a start of fear and amaze, to find that all had been going well in the meantime,—that he had been talking, eating, and drinking, and shrewdly attentive to whatever immediately concerned him. It would have been hard for him to say whether the time when he was on duty, and no one spoke to him, or the leisure in which he was intimately thrown with his brother officers, was the more terrible; his solitude was dense with piercing regrets that stung forever in the same place; his association with others was tormented by an unforgettable remorse, which, if it seemed to grant him a moment's oblivion, awoke him presently from somebody's joke or story to the consciousness that it had only been more deeply and inwardly gnawing his soul.

Some sort of action was indispensable, but action which did not relate to Helen was none. He began to write letters to her. He had no idea of sending them, but it had grown insufferable to be perpetually talking to her as he was in those airy dramas within himself; and since his words could not be made audible, he must let them take visible shape. This became his daily habit; and before the ship reached Rio de Janeiro he had accumulated a score of letters, which he bitterly amused himself by reading over and considering and putting by without destroying. He kept them, and found a sort of miserable relief in communing with them instead of his intangible thoughts. His industry did not escape the idle vigilance of the ship's comradery; but at sea every one must be suffered his whim, and after laughing at Fenton's they left him to it, in the feigned belief that it was a book he was writing—a marine novel, they decided. They each thought in the way of his rightful joke to say, "Don't put me into it, Fenton," till Fenton, who worked up slowly to his repartees, found presence of mind at last to answer: "No; I can't afford to make it dull, you know"; and then they left him quite alone, with a roar at the expense of the chance victim. Before the laugh was over Fenton had almost ceased to know what it was about, and had wholly ceased to

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care. He was quite too miserable to be glad of the immunity he had won.

He went on with his letter-writing; but, on the eve of arrival at Rio de Janeiro, he destroyed all his work and set about writing one letter which should be his last. It was his purpose to post this without reference to consequences, as an act of final expiation. He was not without some trembling illusion that there might be a letter awaiting him: he did not dare to think from Helen, and he could not think from whom else. But his letter was to go before he knew what was in that, or even whether it existed. He had no reason to suppose it did exist; it was, in fact, as purely a figment of his distempered fancy as a starving man's visions of feasting; and when he had faithfully posted his letter before going to the consul to ask if there were anything for him, he could not make out that it was disappointment that sickened him to find there was nothing. But a mail was expected the following day, and he kept his wrecked hopes adrift upon its possibilities during the night.

The mail brought him no letter, but it brought the consul a copy of the "Boston Advertiser," which he politely offered to Lieutenant Fenton unopened, not having the leisure just then for the newspaper. Fenton unfolded it with indifference, and mechanically glanced at the marriages. The paper was of a date three or four days after he had sailed, and the name of Helen Harkness did not appear in the marriage list. He had not expected that it would, nevertheless he had looked at the marriages on her account; and he was about laying the paper aside when the record of a single death caught his eye. It was the death of Helen's father, with a dozen lines of mortuary praise. He dropped the paper.

"Nothing in the 'Advertiser'?" asked the consul, who was busy about some letters, without looking up.

"Too much!" said Fenton, pulling his cap over his eyes.

The consul thought this was a joke, and laughed in a companionable, uninterested way. Fenton looked at him and saw his innocence, and then he sat a long time in silence, with his arms folded and his head down. At last he asked the consul if he could give him a sheet of paper and an envelope, and briefly wrote the second of the two letters which had reached Helen together. In her desperation, she had found no resource but to open them according to the order of the dates in their postmarks, and she had seized first upon that of the 9th. It began simply, *Helen*, and it ran in this way:

"I hope you will have patience to read this letter through, though I have forfeited all right to a hearing from you. I am not going to make an appeal for your forgiveness, because I know I ought not to have it. I have suffered, not all that I ought to suffer, but all that human nature can suffer for that letter I sent you from Portsmouth. But I shall not try to work upon your pity; I believe that I have that already. I only wish you to understand that, in again renouncing all pretensions to your regard, I do it with a full approval of your conduct to me. I do not blame you in the least thing. I see that I was altogether to blame. I see what I did not see before: that you never cared for me, and that you tried with all your heart to be kind to me and yet not to give me hope. I thank you for your goodness, and I beg you to believe, when you have read this letter, that my eyes are open at last, and that, if I keep on loving you, it is because my love of you has become my life, and that I know I am no more worthy to love you than I am to live. I cannot help one or the other; but I can keep either from being troublesome to you, and I will. So I do not ask you to admit any of my former pretensions, but only to let me be your friend, in whatever humble and useful way I can. I consider myself a disgraced man, and I shall expect nothing of you but the kind of forbearance and patience you would show some repentant criminal who was depending upon your countenance for strength to reform himself.

"I know you have told Mr. Harkness of my Portsmouth letter, and that he must be very much incensed with me. But, though I do not ask your forgiveness, Helen, I do beseech you to try to get me his. I owe him all the little good there is in me, and I owe him all that I am and have done in this world. I could not tell you how dearly and truly I honor and love him. The thought that I came away without trying to take leave of him chokes me; but after writing you that fatal letter, everything that was right and decent became impossible.

"Good-bye, Helen. ROBERT FENTON."

When Helen had finished this letter, which, indeed, she seemed instantly to divine rather than to read, she not only kissed it, but pressed it to her breast and locked her arms upon it, clasping it close as if it were some living thing and could feel the wild, happy tumult of her heart. She wept long and sweetly over it. It might not have been the perfection of reason to another, but to her all the parts were linked together by an impenetrable and infrangible logic. Nay, it was not that, it was not eloquence; it was the sum of everything, it was love; and however hapless love to the writer, it was heaven-prospered passion to Helen, who seemed in that fond embrace to implore, to forgive, to console Robert, as if he were there present and she had fallen upon his neck. They were happy, and they were happy together; it was so much to know that she need never wish to know more.

For some time, in the rush of her emotion, she did not realize that it was not an answer to her own letter. But it was infinitely more. It forestalled and anticipated her letter, as that, when it came to his hand, would in its turn be both appeal and response to him.

Best of all, his letter made the first advance toward reconciliation, and assumed for Robert the blame for what she had suffered. She knew that he was not wholly to blame, but as a woman she liked to have him say that he was, and she liked him to be generously first in owning himself wrong—that always seems a man's part.

She had almost forgotten the letter of later date, the letter of the 10th, which still lay unopened before her. That, too, would be precious, but never so dear as this of the 9th, which should always be first in the history of their love; the other, no matter how sweet it proves, must always remain second. It was, in fact, not a fortunate inspiration. In his grief at the news which he had just read, Fenton's mind had reverted to the old relation in which he had first known Helen; and in the presence of the bereavement that they had both suffered in the loss of one who had been no less a father to him than to her, he addressed her as a sister, and signed himself as her brother Robert. These words, coming upon the different tenderness his other letter had evoked, seemed to push her coldly from him, to disown their love and to ignore it, to take her at a certain disadvantage with respect to the sorrow in which they humbly asked a brother's share; they made her jealous in a wild sort of her sorrow; they indescribably wounded her so that she threw the letter from her and wept bitter tears for the happy ones she had shed. It was such a letter as no woman would have written if she had been a man! She should not know which letter to answer now, nor how to answer either; for if she answered the first as she would have done, might not Robert think her bold and unfilial? and if she answered the second as she ought, would she not appear reserved and cold with him upon whom her heart had just thrown itself with such tender abandon? The letters made two Roberts of him, and left her to despair between them.

She passed a hapless night, and in the morning she took the first train after breakfast for Beverly, where she appeared at the Butlers' before ten o'clock, asking in such a high hysteric key for Mrs. Butler, who was not yet down, that they led her at once to her room. There she threw up her veil, revealing eyes tragic with tears and want of sleep, and gave the two letters into Mrs. Butler's hand while she hid her face in Mrs. Butler's pillow.

"Oh, Helen, Helen!" said the elder lady, when she had spelled through these documents in the dim light, "how glad I am for you! Come, look at me, my dear, and let me see your happy face? This makes up your quarrel, and you are—— Why, Helen!" she cried, when the girl, obeying, bent those eyes of tragedy upon her, "what is the matter? Don't you—didn't you——"

"Oh, yes, I care for him—all the world!" Helen broke out. "But the more I care for him the worse it is, and unless you can help me out of this trouble, Mrs. Butler, I shall surely go crazy. Oh, how indelicate it is of me to come to you! But I don't know what to do—I don't know what to do; I'm so horribly alone! And it's such a very strange, ridiculous thing!"

She did not suffer herself to pause, while Mrs. Butler stared compassionately at her, till she had put her in full possession of her perplexity, and explained how it had poisoned all her joy.

Mrs. Butler did not laugh at her; she was one of those high spirits who perceive the sacred rather than the absurd, and amidst the girl's wild talk she saw the reasonableness of pain that to a coarser sense would only have been ludicrous.

"You must not think of this second letter at all, Helen," she said, seriously. "Shall I tear it up?"

"Oh, oh!" said Helen, half-reaching for it, and yet holding her hand. "It's about papa, and—it's from *him!*" She caught her breath, and trembled for Mrs. Butler's decision.

"I didn't think of destroying it," said the other, "but I'm not going to let you have it back. This is the only letter you've got, Helen, for the present," she added, handing the girl the first, and putting the second under her pillow. "The letter that you sent him the other day—wouldn't that be a kind of answer to this?"

"Why, yes!" cried Helen, with electrical perception.

"Well, then, answer the first. I want you to let me keep this till—till I can give it back to Mrs. Fenton."

"Oh!" said Helen.

"And kiss me, my dear," said Mrs. Butler, fondly; "and bathe your eyes yonder. And if you touch the left-hand bell, Marian will come up."

"Oh!" said Helen, in the same shaken tone as before. "Shall you—shall you tell *her?*"

"No; you shall," replied Mrs. Butler. But when Marian came, it was Mrs. Butler who had to explain the embrace in which Helen seized her, and which, first returning with mechanical affection, she now returned with rapturous intelligence.

"Engaged?" she exulted. "Oh, Helen, Helen, Helen!"

"Why," cried Helen, laughing from her happy heart, and pulling away from her friend, "I don't know what you call it. I've written him a making-up letter, and he's written me one, and they've crossed on the way."

"Oh, *that's* an engagement," said Marian, with the authority of a connoisseur.

"But he hasn't got my letter yet, and I'm not engaged till he does."

"That's nothing. *He's* engaged, because you've got his, and in an engagement the man counts for everything; the girl goes without saying." Marian Butler was at that period full of those airs of self-abnegation with which women adorn themselves in the last days of betrothal and the first of marriage, and never afterward.

They talked Helen's whole affair over, in the light of the full candor which she was able to bring to bear upon it now for the first time. As to feelings, she must still have her reserves; but as to facts, she made them little by little all theirs; it helped her to realize Robert to be talking of him by his name, and to hear others doing so. At the sound of approaching footsteps without, Marian said:

"Now, mother, those children are not to know about this. They're too forthputting now, especially Jessie."

Ignorant of this supreme interest, the younger sisters were richly content with Helen's further account of her boarding-house life, which she continued to them like an installment of some intoxicating romance. When she came to the end of her chapter, she stopped with a manner that roused their worst suspicions.

"Oh, she's keeping something back!" complained Jessie, and "Oh, oh!" went up from the others.

"Yes!" cried Helen, "I'm keeping back the best of all, because it doesn't seem as if I *could* tell it."

While they all stared, she abruptly began the confession of her experiment in decorative keramics. She was by this time in high spirits, and she poured it all out, illustrating, mimicking, not sparing herself in the minutest particular of conceited expectation or forlorn reality. It was all past now, far past, and was part of a former existence which she had suddenly outlived by an untraversable period of time. It made them laugh, Marian with amusement, and Mrs. Butler with a sort of grieving compassion; as for the young girls, it seemed to them the wildest and most enviable adventure that ever was known out of a book.

"And you didn't meet a soul—not a soul you knew?" asked Mrs. Butler.

"Oh, no; *no* one shops in Boston now you know: and I was perfectly safe. But I shouldn't have cared."

"I should have been glad of it!" cried Jessie Butler. "I should have liked to lug my basket up and poke it into their carriage-doors, and offer to sell them things, and see how they would *look!*"

"Jessie!" said her mother.

"Well, never mind. Go on, go on, Helen!"

"That's all," said Helen, who had brought them back to the period of her return to her room and her long, desperate slumber. "No, the worst is to come! Miss Root came in while I was asleep, and discovered them; and what do you think I told her? I told her I had been doing them for a wedding present!"

There was fresh sensation at this, but Jessie exclaimed, "Marian Butler shall never have those vases in the world. They shall be *sold!* The idea! *I* will go up and sell them!"

"No," said Helen, soberly; "she must take them, Jessie, to save me from fibbing, if nothing else. Besides, you suggested painting pottery, Marian, and they're Beverly ware—all very appropriate, you see. And some of them are not so bad. And I can't give you anything better till—*my ship comes home!*"

At this idea of a ship, and of its coming home, Helen and Marian simultaneously pressed each other's hands, where they sat side by side on the lounge, with delicious intelligence. Marian said that she should prize Helen's present more than anything else that could be given her, and that its history, which could not be known out of the family, would make it all the more precious; the legend would be something to tell the future age. It would be great to say, "Only think of your great-grandmother's going about the whole day with these beautiful things, and not being able to sell them for a crust of bread to keep her from starving."

"Marian," said her mother, "I can't let you make a joke of it. I can't help thinking how wretched it would have been if poor Helen had really been in need."

"Indeed, I *was* in need, Mrs. Butler," said Helen, "while I was doing those things. I felt just as *destitute!* And I worked at them early and late, as if my life depended upon it."

"Oh, that's a very different thing, my dear," said Mrs. Butler. "It was only play poverty, after all. Think if you had really been some poor girl, with nothing, and had met with such a disappointment!"

"I don't believe I could have suffered more," said Helen, confidently.

"I'm glad you've no means of knowing certainly. But now that you've tried your experiment, Helen, hadn't you better end this

little escapade, and come back to us? Things have come about very fortunately," she added quickly, at a look of refusal in Helen's eye, "and your failure to earn a living makes it easier for me to tell you something that's been rather weighing upon my mind."

She spoke with a double sense to Helen, who understood that it was not her failure, but the letter from Robert which made it easy for Mrs. Butler to say what followed.

"We have concluded not to wait a month after Marian is married before we sail, but to go the next week. We shall not try to run them down——Girls," she broke off, and speaking with the tone of authority which they knew when they heard it, "go and see where your father is," and when they were gone, she resumed,—"but we shall follow them up pretty closely, and we shall meet them in Venice just before they start from Trieste for Egypt. Now, Marian!"

"And there," said Marian, "Miss Harkness, who has come to that point with the bride's family, will join the happy couple, and make one of their party up the Nile. It's to be a trusteeship, Helen," she cried; "it can't be resigned. You must come. We are going to take a dahabeah at Cairo with some Philadelphia friends of Ned's, very quiet people whom he took a great fancy to; and I want you along to do the correct, and elegant, and superior thing for Boston, and leave me to uninterrupted enjoyment of the billies. Yes, Helen, you must come. Ned wishes it as much as I, and I can't tell you how much that is. We want to take you away from yourself, and we promise to bring you back in a year"—she hesitated: "I was pausing for want of an idea, but say—improved in every way."

"Oh, I can't!" lamented Helen. She leaned back upon the lounge and brooded upon the matter in a silence to which the others left her unmolested. "It isn't because it doesn't seem the loveliest and kindest thing in the world, Marian, and I've no peasant-pride that would prevent me from accepting it; and it isn't because I think I should do better to go on trying to take care of myself, Mrs. Butler. I know that I'm a distinct failure in that way, and I haven't any heart or conceit for further experiments. But—I must stay! He will come back—I know he will come back as soon as he gets that letter of mine,—and he must find me here waiting for him. It would be a shocking kind of treachery if I were away."

"You could write to him now that you were going with us," said Marian, a good deal shaken by the heroism of Helen's position, "and he could meet you somewhere abroad."

Mrs. Butler said nothing.

"The second letter might miss," replied Helen, as if the first letter could not.

"You could keep writing," urged Marian, "before you sailed, and then from Europe."

"No; it wouldn't do. He must find me here waiting for him; and I mustn't stir from the spot till he gets back. I don't know how to explain it exactly. But it would look very queer and light-minded, wouldn't it, if I went off junketing up the Nile while he was thinking all the time that I was forlornly waiting for him in Boston, and was as unhappy as he till we met? Besides, I feel this way about it, after what has passed between us: I ought not to be on a high horse of any sort when Robert comes back. I feel that it is his right and his due to be able to stoop to me a little; and it would only be a just reparation for me to be in very humble circumstances when I met him. Doesn't that seem like a kind of reason to you, Mrs. Butler?"

"Yes," assented Mrs. Butler, doubtfully; "a little romantic."

"Do you think so?" asked Helen, rather hurt. "I hoped you would think it sensible."

"I do, my dear, I do," Mrs. Butler hastened to reply, "from your point of view."

"There's this, too," Helen added, not quite appeased, after a hesitation. "Robert hasn't any money but his pay; and I only have such a very little that we couldn't begin living like rich people; and the question is whether I had better keep on living as I used to do, or whether I hadn't better get accustomed to something very plain and simple at once."

"Yes," said Mrs. Butler, while Marian fidgeted in protest, but said nothing.

"I try to look at it quite dispassionately and in the light of common sense, without any foolishness, and it seems to me that I shouldn't be doing right unless I were making some sacrifice for Robert, and suffering, don't you know, in some way. I should not be happy unless I were. You know," she said, softly, "that I don't think I always used Robert very well. I don't mean that I meant to; but I didn't understand myself; and now that I do, and understand him, I should be detestable if I went off to be pleased and diverted while he was hurrying home with his mind burning upon the thought that I was waiting here in perfect wretchedness till he came. Don't you see? I must be here, and I must be wretched, to be perfectly true to him!"

"You are right, Helen!" cried Mrs. Butler, deeply moved by this divine logic of the heart. "Hush, Marian, don't speak! You know she is right. Come here, Helen!" The

matron embraced the girl in the fervor of that youth which women of all ages have in common. "We wont say anything more of this matter, Marian, and we will just tell your father that Helen can't go. You wont mind my letting out a little of your secret to him?"

"Oh, no!" blushed Helen. "I had expected you to tell him."

Captain Butler would once have teased the girl about her happiness; but since her father's death he seemed not to have been able to treat her lightly. Her loss and her uncertain future made her a serious affair to him; and now that her father was gone, Helen was startled at times to find how much his old friend was like him. There were tones and movements of strange resemblance. Perhaps the impression came partly from Captain Butler's impaired health; he was certainly not well, and that made her think of her father. He took what Mrs. Butler told him very much as her father would have done, she thought, and he expressed his satisfaction almost as quietly. His only revenge was to ask:

"Shall you answer in care of the Navy Department, or would you like to telegraph a reply?"

"Oh, Captain Butler," cried Helen, "*could* I telegraph?"

"Yes," said the Captain. "How would you word your dispatch?"

"Mr. Butler!" said his wife in reproach

"I—I don't know!" gasped Helen.

"It wouldn't reach him, now, any sooner than your letter of three weeks ago. He'll find that at Hong Kong when he gets there, and you wouldn't know where to hit him with a telegram on the way. If your letter was posted at Rio, the *Muskingum*——"

"*Messasauga*," Helen softly corrected him.

"Was it *Messasauga?*—is going round the Cape of Good Hope, and she must have passed that point a week ago, and she wont stop at any other telegraphic port, probably. Here," said the Captain, with rising interest, "I'll show you his course."

He got a chart out of the library, and then Helen began to study navigation with the impassioned devotion which love lends to intellectual pursuits. One observes this ardor in two young persons of opposite sexes who take up some branch of literature or science together which they might not perhaps have thought of if they had not thought of each other. It has been known to cast a purple light upon metaphysics. Helen borrowed the chart and brought it away with her.

It was a happy day, and its memory remained to sweeten the days in the increasing bustle of preparation for Marian's wedding—when Helen saw her friends less and less—and then the days when she saw them no more.

XI.

HELEN'S letter, crossing the letter Fenton wrote at Rio de Janeiro, reached him at Hong Kong. It added, after the first hours of rapture, the anguish of a hopeless longing to the remorse he had been suffering. It was no longer a question of her forgiveness; but he did not find it easier, now that he had the assurance of her love, to forgive himself for his rashness. He thought of her alone in her sorrow, without the instant sympathy and support which she had a right to expect from him, even if there had been no tie but their common affection for her father between them; and his whole life centered in an impulse to return to her somehow from the banishment he had inflicted upon himself. But he had himself made return impossible—for the present at least—by the terms on which he had sought exile. He must wait and he must suffer,—that would have been simple enough,—and he must also make her wait and suffer. When he came to this conclusion, as he always must, it was with a mental shock that was like a veritable concussion of the brain that left him weaker day by day, and that broke him at last. He fell sick of a disorder that baffled the science of the surgeon when he visited him in his room.

"What the devil *is* the matter with you? I believe in my soul you're *trying* to make a die of it," said the doctor, a cheerful, elderly man, tight in his uniform.

"No man ever wanted to live as I do," answered Fenton.

"Well, then, you must brace up. I'll give you a tonic. Make you up a bottle and send it to you." The doctor felt his pulse again and said: "You're either down with the climate, and that affects your spirits, or else it's your spirits that affect your health. But in any case you must brace up." As Fenton lay perfectly still with his face turned away, Doctor Simmons passed his hand over the top of his head, where a perspiration of perplexity had gathered in the scattering down. "I can't minister to a mind diseased, you know," he suggested.

"No," said Fenton.

"You must go to some other shop."

He got himself with difficulty out of Fenton's door into the wardroom, and presently sent him the bottle. It seemed to make him worse, and the doctor visited him again in renewed mystification. After the usual inspection, he sat looking at Fenton as before, and then said, casually:

"What a lucky chap Nixon is, going home on leave so soon!"

Fenton sat up.

"Going *home!* Oh, my God!"

He fell back on his pillow, and the doctor nodded his head.

"I thought so. You're homesick. Nixon isn't going home; but if you keep on in this way *you* are,—in a box. This thing will kill you as sure as you live if you don't fight it; and if you've got particular reasons for living, as you intimated the other day, you'd better make the most of them. Get leave and go off somewhere for awhile. Amuse yourself; try to forget about it. You can worry it off somehow. You *must;* and so I tell you."

"Two days after I sailed, the man who had taken care of me all my life and been more than a father to me died suddenly and left his only child alone in the world," said Fenton, desperately. "How am I to worry that off? I ought to be there—to help her, to take care of her, to show the gratitude that common decency——"

"Well, that *is* bad," assented the doctor. "But she's got friends, of course?"

"Oh, *friends*, yes!"

"And of course she'll be looked after. You must try to see the bright side of it," added the doctor. "There's a bright side to everything."

"Do you think so? Then I'll tell you the bright side to this. I came away in a quarrel with them—a quarrel where I was to blame—without seeing them or saying a word to them; and I can't ask leave to go home, because I made a point of getting ordered here. That's the bright side of it!"

"It isn't very dazzling," admitted the doctor, with the smile that men put on at other men's troubles of sentiment. "But it isn't a thing to be morbid about. You can write home and explain. You're a little under the influence of the climate here; you'll see all these things differently when you're used to it. I'd better give you some quinine. There's no use in giving way; you'll only make bad worse."

The shame of having confessed to an anxiety that another seemed to find so slight was a powerful auxiliary in the effort of will that Fenton made to overcome its physical effects. He succeeded so far that he was able to go on duty again, after a week or two, and to live doggedly on from day to day in that double consciousness where the secret trouble remains a dull, incessant ache underneath all the outward conditions. It began to be a superstition with him that something must happen, some chance of escape must offer; he could not yet bring himself to the thought of the last resort, though the knowledge that at the end of all he could resign and go home continually tempted him.

Helen's letters, as they came, were brave and hopeful, and she only wrote of the time when they should meet; he instinctively wrote as if this time must be near. Then the mere lapse of days and weeks began to have its effect as it does in every human affliction; it lessened his burden by making it a thing of custom, to which his life adjusted itself. He had not less to bear, but he had learned better how to bear it; and the pride and joy which he had felt in Helen's love, even when he felt himself least worthy of it, seemed more and more his right, and less and less his unlawful possession. Apparently she was pleasantly placed in the house which she amusingly described to him, and she was living quietly and trustfully on there, waiting for his return. She wrote him very freely about everything else, but she shrank from telling him of her experiment in decorating pottery for sale, because she would not let him know that she had ever thought herself in need. She never spoke of any need in her life except his return; she only spoke of that in answer to his letters saying that he would use every effort to get back; and then she said that they must both have patience, and that she would be content to wait all her days for him, rather than have him do anything that he would not have done if she had not wished. She said something that made Fenton smile about her knowing that he would not dream of deserting his post of duty; and then she begged his forgiveness if she had seemed to express any fear of such a thing; and again she said that she was very well and very contented, and that he must not worry about her, and she only wished that he could look into her little room at Mrs. Hewitt's and see how comfortable she was.

To the next letter, which reached him a month later, she put a postscript in which she offered to give him back every word that bound him to such a helpless and foolish creature as she was, but told him that it would kill her if he consented. "If it were not for thinking of you, Robert, I should hardly have the courage to keep up. If you were ever to be unkind to me again, no matter if it were entirely my fault, I could not forgive you, but I should die in the attempt. There are some things," she added, with subtle relevancy, "about my every-day life, and its cares and difficulties, that make me wish for your advice, but you are too far away for that; and if you were here, I should not have the troubles and should not need the advice. It all comes from my not having any head for

figures, and not calculating beforehand, instead of afterward, when it does no good; and then I have to pay a poor girl's penalty for flinging money away as no rich girl ought."

The day she wrote, Helen had met in the street one of the women whose name she had put down on her list of the things "To be given away" before the auction, for certain tables, chairs, and bedsteads, which Captain Butler, in the use of a wise discretion, had ordered to be sold for the benefit of the estate. Mrs. Sullivan, though poor, was not proud, and she was one of those who had formerly profited by the sums which Helen saved from hack-hire. She now thanked her for a small present of old clothes, which, being sent her before Captain Butler's agency in Helen's charities began, had really reached her. Helen saw the expectation of future old clothes in the woman's eye, and thought it right to cut off her vain hope.

"I'm afraid I shall not have any more clothes for you very soon," she said, coldly. "I must wear my old things myself after this." Then, with some exasperation at being invited to an impossible beneficence, where she had already done so much, she added: "I hope you found the furniture useful, Mrs. Sullivan?"

"What foornitoor, Miss?" quavered the poor woman, reduced to destitution by the idea of the prosperity that had evaded her; and it came out that she had never received the things intended for her.

Helen did not pause to inquire how this had happened.

"There has been some misunderstanding, Mrs. Sullivan," she said, loftily; "but I don't intend that you shall be the sufferer by it." She gave Mrs. Sullivan everything she had in her porte-monnaie except some horse-car tickets. "It may not be so much as the furniture was worth, but it's ready money, and no doubt you can buy things with it that you would rather have."

Mrs. Sullivan was apparently not inclined to this opinion; the loss, because uncertain, seemed greater; but she did not fail to invoke God's favor upon Helen, and she asked for her washing as an amend for the unmerited deprivation which the Sullivan family had undergone through her. Helen hurried home, and found that she had given Mrs. Sullivan all her money but ten dollars, and that now she must encroach upon her capital at last. She must go to the lawyer in whose hands Captain Butler had left her money, and ask him for some of it. She could have wept for vexation at her rashness and shame for the necessity to which it had brought her; but the sum of her varying moods was the mood of self-pity in which she wrote that postscript to Robert. She was sorry for it as soon as she had posted the letter, but even then she merely regretted it as the expression of a mood, which she had always said was foolish in writing a letter.

Fenton had never imagined her poor, or in need of any kind; the fancy of a lover does not deal with material circumstances; but he now made ample amends for the past failure. He took unsparing blame to himself for the false delicacy that had kept him from asking in what state her father's affairs had been left, for not making her tell him how much or how little she had. At this first vague hint of cares and difficulties—of the necessity of saving—which she had allowed to escape her, he saw her in a poverty that scarcely stopped short of the municipal soup-kitchen. With the distance which he had put between them, how could he hope to help her? How could he even intimate his longing to do so without wounding her? He wore himself out in vain contrivance for getting his pay to her in some secret and anonymous way.

Her next letter was cheerful and happy, with no hint of trouble; but he could see nothing in it but a feint of gayety, a pretense to keep him in heart about her; and the effect of time and will were undone in him.

"I don't understand all this bother of yours, Fenton," said the doctor, to whom he applied once more. "But I guess you've got to go home. You're dying here."

"Going home doesn't follow," replied Fenton.

"You're useless, and worse than useless, as you are, here," continued the doctor. "I know how you feel about it. You feel that it's a disgrace to give up; but you're sick, and you're as irresponsibly sick as if you had the consumption. You have got to look at it in that light."

"I can't go," said Fenton.

"Oh, very well," retorted the doctor. "I can't force a man to live."

That night, as Fenton sat in the ward-room with two or three others who were smoking and reading, while he pretended to read, the figure of Helen suddenly glided out of the empty air and paused full form before him. It melted by slow degrees away, her face vanishing last, and leaving him with a sense of her strange look. It was neither sad nor reproachful, but of a peculiarly sweet and gentle archness.

He turned a ghastly countenance on the doctor, whom he found looking at him across the table. He trembled to his feet, and the doctor ran round and helped him to his room.

"Well?" he impatiently demanded, when they were alone in his room.

"She's dead! I saw her ghost!" whispered Fenton.

The perspiration, which stood in drops on his forehead, bathed the clammy hand with which he clutched the doctor's warm, hairy fist.

"I agree to the ghost," the doctor answered, cheerfully, "but I guess she isn't dead, all the same."

"You think not?" queried Fenton, with a childish submissiveness. "But—but I saw her!"

"Oh, no doubt," replied Simmons. "If you keep on at this rate, you'll see a ballroom full of her! It's a phenomenon of your condition. You turn in, now, and I'll make you up a bottle that will keep her away till to-morrow night, anyway."

The surgeon had the professional humanity, and he would have pitied Fenton as the doctor pities his patient, even if he had felt no personal kindness for him. But he really had a liking for the young fellow; he respected him as the most striking case of nostalgia that had ever come under his notice. The case was all the more interesting from the character of the man, which was one of stubborn endurance in everything. His pride was as evident as his quick temper; and yet here he was, beaten down, perfectly broken up, by a purely moral disorder.

"If I had not got that man away," Doctor Simmons could say in imaginable boastings that were to hold future wardrooms in awe, "he would have died, sir; died of sheer homesickness!"

Of any other sort of sickness with which the nostalgia was complicated, no intimation seemed to have penetrated to the doctor's thickened consciousness. It was long since he had had any love affairs of his own; the passion, as he had observed it later in life, was not apt to manifest itself in any such condition as Fenton's. He ascertained that the apparition was that of the lieutenant's adoptive sister, and he rested in that knowledge. But the fact that patients suffering from nostalgia were sometimes haunted by visions of absent friends was an incident of the malady noted in the books, and upon its occurrence every possible means should be made to secure their return home.

It was upon this authority and this conviction that Doctor Simmons approached the Admiral in Fenton's behalf. He explained the case with scientific zeal, and then dwelt upon the peculiar circumstances which rendered it impossible for Mr. Fenton to apply for leave to return, while he was at the same time in such a condition of mind that to condemn him for service by medical survey and send him home in that way would be simply sentencing him to death. The doctor acknowledged the irregularity of his own proceeding in making this appeal; but he urged the extremity and the delicacy of the case in justification. Mr. Fenton would certainly not survive if he remained on the station. Doctor Simmons staked his professional reputation upon that, and without presuming to suggest anything, he begged the Admiral to consider whether some public interest could not be served by Mr. Fenton's return on duty. The next day Fenton received orders to sail by the first steamer from Yokohama with dispatches for Washington. It was at the time of the war between Japan and Corea, in which, as is well known, certain eventualities threatened to compromise American interests.

When Doctor Simmons visited his patient after the orders reached him, he was rewarded for the tact with which he had accomplished his difficult task by Fenton's accusation that he had brought the result about. He expected this, and in the interest of science he met the accusation with lies so prompt that they would have carried conviction to any mind less sore and disordered than Fenton's. He told him that his orders were a godsend, and advised him not to trouble himself about how or why they had been given. In fact, the situation admitted of nothing but obedience; upon the face of it there was no point that the most self-accusing scruples could lay hold of; and Fenton discovered with helpless shame that all the natural forces in him were fighting against his broken will. He was quite ready for the steamer that sailed in a few days for Yokohama and San Francisco; and he accepted his good fortune upon the best terms he could. When it was too late, he began to realize his obligation to the man who had saved his life, and given it back to him with such hope as now rioted in his heart at every thought of Helen and of home. He was a week out from Yokohama, and he could do nothing but write a letter to the surgeon, trying to make up for his past thanklessness by a vain and remote profusion of gratitude.

He was, as he figured it, only a fortnight from San Francisco, and, unless he suffered some detention at Washington, only a little over three weeks from Helen. The possibility that he might be ordered away upon some other service before he saw her occurred to him, but only as one of those disasters which each of us regards as too cruel and monstrous ever to happen to himself. He bet on the highest figures in the pools formed to guess at the run of the ship from day to day; and the lady who held the pools was not long in divining the cause of his sanguine faith in a

short passage. Mrs. Bowers was going to join her husband in San Francisco; the similarity of their objects gave them a natural interest in each other, and a man of Fenton's ordinary good sense and reserve was capable of confiding in this sympathizing listener, with the lover's ingenuous egotism, so incredible to us later in life. He talked continually of Helen to her, when perhaps she would much rather have had him talk about himself, as they walked up and down the deck together; he told her everything but Helen's name, which she threatened she would have yet before they got to San Francisco. In the meantime they always spoke of Helen as the Mystery. It was folly, but it made Fenton transcendently happy; these confidences brought Helen nearer, they realized her; they almost, in the spiritualists' phrase, materialized her. The time came when, the moonless night being propitious, he told Mrs. Bowers of the apparition of Helen, and asked her what she thought of it. She said that she thought it the most wonderful thing she had ever heard of: but she owned that she did not know what it meant. She added that she should always stand in awe of a person who had had such a thing happen to them; and then she pressed the arm on which she clung, and giggled; and the next moment she shrieked. There had been a sudden, violent wrench and shock; and her cry was answered, after a moment's deathly silence, by a confused clamor from all parts of the ship; and the passengers came rushing up from below, where they had been playing euchre, and singing hymns, and eating bacon and Welsh rabbit, and implored one another to say what had happened. According to usage everywhere in cases of accident, there was no authority to turn to for information; the officers of the ship were each about his duty, and they severally and collectively underwent severe criticism from the passengers for their absence from the scene of the common dismay and curiosity.

Fenton was the first, in virtue of his office and mission, to learn that the ship had broken her shaft, and must put back to Yokohama. He received his sentence with desperate fortitude.

"I think we *might* get you back in time for the next boat," said the captain, considerate of the haste of a bearer of dispatches; "but it would be only a chance. This is a sailing craft now. With a fair wind all the way, we might do it; but that's almost too much to hope for. Of course, we might meet the next boat on her way home before we make Yokohama, but that would be still more of a chance."

"Well, I must go back with you, that's all," replied Fenton.

"Yes, there's nothing else for it, that I see."

The passengers in the saloon were divided between two minds, and inclined in about equal numbers to hold a service of song and thanksgiving for their delivery from danger, and to organize an indignation meeting for the adoption of resolutions condemning the captain for snubbing a committee of inquiry which had presented a just interrogation as to his purposes, in view of the accident. It appeared, from the best informed, that the captain had at once put his ship about, not only without consulting the passengers' wishes, but evidently without considering whether it was not quite as feasible to push on to San Francisco as to return to Yokohama. There were attempts to commit some of the stewards to the former hypothesis.

About noon the next day, the captain spoke a ship, which, under a full press of canvas, was making speed eastward that mocked the laggard reluctance of the steamer on her backward course. She proved to be the clipper *Meteor*, bound for San Francisco, for a freight of wheat to Europe. The captain invited Fenton on to the bridge.

"There's your chance," he said, "if you want to risk it. But you must be quick about it."

"How much of a chance is it?" asked Fenton.

"Those clippers often make very quick runs. She's bound straight for where you want to go. I can't advise, and I don't know whether they'll take you."

"I'll risk it!" said Fenton.

If he had been given more time to hesitate he might have refused the risk; but he was not given the time. He scratched a line to Helen, telling her what had happened, for the captain of the steamer to post in Yokohama when he got back, so that she might have some intelligence of him in case of further delay; but, when he had finished his letter, he decided that it would distress her with needless anxiety if it reached her before his arrival, and that it would in all probability come after him; and so he put it into his pocket instead of giving it to the captain. In the meantime, there was further unintelligible parley with the clipper; she shortened sail and hove to, and before the other passengers had well realized the fact, Fenton and his baggage were in the boat which the steamer had lowered, and which was rising and sinking on the long swells that stretched between her and the other ship. Mrs. Bowers had parted from him with effusion: "I know you'll find her alive and well," she whispered in generous sympathy; and he volunteered to look Mr. Bowers up in San Francisco, and tell him all about everything.

The other passengers received the adieux which he waved and bowed them, in that awe which Americans like to feel for any representative of the national dignity: we see so little of it. Fenton had put on his uniform to affect as powerfully as possible the imagination of the captain of the clipper, who was quite master to refuse him passage, after all; the captain of the steamer had not thought it best to make too plain his purpose in sending out a boat to the hasty stranger.

Both his precaution and Fenton's had been well taken. When Captain Rollins of the *Meteor* came to understand the reason why his ship had been stopped, he discharged a blast of profanity of a range that included nearly everything in animated nature except Lieutenant Fenton, who stood sternly patient before him until he should finish; perhaps it devoted him the more terribly by this exception. When the captain stopped for breath, Fenton leaned over the rail and motioned off the steamer's boat, which lay rocking on the sea by the ship's side; he had taken the precaution to have his baggage brought on board with himself.

"I am bearer of dispatches to Washington from the flag-ship at Hong-Kong. Of course you expect to take me on to San Francisco, and I expect to pay you for the best quarters you can give me. I am Lieutenant Fenton of the *Messasauga*. What is your name?"

"Rollins," growled the captain.

"Here, my man," said Fenton to one of the seamen, "take these things to Captain Rollins's room."

The uniform and the secure bearing had their effect; few men know just what is the quality and the authority of a bearer of dispatches. The sailor obeyed and the skipper submitted. He was by no means a bad fellow. He belonged to the old school of sea-captains, now almost as extinct as the pirates whose diction they inherited. His furious blasphemies were merely what in another man would have been some tacit reflections upon the vexatious nature of the case.

Fenton found himself neither uncomfortable nor really unwelcome on the *Meteor*. Upon the hint given him, the captain turned out of his room for the lieutenant, and he caused some distinct improvements to be made in the ship's fare. There were a number of Chinese in the steerage; and among the passengers in the cabin were a young American lady returning with her mother from a visit to her brother in China, and a man from Kankakee, Illinois, who had been out looking up the sorghum culture in its native land. The sea monotony which Fenton's coming had broken for the moment promptly returned upon this company. The young lady had not Mrs. Bowers's art of making attentions to herself appear an act of devotion to Helen, and Fenton offered her only the necessary politeness. What companionship he had was with the Kankakee man—a small, meager, melancholy figure, full of an unembittered discouragement. Continual failure in life had apparently subdued him into acquiescence in whatever happened, without destroying his faith in the schemes he projected; he was disheartened with himself, not with them, and he had the gentleness of a timid nature which curiously appealed to the gentleness of Fenton's courage. He confessed that the first encounter between the lieutenant and the captain of the ship had given him apprehensions, and he insinuated a deep admiration for Fenton's behavior in that difficult moment. He attached himself to the stronger man, and accepted him in detail with a simple devotion which seemed to refer as much to Fenton's personal presence as to his moral qualities; and, in fact, the lieutenant was then a gallant figure. The oval of his regular face had been chiseled by his sickness into something impressively fine; with his good nose and mouth, his dark mustache and imperial, and his brown tint, he was that sort of young American whom you might pronounce an Italian before you had seen the American look in his gray eyes. His slight figure had a greater apparent height than it really attained.

"You see," explained the Kankakee man, whose name proved to be Giffen, "my idea was that if I could go right in among the Chinese people, and find out how the thing was carried on, and mebbe talk with some of their leading agriculturists about it, I could do more to get the sorghum culture going among us in six months than the Agricultural Department of Washington could in six years. It's bound to come. It wont come in my time, nor through anything I've done, but that sorghum interest is bound to be a big thing with us yet. We've got the climate, and we've got the soil for it. I'll allow I've had sorghum on the brain ever since I first saw it; but that's no reason I'm mistaken about it. I *know* it's got to come, and if I could have hit it the way I expected, I could have done more good, and made more money in two years after I got home than I'd known what to do with."

"And how was it you didn't hit it?" asked Fenton.

"Well, you see," said the Kankakee man, "I found I couldn't talk the language, for *one* thing. And then I couldn't seem to get anybody interested. I *did* try to get into the country districts, but I couldn't make any great headway—such a prejudice against foreigners amongst the Chi-

nese; and I hadn't very much money with me, and I concluded to give it up. But I found out enough to know that our people can't grow sorghum on the Chinese plan and make it pay; labor's too dear, and we've got to employ machinery. I've got the idea of a sorghum-planter that, if I can get any one to take hold of it, is going to make *some*body's fortune. Have you ever been to Alaska?"

"No," said Fenton.

"They say there's good soil in Alaska," continued Giffen, "and there's nothing to prevent it's being a great agricultural country except the frost four or five feet down. Sun can't get at it on account of the moss. But you scrape that moss off once, and let the sun have a fair show for one summer,—well, I believe the thing can be done, if any one had the sense to go about it the right way. And I've got my eye on a kind of coffee that they grow on the Sandwich Islands that I believe can be introduced with us, if the right parties can be got to take hold of it."

The good weather continued for another week, with westerly winds that carried the *Meteor* on her course till she had made nearly three thousand miles since leaving Shanghai. Each day took him two hundred or two hundred and fifty nearer home, and Fenton looked forward to a prosperous run all the way to San Francisco with hopes that he dutifully disguised to himself as fears. Toward the end of the week the wind began to haul back to the southward, and fell till it scarcely stirred a ripple on the sea, but he did not lose courage. He explained to the other passengers that they could afford to lose a few days' time and still make one of the greatest runs on record. They heard him with the trust due a man of his experience and profession, and when the wind again sprang up in the west they paid him the honors of a prophet with the idle zeal of people at sea, glad even of the distraction which respect for another's wisdom afforded them. But the wind suddenly backed from the west to the south, a strange yellow tinge spread over the purple sky, and faded to a dull gray, through which the sun burnt only the space of its rayless ball. The mercury fell, and the wind dropped again to a dead calm, from which it rose in sharp gusts that settled, as the day closed, into a heavy gale from the north-west. The ship drove before the storm for three days and nights. When the fourth morning broke she seemed to have been blown beyond its track; but one of her masts was gone; the sails hung in ribbons from the yards; the tangled and twisted shrouds swept her deck, and all but two of her boats had been carried away. The first observation possible since the storm began showed that she had been driven nearly a thousand miles to the south-east; but she was put upon her course again, and labored on till nightfall. At nine o'clock the passengers, huddled together in the cabin, heard a cry of "Hard down your helm!" and the ship struck with a violence that threw them to the floor; then, with a recoil, she struck again, with a harsh, grating force, and ceased to move. In this instant of arrest Fenton found his feet, and scrambled to the deck. The *Meteor* hung upon a coral reef that defined itself under the starlight in the curving line of breakers on either hand. The seas swept over her where she lay on her beam-ends, and at every rush of the breakers she pounded heavily on the reef. Beyond it was a stretch of smoother water, from which seemed to rise a low irregular mass of rock, forming with the reef a rude quadrangle. There was no hope for the ship, and no hope for her people unless they could somehow reach this rock. It was useless to launch the boats in such a sea; they tried once, but the boat filled as soon as it touched the water, and nothing remained but to carry a line, if it could be done, to the island beyond the reef. The captain called for volunteers, but the men hung back. It was not the time to parley; Fenton passed one end of the line round his waist, and plunged into the gulf under the lee of the ship. When he reached the rock, he found that two sailors had followed him, and these now helped him to pull in the heavier line attached to the cord, which he had made fast to a point of the rock. A hauling-rope was carried along this line, and, in the glare of the lights burned on the ship, they began to bring her people away one by one. A sailor mounted into the sling running upon the rope, with a woman or child in his arms, and was hauled to the rock and back again to the ship; and all the women and children were set ashore, even some poor creatures among the Chinese, before any of the men were suffered to land. These followed, till none of the passengers but the Chinamen were left. They stood huddled together at the bow, which had shifted round under the blows of the surf, and was hanging seaward; and the lights, burning now green, now crimson, now purple, showed them tossing their arms into the air, as if in some weird incantation, as they tried to free the wet joss-papers that clung to their fingers; the shrill supplications pierced through the roar of the breakers. The captain reported that he tried to make them understand how they were to reach the reef; but they would not or could not understand. He and his officers then flung themselves upon the line,

straining under the seaward lapse of the wreck; and at the same moment the vessel parted amidships, and the bow where the Chinese were grouped weltered back with them into the sea. The lights died out, and the ship's bell, which had been tolling dismally as she parted on the reef, suddenly ceased to sound. The broken hulk grew up once more in the dark, and the roar of the breakers rushed loud again upon the moment of horror that had been like a moment of silence.

When Fenton first touched the rock where all the survivors of the wreck were now gathered, it rose scarcely a foot above the water at the highest point, and by the time the captain reached it they stood knee-deep in the rising tide. An hour after midnight it was high-tide, and it was only by holding fast to each other that they could keep their footing.

The moon broke from the clouds, and one of the sailors whipped out his knife, with a cry of "Look out for yourselves!" and made a cut at something in the water. Fenton looked, and saw that the sea around them was full of sharks. He helped the captain form the men about the women and children, and they fought the fish away with cries, and thrusts of their knives, and blows of the splinters and fragments of the wreck which the breakers had flung to them over the reef, till the tide turned, and the most hideous of their dangers had passed for the time.

With the first light of day came their first gleam of hope. One of the ship's boats, which must have been carried around the line of their reef, came floating to them, bottom up, on the refluent tide from the other quarter. It proved to be so little injured that the captain and some of his men were able to put off in it to the wreck, where they found tools for repairing it and abundant stores. When they returned to the rock, they had a mast, with its sail ready to be stepped, lying in the boat, and several pairs of mismated oars which they had picked up outside. But it was the smallest of the boats, and the castaways counted each other with cruel eyes as it drew near. This rock was one of those dead atolls in which the Pacific abounds: a tiny coral isle, once tufted with palms and gay with perpetual green, which the sinking of the ocean's floor had dropped below the tide, and left lurking there with its guardian reef, a menace and a deadly peril to navigation. Somewhere within a day's sail there must be other islands of kindred origin, but with a certain area of dry and habitable land, which the boat might reach. But who should go, and who should wait her uncertain return? It was not a question of the women and children, nor of their husbands and fathers; but when all these had crowded into the boat, seven men remained upon the rock.

"Captain Rollins, there isn't room for us all in that boat," Fenton heard his voice saying; "I ask no man to share my risk, but I'm going to stay here for one."

"I don't ask any man to stay," said Captain Rollins. "I've left sixteen thousand dollars in gold—all I've got in this world,—on the ship, so as to keep the boat as light as I could; but, as you say, lieutenant, she can't hold us all."

There was a little pause; then three sailors, with a shamefaced avoidance of Fenton's eye, pushed past him toward the boat.

One of the passengers—an Englishman—rose up.

"My good men," he said, "you're surely not coming."

"Yes, we are," replied one of them, surlily. "Why shouldn't we come as well as you?"

"But the boat is too full *already!*" he expostulated. "You endanger the lives of the *passengers!*" he cried, with that respect for the rights of the traveling public which fills the Englishman when he writes to the "Times" of the inattention of the railway company's servants.

"Let the passengers get out, then," said the sailor. "*We* don't want 'em here." His joke raised a laugh among his fellows. "Come along, John; come along, Jake," he called to the seamen who still remained with Fenton.

"No; guess not," said one of them, quietly.

The matter-of-fact, every-day character of the details of the calamity, the unchanged nature of the actors in this tragedy of life and death, robbed it of reality to Fenton's sense, and made it like some gaudily represented fiction of the theater.

The figure of Giffen interposed itself between him and the captain who stood at the bow of the boat, in the act of offering his hand in farewell.

"Excuse *me*," he said, answering Fenton's look, "I'm going to stay. But I want Captain Rollins, if he gets back, to write to my brother, George Giffen, at Kankakee."

The harsh name, so grotesquely unrelated to anything that was there or then, awoke Fenton from his maze. Was there a world beyond these seas where there were towns and fields, chimneys and trees, the turmoil of streets, the quiet of firesides? His heart seemed to close upon itself, and stand still as the image of Helen sewing beside the little table on the library, in the way he always saw her, possessed him. The next moment, this in its turn was the theatrical vision, and he was standing on a point of rock in a wilderness of waters, the boat at his feet, and the

broken wreck upon a reef a stone's cast away. He took from his breast the water-tight packet in which he carried his dispatches, and wrote upon the back of one of them a line to Helen, with her address and a request that it might be forwarded to her. "Here are some letters," he said, handing the packet to the captain, with a light-headed sense of sending them to some one in another life.

"Why, bless you, man!" cried Captain Rollins, "I shall find land before night, and I shall be back for you here by this time to-morrow morning!"

"Yes, yes!" returned Fenton. "Don't stay, now," he added, impatiently. "Good-bye."

The four men on the rock watched the boat till she showed so small in the distance that they could no longer be sure whether they saw her or not; then they turned their eyes upon one another. Whatever the two seamen left behind with Fenton may have thought of his looks, he could not congratulate himself upon theirs. But he said:

"You are the men who followed me with the line last night."

"Yes, sir," answered one of them.

"You're not afraid, anyway," said Fenton, as if this were the most that could be said for them.

"I guess we get along," said the man. "I rather be on this rock than that boat, with so much people."

"What are you?" asked Fenton; for the man spoke with a certain accent and a foreigner's hesitation.

"I'm Fayal man; I live at Gloucester, Massachusetts; John Jones."

Fenton recognized the name under which most Portuguese sailors ship.

"And who are you?" he asked of the other, who was as tall and fair as the Portuguese was dark and short.

He grinned, and the latter answered for him.

"He don't speak much English. He's some Dutchman,— Icelander, I guess."

"Very well," said Fenton. "You know where we are, and what the chances are."

"Yes, sir."

"I reckon," said Giffen, "we can make out to worry along somehow till the boat gets back."

The sailors had begun to breakfast on the stores the boat had brought off from the wreck and left for them on the rock, and Giffen turned to with them.

"It wont do to count too much upon the boat's coming back," replied Fenton, suddenly hungry at sight of the others eating. "They may find land before night, and they may not find it for two weeks. At any rate, the sharks will be back before they are."

Giffen's jaw dropped, with the large morsel bulging his cheek.

"Come, man!" cried Fenton, sharply. "You'd better have crowded into the boat with the others if you're sorry you staid."

"I don't suppose I've got any great physical courage," said Giffen, in his slow, weak voice. "But I'm not sorry I staid. I'm ready to do whatever you say. I'm a born high private, if ever there was one."

"I beg your pardon," Fenton began, ashamed of his petulant outburst.

"Oh, that's all right," said Giffen, quietly. "But I'm in earnest. I'd rather follow some other man's luck, any time."

"I shall not ask you to do anything that I'm not ready to do myself," returned Fenton. "We must get out to the wreck," he added, including the Portuguese, "and see what we can make of it. And the sooner we get to it the better."

"I'm ready," said the sailor, closing the clasp-knife with which he had been eating; and the Icelander, who seemed to understand everything through him, pocketed his knife also.

They waded into the shoal water and swam round the stern of the ship where it overhung the reef, and tried to board her. But there was no means of doing this unless they passed the reef and ventured into the sea beyond, where they knew the sharks were waiting. They returned to their rock and began to gather up the pieces of shattered spars and planks that the rising tide was bringing in, and with such odds and ends of cordage and rags of sail as clung to these fragments they contrived a raft, on which they hoped to float out to the wreck when the tide turned once more. After the raft was finished and made fast to the rock they climbed upon it, and, launching upon the ebb, drifted out through a break in the reef and contrived to clamber up her broken timbers. They could see that this fragment of a ship must soon go to pieces under the incessant blows of the waves; and Fenton and Giffen made all haste in their search for tools and materials to strengthen their float, so that they might put to sea on it if the worst came to the worst. The sailors began ransacking the wreck with a purpose of their own, and in the end they all owed their lives to the rapacity which left no part of the ship unsearched; for it was the Portuguese who found wedged in among the shattered timbers of the hulk, where some caprice of the waves had lodged it, the boat that had foundered the night before. Every blow of the sea had driven it tighter into the ruin, and it was an hour's struggle in the dark, waist-deep in water, amid the bodies of the drowned Chinamen and just within the

line of the sharks that were preying upon them, before the boat could be cut out. When they pulled it up on the deck at last, it was in a condition that must have seemed desperate to less desperate men; but in this extremity Giffen developed the shiftiness of a dabbler in many trades, and his rude knack with the saw and hammer rendered the battered boat seaworthy. Fenton found a bag of flour, water-soaked without, but fresh and dry within; a few biscuit and some peas and beans, with which he provisioned her; and a shot-gun, with a store of water-proof cartridges, with which he armed her. With Giffen's help he fashioned a mast out of one of the broken yards and patched together a sail from the shreds and tatters of canvas hanging about it. The wreck was settling more and more deeply into the sea when they launched their boat at sunset and returned to the rock, where they made her fast.

The last man to come over the side of the ship was the Portuguese, who carried in either hand a buckskin bag.

"That's Captain Rollins's money," said Fenton. "Take good care of it."

"All right. I look out for it," answered the sailor.

With the refluent tide the sharks came back again. The dead Chinamen came with them, and seemed to join in beleaguering the castaways, crouching in their boat, which pulled at her moorings as if struggling to escape the horrors that hemmed them round. They had no water on the wreck, and a consuming thirst parched them. When the morning broke it showed them the surf beating over the reef where the ship had hung, and the sea strewn with its fragments.

"We can't stay here," said Fenton. "We must find land for ourselves somewhere — and water."

"That's so," admitted Giffen, with feeble acquiescence.

"I know they never come back for us," said the Portuguese. "I goin' tell you that, yesterday."

They cut their boat from her moorings, and ran lightly away before the breeze that carried them where it would.

The sky was again of the blue of the weather that had prospered the first weeks of the *Meteor's* voyage; again its vast arch was undimmed by a cloud from horizon to horizon; and it only darkened to a deeper blue, filled with large southern stars, when the sun dropped below the sea and the swift tropical night closed round them.

The castaways — voyaging none of them knew where, and trusting to rescue to whatever chance of land or passing sail befriended them, with the danger of tempest, and the certainty of starvation after a given time, before them — had already divided themselves into two camps, tacitly distrustful if not hostile; the sailors guarded between them the booty that they had brought from the wreck, and Fenton and Giffen watched by turns with the gun in their hands. But at day-break a common joy united them. On the edge of the sea a line of dark points printed itself against the sky, and, as they approached, these points rounded into tufts, and then opened into feathery crests of cocoa palms, with broken stretches of delicious verdure between the stems. The long white wall, that glistened in the rising sun like a bank of snow at their roots, expanded into a smooth, sloping beach; the deep surf flashed and thundered along the outer reef; and then the little coral isle, encircling its slumberous lagoon, took shape before their eyes. They tacked and wore to find a passage through the reef, and so, between the islets of the palm-belt, over smooth depths of delicate yellow and apple-green, they slipped into the still waters of the lake, and ran across to the white coral beach. They fell upon the sand, and scooped with their hands a hollow into which oozed a little water that they could drink; and then they kindled a fire with some matches that Giffen had brought from the wreck, and roasted the shell-fish the sailors found among the rocks.

"I think this goin' to be nice place, Cap'n," said the Portuguese, stretching himself face downward on the clean sand, when he had eaten and drunken his fill. "Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, nothin' to do. By-'n'-by some ship goin' to come here. We're all right, heigh?"

The little brown-faced man lifted to Fenton's face his black eyes, sparkling like a rat's with the content of a full stomach.

The Icelander laughed as if he had understood his shipmate, and while the Portuguese luxuriously dropped off to sleep, he wandered away, leaving Fenton and Giffen to prospect for the best place to put the hut they must build. "I don't like the way these fellows take it, exactly," said the latter. "They let themselves up pretty easy when it comes to a question of work," he added, with a mild sense of injury in his tone.

But the Icelander returned after awhile with a large turtle he had caught, and with his hat full of turtles' eggs which he had found in the sand. The Fayal man, when he awoke, joined him in a second foraging expedition, and they came back laden with fish and birds. John Jones showed himself skilled in primitive methods of roasting and broiling on hot stones. He opened the bag of flour, and

made a store of bread, which he baked in the ashes; and by the time Fenton and Giffen had finished the rude shelter they had been knocking together for the night, in the cocoa grove, he called them to a supper which a famine far less fastidious than theirs must have found delicious.

"Well, you *are* a cook," said Giffen, with the innate disrespect for his art which our race feels. "But you've got enough here for a regiment," he added, looking round on the store of provisions, cooked and uncooked, which was heaped up on the sand.

"Oh, plenty more where that come from," said the Portuguese. "They all good cold. I don't like cookin' to-morrow; want to eat and sleep for a week."

The Icelander had strayed away again, and they saw him climbing the palms, and strewing the eart beneath with cocoa-nuts. "Jake seems to be laying out for a week's rest, too," said Giffen.

The Portuguese laughed at the joke. "You better take that money up to your house, Cap'n," he said to Fenton.

"Where is it?" asked Fenton.

The Portuguese showed the two bags, where he had placed them, in a tuft of grass.

Fenton hesitated a moment. "You can bring it up with you when you get through here," he said, finally.

The Portuguese and his shipmate came carrying up the provision to the hut, after Fenton and Giffen had stretched themselves on their beds of grass.

"Cap'n," he said, waking Fenton, "here's the money. What we goin' to do with that boat?"

"Let her be where she is; nothing can happen to her," answered Fenton, heavy in heart and soul, and sodden with sleep, as he placed his hand on the bags the sailor had put down beside him.

"Yes," chuckled the Portuguese, "I guess nobody goin' to steal her."

The sailors did not come into the hut; they began to build a shelter of their own, and the noise of their work followed Fenton into his sleep. He had watched for three days and nights; he could not rouse himself from the deathly slumber into which he dropped again in spite of a formless fear that beset him; but he woke toward morning with this terror, which proved more potent than the fatigue that drugged him. The money was still there; the sailors were peacefully snoring in their hut; and Giffen lay asleep across the gun. He staggered down to look at the boat. It was safe where they had left it, and he returned to their shelter, where he watched an hour, as he thought; then he woke Giffen, and bidding him call him in his turn, when he could no longer keep awake, he fell asleep once more. It must have been his visit to the boat that suggested the dream which seemed to begin as soon as he closed his eyes. He dreamed that they were at sea again in the boat, and that they saw a sail in the offing so near that those on board, who did not see them, must hear them if they united in one loud cry. They rose up together for the effort, but their voices died in a gasp on their lips. Fenton burst into a groan of despair.

"My *Lord*, what's the matter?" cried Giffen, shaking the dreamer.

Fenton scrambled to his feet; the gold was still there, but the sailors were gone; he tore open the bags; they were filled with shells and sand. He rushed down to the beach; the boat had disappeared; in the horizon a sail, no bigger than the petal of a flower, flickered and faded.

It was sunset, and they had slept through the night and the whole day.

Fenton turned a look on his fellow-prisoner, which Giffen met with a face of ghastly self-upbraiding.

"My God," he said, "I fell asleep! I hated to wake you, and I fell asleep before I knew it!"

"It doesn't matter," replied Fenton, with the nerveless quiet of his despair. "Sooner or later, they meant to do it."

They turned blankly from the fact; it was days before they could confront it in speech; and then, with the conjecture that the sailors had set out in search of some inhabited land, where they could enjoy their spoil of the ship, their desertion remained incredible, unimaginable.

(To be continued.)

TO A HYACINTH, PLUCKED FOR DECORATION DAY.

O FLOWER, plucked before the dew
Could wet thy thirsty petals blue,
Grieve not—a dearer dew for thee
Shall be the tears of Memory.

H. C. Bunner.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE continued disorders of Ireland, the continued bitterness of her people against England and Scotland, may well astonish observers in other countries. They perceive that questions of race and nationality which had produced insurrections, sometimes successful, sometimes harshly repressed, have been, one after another, settled in various parts of Europe. Italy has been liberated from the Austrians and from her own anti-national princes. Poland has sunk into silence. The Hellenic and Slavonic subjects of the Sultan have most of them been delivered from the Turkish yoke. In all these cases, the difficulties of a solution seemed far greater than in the case of Ireland; yet in all these cases a solution, whether good or evil, has been found. It is now more than fifty years since, in emancipating the Roman Catholics, the English Parliament proclaimed its willingness to grant full civil and political equality to all classes of Irishmen, and to make them, in every way and for all purposes, citizens of the United Kingdom, eligible to the highest offices, entitled to share in its prosperity and freedom. Ever since then, the wish of most Englishmen has been to deal fairly with Ireland, and to repair, so far as may be, the faults and errors of the past. The circumstances of Ireland are not like those of any other oppressed nationality to which history can point. The press is free, and attacks the Government with a vehemence which English newspapers do not employ in the most exciting crises of English politics. Members are chosen who not only proclaim their hostility to the English crown, but tell the House of Commons to its face that their object is to bring it into contempt, and paralyze it by systematic obstruction. Yet, at the same time, Ireland—that is to say, the majority of the Irish people—feels herself a subject country, repels the overtures of England, demands sometimes a separate Parliament, sometimes complete independence. The English, though annoyed and impatient, listen to the complaints made, and go on passing laws intended to remove Irish grievances. These laws, however, are not received with satisfaction, and breed, not contentment, but fresh cries for further concessions. Meanwhile, political agitation is backed up by private crime; and a people proverbially warm-hearted and generous, among whom ordinary crimes are, or till quite recently were, less frequent and less revolting than in England or France, sympathize with and screen the perpetrators of murders and other outrages which excite the horror of the world.

The two peoples speak the same language, live under the same laws, have been brought into the closest relations by commerce and intermarriage for many generations; yet to-day a leading Irish politician tells his countrymen that the English in Ireland are a gang of brigands; and an English politician who was Irish secretary under Lord Beaconsfield's government says to his constituents: "Irish ideas of government are generally murder, sedition, and treason. Whatever is most anti-British will always be most popular in Ireland." The emigrants who settle in the United States, and often prosper there, retain the bitterest animosity to England, and many of them subscribe from their weekly wages to keep up the anti-English agitation. England is forced to keep thirty thousand soldiers and as many police as a garrison in the island within sight of her own shores. The problem is one which Americans can consider more fairly than Englishmen, who are themselves one of the parties concerned. But even Americans must find it so hard, in the midst of the cloud of recrimination and misrepresentation which covers the subject, to discover what is the real state of Ireland, and what are the true relations between her people and the English, that they may be willing to have a dispassionate statement laid before them, intended neither for Irishmen nor Englishmen, but to explain, so far as the writer can, what grounds of complaint Ireland still has; what are the obstacles to their removal; why these seem different to English and to Irish eyes; what part feeling and sentiment play in creating misunderstandings; what obstacles have delayed and still delay a settlement.

There are two opposite errors regarding Ireland into which observers in other countries are apt to fall, and one of which receives countenance in America from the somewhat too harsh judgment (if I may be permitted to express an opinion) which the part played by Irishmen in American politics has led many Americans to form of the Irish at home.

One of these errors is that the Irish are now simply vexatious, worrying England for the mere pleasure of worrying her; that the Irish parliamentary Nationalists are selfish

agitators who "have their own axes to grind," and who trouble the waters that they may the better fish in them; that the mistake of recent English policy has been in not dealing stringently enough with sedition and obstruction. This view errs by ignoring both the wretched economical condition of a large part of the Irish peasantry — a cause quite sufficient to produce discontent — and the substantial grounds of complaint which, as I hope to show, Ireland has had in the neglect of her affairs and the ignorance of them evinced by the English Parliament.

The other error lies in assuming, as those American politicians who, in the United States, take the chair at Irish meetings usually do, that Ireland is an oppressed country. She is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, oppressed. She has freedom of speech and equal laws, subject, no doubt, to certain temporary restrictions which Parliament has been repeatedly forced to sanction in order to protect life and property, and prevent insurrectionary movements. The freest governments are obliged to defend themselves; and though I do not deny that Parliament sometimes goes too far in granting these exceptional powers (it did so in 1881, and again [though in a less objectionable form] in 1882), it has done so reluctantly, and the executive has carefully forborne (in the case of the Act of 1882) to use several of the powers which it in fact received. To compare Ireland, as regards the conduct of her administration, with Poland under Russia, or Italy under Austria, is either dishonest or absurd. Rhetorical commonplaces about liberty and nationality have little application to the Ireland of to-day; the problem she presents is far too complex to be treated in this prompt and airy way.

The commonest explanation of the Irish difficulty is given by disparaging the Celtic race, and insisting that they are incapable of freedom and order. The doctrine of the natural inferiority of a race is the contemptible resource of indolent prejudice, which will not take the pains to examine historical problems to the bottom, or forgets in how many instances races which seemed inferior have risen, and those that seemed more gifted have sunk. It is a confession of ignorance, and needs no further discussion. Nor can much more be said for the theory that the misfortunes of Ireland are due to her physical character, her isolated position, and the dampness of her climate — a theory half humorously expressed by Disraeli when he said that the Irishman is discontented because he lives beside a melancholy ocean. In other parts of the world, disadvantages far greater have been overcome, and natural conditions far more favorable have not brought prosperity in their train. The true solution is obviously to be found in the history of Ireland, which has acted on her people, made them what they are, created their present relations to England and the rest of the world. But for the unhappy turn which the history of the island took, the Celts of Erin would have been long ago, like the Celts of Strathclyde, largely modified by Teutonic immigration, while also modifying the English, and both the people and their institutions would have so dealt with the country as to make the most of those natural resources, considerable in their way, which it possesses. In an article like this it is impossible to present even an outline of Irish history. But some salient points must be noticed, because on a comprehension of them depends the comprehension of the present feelings and aspirations of the people.

It is often said, particularly by the Irish themselves, that the sufferings of Ireland arise from her being a conquered country. This, however, might be said of nearly every country in Europe, for nearly all have been overrun by some invading race which has established its dynasty, perhaps also its laws and its language, among the aboriginal inhabitants. England herself has been in this way thrice conquered. It would be more true to say that the misfortune of Ireland was to have been only half conquered, and even that not till a late date. The so-called annexation in the time of King Henry the Second was merely the establishment of a small English colony or garrison on the east coast of the island; for the Welsh and Norman adventurers who gained lands in other districts soon became assimilated to and absorbed in the native population. Not till the days of Elizabeth and James the First were Ulster and Munster reduced under English rule, and the operation was so imperfectly performed that it had to be repeated by Cromwell with a stern thoroughness which nothing but success could have justified. Nor did success follow. Elizabeth and James had reduced about half the island into a sort of order. Cromwell subjugated still further, attempting to drive the untamed mass of aborigines into the wilds of Connaught, and parceling out the rest, or such parts of it as lay at his disposal, among English colonists. But when the Stuarts returned to England in A. D. 1660, this settlement was in great measure overthrown. The native proprietors did not, indeed, regain all their former estates. But the dispossessed people flowed back to their former seats; the fabric of order was

loosened, and the country relapsed into confusion till the final conquest, thirty years later, under William the Third.

With that final conquest the catalogue of wrongs and blunders which we call modern Irish history begins. Up till this time the only serious grievance had been the land-seizures of the English settlers, and the extinction of ancient Irish land-rights and customs by the feudal law of England. There was little or no feeling of Irish nationality or of loyalty to their faith among the chieftains who resisted Elizabeth; they were fighting for their territories, for their personal sway, for the pleasant lawlessness of a half-barbarous life. But, during the fierce civil wars of the seventeenth century, feelings of race hatred and religious hatred grew up, which were deepened, strengthened, justified, by that system of penal laws which was intended to bind the Protestant and Saxon yoke forever upon the necks of the native population. Race hatred left to itself might have subsided, and the sense of land robbery, when the chance of recovering lost property had died away, might have become first a sentiment, and then a memory. But the penal code which subjected the Roman Catholic to the Protestant in every relation of life was a constant sore, which he could not for a moment forget, and which wounded his pride as well as his interests. Religious divisions need not destroy national unity. Even in the last century, English Roman Catholics were patriotic Englishmen; and in Germany religion had ceased to be a source of bitterness. It was the way in which the penal code made Protestantism a source and a badge of legal and social supremacy, excluding the Roman Catholic from a whole variety of private civil rights as well as political privileges, that embittered the minds of the aborigines, made them feel themselves a distinct nation and an oppressed nation, sanctified their hatred of England and English law and the dominant race by giving it the color of a loyal devotion to the faith they professed and the priesthood which witnessed to it under persecution. When the law provided that the son of a Roman Catholic father should, by embracing Protestantism, dispossess his father and exclude his Catholic brothers from inheritance, it gave to political hostility that far keener bitterness which private and family wrongs implant. There was thus erected a fourfold barrier between the native Irish and their English conquerors —first, the race hatred of the Celt for the Saxon; next, the resentment of the ejected landowner against those who have dispossessed him; thirdly, the indignation of one debarred from political rights against his fellow-subject who enjoys them; and lastly, the animosity of the Catholic against the Protestant.

These feelings had three generations of Irishmen to work on before the relaxation of the penal laws began. They operated primarily in Ireland itself to make out of her inhabitants two distinct nations, practically distinct in blood, but legally distinguished by religion. Meanwhile other causes were exciting the wrath and bitterness of Irishmen of both these two nations against England regarded as a foreign power. The English Parliament framed its commercial legislation with a view to prevent Ireland from competing with English manufactures; duties were laid upon Irish products coming to England; Irish revenues were jobbed away in finding places or pensions for political adventurers or personal favorites too bad to be provided for even in the corrupt England of that day. Galling disabilities were imposed on the Presbyterians of Ulster, the most industrious and progressive part of the population, and hitherto faithful to the English connection. These same Ulster farmers complained bitterly of the exactions of their landlords who had, it was alleged, broken the understanding on which they had migrated from Scotland; but no redress was attainable from England, whose Parliament cared nothing for Irish affairs. Meantime, the Irish Parliament was impotent, being unable to legislate except with the consent of the English Government. The ignominious position of a subject country in which they found themselves thus began to exasperate even the Protestants of Ireland. Having now ceased to fear the Roman Catholics, they became disaffected toward England; they agitated for political and commercial equality.

Partly because she was pressed by her war with the United States and France, partly from a sense of the injustice she was maintaining, England yielded. In 1782, freedom was granted to the Irish Parliament, already illustrated by great orators like Grattan and Flood; and the life it enjoyed during the next eighteen years was vehement enough to rouse the country to a sense of national existence. It seems curious now that this sense should have been first evoked by that Protestant and Saxon garrison which now holds so tightly to the union. Meantime other forces were at work to create difficulties and disorders. The sufferings of the peasantry, and their knowledge that no relief could be had from the law which was framed and administered by the dominant landlord caste, had created an epidemic of crime and

outrage over many parts of the south and west; Whiteboys and other lawless bands made their appearance; secret societies—a plague that has never since ceased—were organized for objects which it is hard to condemn, however mischievous the means employed. The Scoto-Irish Presbyterians of the north, after an unsuccessful rising, had begun to emigrate to North America, particularly to the Middle States, and were among the hottest foes of England in the War of Independence. At last these three elements of disaffection,—the Nationalists among the educated class, the discontented northerners, and the wretched peasants, led to some extent by their priests,—joined, under the impulse of the French Revolution, to form the great conspiracy of the United Irishmen, which burst into flame in the rebellion of 1798.

We all know the story of that unhappy insurrection, condemned from the first to failure by the want of leaders and of cohesion, and by the apathy of France. It would have been better for both Ireland and England had it been either more or less formidable. If it had succeeded so far as to hold the English for a time at bay and obtain recognition as a belligerent force, peace would have been ultimately settled on fairer terms, and Ireland might have escaped another generation of servitude. If it had been feebler and more easily suppressed, the ruling caste would not have taken so ferocious a revenge. Catholic emancipation, which Pitt had desired some years before, would not have been so long delayed, the union with Great Britain in 1800 would not have been hurried through under such odious auspices. For the next nine-and-twenty years,—till O'Connell extorted political rights for the Roman Catholics,—the condition of the island was deplorable. Outrage had now become the familiar resource of the peasantry, harsh coercion acts which established martial law or suspended *habeas corpus*, the weapon of the government, while the apparent representation of Ireland in the British Parliament was a mockery, since only Protestants could elect or could sit, and even the members chosen were too few and personally (of course, with some brilliant exceptions) too unworthy to exercise any influence for their country's good. The British Parliament and the English law seemed to govern; but, in reality, the island was ruled by the same insolent, reckless, thriftless caste of landlords and their dependents, who were all that men may be expected to become when ignorance and violence are checked neither by law nor by any opinion from beyond their own circle. It was a strong race, that of the Irish Protestants, and it has produced some remarkable men. Its faults were largely due to its position and surroundings. But they have proved fatal faults to the country.

With the passing of the Emancipation Act, in 1829, a new era seemed to open. England had repented of her past wrong-doings; justice and friendship were henceforth to guide her. Unfortunately, the worst often comes after efforts to make things better have begun, partly because it is not till then that the results of previous error are fully seen, partly also because the revengeful feelings of those who have suffered oppression do not find vent till they feel themselves stronger and freer. England expected that the Irish would be grateful for her tardy act of justice, and has not yet got over her surprise at finding that they are not in the least grateful, but more troublesome than they were before. The events of the last fifty years, since a reformed Parliament has had to deal with Ireland, are in everybody's knowledge, so that no historical outline of them need be given. What has been said may have been enough to show how long a time it had taken to form Irish feeling as it stood on the morrow of Emancipation,—and how many different springs of tears and blood had combined to make it bitter. There was the resentment of the priesthood first, and also of their flocks, against the Protestants who had appropriated the ancient churches, and forced them to pay tithes to heretical pastors. There was the feeling, perpetuated in a dim, dull way from generation to generation, that the land which the Saxon now owned had been the land of the natives; that the right his law gave him to turn the tenant off was a wrong not less foul because it was old. There was the memory of countless acts of insult and tyranny perpetrated by the landlord class,—not so much by the large proprietors, for they lived in England or in Dublin, as by their relations and dependents, their agents and bailiffs,—and all that loose throng of idlers that hung round the Irish squire of sixty years ago. There was, among the better educated, shame and wrath at the misery and squalor and ignorance in which the great mass of their countrymen lived, and which, not quite justly, but not unnaturally, was laid to the charge of a government which neglected its humble dependency. And lastly, there was just springing up, but destined to grow far more potent and terrible, the feeling of Irish nationality,—the desire to be a people, an independent people, one among the nations of the world, and not the mere satellite of stately and contemptuous England.

All these sentiments, acting some upon one class only, some upon all, have gone to form the present temper of the bulk of the Irish people, of those whom one may call the aboriginal nation, as distinct from the Anglo-Scottish immigrants. But it was some time before they fully revealed themselves. At first, the people were too depressed, too little conscious of the new position they had attained, to express their feelings or give effect to them, whether by agitation, or by electing representatives after their own heart. The sentiment of nationality, which was comparatively new and feeble in 1832, has wonderfully developed itself since then under the example of its successful assertion not only in Italy, in Germany, but even in small peoples like the Bulgarians or Roumanians, or in remote regions like Iceland. And the habit of obedience to the ruling caste was so rooted that it was not until the Ballot Act, passed in 1872, had set the voter free from his fear of the landlord, that members began to be returned who belonged to a new type,—men in whom the vindictive bitterness that had accumulated during past generations found expression more vehement than the bulk of the people would really have given to it, but which by its expression intensified that bitterness and further stimulated the anti-English sentiment.

All the elements of hostility which I have enumerated have been steadily converging to make up the present nationalist Irish party. The Tithe war of 1831 was purely a social or economical movement among the peasantry, with hardly a political side. The Repeal movement under Daniel O'Connell, the Young Ireland movement under Davis, Duffy, William Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, were political movements purely. The latter more particularly was largely sentimental, and had little root among the people. It was led by enthusiastic men of literary tastes, who found their fellow-countrymen too ignorant to enter into their views, too unorganized to give them substantial support; while the priesthood were indifferent, seeing no gain to their religion from these republican demonstrations. Some sixteen years after the abortive rising of 1848 came the Fenian movement, wider and more dangerous, because conducted by persons who more largely belonged to the humbler class, because based on a system of secret societies which ramified through the towns of England as well as of Ireland, because largely organized from America and by men who had gained some experience of fighting in the American Civil War; finally, because it promised a tangible gain to the peasantry in the expulsion of the Saxon colonists and the redivision of the land. Next followed the Home Rule agitation, comparatively moderate in its aims, constitutional in its methods, supported by many persons of good social standing, Protestants as well as Catholics, conservatives as well as liberals, yet of course drawing to itself some sympathy from those revolutionary men who welcomed every attack upon the English connection. But the different elements of the Home Rule party soon fell asunder. Two extreme sections began to act for themselves. The one, consisting of a small group of members of the Parliament of 1874, enlarged to more than thirty in the Parliament of 1880, devised, or rather developed and extended (for it had been invented by some English Tories in 1872) the system of parliamentary obstruction. They continued to arrest the progress of English and Scotch business in the House of Commons in order to force the legislature either to devote itself to Irish business, or else to make over Irish business to an Irish Parliament. The other section, perceiving that no agitation could be really formidable which did not enlist the peasantry by appealing to their material interests, and to that interest which was the oldest and deepest in their minds, founded the Irish National Land League. Its programme, "the land for the people,"—whether that mean merely fixity of tenure at a reduced rent or the extinction of landlords altogether, with every farmer the owner of his farm,—was far more seductive than any that had been publicly proclaimed before.

While the more moderate Home Rulers found themselves drawn toward the English Liberals, an alliance was effected between the Land League—strong among the masses—and the extreme parliamentary party. The stream of political agitation was swelled by the turbid torrent of social revolution. These were the steps by which the position of 1881 was reached, when, under the influence of passionate scenes in Parliament and agrarian outrages reported from two-thirds of Ireland, the crisis took place which produced the Coercion Act and the Land Act, on the morrow of which, not yet knowing all that they will bring forth, Ireland and England now stand.

During these fifty years, however, while Irish discontent was gathering force, and its streams were uniting into one channel, that policy of reconciliation which had begun with Catholic emancipation had not ceased to be applied. The tithe grievance was dealt with in 1833. Several bishopries of the Established Protestant Episcopal Church were suppressed in 1833. A system of national education was

established while England as yet had none. The Queen's Colleges and Universities, intended to supply unsectarian university education, were created, and Maynooth College founded for the education of the Catholic priesthood. In 1869, the Protestant Episcopal Church was disestablished and partly disendowed, against the vehement opposition of the Church of England and influential sections of English society—a large concession to make to principles of abstract justice. In 1870 another act was passed, which recognized rights in the tenants to the good-will of their farms, rights whose existence up to that time the Legislature had constantly denied, and which seemed, to many English land-owners, to endanger the security of English landed property. All these, it may be thought, were so many messages of peace and amity sent by the British Parliament to Ireland. Why have they not produced more effect—why not, at least, some effect? Why did they not mollify the feelings of the Irish, assure them of the good disposition of Britain, suggest to them a policy of temperate constitutional agitation, such as any class or interest in Great Britain pursues when it conceives itself aggrieved by some defect in law or administration? Have all these acts of justice been thrown away, and might Britain have equally well, for her own comfort and security, turned a deaf ear to every demand that reached her across St. George's Channel?

The obvious answer is that feelings which it has taken centuries to implant are not forgotten in a few years, even under the best influences. If you have been scolding and beating a child ever since it left the cradle, you must not look for affection and confidence as soon as the stick has been thrown away. But this answer, which people in England have grown tired of, does not explain the whole matter. There must be other reasons for the continued misunderstandings of the two countries—for the unsoftened asperity of the Irish National party. Take an act like the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Bourke last spring—an act unparalleled in the previous history of Ireland—unparalleled, one may almost say, in the history of modern Europe; for the victims of political assassination in Russia, or Spain, or Italy, or even Turkey, have been persons against whom some personal animosity might be felt, who were either, like the Czar Alexander II., the emblems and heads, or at least the active agents and ministers of a hated system, who might have concentrated its obloquy upon themselves by some official act. But here the principal victim had and could have had no personal enemy; he had not entered on his duties; his mission was to open the prison-doors, to conciliate by gentleness. The crime is indeed not to be charged on the nation, but on a few fierce and misguided men. But there were large classes in Ireland whose satisfaction was scarcely concealed, and many in America who openly applauded. Such an event is only the most conspicuous illustration of a state of feeling between the countries, or rather among the Irish Nationalists toward England, for which reasons must be sought in the present as well as in the past.

If we attempt to discover these reasons, we shall find some of them in the character and attitude of the people and Government of Great Britain; others in the temper and imagination of the Irish. I will begin with the former.

The English government of Ireland is still practically a foreign government. The English may say that it ought not to be so, cannot be so, because after all the two islands form one kingdom, owe allegiance to a queen who is as directly queen of the one as of the other, are governed by a popular assembly, in which representatives of Ireland—representatives more numerous than her population and wealth entitle her to—sit and vote and speak freely, and more than freely. Nevertheless, people in Ireland still think of and talk of the Government, not as their Government, but as "the English Government." It seems to them an external power, set in motion by forces they do not control, conducted on principles which may or may not be good, but which are not their principles. The Irish peasant or small tradesman feels it foreign just as Hungarians and Italians felt the Government of Austria foreign, five-and-twenty years ago; as the upper classes of Poland feel that of Russia still. You may tell the Irishman that the Government is his own, conducted by his Parliament: he thinks it foreign none the less. The English do not understand this, do not believe it. They go very little to Ireland, but when they do, they hear a language the same as their own, see the same soldiers, and in the larger towns the same constables, enter the same law-courts, pay in the same coinage, travel on the same railways, pursue the same field sports, meet at dinner persons of their own class with the same prejudices and tastes, and remark little difference between the two islands, except that the people are (as they say) more ragged, more amusing, more untruthful. They do not see why Ireland should not be just as loyal as Scotland, where they feel themselves perfectly at home although the laws and religion are different. The Englishman has hitherto always assumed

that he and his habits and ideas and laws are the normal and natural ones, and has applied them accordingly. The laws of Ireland, and nearly the whole (for of course there are some differences) of her administrative system, have been transplanted bodily from England, where they had naturally grown up, and been set to work in a country whose conditions were originally quite different, and have never yet adapted themselves to the English exotic. The English law of land, the Anglican Protestant Church Establishment, were only the most salient instances of the method pursued in governing Ireland according to English ideas; and though these two are gone, there remain other institutions ill-suited for Ireland, and which she would never have created for herself.

But this is not the only ground on which the Irish allege that they are governed from abroad. The two heads of the Executive—the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary—are nearly always Englishmen, or if, as in the case of Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Irish-born, yet Englishmen to all intents and purpurposes, by education, by connections, by ideas.* I do not contest the reasons which might have been advanced against the appointment of Irishmen to these posts of late years, though however few the suitable Irishmen, none could well have been more unsuitable than two of the Englishmen who have served as Chief Secretaries within the last twenty years. I only observe on the fact, which Irishmen fairly point to as a proof of subjection. However, the chief ground of complaint is found in the British Parliament. It is the Parliament of Ireland as well as of England. Irishmen make laws for England and Scotland with as full a right as Englishmen and Scotchmen for Ireland. The vote of an Irish member is as effective to turn out a ministry as that of a member for Manchester, London, or Edinburgh. Where, then, is the grievance? In this: that the Irish members are a comparatively small minority, whose votes have no more weight upon Irish affairs than those of any English or Scotch member who knows nothing and cares little about those affairs. If the Irish members were ever so united (not that they ever are united), their wishes could be easily overborne by a minister who need only call in his English and Scotch majority. Ireland requires, say the Irish, almost the whole time of Parliament. There is so much misery among her people to be remedied, so many abuses in her administration to be exposed, so many changes in her laws to be made, that whole sessions ought to be devoted to her. But the English and Scotch members will not give the time. "Ireland," the English say, "has less than one-sixth of the members of the House of Commons, only one-seventh of the population of the two islands. Why should she engross more than the same proportion of the time of Parliament? During the last six years Ireland has certainly had far more than her fair share of the public time. But this has been owing partly to her disordered state, partly to the systematic obstruction of a section of Irish members. Until that obstruction began, she was disgracefully neglected. English members were bored by Irish questions, about which they knew nothing, and of which nothing seemed to come. They lounged into the lobbies, and flocked back at the sound of the division-bell to vote as their party leaders told them; they were always willing to stifle an Irish debate.

This state of things galled the Irish members, and its existence is some justification for the obstruction which they have practiced. It was, of course, impossible for the House of Commons to submit to such a perversion of its rules and interruption of its business; but without obstruction, the Irish members might never have got the Land Act. Irish questions would have been thrust aside as they had been so often in time past. Nor is it only the indifference; it is also the ignorance of the British Parliament that is arraigned. Acts are passed for Ireland, administrative policies are adopted in Ireland and defended by the Government on the floor of the House of Commons, which those who know Ireland know to be mistakes, sure to end in failure. If they related to English affairs, English members would be interested; one could talk to them in private, one could appeal to them in debate; the newspapers would be used; public opinion would check an erring ministry. But where the mistake relates to Ireland this cannot be done. Since they do not understand Ireland, the English and Scotch majority deliver their votes into the hands of the Government, the Government delivers itself into the hands of its Chief Secretary, and even if an English member here and there is found who, knowing something of Ireland, can protest against the blunders he sees the Chief Secretary committing, he protests in vain, for he finds no more support in English public opinion or in the press than he does from his uninformed brother members.

Thus a great deal of the government of Ireland, and most so in troublous times, is government by one man, Lord Lieutenant or Chief Secretary. He is usually an able

* The nobility and the upper gentry of Ireland, it need hardly be said, are substantially English.

and a conscientious man (at present, we have exceptionally high-minded and capable men filling both these places); but, after all, this is not free government or self-government, such as England boasts to have taught the world. It is not the way in which England or Scotland is governed. It is the rule of a dependency through an official,—responsible, no doubt, but responsible not to the ruled, but to an assembly of which they form only a sixth part. When any grievance is felt in England, be it by any part of the country or by any class, or trade, or profession, a clamor is soon raised. Deputations wait on the ministry, and members are plied with letters by their constituents. Public meetings are held and reported. Some leading newspaper is sure to take the matter up and make the political world familiar with it. Those who suffer are all around those with whom the remedy lies, and can approach them and influence them in a hundred ways. So, when the matter comes before Parliament, the declaration of a minister is not accepted as conclusive. Members vote as their convictions, or their fear of their constituents, decide them; and the ministry yields or is defeated. Some years ago, the English trades-unions complained of the common law of conspiracy, which, as they said, pressed harshly and unjustly on them. At first, the Government and the upper classes generally turned a deaf ear; but, by persistent agitation out of doors, for they had at first little parliamentary support, they carried their point, and had the law changed in their favor. Neither members nor ministers could afford to ignore the trades-unionists, in the midst of whom, so to speak, they lived. But the Irish peasantry are far away in a different island; their complaints, their sufferings, their aspirations, have not touched the English members directly. They have at most been read about, as one reads the stories in a book of travels.

"It is to this same cause," pursue the Irish, "that we trace the vacillation, the uncertainty, the want of consistent principle, which has marked the policy of English governments and parliaments toward Ireland. Your ministry coquets with the Roman Catholic hierarchy, believing that by keeping it in good humor,—that is to say, by making constant concessions to its claim to control education,—you can best keep the country quiet. But every now and then Parliament takes the matter up, refuses the concessions which have been virtually promised, creates a general sense of insecurity. At one time you are severe, passing stringently repressive acts; at another you let these acts expire, and give a tacit encouragement to sedition. These are just the kind of changes which one must expect in the foreign policy of a State, because Parliament and the nation cannot be always attending to foreign policy, and when they return to it after an interval, are apt to think and command in a different spirit from that of some years before. But it is not what ought to happen in domestic policy. Your Irish policy is, therefore, more foreign than domestic in its character. You are not governing yourselves, but a people outside yourselves, in short, a dependent country. Say what you will, there are two nations, not one nation. Every debate in your Parliament shows it, and most of all, a debate in your House of Lords, where there is not a single exponent of the ideas and sentiments of the great mass of Irishmen. Yet the House of Lords has the power of rejecting measures intended for the benefit of Ireland which nearly every Irish member in the House of Commons has approved. It does not fear to exercise that power. It exercised it in 1880 by rejecting the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, a rejection from which all the subsequent disorders of the country have sprung. How would not the Liberal party in England have resented such a piece of audacity on the part of the Lords, if the bill had been for the relief of English sufferers! You would have threatened the House of Peers, you would have sent the bill up again, and dared them to reject it. But as Irish tenants were the victims, you took it coolly. Mr. Forster fired some shots in the air against the Lords, the Radicals cheered him, and there was an end of it. But not an end of the mischief, for from that hour agrarian outrages began to increase. The essence of a constitution and government like that of the United Kingdom is, that the governed, the people, are also, through their representatives, the governors, so that whatever evils they feel in the one capacity they can rectify in the other. This is why free government, good government, self-government, are synonyms of one another, because experience has proved that no man, or assembly, or nation, can be trusted, in the long run, to govern others so well as they will govern themselves. Now the government of Ireland by English ministers, by a Parliament one house of which is entirely, and the other five-sixths, English and Scotch, is not self-government. Hence it is that we still feel your legislation, even when it is liberal and well-intentioned, to be foreign legislation, and ourselves your subjects."

I have endeavored to state the case as a fair-minded Irishman, rather than as an Englishman, would state it. Unquestionably there is much truth in such a view. One

need only listen to an Irish debate in the House of Commons to recognize it. And one must further admit that the English are not merely foreigners, but by no means gracious and agreeable foreigners, to deal with. In spite of their many virtues, partly because of some of their virtues and especially of their passion for improving people and things, the English do not make themselves liked by other nations, not even in India, where they are honestly doing their best for the natives. They are too stiff, too dry, too unsympathetic, too much disposed to make their own notions and customs the universal standard of right. Toward races which they think their inferiors they are less often cruel and far less often unjust than most European peoples. But they are contemptuous, or at best, condescending. They do not allow the subject to forget that he is not only a subject but an inferior. Their very indifference to his opinion of them is the most constant evidence of their pride. Between them and the Irish there is a sort of incompatibility like that which exists between the German and the Slav. It is true that they do not hate the Irish as the Germans hate the Slavs, and as the Lowland Scotch hated the Celtic Highlanders, even so recently as in the days of Thomas Carlyle's youth. An Englishman is not sensible of any antipathy to an individual Irishman; and it need not be said that an individual Irishman has every chance, and uses it, of success in England. In the professions of arms and law and medicine, in the church, in literature and science, many of the leading men of modern Britain are Irish by birth or education,—real Irishmen with their Irish quality, perhaps even their Irish speech bewraying them. But for Ireland as a whole, or for any group of Irishmen associating themselves as Irishmen, the English have a feeling which, if not dislike, is at least distrust, and which, though hardly to be called contemptuous, is certainly not respectful. An Irishman who is content to be even as an Englishman is received on the same footing. But Irishmen who obtrude their Hibernian character and nationality are ill-regarded. Then local patriotism is thought ridiculous. "What have they to be proud of?" says the Englishman; "why cannot they leave that nonsense alone, and be satisfied to be citizens of this great United Kingdom? They are not fit for self-government, and would go to ruin if left to themselves. They must be treated like children. Why cannot they be happy, with such a kind friend as England to look after them; why are they not more grateful for all she is doing for them?" The restlessness, the vehemence in language, the exaggerativeness of the Irish temperament, its instability compared with his own, even its gift for coaxing and pleasing,—all repel the ordinary Englishman. He cannot conceal his distrust, and the Irish take his distrust, as it is often accompanied by brusqueness, to mean more than it does mean. They are irritated by the English want of suavity in a way which surprises the English, sensible of their good intentions and not understanding how much mere manner counts for, between nations as well as between individuals. A patriotic Irishman, even if he has nothing to complain of personally, becomes indignant on behalf of his nation; feels the English foreigners, resents their interference just because it is that of foreigners, and nurses his nationality more than ever, as an ardent mind is most loyal to a friend just when the world runs him down. I have heard Irishmen who were themselves bitter opponents of the so-called National party, hot Tories and Protestants, confess that they hated the English, and would like to be rid of them, were it not that they knew that in an independent Ireland their own party and religion would be overpowered. The sense that England treated them *de haut en bas* was intolerable. No wonder then that this feeling among the less educated masses, who have been fed for years with denunciations of England, and told that all their misfortunes are due to her, makes them think and call the government which is carried on in the name of the Queen and Parliament a foreign government.

If it were only this, if it were a purely English government, the case might be better. Foreign rule, such as was the rule of the Austrians in Italy, need not wound men privately, but publicly only. So far from setting class against class, it has a tendency to bring classes together, by giving them the bond of a common national feeling against the stranger. But the so-called English government in Ireland is the rule not merely of England, but of the English part of Ireland,—of a dominant caste, English by origin, Protestant by religion,—who in time past enjoyed a monopoly of political and civil rights and so abused it as to bring the people's hatred, not on themselves only, but on England also whose power they were suffered to wield. To the mind of an Irish peasant or tradesman, the Government is not a distant abstraction, which, in return for a light tax, gives him the protection of the law, not an imposing embodiment of the unity of the nation; it means the squirarchy, the landowning and locally dominating class, to whom he pays rent, who are justices of the

peace, who are connected by social or family ties with all the other powers that be, and who are still able to influence those powers for his evil or good. In time past, the peasant had much insolence and much oppression to suffer from the squires and their dependents, there being no such sympathy and friendliness between him and them as in England gives a genial character to the relation of landlord and tenant. He knows that things have changed now. The Irish landlords are nearly always Tories, and since 1870 great has been their bitterness against the Liberal party which disestablished the Protestant Church and altered the Land Laws. The peasant sees that those who were once secure in their strength are now angry and alarmed. He perceives that there is a power above the squire which no longer supports him as of yore. He thinks this change is due to agitation, to the fears the English have begun to entertain, and he is encouraged to assume a bolder attitude. But the Government is still identified in his mind with the class through which it approaches and deals with him,—the class which furnishes the paid as well as the unpaid magistrates, the judges, the bulk of the officials. The rancor which he feels toward this class—a rancor stronger now than it was when they deserved it far more (because brutality is less resented by a serf than arrogance by a man swollen by newly won equality)—extends itself to the Government, and England has the misfortune to incur a double inheritance of hatred, that of the foreign power which has conquered, that of the ruling caste which has tyrannized at home over the poor. That she has identified herself with this ruling caste, legislated in its interest, allowed it to make her odious, all this belongs rather to the past than to the present. The existing generation of Irish landlords are far better than their ancestors, and have suffered heavily for the sins of those ancestors; much of their power is gone and yet more may be lost. But the English Government cannot rid itself of the association with them which the people have formed, because most of those who combine education with loyalty to the English connection belong to that caste, and are therefore the inevitable officials. Herein, therefore, England can hardly be blamed. Nor is it the fault of the present generation of Englishmen that Ireland has to be governed as if her people were one with the English, when history has made them different. That which may be charged as a fault on the English is that they have not, in the fifty years that followed Catholic emancipation, known or cared to know the truth about Ireland, and that when this truth has been brought before them, they have usually ignored or forgotten it. When Parliament has bent itself to Irish questions, it has done so because the pressure from Ireland — sometimes the increase in agrarian crime, sometimes the prospect of each successive insurrection, sometimes obstruction in the House of Commons — forced it to do so. Every concession has been extorted, has come too late, because the demands of the agitators have already gone further, has lost grace, because not spontaneous, has been incomplete, because always mutilated by the House of Lords, has seemed due not so much to reason and justice as to fear and weariness. On each occasion, over and above any arguments in favor of the measure on its merits, the argument has always been heard, and has been most really potent, that Ireland is so full of discontent and sedition that something must be done to appease her. Thus agitation has been encouraged, and the Irish have been taught that the true way to fix England's attention is by outrage and sedition. Every time their demands are granted they are warned that this is the last time; but they do not believe the warning, it has so often been given before. For this neglect as well as for that strain of haughtiness which stings the Irish, England will doubtless incur the censure of history. But what England? There are two Englands as there are two Irelands, though less embittered against each other. Liberal England (I speak generally, for the view is the view of all Liberals, though that which predominates in this party,) admits many of the principles for which the popular party pleads, has little sympathy for the landlord caste, and still less for Orangeism, is willing to go a long way toward granting every demand which is not inconsistent with the unity of the empire. Tory England (again speaking generally) holds that all our Irish difficulties are due to our weakness, that consistent firmness would have quelled long ago a disaffection which feeds and thrives upon concessions. Discontent is due to agitation; agitation is due to the indulgence it receives from Liberal ministries, who find it easier to grant than to refuse, who think that the masses are always right, and the landowners always wrong. When a Tory Government yields—which it sometimes does—it alleges that the behavior of its Liberal predecessors has compelled it; when a Liberal measure proves insufficient, the defence is that the Tory party or the House of Lords mutilated it in its passage. Between the two sets of views, alternately mounting into

power, as the majority shifts this way and that, English policy toward Ireland loses vigor and definiteness, and effects neither what persistent firmness might do, nor persistent liberality. Each party finds in the Irish policy of the other a field for political attack, and under a system of party government, what else can be expected? Yet no one can doubt that as the resistance to Irish demands has always come chiefly from the Tory party, so it is the great strength of that party which has made the successive acts of concession so tardy and so incomplete. A leading Nationalist member said not long ago, that if it were not for the Tory party, the Irish question would be settled in a session. This is going too far. But it is unquestionably the existence of a landed aristocracy in England, allied to and naturally sympathizing with the landed aristocracy of Ireland, that has made England generally take her ideas from, and espouse the cause of, that ruling caste which the Irish masses hate.

So far I have tried to set forth those elements of mistrust and difficulty between the Irish and England which are due to the position or character of the latter, and to the incidents of her government. Let us now look at the matter from the other side, and see what England has to complain of in the present or recent temper and conduct of the Irish. What is there in them which prevents a *rapprochement*, an understanding by which the peoples may get on amicably together? The Irish would not themselves deny that they are hard to deal with, and American readers will not require much proof of that proposition. But in what way and for what reasons?

They are, in political matters, unpractical. Considering what an active part they play in American politics, not to speak of their parliamentary feats in England, it may seem absurd to call them an unpolitical nation. But they do want some of those qualities which have made the English and the Americans succeed in working free institutions,—self-restraint, moderation, a sense of the relative importance of different aims, a willingness to see what can be said on the other side, a preference of solid men and solid objects to brilliant declaimers and seductive visions. It is no reproach to them to be in these respects deficient, for few races have possessed these gifts, and even in England and America it is by a long experience of freedom that they have been developed and matured. The Irish people had no chance of forming habits of self-government before 1829. Till then politics meant, for them, conspiracy. Since then, while the habit of conspiracy has unhappily survived, open agitation has been added. For the present generation, politics have consisted in agitation, in perpetual opposition, complaint, denunciation. No popular leader has held any official position, has been called upon to put forward a positive scheme, has learnt by experience what the difficulties of legislating and governing are, has had himself sobered by the sense of responsibility. The Irish ideal of a leader has been an orator, who will worry and vex and terrify the ruling powers, not a constructive statesman whose plans will restore prosperity to the country. Hence, as the mass of the people have had no training for local self-government, so the leaders have had nothing to do but criticise, and have given little or no help to the English Government by any practical suggestions. They would answer that this is not their business, but that of the Executive, and that suggestions from them would be ill received. Nevertheless it is a serious obstacle to any progress with the pacification of Ireland. Those who claim to speak on behalf of the disaffected majority make vague and large demands, which English opinion holds inadmissible. They do not show how these demands could be satisfied by framing any scheme of government which would work. They declare that nothing less than their demands will be accepted, and generally refuse to coöperate in arranging some practicable compromise.

Some among them irritate even those Englishmen who desire to aid them by the unmeasured vehemence of their language and by their efforts to insult whatever the English respect. And thus, while they deprive the Government and Parliament of that help which the representatives of the country ought to render, they confirm the notion of the ordinary Englishman that the Irish, high and low, orator and peasant, are unfit to be trusted with their own affairs,—that an Irish assembly would be a place of endless and purposeless wrangling. He finds the Nationalist members unreasonable and impracticable. He complains that they insist on all or nothing; that they will not combine with those who are really their friends; that they are ostentatiously detached,—hostile to every English alliance. "Why not," he exclaims, "when you have a man like Mr. Gladstone, who has given so many proofs of his sincerity, who obviously desires to go as far in your direction as English public opinion will permit, and is constantly charged with yielding to you—why not recognize his good intentions (aye, and his good performance), facilitate his progress, show that his measures tend to pacify Ireland, instead of

agitating against him and denouncing his Government just as you denounced the Tories? It looks as if you wished to keep up irritation, to prevent reconciliation, to persuade your countrymen that England is still the same hostile foreign power she was seventy years ago. Perhaps your hope is that you will make England give you up in despair as irreconcilable, and at last part with you, not from any conviction that it will benefit you, but out of sheer weariness and disgust. You may think you are right; but you mistake the English people. They are now, under a popular constitution which expresses the feelings of the middle and working classes, more just and friendly to Ireland, more anxious to do what is right, more regardless of the English landlord garrison, than they ever were before. But they are as proud and resolute as ever, and you greatly err if you think you have more to gain from their fear or their exhaustion than from their love of justice and freedom."

What answer the Nationalist would make to such an appeal every one knows. But it is most true that the Irish do now misconceive the English people just as the English misconceive the state of mind of an Irish Nationalist. The English, who have forgotten the scorn and the misdeeds of their ancestors, assume that the Irish have forgotten all that too. They live in full light under conditions daily becoming more democratic; they do not know how much of the past darkness broods over the mind of an Irish peasant; they expect from the nation as a whole a reasonableness, a friendliness, a comprehension of our time which does not yet exist. The Nationalist, on the other hand, does not realize the change in England; he sees in her still the harsh and haughty master of 1798. The one expects too much; the other gives credit for too little.

Another reason for the apparent implacability of the Irish opposition, a reason unsufficiently grasped in England, is to be found in its internal divisions. It is composed of different sections, and the more moderate are forced to play up to the more extreme. I have already remarked that the gravity of the crisis since 1879 has consisted in the union of several hitherto distinct currents of anti-English feeling. But the coincidence of these parties has been, not a fusion, but only an alliance. Behind the parliamentary Nationalists—who in the main confine themselves to constitutional agitation, and who have not formally demanded anything more than a separate Irish parliament—stands the Fenian party, whose object is complete independence, its methods, conspiracy, and insurrection. This party has never submitted itself to the parliamentary opposition, and is quite capable of breaking with the more moderate men, of denouncing them, even of turning its weapons against them. There is no reason to believe it numerically strong, but it is desperate; it receives sympathy from many who hesitate to join it; it professes to control the contributions of the Irish in America, and has no doubt some support there. In a struggle between Jacobins and Girondins, the latter are apt to come off worst. Now the Fenian party will not hear of conciliation or compromise, and to accept a compromise would be to break with them. There is also what may be called the agrarian party among the peasantry and small shop-keepers, the local politicians and members of land leagues, or of the old Riband lodges,—the men who have hoped to get the land for nothing, who have been excited by the promises of agitators, by the success which attended the Land League movement, by the mere pleasure of conspiring and finding themselves powerful. This party was far from including the whole of the western and southern peasantry. The numerical majority of the people have probably been either neutral or inactively sympathetic. But it has been well organized, and it is strong just because there is no other party among the masses to confront it—no sentiment of friendliness to England, or attachment to the law. The parliamentary leaders cannot neglect it, for it is to its support that they mostly owe their seats. And it would regard with suspicion and disappointment any arrangement which gave it less than the whole of what it has been taught to demand. That it is easier to raise the devil than to lay him, is a maxim whose truth popular leaders have often had to ponder.

The necessity of keeping in good humor these extreme sections of their party must have been an enormous difficulty for the Nationalist chiefs, and one which English opinion has perhaps insufficiently allowed for. They have been severely judged by those who fail to perceive that it requires an altogether exceptional moral courage and strength of character for a leader to avoid being pressed on by the eagerness of his followers into a position which his judgment disapproves. Nothing so hard as to retire, or to counsel moderation, when you expose yourself to the charge (however groundless) of timidity or treason. A leader so placed may honestly, though erringly, think that he better serves his country and the world by remaining at the head of a movement, even when forced to go too far and say too much, and thus holding back the men of violent means and hopeless aims, rather

than by abandoning its guidance to desperate hands. I speak from no special knowledge of the inner state of the Nationalist party, about which I know no more than any other member of the general public. But no one who has watched its course during the last few years can help perceiving that its chiefs have repeatedly felt obliged to take steps and hold language they would not have taken or held of themselves, in order to please and keep up the excitement of their supporters in Ireland or America, people not only less informed but more violent and reckless than themselves. It were needless to show how much this increases the perplexity of English statesmen in dealing with such leaders. What is the use of convincing them if they are not free to act upon their own convictions, but must gratify a fierce faction whom no arguments or appeals from England can reach? What is gained by conceding their first demands, if new demands are immediately to be sprung upon you at the bidding of men who want nothing less than absolute independence? The agrarian party and the insurrectionist party expect from the parliamentary opposition only one thing — unremitting hostility to any English Government; and the parliamentary opposition is thus being always forced further than its cooler heads approve.

"What is it, then," it may be asked, "that makes the agrarianists and the insurrectionists so strong? They are not numerous; they are inferior in every way to the parliamentary leaders; why should they be obeyed?" This brings one to the kernel of the mischief. They are formidable, partly because there is no pacific party among the masses to oppose them, but mainly from that capital misfortune of Ireland, the severance of its upper from its lower classes. The natural leaders of a people ought to come from its higher class; that is to say, from the men of education, intelligence, social position — those who are naturally looked up to either in their own neighborhood or by the country at large. Their higher social standing, their wider intellectual outlook, gives such men not only a greater aptitude for politics, but a sense of responsibility which, when it is found among those who want these advantages, is due to the presence of quite exceptional natural capacity and virtue. I am far from saying that good leaders may not spring from the least cultivated classes; I observe only that a leader from among them has certain obstacles to overcome, certain grave temptations to encounter, which are less formidable to the person who starts from a higher platform of rank and knowledge. Now in Ireland these natural leaders are almost wanting. The popular party counts among its numbers few persons of rank, or wealth, or education; few who correspond to men like Mazzini, Daniel Manin, Poerio, Saffi, d'Azeglio, in the Italy of thirty years ago; few like those who led the commons of England in the struggle against the tyranny of the Stuarts, or like the heroes of the Revolution in America. The upper class in Ireland is mostly Protestant and Tory. The Protestant Liberals of Ulster stand (as a whole) aloof from the Nationalist movement; so, too, do the Catholic gentry, among whom there are indeed Home Rulers, but very few who desire separation. If they are not active friends of the present system, they dislike it less than the tactics of the revolutionary party. Thus it comes that nearly all the local leaders of the Nationalist movement, and many of their parliamentary leaders, belong to the peasant class, share its animosities, its narrow horizon, its incapacity for grasping the difficulties of the problem, its tendency to yield to mere feeling instead of taking a large and sober view of the situation, and seeking to reach the practicable best. These men are dangerous because they are swayed by those very prejudices which a leader ought to rise above and correct. They stimulate the people but do not enlighten it. One of them, at any rate, is a man of a high stamp, who has sought to check outrages, but he cannot exercise the sort of influence which the joint action of a group of enlightened men, however extreme in their views, might possess. Among the parliamentary leaders of the party there are several who, either by birth and position, or by education and culture, belong to the upper class. These things help a man even in a revolution. But such leaders stand almost alone. They have no local leaders of the same type behind them. They are generals in an army where there are hardly any trained officers, but only a vast rank and file, not indeed stupid, for there is always plenty of cleverness in Ireland, but ignorant and impatient. Hence they have not the requisite authority. They have not that body of opinion round them of their own class which, while it strengthens, steadies and controls. They have to appeal to the passions, or the bare material interest of their supporters, when the situation calls for a high and statesman-like tone. It may seem a paradox, but it is not the less a truth, that the Irish problem would be easier to solve if the so-called English garrison, if the whole of the educated class, belonged to the Nationalist party. For then the education and wealth of the country would recognize the advantages of maintaining some sort of connection with England, and would make their policy accepted by the masses; while English statesmen would have firm ground to tread upon,

people to deal with who could take a practical view of things, and hold to a bargain once struck.

As it is, the English Government finds itself on a quicksand. With whom is it to treat? Whom is it to accept as the exponents of the popular will? It may seem to have been assumed in the previous argument that the Nationalists are the nation. But, so far as parliamentary representation goes, they can claim less than half the Irish members. One may reckon them loosely at forty, though not all these follow implicitly one standard. Of the remaining sixty-four — Ireland having in all one hundred and four members — about twenty-seven are Tories, nine Ulster Liberal Protestants, and the rest nominally Home Rulers and for the most part Roman Catholics, but practically (with a few exceptions) supporters of the present Liberal Government, and therefore regarded as foes by the Nationalists themselves. These sixty-four represent technically more than half the country; substantially, no doubt, they represent less; for if a general election were now held, it is probable that the extreme party would obtain a majority, and come back with sixty or seventy members. However, at the lowest computation, more than a million Irishmen are opposed to the Nationalist programme, and this million includes nearly all the property and education of the island. A minority like this cannot be ignored. So the Irish who hold to England may fairly ask whether the wishes of the nation are to be learned and estimated solely from the more extreme party. "How is justice to be done to the majority without doing injustice to the minority, especially as this minority includes the most industrious and prosperous people in the country, the Scoto-Irish of the North? Is not England bound in honor, if she holds that in any sense the people of the whole United Kingdom are one people, to protect the religion and the property of such a minority from the consequences of separation?"

England has now something more important still to protect in Ireland — life and personal security. The difficulties we have hitherto been considering are political difficulties. But the deepest-rooted evil in Ireland is the existence of private crime, agrarian in its origin, but perpetrated not on landlords and agents only, but on whoever ventures, in three of the four provinces of the island, to disobey that unwritten law of the people which forbids a tenant to be expelled from his farm. Not merely the evicting landlord, but the new-comer who takes a farm whence another has been removed, even if for good cause, and the very laborer or herdsman who serves him, incurs the anger of the peasantry and stands in danger of his life. These habits of crime began in the last century, when the law was harsh and landlords were wont to use it harshly. It was the only remedy the peasants had — the only vengeance they could take for their wrongs. It was so far effective that it prevented many evictions which would otherwise have taken place; and, horrible as it seems, one must remember that it was often provoked by an unrighteous abuse of the landlord's power. The people came to forget its criminal character altogether, and looked on it as a sort of private war, and on any one who set himself against it and revealed the murderer as a traitor to his class. Hence the sympathy which surrounded the offender, the unwillingness to give information, to bear witness in court, to convict even on clear evidence. The immense difficulty of the Government in Ireland all this century has been to detect and punish these agrarian crimes, because the whole country-side, even if it does not applaud the particular act, is against the law and for the offender. A wife is banned if she gives evidence against the slayer of her husband, or a son of his father. A distinguished physician told me that he was once summoned to attend a man — the bailiff, I think, of some land-owner — who had been shot in an agrarian quarrel. The man knew who had shot him, and by a word could have brought his murderer to justice, but he would not speak that word during the three days he lingered, and he died without giving a clew.

This tacit league against the law has two fatal effects. It incenses the English, and gives them a bad opinion of the people, who seem to them more than ever unfit for self-government. And it forces every English administration, be it Tory or Liberal, to have recourse to coercive legislation, to suspend the ordinary law, and obtain extraordinary powers for seizing and trying offenders. The exercise of such powers is felt as a grievance in Ireland, and further exasperates the anti-English feeling. Even their legitimate use may be galling to ordinary citizens, nor can it fail to happen that they are sometimes misused. Exceptional legislation is taken as another proof that Ireland is treated differently from England. Yet what is a government to do which finds itself baffled by undetected criminals? It is even drawn on to apply these same exceptional powers to political offenses which are to modern sentiment less odious, and thus it commits the mistake of strengthening in the Irish mind the association between any sort of crime and patriotism, as being both directed against the foreign power.

This struggle against agrarian crime, forcing the best friends of liberty to assume a

sort of despotism, is the greatest difficulty which governments have to face in Ireland. But it is itself only a part of a larger phenomenon. The movement in Ireland is a social revolution. The volcano has been smoking and glowing under its ashes for more than a century, and now the lava-floods have rolled forth. This is no isolated thing in Europe. Most feudal countries have to pass through such a phase. The French peasants effected their social revolution in the end of the last century. The French workmen have repeatedly attempted one in our own time. In North Germany, the timely reforms of Stein averted a struggle among the agriculturists, while the spread of Socialism in the towns and the repressive measures of the Prussian Government show how serious the danger is in the artisan classes. In Russia we have been hearing the first mutterings of the storm. England has so far escaped, for her trade and manufactures have given unprecedented prosperity to the towns-people, while the agricultural laborers are not numerous enough, nor perhaps wretched enough, to be ready for a Jacquerie. And in England there has happily never been any sharp line between classes, nor any social rancor. But in Ireland all the elements existed—a redundant population, very miserable, very ignorant, with no resource but tillage, ruled by a caste alien to them in religion, in feeling, and, till recently, in language; a caste which had lived upon them in idleness, insulted them, neglected them. Who can wonder that when such a population is suddenly delivered from the fear that held it down, it should be intoxicated by the opportunity and should seek to possess itself of the land it has always thought to be rightfully its own? To any one who looks at the contrasts of misery and wealth in the world, and at the ignorance of economic laws which accompanies misery, it will appear surprising, not that the needy sometimes rise against the rich but that they do not rise more often. The Irish landlords of to-day are to be pitied, for they suffer for the sins of their predecessors, and some of them have bought their estates lately, thinking all danger over. They complain that England has not stood by them and has been generous to the tenantry at their expense. But their lot would have been far harder but for the proximity of English power which has broken the brunt of this revolution, protected their persons, averted that utter ruin which otherwise might have overtaken them. It is the conjunction of this social convulsion with a perplexing political problem that has taxed so severely the resources and the courage of English statesmen, and that made the crisis of 1880–82 the greatest Ireland has seen since 1798. Fortunately, England has been guided by a minister gifted with a courage and resource such as have not been applied to Irish questions since William of Orange's conquest made her first the disgrace and then the difficulty of English statesmanship.

England might crush this social revolution by an exercise of her physical power, as social revolutions have been crushed before now in Europe. She might, but she will not, because the masses in England have too much sympathy with the sufferings of the Irish peasantry, and because England altogether has become too tender in feeling, just as the Americans of the North were toward the defeated South, to use the stern methods of last century. There might be a fit of severity, but it could not long be maintained. On the other hand, England cannot bring herself to accept the social revolution and to let the numerical majority of Irishmen carry out their will, whatever that may prove to be; for England holds herself responsible for whatever happens in Ireland. If Ireland were cut adrift, a civil war might possibly have to decide the issues between the aboriginal nation and the Anglo-Scottish or Protestant colony, or rather (since the distinction of parties does not closely follow the difference of blood) between the tenants and laborers of the South and West, and the upper classes. Whichever faction triumphed, whether by arms or by votes, would abuse its power and trample on the rights of the other. England feels unable to tolerate this. If Ireland were left independent, and a civil war followed, England could not stand by and see excesses like those of the Communards and the Assembly at Paris in 1871 without interfering. If, a connection of the countries being maintained, domestic Irish legislation were committed to an Irish Parliament, and that Parliament used it to dispossess land-owners without compensation and establish the Roman Catholic church, England would be irresistibly moved to interfere. Therefore she clings to the idea that the United Kingdom is one; and, when the idea of cutting Ireland adrift presents itself, asks whether that would not be treason to those inhabitants of Ireland who do belong to the British rather than to the Irish nation, and to whom her faith seems so deeply plighted. She is in the difficulty of trying to combine two inconsistent plans of government. You may govern a nation as you would a boy—consider yourself in the light of a father, and rule it for its own good, but according to your own views. You may treat it as having attained its majority and let it govern itself, badly perhaps, but in

its own way, so that it may at last learn by its own experience. England does neither of these things. She attempts to combine the system of self-government, expressed in the parliamentary representation of Ireland, with the system of paternal government, expressed in the decisive voice which England retains. And she does this because she repeats in the same breath that Irish and English are one nation, and yet that Ireland must be governed according to Irish ideas. It is illogical, it is self-contradictory; yet the contradiction is in the facts. For the Irish, according as you look at them from this side or from that, are and are not a part of the British nation.

What the future has in store for Ireland; into what new phases the present crisis will pass; how far the Land Act will raise and pacify the peasantry; by what means the demand for self-government is to be satisfied without breaking up the United Kingdom; whether a separate Irish parliament might not rather aggravate than diminish the difficulties of the situation, and almost necessarily lead to a final severance of the two islands; whether such a severance would be any loss to England, however serious an injury it might be to Ireland,—these are questions of practical politics with which this article is not intended to deal. My only object has been to present to American readers, as fairly as I can, the conditions of the problem toward whose solution England and Ireland are struggling. Fortunate it is for America that, having settled a still larger and more formidable question, she can now look on calmly and sympathetically, judging both parties more fairly than either can yet judge the other. It would be rash to predict that the solution will come soon. Probably the English popular party must first gain a more distinct predominance in England than it now possesses; but come it will if only England patiently maintains that calm and friendly temper which the bulk of her people have shown since this last crisis began.

Things are, after all, far better than they were at the time of Catholic emancipation, or in 1848, or during the first Fenian outbreak. Though the element of secret crime is still formidable, the agitation is far more open, public, directed into a constitutional channel, than it was before. Obstruction is an improvement on conspiracy. The Nationalists are free to utter all their complaints, and do not spare to use this freedom; the English have learnt to listen quietly, and consider what they hear. The bulk of the English people,—the middle and working classes, who have less arrogance and more sympathy than the classes that formerly ruled, and which, in virtue of their sympathy, their love of justice and liberty, have also a kind of wisdom which aristocratic arrogance is shut out from,—this mass of the English and Scottish people honestly wishes to do right by Ireland. It does not quite know how, but it is willing to trust those statesmen whom it believes to be governed by its own wholesome instincts. In all questions of conduct there are two elements needed for success—the desire to do what is most just to and best for others as well as one's self, or, in other words, the right moral end, and the insight which enables one to see what is the course which will attain such a right and happy issue—in other words, the skillful choice of means. England now seems to be reaching the first of these two requisites for success. She is no longer thinking chiefly of herself and her English garrison in Ireland: she is thinking of and seeking what is really best for the Irish people and all sections of them. To discover this really best; to ascertain how Irish national aspirations and the legitimate demand for more control of their own destinies can be gratified without throwing back the forces that work for progress and civilization in the island, without creating matter for fresh disputes, without placing an industrious and educated minority at the mercy of a less enlightened majority—this is a hard task. Many efforts may have to be made, some failures encountered, before it is accomplished, before peace and unity are secured for Ireland, whether as a part of the United Kingdom or in a more or less independent position. But it is not, after all, more hard than what England has already done, when one compares her sentiments and conduct now with the sentiments and conduct of 1798. The Irish people themselves, with their quick and sensitive minds, can hardly fail to feel and appreciate the change. When they feel it and begin to regard England with some measure of confidence and good-will, the problem will have been more than half solved. The one point on which everything seems to turn is the perseverance of England and Scotland in their present temper, whatever disappointments or provocations may tempt them from it. A faith in justice and liberty is a new doctrine in the political relations of the stronger and the weaker, and it has a better promise of the future than any force that has been heretofore employed.

James Bryce.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

In the deluge of "new books," in which so many of us at present are occupied in swimming for our lives, it is not often that there floats toward us a pair of volumes so well deserving to be arrested in their passage as this substantial record * of a beautiful and distinguished friendship. The book has a high interest, and we have found it even more absorbing than we expected. It is only superficially, indeed, that it may be spoken of as new; for the persons and things it commemorates have already receded — so fast we move to-day — into a kind of historical perspective. The last letter that passed between the correspondents is of the date only of 1872; Carlyle died nine and Emerson ten years later. But we seem to see them from a distance; the united pair presents itself in something of the uplifted relief of a group on canvas or in marble. They have become, as I say, historical: so many of their emotions, their discussions, their interests, their allusions belong to a past which is already remote. It was, in fact, in the current of an earlier world that the Correspondence began. The first letter, which is from Emerson as the last is from Carlyle, is of the date of 1834. Emerson was the voice of New England in those days, and New England has changed not a little. There is something peculiarly young and tender in the social scene in which we see him engaged; for, in the interval that separates us from the period included in the whole of the first of these volumes and in the greater part of the second, a great many things have come and gone. The questions of those years are not the questions of these. There were more questions then, perhaps; at least, they made more show. It may seem to the reader of Emerson's early letters that at that time there was nothing in New England but questions. There were very few things, and even few persons. Emerson's personal references are rare. Bronson Alcott, W. E. Channing, Margaret Fuller, Thoreau, an occasional American about to go to Europe, carrying a letter or a book to Carlyle, constitute in this direction the chief objects of mention. Transcendentalism has come and gone, and the abolition of slavery, and the novelty of the Unitarian creed, and the revelation of Goethe, and the doctrine of a vegetable diet, and a great many other reforms then deemed urgent. Carlyle's extraordinary personality has, moreover, thanks to recent publications, revealed itself with unlooked-for vividness. Of few distinguished men has the public come into such complete possession so soon after death has unlocked the cabinets. The deeply interesting volumes given to the world so promptly by Mr. Froude, have transmuted the great Scotch humorist from a remote and mysterious personage — however portentous, disclosing himself in dusky, smoky ejaculations and rumblings — into a definite and measurable, an almost familiar figure, with every feature marked and every peculiarity demonstrated. We know Carlyle, in short; we may look at him at our ease, and the advantage, though we have enjoyed it but for a year or two, has become part of our modern illumination. When we receive new contributions accordingly, we know what to do with them, and where, as the phrase is, to fit them in; they find us prepared. I should add that if we know Carlyle, we know him in a great measure because he was so rich, so original a letter-writer. The letters in Mr. Froude's volumes constituted the highest value of those memorials and led us to look for entertainment as great in the Correspondence which Mr. Charles Eliot Norton had had for some time in his keeping, and which, though his name does not appear on the title-page, he has now edited with all needful judgment and care. Carlyle takes his place among the first of English, among the very first of all letter-writers. All his great merits come out in this form of expression; and his defects are not felt as defects, but only as striking characteristics and as tones in the picture. Originality, nature, humor, imagination, freedom, the disposition to talk, the play of mood, the touch of confidence — these qualities, of which the letters are full, will, with the aid of an inimitable use of language — a style which glances at nothing that it does not render grotesque, — preserve their life for readers even further removed from the occasion than ourselves, and for whom possibly the vogue of Carlyle's published writings in his day will be to a certain degree a subject of wonder. The light thrown upon his character by the mass of evidence edited by Mr. Froude had not embellished the image nor made the reader's sympathy advance at the same pace as his curiosity. But the volumes that lie before us

* The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1834–1872. In two volumes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co., 1883.

seemed to promise a more genial sort of testimony, and the promise has been partly kept. Carlyle is here in intercourse with a friend for whom, almost alone among the persons with whom he had dealings, he appears to have entertained a sentiment of respect—a constancy of affection untinged by that humorous contempt in which (in most cases) he indulges when he wishes to be kind, and which was the best refuge open to him from his other alternative of absolutely savage mockery. Of the character, the sincerity, the genius, the many good offices of his American correspondent, he appears to have had an appreciation which, even in his most invidious hours, never belied itself. It is singular, indeed, that throughout his intercourse with Emerson he never appears to have known the satiric fury which he directed at so many other objects—accepting his friend *en bloc*, once for all, with reservations and protests so light that, as addressed to Emerson's own character, they are only a finer form of consideration. Emerson, on the other hand, who was so much more kindly a judge, so much more luminous a nature, holds off, as the phrase is, comparatively, and expresses, at times, at least, the disapprobation of silence. Carlyle was the more constant writer of the two, especially toward the end of their correspondence; he constantly expresses the desire to hear from Emerson oftener. The latter had not an abundant epistolary impulse; the form and style of his letters, charming as they are, is in itself a proof of that. But there were evidently certain directions in which he could not go with his friend, who has likewise sundry tricks of style which act at times even upon the placid nerves of the inventor of Transcendentalism. He thinks, for instance, that Carlyle's satire of the "gigmania" has been overdone; and this, although Emerson himself was as little as possible of a gigmaniac. I must add that it would be wrong to suppose that the element of reserve, or of calculated silence, plays in the least a striking part in the letters of either. There is nothing more striking, and nothing finer, than their confident frankness. Altogether the charm of the book is that as one reads it one is in excellent company. Two men of rare and beautiful genius converse with each other, and the conversation is a kind of exhibition.

There was something almost dramatic in the beginning of their friendship. Emerson, a young Bostonian, then unknown, went to Europe for the first time in 1833. He had read Carlyle's contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," and on his return from Italy, spending the summer in England, had no greater care than to become acquainted with the author. Carlyle, hardly better known then than Emerson,—poor, struggling, lonely, discouraged, but pregnant with all his future eloquence,—was spending at the farm of Craigenputtock, in the south of Scotland, those melancholy, those almost savage years of which we have so rich a report in the letters and journals published by Mr. Froude. "I found the house amid desolate, heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." So writes Emerson in the first chapter of the "English Traits." The two spent a day of early autumn together, walking over the moors, and when they separated it was with a presentiment of the future and a conviction on the part of each that he had made a rare acquisition. Carlyle has commemorated in several places the apparition of the generous young American,—"one of the most lovable creatures in himself that we had ever looked upon," he wrote to his mother; and toward the end of his life, in one of these letters, he glances back at it in the tenderest manner, across the years. "I shall never forget the visitor," at a later date, too, Mrs. Carlyle wrote, "who years ago, in the desert, descended on us out of the clouds, as it were, and made one day there look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day." Emerson went back to America, and the first letter in this collection is of the date of nine months later—May, 1834. This letter contains, by the way, an allusion to Carlyle's situation at that time, which, in the light thrown upon his state of mind and circumstances at Craigenputtock by the "lonely scholar's" own letters, journals, and reminiscences, may provoke a smile. "I remembered with joy the favored condition of my lonely philosopher, his happiest wedlock, his fortunate temper, his steadfast simplicity, his all means of happiness—not," Emerson indeed adds, "that I had the remotest hope that he should so far depart from his theories as to expect happiness." Carlyle's fortunate temper and steadfast simplicity sound to-day like bold touches of satire. It is true that his idiosyncrasies were as yet more or less undeveloped. The Correspondence speedily became brisk, the more so that, in the winter of 1834–5, Carlyle had settled himself in London, that life and work had opened to him with a somewhat better promise, and that the transmission to his American disciple of his new compositions offered repeated occasion for letters.

They pass with frequency for the following fifteen years, when there is an interruption of a twelvemonth. They begin again in 1850, and continue at the rate of two or three a year, till 1856. After this they are less frequent, though the mutual regard of the

writers evidently knew no diminution. In 1872, Emerson went abroad again (he had visited England for a second time in 1847); and after his return the letters cease. Many of the early ones are occupied with the question of the republication of Carlyle's writings in America. Emerson took upon himself to present "Sartor Resartus" and some of its successors to the American public, and he constantly reports to the author upon the progress of this enterprise. He transmits a great many booksellers' accounts as well as a considerable number of bills of exchange, and among the American publishers is a most faithful and zealous representative of his friend. Some of these details, which are very numerous, are tedious; but they are interesting at the same time, and Mr. Norton has done well to print them all. In the light of the present relations of British authors to the American public, they are curious reading. There appears to have been a fortunate moment (it was not of long duration) when it was possible for the British author to reap something of a harvest here. It would appear that, between 1838 and 1847, Emerson sent Carlyle some five hundred and thirty pounds, the proceeds of the sale of several of his works in this country. The sum is not large, but it must be measured by the profit that he had up to that time derived in England. It was in Boston that "Sartor Resartus," with which the English publishers would have so little to do, first made its way into the light, after a precarious and abbreviated transit through "Fraser's Magazine." "It will be a very brave day," Carlyle wrote in 1838, after Emerson had made arrangements for the issue of the "French Revolution" in Boston, "it will be a very brave day when cash actually reaches me, no matter what the *number* of the coins, whether seven or seven hundred, out of Yankee-land; and strange enough, what is not unlikely, if it be the *first* cash I realize for that piece of work—Angle-land continuing still *in*solvent to me." Six years later, in 1844, he writes, on the occasion of a remittance from Emerson of thirty-six pounds, "America, I think, is like an amiable family tea-pot; you think it is all out long since, and lo, the valuable implement yields you another cup, and another!" Encouragement had come to him from America as well as money; and there is something touching in the care with which Emerson assures him of the growth of his public on this side of the ocean, and of there being many ingenuous young persons of both sexes to whom his writings are as meat and drink. We had learned from Mr. Froude's publications that his beginnings were difficult; but this Correspondence throws a new light upon those grim years—I mean in exposing more definitely the fact that he was for some time on the point of coming to seek his fortune in this country. Both his own and Emerson's early letters are full of allusions to this possible voyage: for Emerson, in particular, the idea appears to have a fascination; he returns to it again and again, keeps it constantly before his correspondent, never ceases to express his desire that Carlyle should embark for Boston. There was a plan of his giving lectures in the United States, and Emerson, at Carlyle's request, collects all possible information as to the expenses and the rewards of such an attempt. It would appear that the rewards of the lecturer's art, fifty years ago, were extremely slender in comparison of what they have since become; though it must be added that Emerson gives a truly touching description of the cost of living. One might have entertainment at the best hotels for the sum of eight dollars a week. It is true that he gives us no re-assurance as to what the best hotels in America, fifty years ago, may have been. Emerson offers his friend the most generous hospitality; on his return from Europe, he had married and settled himself at Concord. To Concord he entreats Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle to take their way; their room is ready and their fire is made. The reader at this point of the correspondence feels a certain suspense: he knows that Carlyle never did come to America, but like a good novel the letters produce an illusion. He holds his breath, for the terrible Scotchman may after all have embarked, and there is something really almost heart-shaking in the thought of his transporting that tremendous imagination and those vessels of wrath and sarcasm to an innocent New England village. The situation becomes dramatic, like the other incident I have mentioned, in the presence of Emerson's serene good faith, his eagerness for the arrival of such a cloud-compelling host. The catastrophe never came off, however, and the air of Concord was disturbed by no fumes more irritating than the tonic emanations of Emerson's own genius. It is impossible to imagine what the historian of the French Revolution, of the iron-fisted Cromwell, and the Voltairean Frederick, would have made of that sensitive spot, or what Concord would have made of Carlyle.

Emerson, indeed, throughout had no hesitations on this score, and talked of the New England culture to his lurid correspondent without the least fear that his delicate specimens would be scorched. He sends him Mr. Alcott, he sends him Margaret Fuller, and others besides, who have a varying fortune at

the little house in Cheyne Walk. It is true that Carlyle gave him constantly the encouragement of a high and eloquent esteem for his own utterances. He was evidently a great and genuine admirer of the genius, the spirit of his American friend, and he expresses this feeling on a dozen occasions.

"My friend! you know not what you have done for me there [in the oration of 'The American Scholar']. It was long decades of years that I had heard nothing but the infinite jangling and jabbering, and inarticulate twittering and screeching, and my soul had sunk down sorrowful and said there is no articulate speaking then any more, and thou art solitary among stranger-creatures; and lo, out of the West comes a clear utterance, clearly recognizable as a *man's* voice, and I *have* a kinsman and brother: God be thanked for it! I could have *wept* to read that speech; the clear high melody of it went tingling through my heart; I said to my wife, 'There, woman!' * * * My brave Emerson! And all this has been lying silent, quite tranquil in him, these seven years, and the 'vociferous platitude' dinning his ears on all sides, and he quietly answering no word; and a whole world of thought has silently built itself in these calm depths, and, the day having come, says quite softly, as if it were a common thing, 'Yes, *I am* here, too.' Miss Martineau tells me, 'Some say it is inspired; some say it is mad.' Exactly so; no *say* could be suitabler."

That is from a letter of 1837, and though at a later date (in 1850) he speaks of seeing "well enough what a great deep cleft divides us in our ways of practically looking at this world"; though, too (in 1842), he had already uttered a warning against Emerson's danger (with his fellow-transcendentalists) of "soaring away * * * into perilous altitudes, beyond the curve of perpetual frost * * * and seeing nothing under one but the everlasting snows of Himmalayah"—the danger of "inanity and mere injuring of the lungs!"—though, as I say, he threw out his reflections upon certain inevitable disparities, his attitude toward the Concord philosopher remained (I have already noted it) an eminently hospitable one. "The rock-strata, miles deep, unite again; and the two poor souls are at one," he adds in the letter written in 1850, from which I have just quoted. When "English Traits" came out, Carlyle wrote, "Not for seven years and more have I got hold of such a Book;—Book by a real *man*, with eyes in his head; nobleness, wisdom, humor, and many other things in the heart of him. Such Books do not turn up often in the decade, in the century." He adds, indeed, rather unexpectedly: "In fact, I believe it to be worth all the Books ever written by New England upon Old." Carlyle speaks as if there had been an appreciable literature of that kind. It is faint praise to say that "English Traits" was the authority on the subject. He declares in another letter that "My Friend Emerson, alone of all voices out of America, has sphere-music in him for me." These words, written in 1843, are part of a paragraph in which Carlyle expresses his feelings with regard to the American "reforming" class at large. The high esteem in which he held his correspondent did not impel him to take an enthusiastic view of certain persons with whom, apparently, he supposed his correspondent to be in some degree associated. "Another Channing, whom I once saw here, sends me a 'Progress-of-the-Species' Periodical from New York. *Ach Gott!* These people and their affairs seem all 'melting' rapidly enough into thaw-slush, or one knows not what. Considerable madness is visible in them * * * I am terribly sick of all that;—and wish it would stay at home at Fruitland, or where there is good pasture for it, * * * [a] bottomless hubbub, which is not all cheering." Several of the wanderers from "Fruitland" knocked at his door, and he speaks of them to Emerson with a humorous irreverence that contrasts characteristically with Emerson's own tone of consideration (that beautiful courtesy which he never lost) for the same persons. One of them, "all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age," he desires to be suffered to love him as he can, "and live on vegetables in peace; as I, living *partly* on vegetables, will continue to love him!" But he warns Emerson against the "English Tail" of the same visitor, who, arrived in London, apparently had given away his confidence on terms too easy. "Bottomless imbeciles ought not to be seen in company with Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has already *men* listening to him on this side of the water." Of Margaret Fuller, however,—one of those who had attempted "the flight of the unwinged," as he calls it,—Carlyle speaks in the most affectionate though the most discriminating manner:

"Poor Margaret, that is a strange tragedy that history of hers, and has many traits of the Heroic in it, though it is wild as the prophecy of a Sybil. Such a predetermination to *eat* this big Universe as her oyster or her egg, and to be absolute empress of all height and glory in it that her heart could conceive, I have not before seen in any human soul. Her 'mountain *me*' indeed:—but her courage too is high and clear, her chivalrous nobleness indeed is great; her veracity, in its deepest sense, *à toute épreuve*."

It is difficult to resist quoting, where so much is quotable; but the better way is to urge the reader to go straight to the book. Then he will find himself interested, even more than in the happy passages of characterization in which it abounds, in the reflection it offers of two contrasted characters of men

of genius. With several qualities in common, Carlyle and Emerson diverged, in their total expression, with a completeness which is full of suggestion as to their differences of circumstance, race, association, temper. Both were men of the poetic quality, men of imagination; both were Puritans; both of them looked, instinctively, at the world, at life, as a great total, full of far-reaching relations; both of them set above everything else the importance of conduct — of what Carlyle called veracity and Emerson called harmony with the universe. Both of them had the desire, the passion, for something better, — the reforming spirit, an interest in the destiny of mankind. But their variations of feeling were of the widest, and the temperament of the one was absolutely opposed to the temperament of the other. Both were men of the greatest purity and, in the usual sense, simplicity of life; each had a high ideal, each kept himself unspotted from the world. Their Correspondence is to an extraordinary degree the record, on either side, of a career with which nothing base, nothing interested, no worldly avidity, no vulgar vanity or personal error, was ever mingled — a career of public distinction and private honor. But with these things what disparities of tone, of manner, of inspiration! "Yet I think I shall never be killed by my ambition," Emerson writes in a letter of the date of 1841. "I behold my failures and shortcomings there in writing, wherein it would give me much joy to thrive, with an equanimity which my worst enemy might be glad to see. * * * My whole philosophy — which is very real — teaches acquiescence and optimism. Only when I see how much work is to be done, what room for a poet — for any spiritualist — in this great, intelligent, sensual and avaricious America, I lament my fumbling fingers and stammering tongue." Emerson speaks the word in that passage; he was an optimist, and this in spite of the fact that he was the inspiration of the considerable body of persons who at that time, in New England, were seeking a better way. Carlyle, on the other hand, was a pessimist — a pessimist of pessimists — and this great difference between them includes many of the others. The American public has little more to learn in regard to the extreme amenity of Emerson, his eminently gentle spirit, his almost touching tolerance, his deference toward every sort of human manifestation; but many of his letters remind us afresh of his singular modesty of attitude and of his extreme consideration for that blundering human family whom he believed to be in want of light. His optimism makes us wonder at times where he discovered the errors that it would seem well to set right, and what there was in his view of the world on which the spirit of criticism could feed. He had a high and noble conception of good, without having, as it would appear, a definite conception of evil. The few words I have just quoted in regard to the America of 1841, "intelligent, sensual, and avaricious," have as sharp an ironical ring in them as any that I remember to have noticed in his part of the Correspondence. He has not a grain of current contempt; one feels, at times, that he has not enough. This salt is wanting in his taste of things. Carlyle, on the other hand, who has fearfully little amenity (save in his direct relation to Emerson, where he is admirable), has a vivid conception of evil without a corresponding conception of good. Curiously narrow and special, at least, were the forms in which he saw this latter spirit embodied. "For my heart is sick and sore on behalf of my own poor generation," he writes in 1842. "Nay, I feel withal as if the one hope of help for it consisted in the possibility of new Cromwells and new Puritans." Eleven years later, returning from a visit to Germany, he writes that "truly and really the Prussian soldiers, with their intelligent *silence*, with the touches of effective Spartanism I saw or fancied in them, were the class of people that pleased me best." There could be nothing more characteristic of Carlyle than this confession that such an impression as that was the most agreeable that he had brought back from a Continental tour. Emerson, by tradition and temperament, was as deeply rooted a Puritan as Carlyle; but he was a Puritan refined and sublimated, and a certain delicacy, a certain good taste would have prevented him from desiring (for the amelioration of mankind) so crude an occurrence as a return of the regiments of Oliver. Full of a local quality, with a narrow social horizon, he yet never would have ventured to plead so undisguisedly (in pretending to speak for the world at large) the cause of his own parish. Of that "current contempt" of which I just now spoke, Carlyle had more than enough. If it is humorous and half-compassionate in his moments of comparative tolerance, it is savage in his melancholy ones; and, in either case, it is full of the entertainment which comes from great expression. "Man, all men, seem radically dumb, jabbering mere jargons and noises from the teeth outward; the inner meaning of them — of them and of me, poor devils — remaining shut, buried forever. * * * Certainly could one generation of men be forced to live without rhetoric, babblement, hearsay, in short with the tongue well cut out of them alto-

gether, their fortunate successors would find a most improved world to start upon!" Carlyle's pessimism was not only deep, but loud; not of the serene, but of the irritable sort. It is one of the strangest of things to find such an appreciation of silence in a mind that in itself was, before all things, expressive. Carlyle's expression was never more rich than when he declared that things were immeasurable, unutterable, not to be formulated. "The gospel of silence, in thirty volumes," that was a happy epigram of one of his critics; but it does not prevent us from believing that, after all, he really loved, as it were, the inarticulate. And we believe it for this reason, that the working of his own genius must have been accompanied with an extraordinary internal uproar, sensible to himself, and from which, in a kind of agony, he was forced to appeal. With the spectacle of human things resounding and reverberating in his head, awaking extraordinary echoes, it is no wonder that he had an ideal of the speechless. But his irritation communed happily for fifty years with Emerson's serenity; and the fact is very honorable to both.

"I have sometimes fancied I was to catch sympathetic activity from contact with noble persons," Emerson writes in a letter from which I have already quoted; "that you would come and see me; that I should form stricter habits of love and conversation with some men and women here who are already dear to me." That is the tone in which he speaks, for the most part, of his own life; and that was the tone which doubtless used to be natural in Concord. His letters are especially interesting for the impression they give us of what we may call the thinness of the New England atmosphere in those days—the thinness, and, it must be added, the purity. An almost touching lightness, sparseness, transparency marked the social scenery in those days; and this impression, in Emerson's pages, is the greater by contrast with the echoes of the dense, warm life of London that are transmitted by his correspondent. One is reminded, as we remember being reminded in the perusal of Hawthorne's "American Notebooks," of the importance of the individual in that simple social economy—of almost any individual who was not simply engaged in buying and selling. It must be remembered, of course, that the importance of the individual was Emerson's great doctrine; every one had a kingdom within himself—was potential sovereign, by divine right, over a multitude of inspirations and virtues. No one maintained a more hospitable attitude than his toward anything that any one might have to say. There was no presumption against even the humblest, and the ear of the universe was open to any articulate voice. In this respect the opposition to Carlyle was complete. The great Scotchman thought *all* talk a jabbering of apes; whereas Emerson, who was the perfection of a listener, stood always in a posture of hopeful expectancy and regarded each delivery of a personal view as a new fact, to be estimated on its merits. In a genuine democracy all things are democratic; and this spirit of general deference, on the part of a beautiful poet who might have availed himself of the poetic license to be fastidious, was the natural product of a society in which it was held that every one was equal to every one else. It was as natural on the other side that Carlyle's philosophy should have aristocratic premises, and that he should call aloud for that imperial master, of the necessity for whom the New England mind was so serenely unconscious. Nothing is more striking in Emerson's letters than the way in which people are measured exclusively by their moral standards, designated by moral terms, described according to their morality. There was nothing else to describe them by. "A man named Bronson Alcott is great, and one of the jewels we have to show you. * * * A man named Bronson Alcott is a majestic soul, with whom conversation is possible. He is capable of the truth, and gives one the same glad astonishment that he should exist which the world does. * * * The man Alcott bides his time. —— —— is a beautiful and noble youth, of a most subtle and magnetic nature. * * * I have a young poet in the village named Thoreau, who writes the truest verses. I pine to show you my treasures. * * * One reader and friend of yours dwells now in my house, Henry Thoreau, a poet whom you may one day be proud of, a noble, manly youth, full of melodies and inventions." Carlyle, who held melodies and inventions so cheap, was probably not a little irritated (though, faithful to his constant consideration for Emerson, he shows it but mildly) by this enumeration of characters so vaguely constituted. "In fact, I do again desiderate some *concretion* of these beautiful *abstracta*." That remark which he makes in regard to one of Emerson's discourses, might have been applied to certain of his friends. "The *Dial*, too, it is all spirit-like, aëriform, aurora-borealis-like. Will no *Angel* body himself out of that; no stalwart Yankee *man*, with color in the cheeks of him and a coat on his back?" Emerson speaks of his friends too much as if they were disembodied spirits. One doesn't see the color in the cheeks of them and the coats on their back. The fine touch in his letters, as in his other writings, is

always the spiritual touch. For the rest, felicitous as they are, for the most part they suffer a little by comparison with Carlyle's; they are less natural, more composed, have too studied a quaintness. It was his practice, apparently, to make two drafts of these communications. The violent color, the large, avalanche-movement of Carlyle's style—as if a mass of earth and rock and vegetation had detached itself and came bouncing and bumping forward—make the efforts of his correspondent appear a little pale and stiff. There is always something high and pure in Emerson's speech, however, and it has often a perfect propriety—seeming, in answer to Carlyle's extravagances, the note of reason and justice. "Faith and love are apt to be spasmodic in the best minds. Men live on the brink of mysteries and harmonies into which they never enter, and with their hand on the door-latch they die outside."

Emerson's views of the world were what the world at all times thought highly peculiar; he neither believed nor thought nor spoke in the most apprehensible manner. He says himself (in 1840) that he is "gently mad"—surrounded, too, by a number of persons in the same condition. "I am gently mad myself and am resolved to live cleanly. George Ripley is talking up a colony of agriculturists and scholars, with whom he threatens to take the field and the book. One man renounces the use of animal food; and another of coin; and another of domestic hired service; and another of the State; and on the whole, we have a commendable share of reason and hope." But Emerson's "madness" was as mild as moonlight, compared with the strange commixture of the nature of his friend. If the main interest of these letters is, as I have said, their illustration of the character of the writers, the effect of Carlyle's portion of them is to deepen our sense, already sufficiently lively, of his enormous incongruities. Considerably sad, as he would have said himself, is the picture they present of a man of genius. One must allow, of course, for his extraordinary gift of expression, which set a premium on every sort of exaggeration; but even when one has done so, darkness and horror reside in every line of them. He is like a man hovering on the edge of insanity—hanging over a black gulf and wearing the reflection of its bottomless deeps in his face. His physical digestion was of the worst; but it was nothing compared with his moral digestion. Truly, he was not genial, and he was not gracious; as how should he have been in such conditions? He was born out of humor with life; he came into the world with an insurmountable prejudice; and to be genial and gracious naturally seemed of small importance in the face of the eternal veracities—veracities of such a grim and implacable sort. The strangest thing, among so many that were strange, was that his magnificent humor—that saving grace which has eased off the troubles of life for so many people who have been blessed with it—did so little to lighten his burden. Of this humor these volumes contain some admirable specimens—as in the description of "the brave Gambardella," the Neapolitan artist who comes to him with an introduction from Emerson; of the fish-eating Rio, historian of Christian Art; of the "loquacious, scriblacious" Heraud; of the "buckramed and mummy-swathed" Miss Martineau, and many more besides. His humor was in truth not of comic but of tragic intention, and not so much a flame as an all-enveloping smoke. His treatment of all things is the humorous—unfortunately in too many cases the ill-humorous. He even hated his work—hated his subjects. These volumes are a sort of record of the long weariness and anguish (as one may indeed call it) with which he struggled through his "Cromwell," his "French Revolution," and the history of Frederick. He thought, after all, very little of Frederick, and he detested the age in which he lived, the "putrid eighteenth century—an ocean of sordid nothingness, shams, and scandalous hypocrisies." He achieved a noble quantity of work, but all the while he found no inspiration in it. "The reason that I tell you nothing about Cromwell is, alas, that there is nothing to be told. I am, day and night, these long months and years, very miserable about it—nigh broken-hearted often. * * * No history of it *can* be written to this wretched, fleering, sneering, canting, twaddling, God-forgetting generation. How can I explain men to Apes by the Dead Sea?" Other persons have enjoyed life as little as Carlyle; other men have been pessimists and cynics; but few men have rioted so in their disenchantments, or thumped so perpetually upon the hollowness of things with the view of making it resound. Pessimism, cynicism, usually imply a certain amount of indifference and resignation; but in Carlyle these forces were nothing if not querulous and vocal. It must be remembered that he had an imagination which made acquiescence difficult—an imagination haunted with theological and apocalyptic visions. We have no occasion here to attempt to estimate his position in literature, but we may be permitted to say that it is mainly to this splendid imagination that he owes it. Both the moral and the physical world were full of pictures for him, and it would seem to be by his great

pictorial energy that he will live. To get an idea of the solidity and sincerity of this gift one must read his notes on a tour in Ireland in 1849;* it is a revelation of his attention to external things and his perception of the internal states that they express. His doctrine, reduced to the fewest words, is that life is very serious and that every one should do his work honestly. This is the gist of the matter; all the rest is magnificent vocalization. We call it magnificent, in spite of the fact that many people find him unreadable on account of his unprecedented form. His extemporized, empirical style, however, seems to us the very substance of his thought. If the merit of a style lies in complete correspondence with the feeling of the writer, Carlyle's is one of the best. It is not defensible, but it is victorious; and if it is neither homogeneous, nor, at times, coherent, it bristles with all manner of felicities. It is true, nevertheless, that he had invented a manner, and that his manner had swallowed him up. To look at realities and not at imitations is what he constantly and sternly enjoins; but all the while he gives us the sense that it is not at things themselves, but straight into this abysmal manner of his own that he is looking.

All this, of course, is a very incomplete account of him. So large a genius is full of interest of detail, and in the application in special cases of that doctrine of his which seems so simple there is often the greatest suggestiveness. When he does look *through* his own manner into the vivid spots of history, then he sees more in them than almost any one else. We may add that no account of him would have even a slight completeness which should fail to cite him as a signal instance of the force of local influences, of the qualities of race and soil. Carlyle was intensely of the stock of which he sprang, and he remained so to the end. No man of equal genius was probably ever less of a man of the world at large—more exclusively a product of his locality, his clan, his family. Readers of his "Reminiscences" and of Mr. Froude's memoir will remember how the peasant-group in which he was born—his parents, his brothers and sisters—appeared to constitute one of the great facts of the universe for him; and we mean not as a son and a brother simply, but as a student of human affairs. He was impressed, as it were, with the historical importance of his kinsfolk. And as one finds a little of everything in a man of genius, we find a great deal of tenderness even in the grimness of Carlyle; so that we may say, as the last word of all (for it qualifies our implication that he was narrow), that his tenderness was never greater than when, in spite of the local limitation, he stretched across the ocean, in gratitude for early sympathy, for early services, and held fast to the friendship of Emerson. His family was predominant for him, as we say, and he cleaved to his relations, to his brothers. But it was as a brother that he addressed Emerson.

Henry James, Jr.

* See THE CENTURY for May, June, and July 1882.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

(YESTERDAY.)

It is so wide, this great world vaulted o'er
By the blue sky clasping white shore to shore.
And yet it is not wide enough for me!
I love you so—it cannot hold my love.
There is not space in earth or heaven above.
There is not room for my great love and me.

(TO-DAY.)

It is so wide, this great world vaulted o'er
By the sad sky clasping dark shore to shore,
It is too wide—it is too wide for me!
Would God that it were narrowed to a grave,
And I slept quiet, naught hid with me save
The love that was too great—too great for me.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

SPLIT ZEPHYR.

AN ATTENUATED YARN SPUN BY THE FATES.

It was the evening of Commencement Day. The old church on the green, which had rung for many consecutive hours with the eloquence of slim young gentlemen in evening dress, exhorting the Scholar in Politics or denouncing the Gross Materialism of the Age, was at last empty and still. As it drew the dewy shadows softly about its eaves and filled its rasped interior with soothing darkness, it bore a whimsical likeness to some aged horse which, having been pestered all day with flies, was now feeding in peace along the dim pasture.

It was Clay who suggested this resemblance, and we all laughed appreciatively, as we used to do in those days at Clay's clever sayings. There were five of us strolling down the diagonal walk to our farewell supper at "Ambrose's." Arrived at that refectory, we found it bare of guests and had things quite to ourselves. After supper, we took our coffee out in the little court-yard, where a fountain dribbled, and the flutter of the grape leaves on the trellises in the night wind invited to confidences.

"Well, Armstrong," began Doddridge, "where are you going to spend the vacation?"

"Vacation!" answered Armstrong; "vacations are over for me."

"You're not going to work for your living at once?" inquired Berkeley.

"I'm going to work to-morrow," replied Armstrong, emphatically: "I'm going down to New York to enter a law office."

"I thought you had some notion of staying here and taking a course of graduate study."

"No, sir! The sooner a man gets into harness, the better. I've wasted enough time in the last four years. The longer a man loafs around in this old place, under pretense of reading and that kind of thing, the harder it is for him to take hold."

Armstrong was a rosy little man, with yellow hair and light eyes. His expression was one of irresolute good nature. His temper was sanguine and expansive, and he had been noted in college for anything but concentration of pursuit. He was gregarious in his habits, susceptible and subject to sudden enthusiasms. His good nature made him a victim to all the bores and idlers in the class, and his room became a favorite resort for men on their way to recitation, being on the ground floor and near the lecture-rooms. They would drop in about half an hour before the bell rang, and make up a little game of "penny ante" around Armstrong's center-table. In these diversions he seldom took part, as he had given it out publicly that he was "studying for a stand"; but his abstinence from the game in no wise damped the spirits of his guests. Occasionally his presence would receive the notice of the company somewhat as follows:

No. 1. "Make less noise, fellows: Charley is digging out that Puckle lesson."

No. 2. "You go into the bedroom, Charley, and shut the door, and then you wont be bothered by the racket."

No. 3. "Oh, hang the Puckle! Come and take a hand, Charley. We'll let you in this pool without an ante."

No. 4. "Why don't you get a new pack of cards, Charley? It's a disgrace to you to keep such a dirty lot of old pasteboards for your friends."

In face of which abuse, Armstrong was as helpless as Telemachus under the visitation of the suitors. The resolute air with which he now declared his intention of grappling with life had therefore something comic about it, and Berkeley said, rather incredulously:

"I suppose you'll keep up your reading along with your law?"

"No," replied the other; "Themis is a jealous mistress. No; I'm going to bone right down to it."

"Haven't you changed your ideal of life lately?" asked Clay, a little scornfully.

"Perhaps I have," said Armstrong, "perhaps I've had to."

"What *is* your ideal of life?" I inquired.

"Well, I'll tell you," he answered, draining his coffee cup solemnly, and putting it down with the manner of a man who has made up his mind. The rest of us arranged ourselves in attitudes of attention. "My ideal is independence," began Armstrong. "I want to live my own life; and as the first condition of independence is money, I'm going for money. Culture and taste, and all that, are well enough when a man can afford it, but for a poor man it means just so many additional wants which he can't gratify. My father is an educated

man; a country minister with a small salary and a large family; and his education, instead of being a blessing, has been an actual curse to him. He has pined for all sorts of things which he couldn't have — books, engravings, foreign travel, leisure for study, nice people and nice things about him. I've made up my mind that, whatever else I may be, I wont be poor, and I wont be a minister, and I wont have a wife and brats hanging to me. I tell you that, next to ill health, poverty is the worst thing that can happen to a man. All the sentimental grievances that are represented in novels and poetry as the deepest of human afflictions,—disappointed ambitions, death of friends, loss of faith, estrangements, having your girl go back on you,— they don't signify very long if a man has sound health and a full purse. The ministers and novel writers and fellows that preach the sentimental view of life don't believe it themselves. It's a kind of professional or literary quackery with them. Just let them feel the pinch of poverty, and then offer them a higher salary or a chance to make a little 'sordid gain' in some way, and see how quick they'll accept the call to 'a higher sphere of usefulness.' Berk, hand over a match, will you; this cigar has gone out."

"Loud cries of 'We will — we will'!" said Berkeley. "But can it be? Has the poick turned cynic, and the sickly sentimentalist become a materialist and a misogynist?"

(Armstrong was our class poet, and had worried the official muse on Presentation Day to the utterance of some four hundred lines filled with allusions to Alma Mater, Friendship's Altar, the Elms of Yale, etc. His piece on that occasion had been "pronounced, by a well known literary gentleman who was present, equal to the finest productions of our own Willis.")

"I'll bet the cigars," said Doddridge, "that Armstrong marries the first girl he sees in New York."

"Yes," said Clay, "his boarding-house keeper's daughter."

"And has a dozen children before he is forty," added Berkeley; "a dozen kids, and all of them girls. Charley is sure to be a begetter of wenches."

"And writes birthday odes 'To My Infant Daughter' for the 'Home Journal,'" continued Clay.

"No, no," said the victim of this banter, shaking his head solemnly. "I shall give no hostages to Fortune. I mean to live snug and carry as little sail as possible: to leave only the narrowest margin out for Fate to tread on. The man who has the fewest exposed points leads, on the whole, the happiest life. How can a man enjoy himself freely when a piece of defective plumbing, the bursting of a toy pistol, the carelessness of a nurse, may plunge him into a life-long sorrow? I don't say it's a very noble life that I propose to myself, but it's a safe one. I'm too nervous and anxious to stand the responsibilities of matrimony."

"If you can't stand responsibility," said Doddridge, "I don't see why you choose the law for a profession. You don't seem to me cut out for a lawyer anyway. I always thought you meant to be some kind of a literary chap."

"Yes," said Berkeley, "why don't you go for a snug berth under the government, or study for a tutorship here? That's the life that would suit you, old man."

"Not at all," answered Armstrong; "I have a horror of any salaried position, or of any position where a man is obliged to conform his habits and opinions to other people's. It is the worst sort of dependence. Now a lawyer in successful practice, and especially if he is a bachelor, is about as independent as a man can be. His relations with his clients are merely professional, and what he does or thinks privately is nobody's business."

"If you are going to be a mere lawyer," asked Clay, "what becomes of your education and your intellectual satisfactions, etc.?"

"A man can get his best intellectual satisfactions out of the work of his profession," answered Armstrong. "Besides, as to that, there's time enough. Fifteen years of solid work will enable one to put by a fair competence, if he lives carefully and has no one but himself to support; and then he will be free to take up a hobby. Oh, I shall cultivate a hobby or two after awhile. It keeps the mind healthy to have some interest of the kind outside of one's business. I may take to book-collecting or numismatics or raising orchids. Perhaps I may become an authority on ancient armor; time enough for that by and by. And then I can cut over to Europe every summer if I like, and no one to interfere with my down-sittings or my up-risings, my goings-out or my comings-in. Do you know," he went on, after a pause, "how I always look to myself in the glass of the future? I figure myself like old Tulkinghorn, in 'Bleak House,'— going down into his reverberating vaults for a bottle of choice vintage, after the work of the day, and then sitting quietly in the twilight in his dusky, old-fashioned law chambers, sipping his wine while the room fills with the fragrance of southern grapes. The gay old silver-top!"

There was silence for a few minutes after Armstrong had finished his declaration. It was broken by Berkeley, who had risen, and

was walking up and down in front of the fountain with his hands thrust into his pockets.

"You couldn't lead that sort of life if you tried," he said; "you aren't built for it."

"Don't you make any mistake," rejoined the other; "it's the sort of life I'm going to live."

"It's a cowardly life," retorted Berkeley.

"Did I say it wasn't? I said it was safe. You can call it what you like."

"Well," replied Berkeley, seating himself again, "my ideal career is just the opposite of that."

"Suppose you explain yours, then," said Armstrong.

Berkeley hesitated a few moments before beginning. He was a lean, tallish fellow, with a Scotch cast of countenance, a small blue eye, high cheek bones, a freckled skin, and whity-brown hair. He had a dry, cautious humor, fed by much out of the way reading. He had been distinguished in college by methodical habits, a want of ambition, a disposition to keep to himself, and a mixture of selfishness and *bonhomie* which made him a cold friend but an agreeable companion. It was therefore with some surprise that we heard him deliver himself as follows:

"I believe that the greatest mistake a man can make is in not getting enough out of life. I want to lead a full life, to have a wide experience, to develop my whole nature to the utmost, to touch mankind at the largest possible number of points. I want adventure, change, excitement, emotion, suffering even,—I don't care what, so long as it is not stagnation. Just consider what there is on this planet to be seen, learned, enjoyed, and what a miserably small share of it most people appropriate. Why, there are men in my village who have never been outside the county and seldom out of the township; who have never heard a word of any language but English; never seen a city or a mountain or the ocean—or, indeed, any body of water bigger than Fresh Pond or the Hogganum River; never been in a theater, steam-boat, library, or cathedral. Cathedral! Their conception of a church is limited to the white wooden meeting-house at 'the center.' Their art-gallery is the wagon of a traveling photographer. Their metropolitan hotel is the stoop and bar-room of the 'Uncas House.' Their university is the unpainted school-house on the hill. Their literature is the weekly newspaper from the county town. But take the majority of educated men even. What a rusty, small kind of existence they lead! They are in a rut, just the same as the others, only the rut is a trifle wider. If I had my way I would never do the same work or talk with the same people—hardly live in the same place for two days running. Life is too short to do a thing twice. When I come to the end of mine I don't want to say *J'ai manqué la vie;* but make my brag, with the Wife of Bath,

> 'Unto this day it doth myn herte bote
> That I have had my world as in my time.'"

"Well, how are you going to do all those fine things?" inquired Armstrong. "For instance, that about not living in one place two days running. I'm afraid you'll find that inconvenient, not to say expensive."

"Oh, you mustn't take me too literally. I may have to travel on foot or take a steerage passage, but I shall keep going all the same. I haven't made any definite plans yet. I shall probably strike for something in the diplomatic line,—secretary of legation, or some small consulship perhaps. But the principle is the main thing, and the principle is: Don't do anything because it's the nearest and easiest and most obvious thing to do, but make up your mind to get the best. Look at the lazy way in which men accept their circumstances. There is the matter of acquaintance, for instance—we let chance determine it. We know the men that we can't help knowing,—the ones in the next house, cousins and second cousins, business connections, etc. Here at college, now, we get acquainted with the fellows at the eating club or in the same society, or those who happen to sit next us in the class-room, because their names begin with the same letter. That's it; it's just a sample of our whole life. Our friendships, like everything else about us, are determined by the alphabet. We go with the Z's because some arbitrary system of classification has put us among them, instead of fighting our way up to the A's, where we naturally belong. The consequence is that one's friends are mostly dreadful bores."

"I'm sure we are all much obliged to you," murmured Clay, parenthetically.

"There are about two or three thousand people in the world," continued Berkeley, "supremely worth knowing. Why shouldn't *I* know them? —— I will! Everybody knows two or three thousand people,—mostly very stupid people,—or, rather, he lets them know him. Why shouldn't he use some choice in the matter? Why not know Thackeray and Carlyle, Lord Palmerston and the Pope, and the Emperor of China and all the great statesmen, authors, African explorers, military commanders, artists, hereditary nobles, actresses, wits and belles of the best society, instead of putting up with Tom, Dick, and Harry?"

"Berkeley, 'with whom the bell-mouthed

flask had wrought!'" exclaimed Clay. "Decidedly, Berk, you should take your coffee without cognac."

"Let me suggest," put in Doddridge, "that some of those parties you mentioned are not so easy to get introductions to."

"Oh, I say again, you mustn't take me too literally. But even the top swells are easier to know than you think. All that is wanted is a little cheek. But take it in a smaller way; say that we resolve to cultivate the best society within our reach. Doubtless there are numbers of interesting and distinguished people right here in New Haven whose acquaintance it would be worth while to have. But how long would you beggars live here without making the least effort to look them out, and meanwhile put up with the same old every-day bores—like me, or Polisson here? And it's the same way with marriage. A fellow blunders into matrimony with the first attractive girl that gives him the opportunity. He knows, if he takes the time to think about it, that there are a thousand others better than she, if he will wait and look through the world a little. 'Juxtaposition in fine,' as Clough says."

"Of course, with such a brilliant destiny before you, *you'll* never marry," said I.

"Yes, I think I shall. I fancy that the noblest possibilities of life are never realized without marriage. Yes, I can think of nothing finer than to have a lot of manly boys and sweet girls growing up around one. But when I marry it shall be so as to give completeness and expansion to life, not narrowness and dullness. I shall never marry and settle down. Settle down! What a damnable expression that is! A man ought to settle *up*. I mean to have my fling first, too. I should like to gamble a bit at Baden-Baden. I should like to go out to Colorado and have a lick at mining speculations. I want to rough it some too, and see how life is lived close to the bone: ship for a voyage before the mast; enlist for a campaign or two somewhere and have joy of battle; join the gypsies or the Mormons or the Shakers for awhile, and taste all the queerness of things. And then I want to float for another while on the very topmost crest of society. I want to fight a duel or two, elope with a marquise, do a little of everything for the experience's sake, as a man ought to take opium once in his life just to know how it feels."

Whether it was indeed the cognac, or only the unusual excitement attending this outburst of pent-up fire, Berkeley's cheek had got a flush upon it. Perhaps, too, it was owing to the influences of the day and the hour, the splash of the fountain, the rustle of the vine-leaves, and the wavering shadows which played about the court-yard as the gas-jets flickered in the breeze of night, that made his boastful words seem less extravagantly out of character than they otherwise would. The silence which followed his speech was broken by Clay, who sat with his foot on the rim of the fountain, balancing on the hind legs of his chair, and looking thoughtfully at the slender jet as it rose and fell. He still wore the dress suit in which he had figured on the Commencement platform in the afternoon, and which set off the aristocratic grace of his slight figure. There was a pale intellectual light in his face, and his black eyes had the glow of genius.

"I think," he began, "that Berkeley makes a mistake in confounding a full life with a restless one. I believe in a full experience too, but the satisfactions should be inward ones. Take the matter of foreign travel, for one thing, on which you lay so much stress. It is a great stimulus to the imagination, no doubt; but then foreign countries are accessible to the imagination by other means,—through books and art, for example. I think it likely that the reality is, quite as often as not, disappointing. Place, after all, is indifferent. 'The soul is its own place': you can't get rid of yourself by going abroad, and it's himself that a man gets sooner tired of than of anything else. Then as to acquaintances, I don't know that I should care to know personally such men as Thackeray and Carlyle, and the big composers and artists and other people that you mentioned. It might be equally disenchanting. They put the best of themselves into their books, or pictures, or music. I certainly would not seek their society through a formal introduction, at all events. It is hard for a small man to keep his self-respect in face of a great man when he obtains his acquaintance as a special favor. If I could meet some of those fellows, quite naturally and accidentally, on equal terms, I might like it, but not otherwise. But, leaving that point out of account, I think that the career which Berkeley proposes to himself would turn out very hollow. It would result in the superficial gratification of the curiosity and the senses; and, as soon as the novelty got rubbed off, what is there left?"

"So then," said Berkeley, "you've swung into line with Armstrong, have you? You mean to plod along in some professional rut too. What has got into all our idealists?"

"Not by any means," answered Clay. "Armstrong talks about independence, and yet destines himself to the worst kind of dependence — slavery to money-getting.

Most people, it seems to me, spend the best part of their lives not in living, but in getting the means to live. We'll give Armstrong, say twenty years, to lay up enough money to retire on and begin to live. What sort of a position will he be in then to enjoy his independence? His nature will have got so subdued to what it works in that the only safety for him will be to keep on at the law."

"All right! Then I'll keep on," interjected Armstrong.

"What the devil do *you* mean to do then?" asked Berkeley of Clay.

"I don't quite know yet," replied the latter. "I shall 'loaf and invite my soul' whenever I feel like it. I shall live as I go along, and not postpone it till I am forty. I sha'n't put myself into any mill that will grind me just so much a day. I need my leisure too badly for that. I presume I shall spend most of my time at first in reading and walking. Then, whenever I think of anything to write I shall write it, and if I can sell what I write to some publisher or other so much the better. If not, go on as before."

"Meanwhile, where will your bread and butter come from?" asked Armstrong.

"Oh, I sha'n't starve. I can get some sort of hack work,—something that wont take much of my time, and which I can do with my left hand. But the great point, after all, is to make your wants simple; to live like an Arab, content with a few dates and a swallow from the gourd. 'Lessen your denominator.' It's easier than raising your numerator, and the quotient is the same."

"No, it's not the same," Berkeley retorted. "Renunciation and enjoyment are not the same. It makes a heap of difference whether you have a thing or simply do without it. The plain living and high thinking philosophy may do for Clay, whose mind to him a kingdom is; but a fellow like me, whose mind is only a small Central American republic, can't live on the revenues of the spirit. The fact is, Clay, you've read too much Emerson. I went into that myself once, but I soon found out that it wouldn't wear. I want mine thicker. The worst thing about the career of a literary man or an artist is that if he fails there are no compensations; and success is mighty uncertain. Nobody doubts that you are smart enough, Clay, and I am sure we expect great things of you, whatever line you take up. But, for the sake of the argument, suppose you have grubbed along in a small way, living on crusts and water, till you are fifty, without doing any really good work. Then where are you? You haven't had any fun. You've no other string to your bow. You haven't that practical experience of the world which would enable you to turn your hand to something else. You have no influence or reputation; for, of all poor things, poor art of any kind is the worst —hateful to gods and men and columns. In short, where are you? You're out of the dance; you don't count."

"Yes," added Armstrong, "and you've no professional success or solid standing in the community; and, what's worse, you've no money, which might make up for the want of all the rest."

"I don't think you get my meaning. I may fail," said Clay, proudly; "I may never even try to succeed, in your sense of the word. I decline all mean competitions and all low views of success. The noblest ideal of life—at least, the noblest to me—is self-culture in the high meaning of the word; the harmonious development of one's whole nature. Armstrong has drawn a picture of his future in the likeness of old Tulkinghorn. I suppose we are all accustomed to put our anticipations into some such concrete shape before our mind's eye. The typical situation which I am fond of imagining is something like this: I like to fancy myself sitting in a dark old upper room in some remote farm-house, at the close of a winter day, after three or four hours of steady reading or writing. The room is full of books —the *best* books. There is a little fire on the hearth, there is a dingy curtain at the window. It is solitary and still, and when the light gets too scant to let me read any more, I fill my pipe, and go and stand in the window. Outside, there is a row of leafless elms, and beyond that a dim, wide landscape of lakes and hills, and beyond that a red, windy sunset. I can sit in that window and smoke my pipe and have my own thoughts till the hills grow black. There is no one to say to me 'Go' or 'Come'; no patient to visit; no confounded case on the docket next morning at nine; no distasteful, mean, slavish job of any kind. How can I fail to have thoughts worth the thinking, and to live a rich and free life when I breathe every day the bracing air of nature and the great poets? Isn't such a life in itself the best kind of success, even if a man accomplishes nothing in particular that you can put your hand on?"

"Yes, I know," said Armstrong, taking a long breath. "I have felt that way too. But a man has got to put all that sternly behind him and do the world's work for the world's wages, if he means to amount to anything. It's only a finer kind of self-indulgence, after all—egoistic Hedonism and that sort of thing."

"It wont be all standing at windows and looking at sunsets," added Doddridge. "Has

it ever occurred to you that, before entering on a life of self-denial and devotion to rather vague ideals, a man ought to be mighty sure of himself? Can you keep up the culture business without growing in on yourself unhealthily, and then getting sick of inaction? Don't you think there will be times of disappointment and doubt when you look around and see fellows without half your talents getting ahead of you in the world?"

"Of course," answered Clay, "I shall have to make sacrifices, and I shall have to stick to them when made. But there have always been plenty of people willing to make similar sacrifices for similar compensations. Men have gone out into the wilderness or shut themselves up in the cloister for opportunities of study or self-communion, or for other objects which were perhaps at bottom no more truly devotional than mine. Nowadays such opportunities may be had by any man who will keep himself free from the servitude of a bread-winning profession. It is not necessary now to cry *Ecce in deserto* or *Ecce in penetralibus*. Oh, I shall have my dark days; but whenever the blue devils get thick I shall take to the woods and return to sanity."

"You mean to live in the country, then?" I inquired.

"Yes; most of the time, at any rate. Nature is fully half of life to me."

Again there was a pause.

"Well, you next, Polisson," said Armstrong, finally. "Let's hear what your programme is."

"Oh, nothing in the least interesting," I replied. "My future is all cut and dried. I shall spend the next two years in the south of France—mainly at Lyons—to learn the details of the silk manufacture. Then I shall come home to go into my father's store for a year as a clerk in the importing department. At the close of that year the governor will take me in as junior partner, and I shall marry my second cousin. We shall live with my parents, and I am going to be very domestic, though, as a matter of form, I shall join one or two clubs. I shall go down town every morning at nine, and come up at five."

"Quite a neat little destiny," said Armstrong. "I wish I had your backing. Come, Dodd, what's yours? You're the only man left."

"I haven't made up my mind yet," said Doddridge, slowly.

He was a large, spare man, with a swarthy skin, a wide mouth, a dark, steady eye, and a long jaw. There was an appearance of power and will about him which was well borne out by his character. He had been a systematic though not a laborious student, and while maintaining a stand comfortably near the head of the class, had taken a course in the Law School during Senior year, doing his double duties with apparent ease. He was a constant speaker in the debates of the Linonian Society, and the few who attended the meetings of that moribund school of eloquence spoke of Doddridge's speeches as oases in the waste of forensic dispute, being always distinguished by vigor and soundness, though without any literary quality, such as Clay's occasional performances had. Berkeley, who covered his own lazy and miscellaneous reading with the mask of eclecticism, and proclaimed his disbelief in a prescribed course of study, was wont to say that Doddridge was the only man that he knew who was using the opportunities given by the college for all they were worth, and really getting out of "the old curric" that mental discipline which it professed to impart. Though rather taciturn, he was not unsocial, and was fond of his pipe in the evening. He liked a joke, especially if it was of a definite kind, and at some one's expense touching a characteristic weakness of the man. There was at bottom something a little hard about him, though every one agreed that he was a good fellow. We all felt sure that he would make a distinguished success in practical life; and we doubtless thought—if we thought about it at all—that with his clear foresight and habits of steady work, he had already decided upon his career. His words were therefore a surprise.

"What! you don't mean to say that you are going to drift, Dodd?" inquired Armstrong.

"Drift? Well, no; not exactly. I shall keep my steering apparatus well in hand, but I haven't decided yet what port to run for. There's no hurry. I have an uncle in the Northwest in the lumber business, who would give me a chance. I may go out there and look about awhile at first. If it doesn't promise much, there is the law to fall back upon. My father has a fruit farm at Byzantium in western New York,—where I come from, you know,—and he is part owner of the Byzantium weekly 'Bugle.' I've no doubt I could get on as editor, and go to the legislature. Or I might do worse than begin on the farm; farming is looking up in that section. I may try several things till I find the right one."

"That's queer," said Armstrong. "I thought you had made up your mind to enter the Columbia Law School."

"Hardly," answered Doddridge, "though I may, after all. The main point is to keep yourself in readiness for any work, and take the best thing that turns up—like Berkeley here," he added, drily.

Armstrong looked at his watch and remarked that it was nearly midnight.

"Boys," said I, "in fifteen years from to-night let's have a supper here and see how each man of us has worked out his theory of life, and how he likes it as far as he has got."

"Oh, give us twenty," said Doddridge, laughing, as we all arose and prepared to break up. "No one accomplishes anything in this latitude before he is forty."

* * * * * * *

It was in effect just fifteen years from the summer of our graduation that I started out to look up systematically my quondam classmates and compare notes with them. The course of my own life had been quite other than I had planned. For one thing, I had lived in New Orleans and not in New York, and my occasions had led me seldom to the North. The first visit I paid was to Berkeley. I had heard that he was still unmarried, and that he had been for years settled, as minister, over a small Episcopal parish on the Hudson. The steamer landed me one summer afternoon at a little dock on the west bank; and after obtaining from the dock-keeper precise directions for finding the parsonage, I set out on foot. After a walk of a mile along a road skirted by handsome country seats, but contrasting strangely in its loneliness with the broad thoroughfare of the river constantly occupied by long tows of barges and rafts, I came to the rectory gate. The house was a stone cottage, covered with trailers, and standing well back from the road. In the same inclosure, surrounded by a grove of firs, was a little stone chapel with high pitched roof and rustic belfry. In front of the house I spied a figure which I recognized as Berkeley. He was in his shirt sleeves, and was pecking away with a hoe at the gravel walk, whistling meanwhile his old favorite 'Bonny Doon.' He turned as I came up the driveway, and regarded me at first without recognition. He, for his part, was little changed by time. There was the same tall, narrow-shouldered, slightly stooping figure; the face, smooth-shaved, with a spot of wintry red in the cheek, and the old humorous cast in the small blue eyes.

"You don't know me from Adam," I said, pausing in front of him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, directly. "Polisson, old man, upon my conscience I'm glad to see you, but I didn't know you till you spoke. You've been having the yellow fever, haven't you? Come in—come into the house."

We passed in through the porch, which was covered with sweet-pea vines trained on strings, and entered the library, where Berkeley resumed his coat. The room was lined with book-shelves loaded to the ceiling, while piles of literature had overflowed the cases and stood about on the floor in bachelor freedom. After the first greetings and inquiries, Berkeley carried my valise upstairs, and then returning, said:

"I'm a methodical though not methodistical person, or rather parson (excuse the Fullerism); and as you have got to stay with me till I let you go, that is, several days at the least (don't interrupt), I'll keep a little appointment for the next hour, if you will excuse me. A boy comes three times a week to blow the bellows for my organ practice. Perhaps you would like to step into the church and hear me."

I assented, and we went out into the yard and found the boy already waiting in the church porch. Berkeley and his assistant climbed into the organ loft, while I seated myself in the chancel to listen. The instrument was small but sweet, and Berkeley really played very well. The interior of the little church was plain to bareness; but the sun, which had fallen low, threw red lights on the upper part of the undecorated walls, and rich shadows darkened the lower half. Through the white, pointed windows I saw the trembling branches of the firs. I had been hurrying for a fortnight past over heated railways, treading fiery pavements, and lodging in red-hot city hotels. But now the music and the day's decline filled me with a sense of religious calm, and for a moment I envied Berkeley. After his practicing was over the organist locked the chapel door, and we paced up and down in the fir-grove on the matting of dark-red needles, and watched the river, whose eastern half still shone in the evening light. After supper we sat out on the piazza, which commanded a view of the Hudson. Berkeley opened a bottle of Chablis and produced some very old and dry Manilla cheroots, and, leaning back in our wicker chairs, we proceeded to "talk Cosmos."

"You are very comfortably fixed here," I began; "but this is not precisely what I expected to find you doing, after your declaration of principles, fifteen years ago, you may remember, on our Commencement night."

"Fifteen years! So it is—so it is," he answered, with a sigh. "Well, *l'homme propose*, you know. I don't quite remember what it was that I said on that occasion: dreadful nonsense, no doubt. As Thackeray says, a boy *is* an ass. Whatever it was, it proceeded, I suppose, from some temporary mood rather than from any permanent conviction; though, to be sure, I slipped into this way of life almost by accident at first. But, being in, I have found it easy to continue. I am

rather too apt, perhaps, to stay where I am put. I am a quietist by constitution." He paused, and I waited for him to enter upon a fuller and more formal apology. Finally, he went on much as follows:

"Just after I left college I made application through some parties at Washington for a foreign consulate. While I was waiting for the application to be passed on (it was finally unsuccessful), I came up here to visit my uncle, who was the rector of this parish. He was a widower, without any children, and the church was his hobby. It is a queer little affair, something like the old field-kirks or chapels of ease in some parts of England. It was built partly by my uncle and partly by a few New York families who have country places here, and who use it in the summer. This is all glebe land," he said, indicating, with a sweep of his hand, the twilight fields below the house sloping down toward the faintly glimmering river. "My uncle had a sort of prescription or lien by courtesy on the place. There's not much salary to speak of, but he had a nice plum of his own, and lived inexpensively. Well, that first summer I moped about here, got acquainted with the summer residents, read a good deal of the time, took long walks into the interior,—a rough, aboriginal country, where they still talk Dutch,—and waited for an answer to my application. When it came at last, I fretted about it considerably, and was for starting off in search of something else. I had an idea of getting a place as botanist on Coprolite's survey of the Nth parallel, and I wrote to New Haven for letters. I thought it would be a good outdoor, horseback sort of life, and might lead to something better. But that fell through, and meanwhile the dominie kept saying: 'My dear fellow, don't be in too much of a hurry to begin. Young America goes so fast nowadays that it is like the dog in the hunting story,—a *leetle* bit ahead of the hare. Why not stay here for awhile and ripen—ripen?' The dominie had a good library,—all my old college favorites, old Burton, old Fuller, and Browne, etc., and it seemed the wisest course to follow his advice for the present. But in the fall my uncle had a slight stroke of paralysis, and really needed my help for awhile; that so what had been a somewhat aimless life, considered as loafing, became all at once a duty. At first he had a theological student, from somewhere across the river, come to stay in the house and read service for him on Sundays. But he was a ridiculous animal, whose main idea of a minister's duties was to intone the responses in a sonorous manner. He used to practice this on week days in his surplice, and I remember especially the cadence with which he delivered the sentence: 'Yea, like a broken *wall* shall ye be and as a ruined *hedge*.'

"He got the huckleberry, as we used to say in college, on that particular text, and it has stuck by me ever since. The dominie fired him out after a fortnight, and one day said to me: 'Jack, why don't *you* study for orders and take up the succession here? You are a bookworm, and the life seems to be to your liking.' Of course, I declined very vigorously in the beginning, though offering to stay on so long as the dominie needed my help. I used to do lay reading on Sundays when he was too feeble. Gradually, 'the idea of the life did sweetly creep into my study of imagination.' The quaintness of the place appealed to me. And here was a future all cut out for me: no preliminary struggle, no contact with vulgar people, no cut-throat competition, but everything gentlemanly and independent about it. I had strong doubts touching my theology, and used to discuss them with my uncle; but he said,—and said rightly, I now think,—'You young fellows in college fancy that it's a mighty fine, bold thing to affect radicalism and atheism, and the Lord knows what all; but it wont stick by you when you get older. Experience will soften your heart, and you'll find after awhile that belief and doubt are not matters of the pure reason, but of the will. It is a question of *attitude*. Besides, the church is broad enough to cover a good many private differences in opinion. It isn't as if you were going to be a blue-nosed Presbyterian. You can stay here and make your studies with me, instead of going into a seminary, and when you are ready to go before the bishop I'll see that you get the right send-off.' In short, here I am! My uncle died two years after, when I was already in orders, and I've been here ever since."

"I should think you would get lonely sometimes, and make a strike for a city parish," I suggested.

"Why—no, I don't think I should care for ordinary parish work. The beauty of my position here is its uniqueness. In winter I keep the church open for the Aborigines till they get snowed up and stop coming, and then I put down to New York for a month or two of work at the Astor Library. Last winter I held service for two Sundays running with one boy for congregation. Finally I announced to him that the church would be closed until spring.

"What in the ——: well, what do you find to do all alone up here?"

"Oh, there's always plenty to do, if you'll only do it. I've been cultivating some virtuosi-

ties, among other things. Remind me to show you my etchings when we go in. Did you notice, perhaps, that little head over the table, on the north wall? No? Then I smatter botany some. I'll let you look over my *hortus siccus* before you go. It has some very rare ferns; one of them is a new species, and Foster—who exchanges with me—swore that he was going to have it named after me. I sent the first specimen to have it described in his forthcoming report. But doubtless all this sort of thing is a bore to you. Well, lately I have been going into genealogy, and I find it more and more absorbing. Those piles of blank-books and manuscripts on the floor at the south end are all crammed with genealogical notes and material."

"I should think you would find it pretty dry fodder," I said.

"That is because you take an outside, unsympathetic view of it. Now, to an amateur it's anything but dry. There is as much excitement in hunting down a missing link in a pedigree that you have been on the trail of for a long time, as there is in the chase of any other kind of game."

"Do you ever get across the water? Travel, if I remember right, played a large part in your scheme of life once."

"Yes; I've been over once, for a few months. But my income, though very comfortable for the statics of existence, is rather short for the dynamics, and so I mostly stay at home."

"Did you meet any interesting people over there? Any of the crowned heads, famous wits, etc., whom you once proposed to cultivate?"

"No; nobody in particular. I went in a very quiet way. I had some good letters to people in England, but I didn't present them. The idea of introductions became a bore as I got nearer to it."

"And, of course, you didn't elope with the marquise?"

"Was that in my scheme? Well—no, I did not."

"You might have done worse, old man. You ought to have a wife, to keep you from getting rusty up here. And, besides, a fellow that goes so much into genealogy should take some interest in posterity. You ought to cultivate the science practically."

"Oh, I'm past all danger of matrimony now," said Berkeley, with a laugh. "There was a girl that I was rather sweet on a few years ago. I was looking up a pedigree for her papa, and I found that I was related to her myself, in eight different ways, though none of them very near. I explained it to her one evening. It took me an hour to do it, and I fancy she thought it a little slow. At all events, when I afterward hinted that we might make the eight ways nine, she answered that our relationship was so intricate already that she couldn't think of complicating it any further. No, you may put me down as safe."

After this, we sat listening in silence to the distant beat of paddle-wheels where a steamer was moving up river.

"The river is a deal of company," resumed my host. "Thirty-six steamers pass here every twenty-four hours. That now is the *Mary Powell*."

"Well," I said, answering not so much to his last remark as to the whole trend of his autobiography, "I suppose you are happy in this way of life, since you seem to prefer it. But it would be terribly monotonous to me."

"Happy?" replied Berkeley, doubtfully. "I don't know. Happiness is a subjective matter. You *are* happy if you think yourself so. As for me, I cultivate an obsolete mood—the old-fashioned humor of melancholy. I don't suppose now that a light-hearted, French kind of chap like you can understand, in the least, what those fine, crusty old Elizabethans meant when they wrote,

> 'There's naught in this life sweet,
> If man were wise to see't,
> But only melancholy.'

This noisy generation has lost their secret. As for me, I am content with the grays and drabs. I think the brighter colors would disturb my mood. I know it's not a large life, but it is a safe one."

I did not at the moment remember that this had been Armstrong's very saying fifteen years ago, but some unconscious association led me to mention him.

"Armstrong and you have changed places in one respect, I should think," said I. "He is keeping a boarding-school somewhere in Connecticut. And instead of leading a Tulkinghorny existence in the New York University building, as he firmly intended, he has married and produced a numerous offspring, I hear."

"Yes, poor fellow!" said Berkeley; "I fancy that he is dreadfully overrun and hard up. There always was something absurdly domestic about Armstrong. They say he has grown red, fat, and bald. Think of a man with Armstrong's education—and he had some talent, too,—keeping a sort of Dotheboys Hall! I haven't seen him for eight or nine years. The last time was at Jersey City, and I had just time to shake hands with him. He was with a lot of other pedagogues, all

going up to a teacher's convention, or some such dreary thing, at Albany."

I had an opportunity for verifying Berkeley's account of Armstrong a few days after my conversation with the former. The Pestalozzian Institute, in the pleasant little village of Thimbleville, was situated, as its prospectus informed the public, on "one of the most elegant residence streets, in one of the healthiest and most beautiful rural towns of Eastern Connecticut." Over the entrance gate was a Roman arch bearing the inscription "Pestalozzian Institute" in large gilt letters. The temple of learning itself was a big, bare, white house at some distance from the street, with an orchard and kitchen garden on one side, and a roomy play-ground on the other. The latter was in possession of some small boys, who were kicking a broken-winded foot-ball about the field with an amount of noise greatly in excess of its occasion. To my question where I could find Mr. Armstrong, they answered eagerly: "Mr. Armstrong? Yes, sir. You go right into the hall, and knock on the first door to the right, and he'll come—or some one."

The door to the large square entry stood wide open, and through another door opposite, which was ajar, I saw long tables, and heard the clatter of dishes being removed, while a strong smell of dinner filled the air. I knocked at the door on the right, but no one appeared. Finally, a chubby girl of about ten summers came running round the corner of the house and into the front door. She was eating an apple, and gazed at me wonderingly.

"Is Mr. Armstrong in?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; he's about somewhere. Walk into the parlor, please, and sit down, and I'll find him."

I entered the room on the right, which was a bleak and official-looking apartment,—apparently the reception-room where parents held interviews with the instructor of youth, or tore themselves from the parting embraces of homesick sons at the beginning of a new term. There is always something depressing about the parlor of an "institution" of any kind, and I could not help feeling sorry for Armstrong, as I waited for him, seated on a sofa covered with faded rep. At length the door of an inner room opened, and the principal of the Pestalozzian Institute waddled across the floor with his hand held out, crying:

"Franky Polisson, how are you?"

He certainly had grown stout, and his light hair had retreated from the forehead. He wore glasses and was dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a high vest which gave him a ministerial look—a much more ministerial look than Berkeley had. His pantaloons presented that appearance which tailors describe as "kneeing out." He sat down, and we chatted for half an hour. The little girl had followed him into the room, and behind her came another three or four years her junior. The older one stood by his side, and he kept his arm around her, while he held the younger on his knee. They were both pretty, healthy-looking children, and kept their eyes fixed on "the man."

"Are those your own kids?" I inquired presently.

"Yes, two of them. I have six,-you know," he answered, with a fond sigh: "five girls and one boy. The lasses are rather in the majority."

"I heard you were quite a *paterfamilias*," I said. "Wont you come and kiss me, little girl?"

To this proposal the elder answered by burying her head bashfully in her father's shoulder, while the smaller one simply opened her eyes wider and stared with more fixed intensity.

"Oh, by the way," exclaimed Armstrong, "of course you'll take tea with us and spend the evening. I wish I could offer to sleep you here; but the fact is, Mrs. Armstrong's sister is with us for a few days, and the parents of one of my boys, who is sick, are also staying here; so that my guest chambers are full."

"Don't mention it," I said. "I couldn't stay over night. I've got to be in New York in the morning, and must take the nine o'clock train. But I'll stay to supper and much obliged, if you are sure I sha'n't take up too much of your time."

"Not the least—not the least. This is a half holiday, and nothing in particular to do." He bustled to the door and called out loudly, "Mother! Mother!"

There was no response.

"Nelly," he commanded, "run and find your mamma, and tell her that Mr. Polisson—from New Orleans—an old classmate of papa's, will be here to tea. That's a good girl. Polisson, put on your hat and let's go round the place. I want to show you what an establishment I've got here."

We accordingly made the tour of the premises, Armstrong doing the cicerone impressively, and every now and then urging me with emphatic hospitality to come and spend a week—a fortnight—longer, if I chose, during the summer vacation.

"Bring Mrs. Polisson and the kids. Bring 'em all," he said. "It will do them good; the air here is fine; eleven hundred feet above the sea. No malaria—no typhoid. I laid

out four hundred dollars last year on sewerage."

It being a half holiday, most of the big boys had gone to a pond in the neighborhood for a swim, under the conduct of the classical master,—a Yale graduate, Armstrong explained, who had stood fourth in his class, "and a very able fellow,—very able."

But while we sat at tea in Armstrong's family dining-room, which adjoined the school commons, we were made aware of the return of the swimming party by the constant shuffle and tramp of feet through the hall and the noise of feeding in the next room. At our table were present Mrs. Armstrong, her sister (who had a frightened air when addressed and conversed in monosyllables), the parents of the sick pupil, and Armstrong's two eldest children. I surmised that the younger children had been in the habit of sharing in the social meal, and had been crowded out on this occasion by the number of guests; for I heard them *fremunt*ing *in carcere* behind a door through which the waitress passed out and in, bringing plates of waffles. The remonstrances of the waitress were also audible, and, when the wailing rose high, my hostess's face had a distrait expression, as of one prepared at any moment for an irruption of infant Goths.

Mrs. Armstrong was a vivacious little woman, who, I conjectured, had once been a village belle, with some pretensions to *espièglerie* and the fragile prettiness common among New England country girls. But the bearing and rearing of a family of children, and the matronizing of a houseful of hungry school-boys in such a way as to make ends meet, had substituted a faded and worried look for her natural liveliness of expression. She bore up bravely, however, against the embarrassments of the occasion. In particular, it pleased her to take a facetious view of college life.

"Oh, Mr. Polisson," she cried, "I am afraid that you and my husband were very gay young men when you were at college together. Oh, don't tell me; I know—I know. I've heard of some of your scrapes."

I protested feebly against this impeachment, but Armstrong winked at me with the air of a sly dog, and said:

"It's no use, Polisson. You can't fool Mrs. A. Buckingham and one or two of the fellows have been here to dinner occasionally, and I'm afraid they've given us away."

"Yes," she affirmed, "Mr. Buckingham was one of you too, I guess, though he *is* the Rev. Mr. Buckingham now. Oh, he has told me."

"You remember old Buck?" put in Armstrong. "He is preaching near here—settled over a church at Bobtown."

"Yes," I answered, "I remember there was such a man in the class, but really I didn't know that he was—ah—such a character as you seem to infer, Mrs. Armstrong."

"Oh, he has quieted down now, I assure you," said the lady. "He is as prim and proper as a Methodist meeting-house. Why, he *has* to be, you know."

This amusing fiction of the wildness of Armstrong's youth had evidently become a family tradition, and even, by a familiar process, an article of belief in his own mind. It reminded me grotesquely of *Justice Shallow's* reminiscences with *Sir John Falstaff:* "Ha, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen. * * * Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent!"

The resemblance became still stronger when, as we rose from the table, the good fellow beckoned me into a closet which opened off the dining-room, saying, in a hoarse whisper:

"Here, Polisson, come in here."

He was uncorking a large bottle half-filled with some red liquid, and as he poured a portion of this into two glasses he explained:

"I don't have this sort of thing on the table, you understand, on account of the children and my—ah—position. It would make talk. But I tell you this is some of the real old stuff. How!" And he held his glass up to the light, regarding it with the one eye of a connoisseur, and then drank down its contents with a smack. I was considerably astonished, on doing the same, to discover that this dark beverage—which, from Armstrong's manner, I had been prepared to find something at least as wicked as absinthe—was simply and solely Bordeaux of a mild quality. After this Bacchanalian proceeding we went out into the orchard, which was reserved for family use, and sat on a bench under an apple-tree. Armstrong called his little boy who had been at supper with us and gave him a whispered message, together with some small change. The messenger disappeared, and after a short absence returned with two very domestic cigars, transparently bought for the nonce from some neighboring grocer. "Have a smoke," commanded my host, and we solemnly kindled the rolls of yellow leaf, Armstrong puffing away at his with the air of a man who, though intrusted by destiny with the responsibility of molding the characters of youth, has not forgotten how to be a man of the world on occasion.

"Well, Charley," I began, after a few preliminary draughts, "you seem to have a good thing of it. Your school is prosperous, I un-

derstand; the work suits you; you have a mighty pretty family of children growing up, and your health appears to be perfect."

"Yes," he admitted; "I suppose I ought to be thankful. I certainly enjoy great mercies. It's a warm, crowded kind of life; plenty of affection,—plenty of anxiety too, to be sure. I like to have the boys around me; it keeps one's heart fresh, though in a way it's sometimes wearing to the nerves. Yes, I like the young rascals—I like them. But, of course, it has its drawbacks. Most careers have," he added, in a burst of commonplace.

"It is not exactly the career that you had cut out for yourself," I suggested, "when we talked our plans over, you remember, that last evening at New Haven."

"No, it's not," he acknowledged; "but perhaps it is a better one. What was it I said then? I really don't recall it. Something very silly, no doubt."

"Oh, you said, in a general way, that you were going in for money and celibacy and selfishness,—just as you have *not* done."

"Yes, yes; I know, I remember now," he said, laughing. "Boys are great fools with their brag of what they are going to do and be. Life knocks it out of them fast enough; they learn to do what they must."

"Do you ever write any poetry nowadays?"

"No, no; not I. The muse has given me the go-by completely. Except for some occasional verses for a school festival or something of the kind, which I grind out now and then, I've sunk my rhyming dictionary deeper than ever plummet sounded. The chief disadvantage of running a big school like this," he continued, with a sigh, "is the want of leisure and retirement to enable a man to keep up his studies. Sometimes I actually ache for solitude,—for a few weeks or months of absolute loneliness and silence. Mrs. Armstrong has fixed me up a nice little private study,—remind me to take you in there before you go,—where I keep my books, etc. But the children will find their way in, and then I'm seldom undisturbed anywhere for more than an hour at a time; there's always some call on me,—something wanted that no one else can see to."

"You ought to swap places with Berkeley for awhile. He's got more leisure than he knows what to do with."

"Berkeley! Well, what's he up to now? Philately? Arboriculture? What's his last fad? You've seen him lately, you said. I met him for a minute in New York, a few years ago, and he told me he was going to an old book auction."

"He's got genealogy at present," I explained.

"Genealogy! What hay! What sawdust! Aren't there enough live people to take an interest in, without grubbing up dead ones from tombstones and town clerks' records? Berkeley must be a regular old bachelor antiquary by this time, with all human sympathy dried out of him. No, I wouldn't change with *him*. Would we, fatty?" he said, appealing to a small offspring of uncertain sex which had just toddled out the door and across the gangway to kiss its papa good-night.

I took leave of Armstrong and his interesting family with a sense of increased liking. His unworldliness, good nature, and simple little enthusiasms and self-satisfactions had somehow kept him young, and he seemed quite the old Armstrong of college days. I afterward learned that the excellent fellow had just finished his law studies, and was preparing to enter upon practice, when his father's health failed, forcing him to give up his parish, and leaving a number of younger brothers and sisters partly dependent on Armstrong. He had accordingly taken the first situation that promised a fair salary, and, having got started upon the work of teaching, had been unable to let go until it was too late; had, indeed, got deeper and deeper in, by falling in love and impulsively marrying at the first opportunity, and finally setting up for himself at the Pestalozzian Institute. Poor fellow! Good fellow! *Amico mio, non della fortuna.*

My next call was upon Clay, who had rooms in the Babel building in New York, and was reported to be something of a Bohemian. He received me in a smoking jacket and slippers. He had grown a full beard which hid his finely cut features. His black eyes had the old fire, but his skin was sallower, and I thought that his manner had a touch of listlessness mingled with irritability and defiance. He was glad to see me; but inclined to be at first, not precisely distant, yet by no means confidential. After awhile, however, he thawed out and became more like the Clay whom I remembered,—our college genius, the brilliant, the admired, in those days of eager hero-worship. I told him of my visits to Berkeley and Armstrong.

"Berkeley I see now and then in town," said Clay. "It was rather queer of him to turn parson, but I guess he doesn't let his theology bother him much. He has a really superior collection of etchings, I am told. Armstrong I haven't seen for years. I knew he was a pedagogue somewhere in Connecticut."

"Don't you ever go to the class reunions?" I asked.

"Class reunions? Well, hardly."

"I should think you would; you are so near New Haven."

"How charmingly provincial you are—you Southern chaps! Don't you know that, to a man who lives in New York, nothing is near? Besides, as to my classmates at old Yale and all that, I would go round a corner to avoid meeting most of them."

I expressed myself as duly shocked by this sentiment, and presently I inquired:

"Well, Clay, how are you getting on, anyway?"

"That's a d—— general question. How do you want me to answer it?"

"Oh, not at all, if you don't like."

"Well, don't get miffed. Suppose I answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.' How will that do?"

"Are you writing anything now?"

"I'm always scribbling something or other. At present, I've got the position of dramatic critic on the 'Daily Boreas,' which is not a very bad bore, and keeps the pot boiling. And I do more or less work of a hack kind for the magazines and cyclopedias, etc."

"I thought you were on the 'Weekly Prig.' Berkeley or somebody told me so."

"So I was at one time, but I got out of it. The work was drying me up too fast. The concern is run by a lot of cusses who have failed in various branches of literature themselves, and undertake, in consequence, to make it unpleasant for every one else who tries to write anything. I got so that I could sling as cynical a quill as the rest of them. But the trick is an easy one and hardly worth learning. It's a great fraud, this business of reviewing. Here's a man of learning, for instance, who has spent years of research on a particular work. He has collected a large library, perhaps, on his subject; knows more about it than any one else living. Then along comes some insolent little whipper-snapper,—like me,—whose sole knowledge of the matter in hand is drawn from the very book that he pretends to criticise, and patronizes the learned author in a book notice. No, I got out of it; I hadn't the cheek."

"I bought your book," * said I, "as soon as it came out."

"That's more than the public did."

"Yes, and I read it, too."

"No! Did you, now? That's true friendship. Well, how did you like it? Did you get your money's worth?"

I hesitated a moment and then answered:

"It was clever, of course. Anything that you write would be sure to be that. But it didn't appear to get down to hard-pan or to take a firm grip on life—did it?"

"Ah, that's what the critics said,—only they've got a set of phrases for expressing it. They said it was amateurish, that it was in a falsetto key, etc."

"Well, how does it strike you, yourself? You know that it didn't come out of the deep places of your nature, don't you? You feel that you've got better behind?"

"Oh, I don't know. A man does what he can. I rather think it's the best I can do at present."

"Why don't you go at some more serious work; some *magnum opus* that would bring your whole strength into play?"

"A *magnum opus*, my dear fellow!" replied Clay, with a shade of irritation in his voice. "You talk as if a *magnum opus* could be done for the wishing. Why don't *you* do a *magnum opus*, then?"

"Why don't *I*? Oh, I'm not a literary fellow—never professed to be. What a question!"

"Well, no more am I, perhaps. I don't think any better of the stuff that I scribble than you do. It's all an experiment with me. I'm trying my brushes—trying my brushes. Perhaps I may be able to do something stronger some day, and perhaps not. But at all events I sha'n't force my mood. I shall wait for my inspiration. One thing I've noticed, that as a man grows older he loses his spontaneity and gets more critical with himself. I could do more, no doubt, if I would only let myself go. But I'm like this meerschaum here,—a hard piece and slow in coloring."

"Well, meanwhile you might do something in the line of scholarship, a history or a volume of critical essays—'Hours with the Poets,' or something of that kind, that would bring in the results of your reading. Have you seen Brainard's book? It seemed to me work that was worth doing. But you could do something of the same kind, only much better, without taking your hands out of your pockets."

Brainard was a painstaking classmate of ours, who had been for some years Prefessor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, English Literature, and European History, in a western university, and had recently published a volume entitled "Theism and Pantheism in the Literature of the English Renaissance," which was well spoken of, and was already in its third edition.

"Yes, I've seen the stuff," said Clay. "My unhappy country swarms with that sort of thing: books about books, and books about other books about books,—like the big fleas and little fleas. It's not literature; it's a para-

* Dialogues and Romances. By E. Clay. New York: Pater & Sons, 1874.

sitic growth that infests literature. I always say to myself, with the melancholy Jaques, whenever I have to look over a book by Brainard or any such fellow, 'I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks and make no boast of them.' No, I don't care to add anything to that particular rubbish heap. You know Emerson said that the worst poem is better than the best criticism of it. The trouble with me is that what I want to do I can't do — at present; what I can do I don't think it worth while to do — worth my while, at least. Some one else may do it and get the credit and welcome."

"But you do a good deal of work that you don't care about, as it is," I objected.

"Of course. A man must live, and so I do the nearest thing and the one that pays quickest. I got eighty dollars, now, for that last screed in 'The Reservoir.'"

"But," I persisted, "I thought that money-making had no part in your scheme. You could make more money in a dozen other businesses."

"So I could," he answered; "but they all involve some form of slavery. Now, I am my own master. After all, every profession has its drudgery, and literary drudgery is not the worst."

"Well," I conceded, "independent of what you accomplish, I suppose your way of life furnishes as many daily satisfactions as any. I sometimes envy you and Berkeley your freedom from business cares and your opportunities for study. What becomes of most men's college training, for example? By Jove! I picked up a Greek book the other day, and I couldn't read three words running. Now, I take it, you manage to keep up your classics, among other things."

"Oh, my way of life has its compensations," he answered. "But Sydney Smith — wasn't it? — said that life was a middling affair, anyway. As for the classics, etc., I find that reading and study lose much of their stimulus unless they get an issue in action, — unless one can apply them directly toward his own work. I often think that, if I were fifteen or even ten years younger, I would go into some branch of natural science. A scientific man always seems to me peculiarly happy in the healthy character of his work. He can keep himself apart from it. It is objective, impersonal, makes no demand on his emotions. Now a writing man has to put himself into his work. He has to keep looking out all the time for impressions, material; to keep trying to enlarge and deepen his own experience, and he gets self-conscious and loses his freshness in the process."

"I am surprised to find you in New York," said I, by way of changing the subject. "I thought you had laid out to live in the country. Do you remember that pretty little word-picture of a winter afternoon that you drew us — something in the style of an *Il Penseroso* landscape? I expected to find you domesticated in a Berkshire farm-house."

"Yes, I remember. I tried it. But I find it necessary, for my work, to be in New York. The newspapers — confound 'em! — wont move into the woods. But, after all, place is indifferent. See here; this isn't bad."

He drew aside the window curtain, and I looked out over a wilderness of roofs to the North River and the Palisades tinged with a purple light. The ferry-boats and tugs plying over the water in every direction, the noise of the steam whistles, and the clouds of white vapor floating on the clear air, made an inspiriting scene.

"I'm up among the architects here," continued Clay; "nothing but the janitor's family between me and the roof."

We talked awhile longer, and on taking leave, I said:

"I shall be on the lookout for something big from you one of these days. You know what we always expected of you. So don't lose your grip, old man."

"Who knows?" he replied. "It doesn't rest with me, but with the *daimon*."

I was unable to visit Doddridge, the remaining member of our group. He lived in the thriving town of Wahee, Minnesota, and I had heard of him, in a general way, as highly prosperous. He was a prominent lawyer and successful politician, and had lately been appointed United States district judge, after representing his section in the State Senate for a term or two. I wrote to him, congratulating him on his success and asking for details. I mentioned also my visits to Berkeley, Armstrong, and Clay. I got a prompt reply from Doddridge, from which I extract such portions as are material to this narrative:

"The first few months after I left college I traveled pretty extensively through the West, making contracts with the farmers as agent for a nursery and seed-farm in my part of the country, but really with the object of spying out the land and choosing a place to settle in. Finally I lit on Wahee, and made up my mind that it was a town with a future. It was bound to be a railroad center. It had a first-rate agricultural country around it, and a rich timber region a little further back; and it already had an enterprising little pop. growing rapidly. To-day Wahee is as smart a city of its inches as there is in the North-west. I squatted right down here, got a little raise from the old man, and put it all into building lots. I made a good thing of it, and paid it all back in six years with eight per cent. interest. Meanwhile, I went into Judge Pratt's law office and made my salt by fitting his boy for

college — till I learned enough law to earn a salary. The judge was an old Waheer — belonged to the time-honored aristocracy of the place, having been here at least fifteen years before I came. He got into railroads after awhile (is president now of the Wahee and Heliopolis Bee-line), and left his law practice to me. I married his daughter Alice in 1875. She is a Western girl, but she was educated at Vassar. We have two boys. If you ever come out our way, Polisson, you must put up with us for as long as you can stay. I would like to show you the country about here, and have you ride after my team. I've got a pair that can do it inside three minutes. Do you remember Liddell of our class? He is an architect, you know. I got him to come to Wahee, and he has all he can do putting up business blocks. We have got some here equal to anything in Chicago. * * *

"Yes, I am United States judge for this district. There is not much money in it, but it will help me professionally by and by. I shall not keep it long. Do I go into politics much, you ask. I used to, but I've got through for the present. The folks about here wanted to run me for Congress last term, but I hadn't any use for it. As to what you are kind enough to say about my 'success,' etc., whatever success I have had is owing to nothing but a capacity for hard work, which is the only talent that I lay claim to. They want a man out here who will do the work that comes to hand, and keep on doing it till something better turns up. * * *

"So Berkeley has turned out a dilettante instead of an African explorer. I heard he was a minister. He does not seem to have much ambition even in that line of life. I should think Armstrong had got the right kind of place for him. He was a good fellow, but never had much practical ability. You say very little about Clay. How is old 'Sweetness and Light,' any way? I saw some fluff of his in one of the magazines,— a 'romance' I think he called it. This is not an age for scribbling romances. The country wants something solider. I never took much stock in philosophers like Berkeley and Clay. There is the same thing the trouble with them both: they don't want to do any hard work, and they conceal their laziness under fine names,— culture, transcendentalism, and what not? '"Feeble and restless youths, born to inglorious days.'"

This letter may be supplemented by another, —say Exhibit B,— which I received from Clay not long after:

"My Dear Polisson: It occurs to me that your question the other day, as to how I was 'getting on,' did not receive as candid an answer as it deserved. I am afraid that you carried away an impression of me as of a man who suspected himself to be a failure, but had not the manliness to acknowledge it. You will say, perhaps, that there are all degrees of half success short of absolute failure. But I say no. In the career which I have chosen, to miss of success — pronounced, unquestionable success — is to fail; and I am not weak enough to hide from myself on which side of the line I fall. The line is a very distinct one, after all. The fact is, I took the wrong turning, and it is too late to go back. I am a case of arrested development — a common enough case. I might give plenty of excellent excuses to my friends for not having accomplished what they expected me to. But the world doesn't want apologies; it wants performance.

"You will think this letter a most extraordinary outburst of morbid vanity. But while I can afford to have you think me a failure, I couldn't let you go on thinking me a fraud. That must be my excuse for writing.

"Yours, as ever,

"*E. Clay.*"

This letter moved me deeply by its characistic mingling of egotism with elevation of feeling. As I held it open in my hand, and thought over my classmates' fortunes, I was led to make a few reflections. From the fact that Armstrong and Berkeley were leading lives that squarely contradicted their announced ideals and intentions, it was an obvious but not therefore a true inference that circumstance is usually stronger than will. Say, rather, that the species of necessity which consists in character and inborn tendency is stronger than any resolution to run counter to it.

Both Armstrong and Berkeley, on our Commencement night, had spoken from a sense of their own limitations, and in violent momentary rebellion against them. But, in talking with them fifteen years later, I could not discover that the lack of correspondence between their ideal future and their actual present troubled them much. It is matter of common note that it is impossible to make one man realize another's experience; but it is often quite as hard to make him recover a past stage of his own consciousness.

These, then, had bent to the force of chance or temperament. But Clay had shaped his life according to his programme, and had the result been happier? He who gets his wish often suffers a sharper disappointment than he who loses it. "*So täuscht uns also bald die Hoffnung, bald das Gehoffte,*" says the great pessimist, and Fate is never more ironical than when she humors our whim. Doddridge alone, who had thrown himself confidingly into the arms of the Destinies, had obtained their capricious favors.

I cannot say that I drew any counsel, civil or moral, from these comparisons. Life is deeper and wider than any particular lesson to be learned from it; and just when we think that we have at last guessed its best meanings, it laughs in our face with some paradox which turns our solution into a new riddle.

Henry A. Beers.

THE NATIVE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN FICTION.

BEFORE THE WAR.

"POETRY," Mr. Whipple finely says, "is the protest of genius against the unreality of actual life." This statement seems, in a measure, to be true of the best prose fiction: for the finest standard of emotion is hardly to be found actually embodied in any single person; it is a creation of the mind, an ideal, for which human life suggests the material,—a beautiful image to which we cling with all our secret forces,—not within the *actual*, nor yet wholly beyond the *possible*.

American fiction has passed through many stages since Charles Brockden Brown laid the foundation in 1798. In the early half of the present century the novelist was left free to range to the utmost verge of the possible: for the national sentiment welcomed anything in romance that gave evidence of imagination, paying for it any price in public esteem. The romancer found little competition at home, and had free range of the prizes, while abroad he had more than his share of attention, and if he grumbled, as he often did, it was, for the most part, the result of inordinate greediness engendered by unearned successes.

The *invention* of our early writers was quite equal to that of their English brothers, but in the choice and artistic disposition of material they were not held to so high a standard. Indeed, until the time of Hawthorne, it is difficult to find any rigidly conscientious work done in the department of fiction; and the magnificent success of novelists like Cooper seems due to their wealth of new matter, and to a certain breadth rather than delicacy of treatment—a gift of nature and not of art. To-day, the competition is great, and, by a process of critical selection, the artistic side of novel-writing has been developed, without, it would seem, any corresponding accession of imaginative power; so that the highest places are held by literary men who have but little creative force,—men who can strike an average, classify characters, and give a certain shape and body to their classifications, but cannot vitalize them with anything like spiritual vitality. The atmosphere of criticism is so largely tinctured with scholarship that fine writing is often credited with the essentials of fine imagination, and fine imagination, without the graces of style, has a hard time in getting a hearing. This is a natural reaction from the old excesses, where imagination was rank and art was slighted. The poverty of exacting criticism was lamentable. But the new process may well have its own excesses, and produce in time a new reaction.

Let us trace, as well as we can, the history of these changes in our fiction, and note the growth in it of a native as well as an artistic element. It was in Philadelphia that our first novelist was born. The third was from a remote corner of New England; but it is a little remarkable that both came of Quaker stock, and that each, by natural processes, ejected himself from the old faith. The second and fourth—if we pass by Irving, who coquetted with Fiction, but hardly entered the list of her suitors—were of Dutch and English extraction of the New York or New Jersey quality. The fifth and sixth, both women, were from Massachusetts. These six, in their order, were Charles Brockden Brown, James K. Paulding, John Neal, J. Fenimore Cooper, Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick, and Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. Mrs. Child's venture was a small one, confined to two meager volumes, published in 1824–25; while the other five writers held the entire ground of important novelistic literature for thirty-three years. Brown was sole occupant from 1798 to 1812, when Paulding—who, with Irving, had been skirmishing in "Salmagundi"—published "John Bull and Brother Jonathan." Five years later, John Neal rushed in with his first romantic venture,

> "Swingeing the scaly horror of his folded tail."

Cooper's "Precaution" followed in 1821; and in the next two years, "The Spy," "The Pioneers," and "The Pilot." Afterward, he became perennial, giving to the world one, two, sometimes three volumes a year, the best of which were translated into nearly every modern language in Europe.

Charles Brockden Brown, as we have said, was a mild Quaker, but the "Quaker" in him was thrust out by a severe attack of infidelity. Later in life came a more religious mood, and he died, says his biographer, a good Christian. John Neal, less fortunate, remained in the Quaker fold until his twenty-fifth year, when he knocked a man "head over heels," as it is phrased, and was turned out of meeting. Brown gravitated from Phila-

delphia to New York; Neal from Portland to Baltimore — thus preserving to New England her sober gravity, undisturbed by the school of fiction, until that gentle and delightful form of it introduced by Miss Sedgwick came to the Berkshire Hills.

Brown's early life was unmistakably gloomy. From a temperament delicate and fine, but morbid,—in which the intellectual overbalanced the physical forces,—sprang his first book, which, though stimulated from across the water, was wholly within the range of his mood and spirit. It contained, however, not a hint of the new American life, not a spark of that humor which afterward flashed freely in American literature. Except for an awful sense of solitude,—the gloom of primeval nature,—there was scarcely a touch of our glorious scenery. No social element is represented, such as Paulding afterward found in Philadelphia and New York, the centers of social activity between which Brown all his life oscillated. It was his peculiar gift to paint the night side of human experience. In "Wieland," his first novel, the story, though not wholly a tragedy, is so overwhelmingly black with the tragic element that the reader never for a moment emerges. In "Edgar Huntly," Clithero, the somnambulist, and Huntly himself, rest throughout under an incubus of horrors — fire, starvation, grave-haunting, sleep-walking, murder, wild beasts, and a nightmare of Indians. The same sense of solitude and dismay pervades the experience of Arthur Mervyn, who plunges from the couch of the plague to the cellar of the murderer, and only escapes to walk the hospitals. The power possessed by this rare genius, of throwing gloomy characteristics into his theme, was equaled by no other American writer. In the matter of morbid analysis, Poe, in comparison with Brown, was superficial, Hawthorne was cheerful, and the modern school of French writers are feeble. With Poe, we can see that the gloom came by an effort of a spurred imagination; with Hawthorne, that it was the work of an artistic sense; but with Brown, it seems to have been constitutional — the gift at once of temperament and circumstances. He was possessed by it: his early solitariness, his later experience in the two plague-stricken cities, combined with a most brooding and vivid imagination, had worked into the blood, so that we may reasonably believe that, substantially, Henry and Clara Wieland, Arthur Mervyn, Edgar Huntly, and even Jane Talbot, were but the incorporation of the author's own mental experiences. But Brown's novel-writing ended with his thirty-third year, and he died at thirty-nine. His six stories, compressed within seven years of his working life, were all the product of one mood in that period of life which, in such a man, lies between soul-experience and human action,—when the soul flowers, but has not reached a mellow fruitage; when imagination is boldest, and reason least assertive.

It was a long step from Brown's work to Paulding's first novelistic, or, rather, allegorical venture — "John Bull and Brother Jonathan." This tale is amateurish, but presents the first touches, in romance form, of that rich, broad humor which Paulding and Irving together introduced — the rollicking Dutch element, jovial and healthy, with no deep seriousness in it, and yet a manly fun half way between the grim playfulness of the south-west and the devout humor of the New Englander, who curtsied to the Almighty before making a joke. The Knickerbocker element, which comes to the front in Paulding's "Merry Tales," reaches its highest development in "The Dutchman's Fireside," published in 1831. The author's first four or five volumes mark a growing American sentiment in literature, a rasping sense of individual hostility to foreigners,—which was both social and political,—an almost ludicrous determination to show that the Declaration of Independence included a clause on literary independence. But beyond this, the work is loosely constructed, weak in dramatic interest, and of no credit whatever to American workmanship. Between the best of it and "The Dutchman's Fireside," which is mature work and of national value, the gulf is great. But before this novel was written, Irving had made a way for American invention, Cooper was full-fledged and delighting the world, Miss Sedgwick was charming the youth of New England and being reprinted abroad, and John Neal from Baltimore was plunging and caracoling in every field of literature.

"The Dutchman's Fireside" presented enough loose workmanship, but it was a most delightful introduction to the heart of Knickerbocker social life. The atmosphere was large and sunny, full of the grace of gentle culture and hearty manners, as well as of good living, —rich in the customs of colonial life, brilliant and warm with the golden foliage of American scenery. Paulding could tell a story charmingly. The action, at times, hurries along with rapidity, being full of incident,—natural, sympathetic, with the very cream of life in it. Again, the author will sink the novelist in the *raconteur*, and address a coterie. Presently, forgetting that he is not a preacher, he will give us a touch from the last pulpit. Anon he will be Addison, and the man about town. But one finds him oftenest following in the footsteps of Irving,—much inferior in the

graces of style,—uneven, inartistic, now edging himself among his characters, now changing natures with them,—so that we can hardly tell when we have Paulding, and when it is somebody else.

This trait is noticeable also in John Neal, whose "Keep Cool" followed five years after the "John Bull," and preceded Cooper's "Precaution" by four years. The three were "first" books, and represent merely the promise of their authors. Neal wrote from the surface of his mind, which was frothy. His life was mixed, and his novels were equally so. The very plot is erratic, sometimes intensely, almost luridly, dramatic, sometimes weak and attenuated beyond any reader's patience. As he had been shop-boy, dry-goods merchant, lawyer, poet, and essayist, as well as novelist, he considered himself qualified to lecture on all subjects. Now it is on the Yankee dialect, which he thinks no one understands so well as he. To illustrate his knowledge, he drags into "The Down-Easters," his cleverest book, two of the rankest of Yankees, and sets them to floundering in the plot. When they have ruined that to the extent of half a volume, we are plunged at once into a nest of horrors—dirking, drowning, seduction, desertion, adultery, poisoning. The whole is loose-jointed and extravagant, the dialogue spun out interminably, and amounting to nothing. So, also, in "Errata" we get relays of argument on Quaker customs, law, motherhood, the management of children, dueling, and murder. In "True Womanhood," written in his later years, and published in 1859, all his early buds are in over-ripe blossom. His own personality is pushed headlong into the text. He is gossippy, old-womanish. The style is slipshod, a perfect storm of words to the square inch of ideas, a huddle of incident and characters, with scarcely a clew to his purpose with them. Of the artistic element there is none whatever, no sense of proportion, no patient study of persons, no arrangement, no aim, and no fulfillment. There is only one character that clings to the mind, and that is John Neal—the universal Yankee, whittling his way through creation, with a half-genius for everything, a robust genius for nothing,—everything in the egg, and not a chick fully developed.

With the appearance of Cooper we began to hold up our heads among the romancers of the world. In literary form and workmanship he was far inferior to his great contemporaries abroad. He was utterly deficient in psychological analysis. Of broad humor he had only enough to hold his own in the second rank of his native State. Though he could draw very well a sailor's sweetheart, like Mary Pratt, or a soldier's daughter, like Mabel Dunham, yet of *fine* women he had only a chivalrous notion, and painted them from a respectful distance. They were delicate creatures, to be handled like porcelain. Dressed out and beautified, they were to be protected and worshiped. They walk through the halls of his heroes, and take seats at the upper end to distribute the prizes after the tournament. But in Paulding's Catalina there is more of the sprightly, lovely, living woman than in all the Frances Whartons, Elizabeth Temples, and Gertrude Greysons of Cooper's entire catalogue. The novelist's six years in the navy had made him a complete Jack Tar. He learned there to handle not only the ropes but the "yarn," and whatever he told, he told as "to the marines"; but he told it with such incredible confidence, and, withal, in such a chivalrous spirit, that he made us shut the eye of criticism and open the ear of faith. He never hesitated for a trick. On a pinch, he could extricate a hero or a heroine twenty times a day, each time by a different device. His *dramatis personæ* were as extravagant in their heroism or in their devotion as Dickens's persons were in their eccentricities. Yet, with all these limitations, he possessed a fine, robust sympathy and manliness, and a creative power equal to the best of the men abroad.

Easily superior to all our novelists in sea-tales, which required technical knowledge, and on the frontier, where his imagination had full play, he was in the delineation of the passions probably surpassed by Simms. There is a delightful transmissibility of blood in all his heroes. For instance, though there is no Long Tom Coffin anywhere else so admirably set forth as in "The Pilot," yet we have him cut up into parcels and distributed everywhere, under a white and under a black skin. He is at once the protector and servant of his master, delicate in his sensibilities and rough in his fists, quite competent to carry a cannon under his arm or a maiden on his shoulder—the ideal sailor, in short, combining strength, dogged faithfulness, and noble self-sacrifice with the most rugged and sometimes deformed exterior.

Two other persons, Chingachcook and the Pathfinder, Cooper created outright. The former, with Uncas to supplement him, is the ideal Indian—grave, silent, acute, self-contained, sufficiently lofty-minded to take in the greatness of the Indian's past, and sufficiently far-sighted to see the hopelessness of his future,—with nobility of soul enough to grasp the white man's virtues, and with inherited wildness enough to keep him true to the instincts of his own race. Probably at his first appearance, in "The Pioneers," this hero was a study from life. Afterward, when Cooper began to

present him in youth and manhood, the character was idealized; but the ideal is a noble one, worthy to stand for the heights of the savage nature — a god-send to the later romancers, who have never been able to escape from him. Chingachcook appears at his best, perhaps, but under another name, in "The Last of the Mohicans"; Natty Bumpo, in "The Pathfinder," where, with all his excellence as a representative frontiersman and scout, he unites in a most delicious and manly way the tender qualities of a lover. The scenes with Mabel Dunham, where he finally merges the lover in the paternal element, present the best range of sentiment that Cooper attained.

In the sea-tales, what strikes us as best is the management of "The Two Admirals." "The Red Rover" may do for the "marines"; the "Sea Lions" may come closer home to a sailor's experience and please us with its homespun and sensible Mary and its vigorously drawn Vineyard skipper, but the interplay of manly affection in the two admirals, and their reciprocity of self-sacrifice, indicate the largeness of Cooper's nature; while the handling of the two fleets, whatever the nautical critic may say of it, holds the interest of the landsman best. Again, Harvey Birch, in "The Spy," is perhaps a new creation from the actual; but the combination of the spy and the gentleman is so rare, and is put together in so dry an atmosphere of other incident, that it fails to satisfy. The social life in the old mansion of the Whartons is bare beside the social life which Mrs. Stowe, for example, depicts; while the autumnal glow of the Hudson River scenery never reaches the mellow beauty of autumn days on that noble stream, as painted by Irving and Paulding. Cooper's scenery everywhere, in fact, is indefinite, though often large and effective. Less real in "The Spy," he is marvelously successful in "The Prairie" and "The Pathfinder" in producing a sense of the primeval prairie and forest grandeur.

Cooper did not,

> "In years that bring the philosophic mind,"

become a philosopher, and one hardly likes to follow him through those rasping times when the spirit of patriotism led him to back up his countrymen abroad, only to back down upon them at home. There is no irritation so uncertain in its results as that of patriotism acting on a thin skin. The patriot who is without a cool philosophy becomes a public scold — abroad, for his country, and against her at home. Yet, however much the critical literary or patriotic spirit may attack Cooper for short-comings, he deepened the sentiment for America among the middle classes of the Old World, and created a genial atmosphere for us there, in which we may thriftily sun ourselves.

Following Cooper, in 1822, came Miss Catherine Sedgwick, who, in "A New England Tale," struck a new vein, and was welcomed earnestly. In "Redwood," two years later, and afterward in "Hope Leslie," "Clarence," "The Linwoods," etc., she took strong hold on the hearts of the New England youth. She was, with Mrs. Child, among the first to re-awaken the Puritan echoes and to paint that mildly wicked life around the "Boston Bay." She touched the Shaker craze at Lebanon, but in a constrained manner, as if it were too near home. It forms an episode, but not well incorporated, in her novel of "Redwood," whose Debby, however, must have been a study from life, and is racily rural and fairly comparable to Mrs. Stowe's New England women. Most of Miss Sedgwick's women, indeed, whatever be the formality and stiffness of their borrowed language, are delineated with spirit and interior knowledge, and though they share the romantic spirit of the heroines of that day, begin to show the qualities familiar to our experience. The author, like Paulding, was doing something to emancipate the American mind from foreign types — being in this original, and superior to Cooper, as she was truer to life than John Neal. In painting the scenery of Western Massachusetts, she is more successful in details than Cooper in like scenery, more nice and discriminating than Paulding, and has a charm of her own in simple, outlying country life. She is everywhere fertile in small devices, which will not always bear inspection, — changes the scene as often as she chooses, and scatters her dead along the line of march, gaining thereby in realism, but losing in intensity. She everywhere interests, but nowhere thoroughly absorbs the reader. Yet she was a worthy progenitress of a long line of most charming women novelists.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child began her literary career with two novels, — "Hobomok," in 1824, and "The Rebels," a year later. The former burrows in colonial life about Salem, and is redolent of Indian and Puritan customs; the latter deals with Revolutionary history. Both are local, and show a mind tinged by colonial studies and steeped in the Puritan atmosphere. So far they are native work, but no stronger as stories than one would expect from a young woman of twenty-two. It is curious that, thirteen years after Mrs. Child, John Lothrop Motley, beginning in his twenty-fifth year, worked the same field — pursuing, in "Morton's Hope," the golden dream of youth

during the Revolutionary period about Boston, but losing himself anon in the note-books of a Göttingen student; later, in "Merry Mount," making a fair historical study of Thomas Morton and the Puritans, but with a dramatic interest only sufficient to indicate the strain he was to follow in his magnificent story of "The Dutch Republic."

While Mrs. Child and Miss Sedgwick were developing the early New England interest, William Leggett in New York was working the western mine, printing his "Rebels" with much success in the "Atlantic Souvenir." Otherwise,—with the exception of Richard P. Smith, who published "The Forsaken" in 1831,—Cooper, Neal, Paulding, and Miss Sedgwick held the entire field, publishing rapidly. New York, New England, and the "marines" got their fill of romance.

In the next five years there was an influx of fiction, most of it obscure, a little of it promising. Hawthorne wrote "Fanshawe," which he would gladly have had forgotten, and produced several of the short "Tales," afterward republished in England. John P. Kennedy appeared with "Swallow Barn," "Rob of the Bowl," and "Horse-Shoe Robinson," the latter his high-water mark. William Gilmore Simms brought out "Guy Rivers," "The Yemassee," and "The Partisan"; James Hall appeared with "Legends of the West"; Theodore S. Fay, with "Norman Leslie." Edgar A. Poe contributed many curious tales, all the work of the "Angel of the Odd," who was made up of bottles and casks, and poured out wine and hellebore until the sweet Maid of Fiction became a Bacchante. Richard Montgomery Bird came out with "Calavar" and "The Infidel"; James Lawson, with "Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite"; Hannah F. Lee, with "Grace Seymour"; and F. W. Thomas, with "Clinton Bradshaw"—a pretty prolific quinquennium altogether.

Three of these new writers—Kennedy, Simms, and Poe—were of the South, and introduced the lurid element. James Lawson brought a Scotchman's reminiscences to the wilds of the West. Fay had a mania for reform, and wrote cleverly for the young, but dismally for the grown-up reader. It is noticeable that the wickedness of "Gotham" was beginning to transpire about this period, and that it was mostly traceable to foreign counts and adventurers. There was a native innocence in the New York youth of both sexes that was pleasing to our pride. Fay thought it useful, however, to saturate his patient reader with home-made morality, and, like Neal, carried him through a full course of lectures on dueling, drinking, gambling, etc. The interest of the story slips away as the lecture lengthens. Thomas was more successful as a story-teller, and depicted New York social life in the early quarter of the century with considerable unction. His young people are interesting, and his conduct of the trial scene in "Clinton Bradshaw" is clever. But he, too, dabbles in politics, law reform, debating societies, and other public themes, until the work of the novelist is forgotten in that of the moralist.

James Hall introduced his reader to the gentler side of the Indian character; and Montgomery Bird, who was in all respects extravagant, but exciting, reached his height in "Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay,"—a book which, intended to show the savageness of the savage, succeeds mainly in displaying the intense cruelty possible in the white man. Every type of character is strained to the utmost,—Roaring Ralph Stackpole, the everlastingly monotonous horse-thief, whom every one takes to his bosom; Parson Dodge, the Yankee peddler; and Peter, the "Jib," who has Quaker antecedents with a Pawnee outcome. Art is at its lowest ebb, artifice at its highest reach, and Cooper, at last, is outdone in his own province of rank invention.

Meanwhile, in the Green Mountain State, Daniel P. Thompson presented some vivid pictures of the Revolutionary struggle, and, later on, in the "Green Mountain Boys," held the attention well to pioneer methods of fighting the Indians. Of characteristic New England life he gives us a view in "Locke Amsden," drawn evidently from his own experience. This book is stronger in story than Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and truer to the general spirit of the times, though the latter writer sketches better, and has a broader sense of humor. Thompson, however, had an educational motive in this work, and drowned his persons in his theories. Hannah F. Lee also wrote with a moral purpose for the young. It was the excuse for novels all over New England. They must be made, in some way, to supplement the pulpit and school-house, or there was no *raison d'être*.

Kennedy and Simms were of the school of Cooper, yet each had a vein and strength of his own. The former, whose "Quodlibet," "Swallow Barn," and "Rob of the Bowl" are mostly trash, with but little truth or dramatic power or home growth about them, reaches a national value in "Horse-Shoe Robinson." This person, though perhaps a genuine character, drawn in part from life, would probably never have existed but for "The Pathfinder." He is a delightful com-

bination of a good heart, a homely understanding, shrewd fighting qualities, a chivalrous devotion to the duties of friendship, and unprecedented felicity in outriding the Angel of Death, even when the latter is mounted on his fleetest steed; but, withal, he is an admirably characteristic specimen of American serious humor and dialectic extravagance — so much so that, notwithstanding the manifest absurdity of the plot of the book and its otherwise alien elements of character, this single creation lifts the work of Kennedy into national importance.

Simms, with a downward proclivity toward the Newgate Calendar, began, in 1833, to flood the country with every style of fiction. There was no generation of Southern life which he did not touch upon, and no phase of romantic murder which he did not illustrate. With a feeling for reality, which was unknown to Cooper and Kennedy, a certain cleverness of invention and strong sense of subordination which kept him from the obvious artifices of both these writers, he was a superior student of human nature in the peculiar line which he took, and held his characters more rigidly to the sequence of cause and effect. He reaches the depth of cold horror in "Beauchampe," while in "The Partisan" and "Mellichampe" he is at his best as an historical novelist,— making the swamps and swamp-gloom real, and the play of passions of every shade of wickedness and cunning intensely exciting. The women are something like realities, and act an important part in the drama. The romance is made to seem so much like reality, that one is inclined to accept Simms's pictures as justly characterizing the times. They are pictures of action and the external results of passions, rather than studies in the development of character. If they are not pleasing to the fastidious, yet they have undoubtedly tinted the clear stream of history to the unrefined for a long generation.

Beverly Tucker followed in the Simms school, in "The Partisan Ranger," the value of which lies solely in its showing the spirit of certain sections of Southern political thought. Fenno Hoffman's "Greyslaer," published in 1840, was more in the Cooper vein, but intenser, although the dramatic interest, which opens well, fades away early.

Taking thus a hasty survey of the fiction of the first forty years of the century, it is interesting to note how little art there was and what a supply of romantic material,— how fertile invention was among our writers, and how unscrupulous. There was great justice in the twofold attitude of Europe toward it: for abroad the public read with avidity, while scholars criticised with asperity. The new field of pioneer life which we had opened was wide and varied, displaying every form of action, every strong play of passion, every deep contrast of character. It abounded in the mysterious, the extraordinary, the marvelous, as well as in rich and glorious scenery. Pioneers from every people on the globe met — in the somber primeval forests, on the boundless prairies, by slow and magnificent streams, where they came face to face with the most peculiar, the most picturesque — the most mysterious people on the face of the earth, developing by the meeting both the strongest contrasts of character and the most vivid incidents known even to fiction. It was difficult, in the matter of incident, for invention to outrun reality. Europe, as we said, was eager to read and to swallow whatever came; but the scholarship of Europe was even then jealously critical of our use of all this vast material,— and well it might be. Looking back upon it now, in the light of more exacting literary art, we can see the early weaknesses, and must acknowledge the justice, even while we lament the spirit, of the severest things that were said against us. We squandered our riches, until it came to be a question whether we should not have to go into bankruptcy. We gave the world a generous feast, but so ill-cooked that only large appetites could partake with impunity.

It was left to us, however, in literature, as it was in the industries, to show that we not only had the raw material, but could give the world a lesson in the use of it. In Hawthorne, whose faculty was developed among scholars and with the finest additaments of scholarship, we have our first true artist in literary expression, as well as the most completely equipped genius of romance. His subtle insight into the elements of character was marvelous. He was original and purely American,— Puritan, even, in his cast of thought and in all the internal and external conditions of his creation. But art is of no country. All ages temper the steel of the fine workman; all literatures whet the edge of his tools. In his sense of the controlling influence of powers beyond the individual's grasp, Hawthorne was Grecian. "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Blithedale Romance" are as fierce, unrelenting tragedy — controlling not only the actors but the writer — as anything in Æschylus. But Hawthorne's Fate came in the more modern form of "heredity." There were no angry gods; the "Sisters Three" had their origin in the ancestral stock a few generations back. His sense of their power, however, was intense, and was deeply based in the constitution of his own mind. He was too sane a man, of course,

to yield credence to the Puritan suspicion of demonic influences, yet he was too much of a seer not to have discovered that, whether demons exist in nature or not, there are demons which are the projections of our own minds; and the struggle of his art was so to materialize these projections as to give them, not the reality which Cotton Mather insisted upon, but a spiritualized reality equally potent over the actions of men. Mr. Henry James, Jr., has pointed out—very justly, it would seem—a use made of the "scarlet letter" wherein Hawthorne overreached himself,—where the spiritual projection becomes labored and artificial. As far as Hawthorne attempts to make this image a potent force in Arthur Dimmesdale's mind, his instinct is unerring; but when he tries to make it visible to little Pearl and Roger Chillingworth, he passes from art into artifice. There is, perhaps, no natural person in "The Scarlet Letter," just as there is no natural Hamlet in life; but we must accept Arthur Dimmesdale as a marvelous embodiment of the Puritan conscience acting upon the finest human clay,—a clay made sensitive to every emotion, quickened by every intellectual force.

The artistic evolution of the plot is as perfect as that of the "Œdipus Tyrannus." So, too, in "The House of Seven Gables," Judge Pyncheon is equally an embodiment of the granitic forces of the Puritan temperament, inheriting, not its finer conscience, but its untempered rigidity as acted upon by the forces of life. The man breaks at last, but he never bends. In the same way each character in Hawthorne's small list is a finished study, at once local in its surroundings and general in its psychological elements. It is a study of man in his special environment,—more scientific than the science of to-day, because it does what science fails to do; it tries to settle the spiritual element in its true place as a factor in man's life. Others have surpassed Hawthorne in the management of external conduct, of dialogue, of home life, of local scenery; but none have reached the depth to which he penetrated in the study of the human heart as the creature of its own creation. In every higher qualification of the artist, he easily excels. His style is masterly in ease, grace, clearness,—the winning, absorbing, entrancing quality. His skill in hinting in ideal and spiritual elements is the most perfect in our day. His mastery of light and shade—the power of deepening gloom by sunshine and intensifying sunshine by means of darkness—is of the finest order, at once the gift of original perception and the result of most assiduous practice. Probably few writers ever made so many successes that were failures, or so many failures that were successes; that is, few ever did so much that was to others artistically perfect in order that they might do something artistically perfect to themselves. Mr. James marvels at the existence of the "Note-Books"; yet their publication has thrown a flood of light not only upon the workings of Hawthorne's mind but on the sources of his artistic effects. They supplement with a sunny external quality the gloom of his psychology. They show us in his own nature a capacity for beauty and sweetness, where his own generation saw only a capacity for morbid analysis; that is, they furnish the biography of the sympathetic side of his mind, while the novels represent what was equally real to his emotional nature. No doubt, while his actual life was simple and pure-minded, capable of absorbing beauty and interest, he had, in imagination, lived through the tortures of the damned. He had given to Hester and Dimmesdale no exaltation or despair of which he was not himself capable, and probably none which he had not, by sheer force of imagination, without any adequate external cause, passed through. Others have been capable of such moods—the moods of "angels and ministers of grace" as well as of demons—without being either sinners or angels; but few have obtained the power of expressing them as he did. He spiritualized everything he touched, with a quality which is felt but cannot be analyzed,—which eludes every attempt to fix it. Little Pearl, standing in front of Governor Bellingham's mansion, looking at the "bright wonder of a house, began to caper and dance, and imperatively required that the whole breadth of sunshine should be stripped off its front and given her to play with." It was no harder to strip off that sunshine for little Pearl than it is to detach and handle the spiritual quality of these romances.

We had never reached such insight, or such grace of style, before Hawthorne, and we have never reached it since. As a writer he was long in obscurity and had little influence on other authors. Emerging into something like local note when the first series of "Twice-Told Tales" was published, in 1837, he dawned upon a wider field, in 1842, with the addition of the "Second Series." The intensity of his gloom was lightened in the "Mosses from an Old Manse" in 1846, and he then reached a larger circle of readers. In 1850, '51, and '52, he became national in fame, and soon reached the height.

Meanwhile, the old inartistic style of writing was in possession of the field. Of new names we find Cornelius Mathews, who tried, unsuccessfully, in "Behemoth," to re-people the West with the "Mound-Builders," and

later, gave us some fair bits of local coloring in the "Career of Puffer Hopkins" and "Moneypenny"; but, as stories, these were cheap and flashy. We find, also, Charles F. Briggs's "First of the Knickerbockers," which has a flavor—merely a flavor—of old Dutch times and of the spirit of New Amsterdam, but no good dramatic action or story. There was some humor and satire, and some local value also, in his later novels—the "Adventures of Harry Franco," the "Haunted Merchant," etc. Caroline M. Kirkland appeared with her "New Home," "Forest Life," and "Western Clearings," which, with but the slightest thread of narrative, and no dramatic power whatever, were good as realistic pictures of Western settlements.

It was just then that the scholars, poets, and artists entered the field: Motley, with "Morton's Hope"; Ware, with "The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam"; Longfellow, with "Hyperion"; O. A. Brownson, with his religious tract, "Charles Elwood," which had but the faintest apology for the story form; Allston, with "Monaldi." None of these works made any distinct flutter as fiction, or left any impress as pictures of manners and character. D. Carruthers, in the South, and P. Hamilton Myers, who belonged to New York, did a little for local illustration, but no more. Maria J. McIntosh kindled a youthful interest, and got republished abroad. C. W. Webber illustrated South-western life. Herman Melville gave some realistic pictures in "Typee" and "Omoo," and in the sea-tales, in which, however, he fell short of Cooper. Miss Emily Chubbuck (afterward Mrs. Judson) was getting closer home to the girl-life of New England in "Alderbrook." The Warner sisters had begun tickling the emotional fancies of the young to disappoint the experience of the adult generation, coming closer home to the outdoor life of the northern rural districts than to any serious realities. George W. Curtis was dreaming through the East with the "Howadji," and emptying his delicious "Nile Notes" into the lap of Fiction; but the sweet maid was just then looking too fixedly on Hawthorne to discover that she was even addressed. She would, by and by, smile more kindly on "The Potiphar Papers" and on "Trumps."

While the field was thus invaded by many who failed to establish a solid footing, two peculiarly characteristic and most promising men, in opposite schools, and with most opposite spirit and tendency, had come and gone, each leaving a vivid trace, yet each failing of the best,—Sylvester Judd and Edgar A. Poe. Poe's first prose tale appeared in Baltimore in 1833. For ten years he worked that unsunned mine of his, producing shapes grotesque and horrible, in an atmosphere whose murkiness was only surpassed by its miasmatic vapors. The tales are the projections of a weird, fantastic imagination, beaten into form most laboriously, and everywhere showing the stress of the workmanship, but unillumined by any beam of beauty, uninspired with a single spiritual or divine force. Unlike Dante and Hugo, Poe, in his flights of imagination, never went parallel with any movement of the human heart. His stories were exercises of a marvelous ingenuity, and, for the most part, belonged to the domain of nightmares.

In 1845 these tales were all before the world. Hawthorne's second series of "Twice-Told Tales" was read throughout New England. Cooper was still in the field. With three such powerful imaginations, America was well equipped in the field of romance; but she still needed a realistic painter. Cooper grasped the pioneer spirit in its largest range; Hawthorne was most fully possessed of the Puritan spiritual and demonic forces,—each being in himself representative,—while Poe was representative of himself alone, soaring or plunging in a world of his own. But the common external life of New England remained unpictured until Sylvester Judd, who was then thirty-two years old, published "Margaret" in 1845. By gift of nature Judd had a wide range: for he possessed the keen sensibility of Brown and Hawthorne to external impressions and to internal convulsions. He had been visited by all the religious emotions, and was played upon by every Puritan element. He had, moreover, become a cyclopedia of idioms, dialects, and rural technicalities. He possessed the dramatic faculty, and could reproduce as well as Hogarth the tragedy of low life. We have in the camp-meeting, the small-pox visitation, the murder at the dance, and a score of others, scenes as lurid with moral depravity as Hogarth's best. But, unlike that artist, Judd had a delicate purity of mind which made him extremely felicitous in reproducing the simplicity of child-life and moral innocence. Margaret's pathway, amid hideous shapes of depravity in her family associations, is as redolent of innocence as the pathway of Una and her lion. The graceful fancies that play about her in her walk to and from church, her spiritual experiences in the evening on the hills, the sweetness that radiates like moonlight from her pure soul, are singularly child-like. She walks in a tainted atmosphere, but the miasma has failed to strike in. Chilion with his violin, and Obed with his herbs and idiotic obliquity, are originals. The book is

saturated with genuine aboriginal Yankee humor, which depends much less on dialect than on quaint phrases and turns of thought. There is every variety of this, from the raw Yankee of Obed to the semi-educated homespun of Deacon Ramsdell. "Good tew chaw," "orful burnin'," "Luddy mussy!" "Marcy me!" "arrants," "chores," "Goll darn it!" "run of an idee," "sozzled her feet in water," "put some kindlers under the pot," "wouldn't fetch a bungtown copper," "gallows" for "braces," "glairy," "flummery-like," "pimpin' enough," "good as nut-cakes," "jerked up his trowsers," "nuzzles about in the grass," "Oh, dear me, suz!" "larn the brats," "I snore" for "I declare," "lollopping on the steps," "begrutch me," "knee-high to a toad," "clear the coop," "doused into each other," — these are but a few of the phrases which every one acquainted with the rural life of thirty or forty years ago will recognize, not as exceptional, but as a part of the common vocabulary. John Neal's Yankees are caricatures; Paulding's are borrowings; but Judd's are indigenous to the New England soil. They had deep religious natures, and when they were sweet they were racy and rich; when they turned sour they were tart; but there was a basis of natural vigor in both their sin and their suffering for which only the granitic life of New England would account. If upon Judd's keen observation and dramatic power there had been grafted less of the moral reformer, he would have been a great novelist in the modern sense: since he was quite as realistic as any in the modern school, and, moreover, was safe from the novelistic sin of pessimism; for, with a wealth of external fact, he was rich, also, in facts of spiritual significance. But the intense element of moral reform carries him away. He must have his sermon, however much the story suffer. He mounts not only the pulpit, but the platform, and preaches with camp-meeting energy the speedy coming of *his* new millennium. Margaret and Richard Edney are dragged into all conceivable associations — first, that we may be sure of seeing every form of New England life, from "intery, mintery, cutery, corn" down to murder trials and jail-yard executions; and, next, that we may take our share in every reform, from the slavery agitation to the lazar-house visitation. There is in "Margaret" the making of twenty novels — the whole of rural New England in character and scenery, but all undigested. There are scenes of most powerful dramatic energy; but the story, as a whole, is sacrificed to the sermon. The book was welcomed by the best men in New England as of the highest novelistic promise, but it contained all the elements that would ultimately throttle the fulfillment.

The next decade, 1850–60, brought in three strong writers, — all New Englanders, and two of them women. Of writers of lower rank, Richard B. Kimball opened with "St. Leger," John Esten Cooke with "Leatherstocking and Silk," giving, later, "Dr. Vandyke," "Hilt to Hilt," etc., — all abounding in blood and passion. Neither writer had any strength in characterization, and though both were prolific and exciting as story-tellers, they found a wide rather than a discriminating audience. Alice Cary was delightfully discursive in sketches of Western life; J. T. Trowbridge, in the home element of northern New York and of New England; H. A. Wise added another name to the list of the "marines"; N. P. Willis, like most of our traveled scholars, was interested in foreign life, and, among the artists of Italy, gave us almost our first sight of the American girl abroad. Sophia Firkin, in the studio of Paul Fane, determined to have her "bust taken from the life," is rather Bohemian and coarsely drawn; but she is suggestive of our more recent peripatetic heroines. J. G. Holland made his first venture on the field of romance, allured, like Motley, Mrs. Child, and Miss Sedgwick, by early local traditions. The mixed colonial life of interior Massachusetts, with a spice of the witches, bigots, and other sinners, and a yeasty handful of virtue in Mary Holyoke and of justice in William Pynchon, makes the staple of the story, which marks that wide human sympathy and careful balancing of the good and evil moral forces in common life that made Dr. Holland so popular in after years. But as a story this early venture had little value. In "Miss Gilbert's Career," later on, he struck a deeper vein, working out two spirited characters, — Mrs. Ruggles and the energetic, bustling Dr. Theophilus Gilbert. Miss Cummings, in "Mabel Vaughn," "The Lamp-lighter," etc., added something to the delineation of girl-nature and home-life, working that common but fascinating vein in which our women-writers have shown themselves most at home.

Some of these story-tellers were clever, and had a wide audience, but all were greatly over-shadowed by Mrs. Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in 1852, "Dred" (or "Nina Gordon"), in 1856, and "The Minister's Wooing," in 1859, marked a new era in American novel-writing. Here we had the genuine novel, — no mere romance, or allegory, or evolution from the inner consciousness, but a work saturated with American life, — not local, but spanning the whole arch of the States.

Mrs. Stowe was brought up amidst the

"divinity" of New England, and was as much the product of its clerical faculty as any divinity student. Both her associations and her sympathies sent her to the front of the anti-slavery agitation; while her social advantages and her early migration to the West gave her an opportunity of studying our society in its widest range. Thus she had in her the Puritan in its loftiest reach — the New England clergyman. She was in the forefront of the broadest Puritanic movement — the anti-slavery reform. She developed amid the finest culture, and ripened in mind when the times were ripest for action. These were her opportunities. Her gifts from nature were of the Walter Scott pattern. Her mind was masculine in its perception of humor, in its broad, healthy common sense. She absorbed, like Scott, everything that goes to the fullest expression of human action — incident, gesture, dialect, feature, tone, inflection — both the peculiar and the general. She could generalize and individualize — her individuals being both types and distinct personages — warm, full-blooded, alive all over, and characteristic. She had such a large intellectual endowment that she could give a fair fund of mind to each of her creations; such a wealth of humor and *bonhomie* that she could warm the coldest blood; such a wide possibility of the sinner and saint in her nature that she could endow a double-headed procession to march with Eva heavenward, or with Legree in the other direction. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she was lavish. This book contains her whole range of characters, and everything combined to make it her great work. "Dred" is but a sober variation on the anti-slavery theme; "The Minister's Wooing" is but a study in early New England life. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" alone places her with Walter Scott. It is more intense and morally fierce than anything of Scott, and more dramatic. The background, though not so historically full as Scott's backgrounds, is nearly as rich. Except in the negro element, there is no distinctly humorous character in its pages, but a sense of humor irradiates the whole, flashing from black Sam, or Phineas Fletcher, or Topsy, but more from the author's management of incident, and binding every person into the human family. Humor is the sunshine which warms everything into life.

While Mrs. Stowe was still overtopping New England, Mrs. Spofford opened a new mine in ghostly romance. "Sir Rohan's Ghost," "Azarian," and "A Thief in the Night" were somber unrealities. They were projections of the imagination, like Poe's, but with a suffusion of soul and an intensity of feeling to which Poe was a stranger. "A Thief in the Night," in particular, was a work of high art. The awful mystery of that chamber of death into which we are introduced at the opening takes possession of the mind. We stand there over the ghastly corpse, and wait with white faces while the narrator goes back to trace the dark approaches of the grim vengeance to the threshold. We feel as if fixed by the "glittering eye" of the Ancient Mariner. No such weird and somber tale exists in American fiction,—none in which the whole atmosphere is so penetrated with a terrible sense of blood. Poe's tales, in comparison, were aggregations of horror; this was a vital presence. The writer had given her soul to it, and was absorbed out of sight, — a thing which could never happen to Poe.

Another book of the period, showing much originality, but of a sunnier sort, was "The New Priest of Conception Bay." In this the Rev. R. T. S. Lowell did for the comparatively unknown region of Newfoundland what Judd had done for New England; portraying, in the sunniest colors, the simple, rural life of Conception Bay, and making real to the mind those rugged shores, with the barrenness creeping up the sands and rocks, and spreading over the hills and over the life of the people. He did for our north-east coast what Scott, in "The Pirate," had done for the borders of Scotland,—painted the amphibious life of fishermen so that we could hear the sound of the winds in stormy weather, and were permeated with the glow of the brilliant sunshine in summer. All passions there were mild and comparatively innocuous, yet all existed in the egg. Inability to do anything very bad seemed to be an effect of the climate. The very villains were imported, and their villainy faded out. While the story spreads over a large surface, and is often at loose ends, lacking concentration, the concomitants bear every sign of being true to the life and spirit of those shores. The dialects are delicately discriminated. Like Judd, the author had poured the accumulated riches of years into his one book, and it was easy to see that there would be no worthy successor.

This keenness of observation often showed itself in our story-writers of the next ten years. Men of large culture and fine sagacity entered the field merely as foragers, not equipped either with the artistic sense or the high genius of the true novelist, but of shrewd and penetrative critical powers. Much the best of these was Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" overflowed with wit and fun and with rare character sketching. One of the best studies in the scholastic life we have ever seen was old Byles Gridley, from whose paternal heart

to his professorial eye was a long stretch, but a straight road. He combined in his person the village patriarch with a whole parietal faculty, and the vigilant patrol which he kept up over the village literature and love shows with what a keen sense Holmes had studied life at the neighboring university. Beecher, in "Norwood," and Higginson, in "Malbone," contributed some character sketches and some of the frame-work of New England life, charming in wit and humor and rich in descriptive passages,— full of local life.

With Miss Louisa Alcott came a spicier child-life, and with Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney a more natural girlhood than had existed before among writers of either sex. We were getting, in fact, from romance to realism; and of this realistic school, following Judd, one of the first and best, though finding but few readers, was Mrs. Elizabeth B. Stoddard, whose "Morgesons" was a work of genius, showing the keenest observation of local customs and of character, and adding to Charlotte Brontë's skillful minuteness a caustic humor which made a new field in novel-writing. The delineation of a kind of life not yet by any means gone from New England, was, indeed, to Mrs. Stoddard, almost too fascinating; and the story is sometimes heavy with a redundancy of spice and plums. The dialogue is crisp, and concentrates action without elucidating it sufficiently. In the paucity of those finger-posts which the more generous novelists set up to indicate the road, the reader must go slowly or lose his way; but with patience comes an abundant reward.

The war period was ushered in with a greater concentration of attention on our native resources in social life.* But the war soon scattered all forces in fiction to center them in action. Pen and tongue and hand, heart and head, were at the battle-front among the tremendous realities. The intellectual life of the nation, like an electric spark, flashed at the point of the bayonet; and with the end of the fight all literary energy seemed spent. There were but few worthy novels written for the eight years following 1861. The old writers were silenced, struck down, like Winthrop, at the front, or, like Hawthorne, by the breath of the cannon-ball as it were. Those who held over this period of strain, surviving in the magazines, lived an attenuated life. The magazines, indeed, almost alone preserved to our fiction the breath of life, and out of them and their monthly demand grew both the new taste and the new supply: for they lived close to the railroad centers, near the great arteries, and felt the pulse of our new, hurrying life. The war had disturbed the old monotony of healthy and regular growth in the nation, forcing old blood into new channels; and out of the change and ferment was to come a more vigorous and much more original novelistic growth. When it was ready, it came in a burst from all parts of the country. The wheels of time had got a fresh jog, and were rolling on a little faster than usual. The magazines had caught the cue, and were demanding rapidity of action. "He who reads must run," they said: "therefore write so that he who runs may read." The rich, old, delightful backgrounds of gossip and scenery began to drop out. Walter Scott and Thackeray seems likely to be left to the old folks. Even Dickens, who gave an impulse to much of the new work, used too large a canvas to suit the new taste. Our writers had begun to travel, and felt the keen artistic sense of European criticism on their style. Unfortunately, also, they felt the sneer which pervades a certain small corner—far from the best corner, as it seems to me—of science, and were fain to suppress the higher idealizing faculty rightfully due to the best imaginations,—"the vision and the faculty divine," which preserves our sanity and has

> "power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence,"

to give us sight of those

> "truths that wake
> To perish never;
> Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
> Nor man, nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy."

James Herbert Morse.

* This period, with that subsequent to the war, will be considered in a second essay, to appear soon in THE CENTURY.

BOTH SIDES OF THE JURY QUESTION.

[REPLIES TO "IS THE JURY SYSTEM A FAILURE?" AND REJOINDER.]

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: Undoubtedly there are serious defects in the jury system as at present organized. It may be conceded that it does not give satisfaction in complicated civil cases,—for instance, those involving patent rights. There are also defects not inherent in the nature of the system, such as those arising from the method of selecting the jury, which tend to exclude the most intelligent class. All this goes to show that the system needs reform. Mr. Stickney's paper in the November CENTURY attacks it on grounds that, if proved, demand its abolition. He is in error, it may be noted, regarding the origin of the jury system. It was not in its inception "only a feudal court of the lord's vassals"; it did not have its origin in the feudal system, nor did it form a part thereof. On the contrary, its germ is found in customs common to the whole Teutonic race, and its development was no further connected with feudalism than as it took place during feudal times, and among a feudal people. These statements may be fully verified by reference to Hallam's "Middle Ages" (ch. VIII., pt. 1, note 8), Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest" (vol. V., p. 302), and Stubbs's "Constitutional History of England" (vol. I., p. 608). As to the cause given for the adoption of the jury system, the "lack of better machinery," it is the true one, so true that it may be given with equal propriety for the establishment of any great institution, human or divine. Further, Mr. Stickney is hardly fortunate in his choice of comparisons, when he couples as twin results of English blundering trial by jury and parliamentary government. Whatever may be the merits of trial by jury, parliamentary government is acknowledged to be, in its results, inferior to none.

Turning from Mr. Stickney's assertions to his arguments, it appears that his main objections to the jury are, that it is composed of men who have no knowledge of the law and no experience in deciding questions of fact. Their ignorance of the law is, as he admits, remedied by the instructions of the judge. But the jury are, he says, incompetent to apply these instructions. This difficulty occurs more frequently in complicated civil cases; but these are comparatively few, and are often settled by arbitration. In all cases, too, the jury may, if in doubt concerning the application of the law, find a special verdict of fact, leaving the decision to the court. Again, the jury are not commonly left to apply, unaided, a bald statement of legal principles to such facts as they may find, but, in civil cases at least, they are frequently directed that upon the finding of such-and-such facts, they are to return such a verdict,—a practice well calculated to remove any difficulty in the application of legal principles. As for criminal law, it is so simple that its application causes comparatively little difficulty.

Mr. Stickney argues further, that the jury is not well qualified to decide questions of fact, for lack of training. On the contrary, every man's daily life is a training in the decision of questions of fact. Every business man must again and again, in the course of his business, sift evidence, weigh testimony, and balance probabilities. Knowledge of the world and knowledge of human nature are almost synonymous, and both are acquired in ordinary social and business relations. This is the knowledge and this the training needed in the jury-box. The judge, on the other hand, is by his position removed from the current of popular life. His acquaintance with business methods and the life and sentiment of the people is, as far as his profession is concerned, almost entirely theoretical. Instead of being fitted by his professional training for the determination of questions of fact, he is in a measure unfitted. His business is to determine questions of law, and law is a science, the principles of which are ascertained and illustrated in a vast number of reported cases, and its conclusions reached by logical deduction from those principles. All is definite and exact. Questions of fact, on the contrary, require for their determination a nice estimation of probabilities, in which formal logic goes for little, and the very foundation of reasoning is loose and uncertain. A contract is indeed a contract, whether concerning flour or railway bonds; but the law governing that contract, and the facts to which that law is to be applied, are very different things, determined by very different methods, and requiring diverse abilities for their determination.

Mr. Stickney concludes his case against

the jury with an argument, which he very correctly introduces as "the most singular point of all." Reduced to a simpler statement it is this: Errors occur in the rulings of the judge, for the elimination of which appeals and new trials are used; but these cause great delay and expense, to remove which evils the jury should be abolished. Thus it seems that the jury which decides on fact is to be abolished because the judge errs in deciding the law,—an application of the doctrine of vicarious atonement both new and striking.

Mr. Stickney has little to say of any merits belonging to the jury system, and nothing of the process of double selection, by which the worst elements of the community may be kept out of the jury-box; nothing of special juries, by which a superior class of jurors may be obtained when desired; nothing of the advantages of the check which judge and jury mutually exercise upon each other, though he must have known that the judge may prevent any gross injustice by setting aside a verdict. Such criticism is neither candid nor convincing. He very properly denies that the jury is longer needed as a security for popular rights against the encroachments of government. However, as a security against the encroachments of wealthy and unscrupulous corporations, the jury is still valuable. It is true that jurymen are human, and may sometimes be corrupted; but their brief term of service limits the power to do mischief, while a corrupt court, clothed with jury powers, would be a perennial source of injustice and oppression.

H. E. S.

Bay City, Mich., Nov. 11, 1882.

Editor of The Century Magazine.

Sir: To a lawyer, the article in the November Century, assuming that the jury system is a failure, and coolly proposing a bench of judges in its place, is startling and suggestive. That justice is not always speedy is not the fault of juries. It is largely the fault of lazy and incompetent judges, whose blunders force litigants to appellate courts. The number of cases appealed because the verdict is contrary to the evidence is extremely small. In comparison, the number appealed because of errors in law, chargeable to the presiding judge, is extremely large. Judges are trained men, and yet appellate courts disagree as to the law. The disputes that weary litigants are disputes about the law of the case, not the facts of the case.

Mr. Stickney says: "The fact is, that the jury, in our criminal procedure, and, in truth, nearly our whole criminal procedure, is especially adapted for the protection of criminals." This is too sweeping. The aim of criminal law is to punish guilt, but its humanity is too broad to sacrifice innocence by "running amuck" after crime. The law declares that no citizen shall be deprived of his sacred rights of life or liberty unless twelve of his countrymen, after seeing and hearing the witnesses, state, under oath, that in their opinion there is no reasonable doubt of his guilt. Does Mr. Stickney wish that rule amended? Does he wish to hang men on surmise and imprison on suspicion, because a felon now and then goes free? "To innovate," says Edmund Burke, "is not to reform." Our penitentiaries are moderately filled with the work of juries. The ratio of acquittals to convictions is wonderfully small, as any prosecuting attorney will admit. And many of these are lost by the absence of witnesses, the weakness of the proof or the prosecution, and some are justly lost. A bench of judges would never do for criminal cases. They would become hardened. As Hamlet says of the grave-digger who sang at his work, "Truly, the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." And oftentimes the humanity of the jury has offset the callousness of the judge, and tempered justice with mercy. I have never known juries to err except on the side of mercy. I have known courts to oppress.

The jury system is an educator of the people; and this idea did not "first spring up in the fertile brain of Alexis de Tocqueville." Erskine remarked it. It educates them more in their sentiments than in their acquisition of mere legal and political knowledge. "English subjects judge each other," says Erskine with pride. The jury system is democratic; the bench of judges monarchical. One diffuses power among the people; the other centralizes it. The jury chosen from the people, representing directly the people, identified with the people, answerable to the people, is more alert to the rights of the people than a bench of judges whose very position makes them independent of public opinion, and who are less immediately responsible to the people. Those who believe in the maximum of power in the people and the minimum in the government will never consent, without a struggle, to a jury of judges. A stream is not purer than its source, and the value of the jury system depends upon the moral character of the citizen. The sole cause of the unfavorable view of the system arises from the alacrity with which complacent judges excuse the wealthy, influential, and prominent citizen from serving his country when called upon

the jury. There is just where the reform is needed, and there alone.

Andrew Lipscomb.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: I have read, with careful attention, the paper on the abolition of the jury system in the November CENTURY; and, while it has left an impression, it does not satisfy me. It is a subject which has been quietly simmering in a multitude of minds for a long time, and, I believe, needs only to be brought prominently before the people to provoke the liveliest discussion. Mr. Stickney desires to substitute trial by a commission of judges, which shall be conclusive in the first instance, save in the one event of disagreement of the judges in rendering judgment; in which case a new trial, or re-trial, would be had. But where would this trial be had? In the same jurisdiction? Before the same judges? The answer is, before a smaller number of these same judges. That means, I suppose, that if, in the cause of A *vs.* B, four of the judges were for A and three for B, the second trial would be had before either the four A or the three B judges only (presumably the four who were for the plaintiff), in either of which cases the event of the trial is certain beforehand, supposing the evidence to be the same in the second trial. And if it is not the same, then the new trial could not (perhaps I ought to say should not) be had for disagreement of the judges, but for evidence admitted or refused contrary to law, or afterward discovered; and thus, at the outset, we have an important exception to the rule of practice. There could be no other division of the judges in which there would exist the smallest possibility of agreement. Unless there were a material change in the testimony at the second trial, the judges who had solemnly weighed the evidence and carefully applied all the then existing principles of law bearing thereon, and then deliberately put themselves on record as in favor of the demand of one party, would be chary, indeed, of changing a conviction so clearly settled. The opinion of a judge would come to be worth but little, and precedents would be valueless if he could hold two opinions upon the same state of facts. Why should not the first opinion be entitled to as much weight as the second? To me it seems entirely improbable that any system will be adopted which does not include a provision for appeals to a higher jurisdiction. While the article in question expressly admits that under no system can all decrees be just, it yet expressly stipulates that no appeal can be had to correct these occasional errors. Can a system for the administration of justice be sure, and as perfect as circumstances will allow, while no preparation is made for the correction of certain error?

The fact that suitors would in all cases know what judges were to try their causes is, to my mind, a formidable objection to the plan proposed. Every man has his relatives, friends, and partisans. Every man has his biases in religion, morals, and politics. Every man has his weaknesses. Every man has his prejudices against persons, places, things, and methods, and so *ad infinitum*. Can it be supposed that some of these things will not sometimes, however infinitesimally, operate for or against him who sues for pure justice? Would a judge construe the evidence against a near relative as he would against a stranger? How many of his personal or political friends, how many of his faith would come before him for trial? Would he lend a willing ear to the offerer of bribes? Would he be impressed with the social grandeur of one man or the social abasement of another? If he were suspected of any of these things, how would you find it out? Put him upon his *voir dire?*

Very truly yours,

J. L. Long.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: Mr. Stickney seems to have overlooked many things far from unimportant in his sweeping abolition of the jury system. He says that "a contract is a contract, whether it concerns flour or railway bonds"; but does he mean to say that a jury composed of men accustomed to dealings in flour or bonds, as the case may be, cannot better decide as to whether a breach of a contract relating to either of those articles has occurred, than a court of judges, who could hardly be expected to be familiar with the details of every business followed by their fellow-citizens? Surely his argument on that point fails in all cases where a special jury is obtainable, if not in others. He suggests that "the judge, by a few years' experience on the bench, gets a knowledge of the general methods of business men which no business man can possibly have." Is that true? If it is, our judges should all go into business, and, *vice versâ*, our business men into law, since there is to be had an education superior to any they can find in the counting-house or the board of trade. Here I must take issue squarely with Mr. Stickney. The judge may acquire a general knowledge of business forms and usages, in fact usually does, but from whom does he learn it? Why, he learns

it from the very men Mr. Stickney declares unqualified to sit on juries.

As far as knowledge of human nature is concerned, I have seen men in the jury-box as shrewd as any judge that ever sat on the bench; plain farmers in homespun garb, with as keen eyes for the "animus" of a witness, and as good judgment as to his credibility as is to be hoped for in anybody. Besides, the juryman's attention is solely directed to the witness's statements and manner, and is not distracted by having to pass on the admissibility of evidence and similar questions,—an advantage of no small account.

The exclusion of irrelevant matter, I suppose, arose not so much from a fear or distrust of the jury, as from a desire to save time. Would Mr. Stickney have counsel drag the history of the neighborhood before the jury, however trustworthy, or would his court of judges be disposed to listen to all that might be offered? Here, again, I think he totally overlooks reasons more potent than those he demolishes.

How often, comparatively, does it happen that the judge's charge contains good ground for appeal? And does Mr. Stickney suppose that one opinion out of a hundred would be changed if the judges took twice the time to prepare them? I do not, for the reason that as the judge has to pass upon many points over and over again, he necessarily becomes familiar with the greater number of questions daily submitted to him, and can decide them "instanter" to the best of his ability and learning.

The real usefulness of courts of appeal consists in the aid they afford to the trial judges, and were the former to have cognizance of the facts as well as the law, much valuable time would be wasted, and the appellate court prevented from establishing the law on all points presented to it, thus enabling the courts of original jurisdiction to decide causes rapidly and correctly. As to the number of appeals, would not disappointed suitors appeal every time they suspected a hostile prejudice in the mind of the presiding judge, if they knew the facts would be passed upon again, and would not Mr. Stickney's proposed system be peculiarly liable to this objection?

With regard to expense, I do not see how his plan would diminish that at all. And how about the state of unsettled legal rights which would probably exist during the time the change was being made? The history of the jury system is not at issue: the question is, does it fill the purpose for which it is used? By keeping the courts as free from corruption as possible, I think our system of judicature will be as near perfection as the spirit and genius of our people will allow.

Respectfully yours,

Edwin F. Bishop.

HOUGHTON, MICH., Nov. 11, 1882.

MR. STICKNEY'S REJOINDER.

IN the space allowed me I can only make a summary of what seem to me the chief considerations in the question before us. I could, I think, establish my historical accuracy where it has been questioned by your correspondents. For instance, as to my statement that the jury system which we in this country now use (and that is the jury system that I considered) was originally a feudal court of the lord's vassals: When I take your correspondent's express admission that its development "took place in feudal times, and among a feudal people," and add to that admission the facts that the very essence of a jury was that it should be made up of the parties' "peers," and that the "peers" were the vassals of the same feudal lord, I think we come somewhat near to establishing the point that *our* jury *was*, at first, "a feudal court of the lord's vassals." If we were to seek the "origin" of the "jury," we should have to go much farther back than the Teutonic races,—among whom your correspondent intimates that the "jury" had its first existence.

But such points do not touch the merits of the discussion. The real question before us is whether we cannot frame some piece of judicial machinery which will better serve our needs than this mixed tribunal of judge and jury.

What the American people ought to have, in the way of judicial machinery, is a system of courts, where the poorest and weakest man could summon the richest and strongest man or moneyed interest, and be sure of getting justice,—not at the end of six or seven years, and at great cost, but at once, and at slight cost. Nothing less than that will serve our needs. With the majority of our citizens, a long delay in getting justice is almost as bad as not getting it at all. The delays of the law are now the chief evils in the administration of justice. Those delays now amount to almost a denial of justice to any but the rich and strong. Our judicial machinery must make justice not only sure, but cheap and speedy.

In order to secure this general result of sure, cheap, and speedy justice, and to secure it for all men, poor and rich alike, the machinery for the administration of justice must be as perfect as it is practicable to make it. Especially the tribunal which first hears the

cause should be made as perfect as may be, the first hearing should be as thorough as possible, and the first hearing should, as a rule, be the last. In other words, the work of hearing and deciding a cause, like most other human work, should be done as well as it can be done at the outset,—once for all,—instead of having the first doing of the work almost certainly imperfect, and afterward spending several years in the correction of old errors and the making of new ones.

Does not that general proposition have in it, at first blush, a shadowy glimmering of sound sense?

I ventured to suggest as to our present jury system these considerations:

1. That it is made up of several men is a valuable feature. This tends to secure a consideration of all sides of a case.

2. The requirement of unanimity in reaching a verdict is a valuable feature. It tends to insure the thorough consideration of every essential point in a case, and almost never works any practical inconvenience.

3. The use of men who are without special fitness and experience for the special work they are to do necessarily brings the same practical results in the administration of justice that it does elsewhere. This work of sifting evidence, of seizing and holding the vital points in a case, of giving due weight to the contradictory statements of the parties and the arguments of able counsel, is a work that requires strong minds and thorough training.

4. The use, in any tribunal, of men who are only temporarily taken from their ordinary callings, and who must therefore make their decision in all cases without delay, makes impossible the thorough consideration of the evidence in complicated cases, and makes it almost certain that there will be errors in the judge's rulings, which he is compelled to make on first impressions, without a full opportunity for deliberation.

5. This certainty, or great probability, of errors compels us to allow appeals in (practically) every case, through sometimes two or three appellate courts.

6. These delays, of appeals and new trials, constitute the greatest evil in our present system of procedure.

I then ventured to suggest that we should keep the good points of the jury system (for there are good points) and attempt to eliminate the bad ones. I suggested the following main features of a judicial system:

1. Our tribunal for the original trial of causes should be made up of a reasonable number of men (as is the case in the jury),—say, five or seven.

2. These men should be men of training and experience.

3. They should at the outset decide the whole of the case on the facts and the law.

4. They should take for the consideration of each case such time as should be needed, be it more or less.

5. Unanimity should be required in giving a judgment, as is now the practice with the jury's verdict.

6. Appeals (except in very special cases) should be abolished.

The chief objection made to this proposed scheme, by the most intelligent men, is that it is not practical.

The scheme has been tested by experience. It is in substance the system that has now been in operation in the United States Court of Claims for over twenty-eight years. As to its practical working there, I am allowed to print extracts from letters from the Honorable William A. Richardson, Judge of the Court of Claims, whose large experience on the bench and in public affairs will command for his judgment the greatest weight. Judge Richardson, who has been a judge of the Court of Claims now for more than eight years, was, before being Secretary of the Treasury, for more than sixteen years a judge of probate in Massachusetts. He writes (I have ventured to italicize some phrases):

"I have had considerable experience in the line of your suggestions. The Court of Claims, of which I have been a judge for more than eight years, very nearly meets your ideas of the wants of the people as a remedy for the evils of the jury system. It has been in existence now twenty-eight years, and works with entire satisfaction, apparently, to all suitors, *with little expense and little delay*. * * *"

"As to the point raised by those who object to your plan for judicial investigation of facts by trained judges, instead of by untrained and often uneducated juries, —the anticipated danger that judges trained in the law *would not be so able to agree upon facts* as jurymen,—I may say:

"This point has been subjected to a crucial test, by our Court of Claims, under laws and regulations which require the utmost exactness in the determination of facts, and do not admit of a general verdict or judgment on the whole case without a statement of the facts agreed upon.

"By a rule of the Supreme Court, made in 1865, the Court is required to make, in each case, a finding of the facts in the case established by the evidence, in the nature of a special verdict, but not the evidence establishing them.

"There are five judges of the Court, and the Act of Congress of June 23, 1874, ch. 468, provides that 'the concurrence of three judges shall be necessary to the decision of any case.' This is understood to apply to the facts, each and all of them, and to the law, as well as to the final result. Therefore, in reducing to writing the exact and minute facts which are material to the issues involved in the opinion of any one of the five judges, the test of agreement is tried upon many points in every case before the final judgment can be considered at all. Experience has proved that there is no difficulty whatever in the five judges bringing

their minds to an agreement *on every single point of fact* raised by either of them in conference, or by the counsel at bar. The statute requiring the concurrence of three judges has had no practical operation, as to the findings of fact. *There has rarely been a case in which, at the end of the judges' conference, there has been a single dissenting voice to the findings, in whole or in part, and no case where the findings were adopted by three against two of the judges.*

"Judges are much more likely to disagree upon the law or the application of legal principles to the facts than upon the facts themselves. Superficially considered, this might seem strange, but the reason for it becomes manifest upon a careful investigation. The several judges come from different States, where they have been educated and trained each in the peculiar practice of his State. Their views upon legal principles have, of course, been molded to a greater or less degree upon the decisions of their respective State courts; and those decisions have, from time to time, modified the ancient principles of the common law to adapt them to State legislation, and the conditions, habits, and customs of the people of the local sovereignty. In other words, the judges, having been educated in somewhat different, though not antagonistic schools, very naturally at times take different views at first of legal principles, or the application of legal principles to the facts. But that *even these differences melt away in conference* may be inferred from the official printed reports, the latest two volumes of which disclose only two dissents, one in each volume. At the present term *there has not been a single case of disagreement as to the law or fact.*

"As to the facts, the evidence of them is presented to all the judges alike. Each one has exactly the same means of ascertaining them as do his associates. Their previous training as to principles of law does not color the evidence differently in the eyes of the several judges, and no one of them has preconceived ideas on the case, because the whole case is unknown to them until presented in open court. In memory, closeness of observation, and powers of analysis, judges may differ; but as they are all *men of trained minds, accustomed to weigh evidence, and take into consideration the views and opinions of others,* as well as to express clearly and forcibly their own, any differences which exist at the beginning of a conference are almost invariably reconciled before its close. If one has forgotten any part of the evidence, another remembers it, and calls attention to it. If one does not at first see the bearing of any part of the proof upon other points or upon the issues, some other one is sure to point out its force and effect. In this way, by intelligent discussion, comparison, and examination, extending through all the time that may be required for that purpose, and not stifled by a general verdict hastily agreed upon, an agreement is almost invariably reached; and no one can reasonably doubt that the real facts are established just as they are proved.

"Juries are practically compelled to return a verdict within a limited time, usually within a few hours. But the judges can deliberate as long as the complication of the facts and the necessities of the case may require."

The main principles underlying the scheme which I propose are these:

1. The decision of causes needs to be in the hands of selected able men.

2. Training is as necessary for the men who administer justice as it is for men engaged in any other service.

3. Whatever work is to be done at all should (as a rule) be done as well as it can be done in the beginning, once for all, and not done rudely and incompletely at the outset, with the possibility of afterward correcting errors by a series of new trials and appeals.

There are many other practical considerations in favor of the scheme which can be fully appreciated only by lawyers. I may mention this one: that a scheme having the main features here proposed would furnish a simple and easy method of fusing the common law and equity jurisdictions, which is very generally regarded in the profession as desirable.

Albert Stickney.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1883.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

WHEN I have been long gone, if one I love,
And who loves me, shall chance upon a ring
That I have worn, or any simple thing,—
A knot of ribbon, or a faded glove,—
I wonder if the sight of it will move
To fond remembrance, and if tears will spring,
And if the sudden memory will bring
A sudden sadness over field and grove.

Perhaps: and yet how quickly we forget!
And how new scenes, new faces that we meet,
Crowd out the old,—until the world grows gay
Above forgotten graves. Softest regret
Grows stale by keeping; and, however sweet,
No Past has quite the sweetness of To-Day.

Caroline A. Mason.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Present Aspect of the Irish Question.

AS TRAVELER, lawyer, university professor, historian, and member of Parliament, Mr. James Bryce writes on the Irish question (in the present number of THE CENTURY) with a training, experience, and authority that are not associated with every utterance on this momentous and perplexing question. As a study of the historical, political, social, racial and temperamental phases of the subject, Mr. Bryce's essay seems to us remarkable. He writes, apparently, totally without prejudice; he criticises both sides impartially and without remorse; and he presents his views with a lucidity that makes certain things clear which to many minds, especially those at a distance, have long remained dark.*

Writing, as he does in this case, largely for a foreign audience, Mr. Bryce has not seen fit to discuss pending remedies, or to give his personal opinion as to what precise course England should take at the present moment. The thoughtful reader of his essay is, however, able to make his own deductions as to the wisest policy the dominant party can now pursue.

Although the Irish question is in a less acute phase now than it was a year ago, Ireland is still the main difficulty of English politicians, and English opinion seems, unfortunately, more than ever divided as to the measures needed to pacify the sister island. The discovery of the Phœnix Park murderers and the conspiracy whose behests they carried out; the signs which such an event as the attempt to destroy the Government offices in London gives, that the desperate party is still active, have driven many, even of those who sympathize with Irish demands, into the belief that for the present nothing can be done, and that the British Parliament must wait till Ireland is more "quiet and contented" before a system of popular local government is created in Ireland, or any other concessions are made to Irish demands.

But to us who watch the struggle calmly from the other side of the Atlantic, such a view seems mistaken. It is a mistake not to follow up the remedial measures already taken, by other measures which will complete their work. It is a mistake not to use the present lull in popular agitation for the purpose of carrying out reforms which could not be so well discussed in the midst of clamor. Above all, it is a mistake to allow the dynamite and dagger conspirators to feel that they have gained their object of preventing reforms, and further embittering the minds of both nations. Nothing pleases these ruffians better than that English statesmen and the English people should identify the Irish people with themselves, and make their outrages a reason for pausing in the path of conciliation.

To us, therefore, it seems that the ministry of Mr. Gladstone ought to persevere in the policy which it announced three years ago, and in which the Land Act of 1881 was so great a step. It may, and indeed it ought, at the same time to repress conspiracy and outrage with the firmest hand. It can do so all the more confidently if the rest of its conduct, and its willingness to listen to reasonable proposals, show that it is not the victim of panic. These murders and explosions must be the work of a not very large band of fanatics. But the fact that they have not excited more reprobation in Ireland, and have been promoted by certain Irishmen in America, and applauded by others, shows better than anything else the depth of hatred which is felt toward the English Government in Ireland. If England has done so little to lessen this hatred by her well-meant efforts during the last fifty years or more, might she not try the experiment of leaving the Irish more to themselves, and letting them learn, by a little disagreeable experience, how hard a thing governing is, and how great are the evils of disorder? Perhaps, if the patriots of Ireland had more responsibility thrown on them, they might learn a little more wisdom and moderation.

One word more may be said as to the attitude of the English: and it is a word of praise for the self-control which they have shown under provocations which in most countries of Europe would have produced an outbreak of fury against the people from whom come assassins and the organizers of explosions. We remember how the insurgents of the Commune were dealt with after the capture of Paris in 1871; how Russia has dealt with Poland; how Austria dealt, in 1849, with the Hungarians who had met her in open war. An American may feel some pride in seeing that, whether English policy toward Ireland is wise or not, the English nation does not forget either its courage or its humanity even when most sorely tempted.

The Outlook for Statesmen in America.

THERE are evidences, in recent events, which point to a reversal of the ratio that has heretofore existed, in American politics, between the man of native but uneducated force on the one hand, and the scholarly and experienced publicist on the other. Hitherto the former has been much in demand; and both for his intrinsic merits and as a counterbalance to an over-refined culture, his importance could not be gainsaid. The conditions of American life before the war, when our frontier began almost at the doors of the Capitol, produced a large proportion of such men. War always lays emphasis on natural vigor and skill, and the hasty character of our struggle made prominent for the time in military life, and the momentum of the struggle afterward carried into political life, many whose equipment for legislative duties was an energetic, self-reliant, and martial disposition, rather than a contemplative habit of mind, or a culti-

* The essay on Lord Beaconsfield and that on Mr. Gladstone, in THE CENTURY for November, 1882, and March, 1882, respectively, were also written by Mr. Bryce. Mr. Bryce is widely known in America as the author of that standard historical work, "The Holy Roman Empire."

vated experience. Once in a while the instincts of the self-made man (as distinguished from the college-made man) are fine enough to lead to broad views, but in general his horizon is narrow and bordered by prejudices; he speaks well of the bridge that has carried him over, but of no other. Such a man is apt to regard legislation as the science of applied selfishness, and to legislate for but one type (himself) or for his other self — the party. But, even if we consider legislation on a merely selfish plane, the fact remains that laws must be made for a wide diversity of selfishnesses, and this requires not so much ideas as the capacity for dealing with ideas. The more successful the self-educated man has been,—whether in railroads, or silver mining, or sheep-raising,—the more likely he is to be incapacitated for the broad work of the legislator. Indeed, to do his constituents justice, he is usually chosen, not for his knowledge of tariff principles or of constitutional distinctions, but in outright advocacy of some interest for which he is certain to stand up and be counted, on every occasion. This was well enough in war times, when there was one overmastering interest. But with the inauguration of President Garfield the war spirit expended the last of its momentum, and the country once more recovered the civic temper and turned to economic questions pure and simple. The result is inevitable that the current of progress will sweep past this type of public man and leave him in a shallow bayou of his own. He will have his uses, but his days of leadership are numbered.

On the other hand, it must be owned that the national legislative service is not yet being recruited largely from the scholarly classes. The House of Representatives has been steadily losing intellectual caste ever since the war, until now there is little left to lose; as to the present Senate, it is probably not the peer of any one of its predecessors, even in sound presidential timber, to say nothing of economic learning, or that liberalizing culture which is particularly needed in a democracy as a check to the abundant philistinism of the merely practical man. Fancy the Congress of the United States, forty years ago, either desiring or being compelled to go outside the Capitol for material for a Tariff Commission! Are we to have no great successors to our great men—none with the imagination of Seward or Webster, or the altruism of Sumner? Is the future greatness of America, as Whitman maintains, to consist only in the greatness of the average? Looking down from the gallery of the House, a foreigner, with a literal idea of representative government, might naturally draw conclusions the most unfavorable to our intellectual and moral character as a nation. Few foreigners know how remote from the tides of every-day activity is at the present time an annual session of Congress; nor do they know that, though for the time government here may seem to be robbed of its representative character, still, even under present conditions, the people are as sure to be heard on a commanding issue (though a little tardily) as in England or France. When it comes to a direct vote on any one question which concerns a large class of voters, the ordinary politician is anxious to be on the popular side. His skill is frequently expended in trying to prevent a question from becoming a commanding issue. His opportunity is in maneuver, in tact, in compromise, in dodging a direct vote. He does not want to make a bad record, or to antagonize anybody, and when he steals, it is by schemes that rob merely the Government or some friendless interest. He knows that, being under our saturnine exteriors a happy people, and being hardly aware of a governing power, we not only grow indifferent to wrongs that do not come home to us, but are slow in arousing to those that do. From this state of affairs we take refuge in a blind belief in our luck,—a sentiment which is to us what national prestige is to other nations,—and feed ourselves with the hope that something is going to pull us out of the slough besides our own virtue and wisdom. But it is evident that this indifference cannot last. It is the result of conditions that are rapidly disappearing; and once they are gone, the normal interest of Americans in political affairs will assert itself like trodden grass.

The causes which have produced the marked reluctance to enter public life on the part of those who naturally should control it, are in part the subject of an able paper in a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review," by Mr. James Bryce, one of the keenest observers and fairest minds in England. Though writing for an English audience, Mr. Bryce has not been misled by false analogies between England and America — between politics which are concentrated in a single body and are the social life of England, extending even into its educational institutions, and the politics which, as we have indicated, are little more than an incident in the material conquest of America. "The chief practical use of history," he says, "is to prevent one from being taken in by historical analogies"; and, as a part of his argument, he makes clear to the London critic of the novel "Democracy" exactly how much weight is attached to the negro-minstrel view of American politics, which it seems that critic has been taking seriously as the fate that threatens English constitutional government from this side the Atlantic. Without underrating our legislative evils or the difficulty of eradicating them, Mr. Bryce does justice to the best feature in the present aspect,—the increased public sensitiveness to purity in candidates for office. We have nowhere seen remark of the fact that in New York State the exciting campaign of last fall was conducted almost without personal vituperation of the candidates,—a fact which argues well for the increased willingness of able and honest men to accept office. Mr. Bryce's paper, though written before the election, is not, however, impaired by that event; and the reader who thinks the Civil Service Reform bill either an unnecessary, or a final, measure, may well go back and consider the evils which have been its occasion, as they are outlined by an unprejudiced historical student.

There are many reasons for believing that our politics have touched bottom in their moral and intellectual decline. Assuming that the Reform bill shall be fully executed and its scope extended (which are now the issues), and that this shall be followed, as logic demands, by State and municipal legislation of a similar spirit and scope—the trade of the gambling politician will lose its prop and substance. Moreover, together with the return of a larger proportion of the best men to public life, there will be before long a

new generation upon the scene,—a generation born since the war, young men educated in a commercial era, and with new blood that runs unclotted by the great conflict. Sectional questions will no longer afford the uneducated demagogue a political advantage, as such, over the scholar, the lawyer, or the merchant. For the first time in half a century, the stigma has been removed from the honorable pursuit of politics. As our social conditions continue to approximate those of England, the lingering prejudice against college-bred men will disappear, and that element will occupy the prominence in legislation which it enjoys in other phases of our national life.

One naturally asks, What is being done to feed the sources of future influence in the new profession which will virtually be established when the people resume their sovereignty? Already our best institutions of learning are shaping their instruction to meet the demand of the times. Harvard, Yale, and Johns Hopkins now afford excellent facilities for a thorough education in political science and for the discussion of current public problems; while, at Columbia, the subject occupies a special department, with prize lectureships for the best original work. Besides the teachings of the best attainable text-books, much is accomplished by the personal influence of the instructors, who in some instances have awakened the pupils to enthusiastic interest in the subject. It is through such personal agencies, if at all, that a higher tone is to be reached in our public life. What could not be expected of a professorship of politics with such a man in the chair, for instance, as Dr. Lieber, or Charles Sumner, or President Woolsey, or Mr. George William Curtis?

It is easy to scoff at the absurdity of educating men for a profession so dependent upon the suffrages of their neighbors; but are not lawyers and physicians thus dependent? And is not the spoils system merely an interference with the law of supply and demand? And when the superiority of the educated statesman were once evident, would he not be employed as readily and as long as the lawyer or the physician? For one result of the vital teaching of political principles will be the preparation of educated men, if not to lead, at least to select the leaders.

Stripped of its old bombast, the truth still remains that the political interest of the world is centered in America, and awaits the realization of our destiny. We cannot too soon or too laboriously set to work to create an atmosphere about the minds of young men which will nourish a high ideal of political duty, and make a political career as honorable here as in England. Emerson, in "The Fortune of the Republic," —that noble last word of warning and encouragement to his countrymen,—exclaims, with a prescience of patriotic faith: "I not only see a career at home for more genius than we have, but for more than there is in the world."

Over-organized School Systems.

THERE has been in New York, during the past winter, a very unusual interest in the public schools of the city. This interest has been due largely to a series of articles in the "Mail and Express" newspaper, in which the workings of the system were exhibited more thoroughly and systematically than they ever before have been in the daily press. Commenting upon these articles, the editor of the "Popular Science Monthly," in a recent number of that magazine, struck a lusty blow at machine education. In deference to public opinion on the subject, the Board of Education, at the beginning of the new year, undertook, in the words of one of its members, to "ease up the machine" by modifying the course of study, and making a few changes in the direction of elasticity. These changes have not been long enough in operation to enable one to judge fairly of their effects. Our purpose here is to indicate the main features of the machine as it has existed in New York for some years past, and to point from them a moral for schools of other cities. It will be necessary, then, to restrict our view to those particular features of the system which bear upon the end in view.

The distinguishing peculiarity of the New York system is the superintendency. That, more than anything else, makes it the machine it is. The course of study prescribes what subjects, and what portions of each subject, shall be taught in each grade. It is the duty of the assistant superintendents to find out whether the exact ground laid down for each class has been covered by it, and how well the work has been done. In order to this, they visit each school at least once every year, and examine every class. The results of the examinations, recorded on a scale of percentages, are reported to the superintendent, and from these reports he estimates the character of the instruction. In this way, by having the same men examine all the schools, and by comparing one school and one class with another, a wonderful uniformity is secured, both in methods and in results. Every school is made just as much like every other school as possible. Children of the same grade in different schools are taught the same parts of the same subjects in the same way at the same time.

Even this, however, is not enough. In order to secure the completest uniformity, another step is necessary. If the liberty were given him, each teacher might use his own method of reaching the result supposed to be aimed at — the education of the pupil. Such diversity is effectually prevented by a provision which makes the teacher's standing dependent upon the percentage obtained by his class in examination. If the class obtains a certain per cent., the teacher is marked "excellent"; for a somewhat smaller per cent., he is marked "good"; and for a still smaller, "fair" or "bad." If two "fairs" or any worse mark stand against a teacher's name in the superintendent's book, he is a marked man, in more senses than one. The teacher's standing being thus entirely dependent upon the percentage obtained by his class in the yearly examination, the strongest incentive is provided for him to teach, not in the way that seems to him best for the class, but in the way that will enable his class to meet the questions of the examiners. It follows that he does not desire liberty in regard to his methods of teaching. He wants to know exactly how much of each subject will be required by the examiner, and just how that official wishes the subject taught. Theoretically the teacher is required by the examiners to develop in his class the ability to think and to reason; practically, he is driven to obtain "good marks" by

drilling them upon such questions as he has reason to expect will be asked at examination.

Just at present the New York system is in a transition state, in which the principals temporarily have far more liberty to use their own methods than they have had for twenty years past. The "Manual," a teacher's hand-book, in which are laid down minute directions in regard to methods, is in process of revision. This manual has proved an excellent servant, but a bad master. Originally written as a book of suggestions in regard to methods, it was made mandatory by the Board of Education, against the protest even of its authors. What effect the revised manual, used according to its original suggestive purpose, will have upon the system it is impossible to predict; but as this system has been working for many years, as it is still working to a large extent, through the momentum gathered in these years, and as it is in danger of working again after the revision of the manual, a more complete and effective method of stifling individuality in teacher and pupil could not be devised. As a machine, the system is perfect; but the end of this machine is its own perfection, and not the development of the faculties of the children. Under such conditions as these, education becomes a mere drill; stuffing is encouraged, or rather demanded; the relation between teacher and pupil is made, so far as possible, entirely mechanical; and the training is robbed of that ethical element, that relation to character and conduct, which should be its most important constituent.

A certain degree of organization in schools is absolutely necessary. An ungraded school is chaotic. The evils of disorganization have been clearly perceived; and the steps of grading the single school, of securing uniformity in different schools of the same grade, and of appointing a superintendent, a part of whose duty it is to see that the schools do preserve a certain degree of uniformity, have already been taken in most of our cities. The tendency seems to be toward the New York type, and the danger is that in shunning the evils of a lack of system, system is likely to be sought for its own sake. If this be granted —that schools in our American cities are tending toward over-organization,—it becomes a problem of very great importance how to secure a reasonable degree of system without crippling the teacher in his efforts toward the free expansion of the pupil's mind. Some machinery, doubtless, we must have; but the end of education is the development of character, and character cannot be machine-made by any process whatever.

In the solution of this problem, superintendents of schools must bear the most important part. A thorough knowledge of the principles of education, and a wise adaptation of those principles, will enable superintendents to develop their schools in the right direction. Their supervision should be intelligent and sympathetic; they should be the helpers, and not merely the judges, of their teachers; they should explain why certain methods are founded on right principles, and why certain others are not; they should occasionally take hold of a class and develop a subject in the teacher's presence, in order to show how underlying principles may be practically applied. A large part of these duties might be performed by principals, who ought to be men fitted for such work. The distribution of supervisory functions is a mere matter of detail. The teachers' standing should not depend entirely upon periodical examinations of their classes in the New York style. Courses of lectures by eminent educators should be provided for teachers, and they should have the means of making a continual advance in the science and art of their profession.

In ways like these the problem we have indicated may be solved, and the dangers of over-organization, so strikingly exemplified by the school system of New York, may be avoided.

Two Rich Men.

Two men have lately passed away from life among us whom we should have been glad to make immortal. William E. Dodge and Peter Cooper were conspicuous examples of men of wealth using their wealth in promoting the wealth of others. They, in their own manner of living, solved the problem of capital and labor. If all rich men followed their system, and found riches to be only a means of doing good, all envy, jealousy, and hatred of the rich would fade from the hearts of the poor, and society would be freed from one of its most vexatious annoyances and most threatening dangers. But where one rich man appreciates the true use of wealth, a hundred regard it only as an instrument for luxurious indulgence and vulgar display, or for miserly and meaningless hoarding. It is this false use of wealth that loosens all the joints of society and makes our future uncertain. The reason why the two men whom we have named were fountains of blessing, is to be found not in demagogism, by which a Tweed gives coal to the poor as a means to secure votes, but in a benevolence which seeks the welfare of others as its end. Dodge and Cooper sought no office nor worldly honors. They were too noble to be receivers. They lived on the higher plane of giving. They understood the Master's words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." They had an exquisite delight (such as the miser or spendthrift never knew) in an economy of benevolence, and made it the business of their lives to minister to the wants of men. What to the mass of men would be self-denial was to them the healthy outflow of a generous spirit. To have these streams dried up is a calamity not only to those who were immediately benefited, but to the whole city, which loses the force of these living examples of virtue.

The great, greedy crowd of money-getters were rebuked and bewildered when they saw the venerable man of fourscore and ten still planning how best to help the deserving poor. The weak creatures who make up fashionable society could not but get a glimpse of an idea that there were higher prizes than dog-carts and yachts, and all the paraphernalia of social distinction.

Peter Cooper was the antipodal energy to that of certain other rich men in our community, dead and living. The one energy came from heaven, the other came from a very different place. The one infuses health into the community; the other poisons everything it touches. The one energy is modest and loving; the other is brass-browed as Satan, and stirs up the fires of hell in the human breast.

To the youth of our city and country the two benevolent lives to which we have referred have been

a useful lesson. How many of these may have been brought over to the practice of virtue by these honored names! How many young men, ready to start in the selfish life of the multitude, may have been checked by the discovery in these examples of a truer happiness to be pursued by a holier road!

The best sermon that can be preached on the subject of riches and their use is to point to these noble lives. They are facts and not theories. They cannot be doubted or denied. They lived among us and left the truth established concretely for the examination and admiration of all. They have made more glowing and striking the contrast between the pure joys of beneficence and the feverish excitements, jealousies, trickeries, dishonesties, and cruelties of the grasp for gain. Many theoretic nostrums are recommended for diseased society, but lives like those of Dodge and Cooper give health wherever their influence extends.

OPEN LETTERS.

On the Dynamite Policy — by an Irish-American.

THE Irish land question, and the past and present condition of the Irish peasantry, have assumed during the last two or three years more general interest outside of Great Britain than at any previous period of time. This has been brought about, in my opinion, by the persistent efforts of Mr. Charles S. Parnell and his colleagues in the British Parliament, in organizing the Land League and keeping the subject of the wrongs of Ireland before Parliament, in and out of time. Mr. Parnell has, no doubt, believed that this was the best and only effective means of obtaining redress for his long-suffering countrymen. That there has been in the past, and there is now, wide-spread distress and unnecessary suffering inflicted on the Irish peasantry and farmers with small holdings, in the South and West of Ireland, there is no question. That these poor people, overworked, badly fed, and scantily clothed, have suffered wrongs inhuman in character, and which no other people would bear with such patience and Christian fortitude, is a fact clear to those who have visited Ireland to study the condition of the people with unbiased feelings, and gifted with the power of close observation.

I have traveled through Ireland five times during the last ten years, and I know from personal observation that these people have flagrant wrongs heaped upon them, and the bulk of them work harder, with less encouragement, and have less left when the year's rent is paid, than any similar class in Europe. Every available article raised on their small holdings is saved and sold to meet the rent when due. I have witnessed dozens of ejectments under circumstances that seemed heartless and cruel and sufficient to make one's blood run cold.

These noticeable wrongs and consequent suffering of the peasantry and small tenants, forcibly ejected from their homes by unsympathetic landlords, naturally engender bitter and hostile feelings which break out occasionally in acts of violence toward the agents, for the owners of the land seldom appear among the tenants. These acts are usually magnified and exaggerated by the English press, and it only gives one side of the story. It has always seemed strange to me, in discussing these questions with intelligent Englishmen, who are fair and generous on other subjects, that they do not understand the Irish question, or from prejudice they misrepresent the true condition of the Irish situation.

These long-continued grievances and hardships of the small tenants are traceable, in my opinion, to a class known as non-resident landlords, who have their rents collected and their business transacted through efficient agents, a body of men as heartless as their masters. These Irish landlords spend the bulk of their income, and all of their time, in England and on the continent. They seem to be without national pride or human instincts so far as their tenants are concerned. They take no steps and spend no money to help elevate or improve the wretched condition of the small farmers in the South and West of Ireland. There are no people who are more grateful and responsive to just and fair treatment than the Irish peasants, but they have but few chances to exhibit these feelings in the districts of Ireland named. Every Irish-American, worthy of the name, is deeply interested in the best way to bring about reform and build up a better and healthier state of feeling between landlord and tenant in a peaceful and equitable manner.

But just here I desire to say, in the most emphatic language, that every respectable Irish-American whom I know, condemns the acts of the low-lived scoundrels who take any part, directly or indirectly, in such attempts as have been recently made to destroy life and property by the hellish method of dynamite, or crimes like the Phœnix Park murders. Such low and dastardly acts bring the cause into disrepute, and those who commit them are not and cannot be true friends of Ireland. These crimes alienate the friendship and sympathy of the enlightened Christians of all nationalities,—a sympathy which is sure to be extended toward any brave people who are suffering from unjust laws.

P. T. Quinn.

Nathaniel Hawthorne Again.

THERE are two or three points in connection with the fragmentary story left by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and published recently under the name of "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," which seem to me to have been but imperfectly considered by the critics. The story, with its accompanying "studies," calls our attention to the methods of a great artist as well as of a great

genius. That has often been said. We can see the artist sporting with the gaunt, solid frame-work of his images as if they were toy structures. In the early days we were taught to believe that gloom mastered the man, but by the help of these "studies," we see that it was he who called forth the gloom and remanded it to its place again, — circumscribing, shaping it, summoning the sunshine to touch it into delicate fantastic forms, molding it as perfectly as the creative mind ever molds its creature. He is as much the conjurer as Prospero, who summoned the "spirits of the vasty deep," or as Shakspere, who summoned Prospero.

It is clear enough to the ordinary reader that the early chapters of the story, while more than tentative, are far less than final. The author has got the order of attendance regulated. The story has taken shape not only to the reader's mind, but clearly has a shaping nearly satisfactory to the author, although far from being illuminated, intensified, enriched, as Hawthorne always enriched his perfect work, with poetical fancies and spiritual suggestion. There is here and there a grain of coarseness, not yet refined; of crudeness, not yet polished; some inelegance of diction which would have tried his very soul to see in print. In this respect — in its finish and polish — the work in the first seven chapters is behind the "American Note-Books," which bear the marks of being written in leisure moments when the writer could pause to pursue a fancy or elaborate a description. In these chapters, he is either fitting together previous studies, as he means the parts to stand — bending the beams, so to speak, to make them take their final shape and place, or, in some spurt of the imagination, fashioning with great rapidity some connecting structure, in too much haste and glow to be nice in the elaboration. The stress of the workmanship is visible; but its greatness and solidity are worthy of the study of our modern school of novelists.

The persons are greatly typical — Elsie, with the mysteries of womanhood; Ned, with the spirit of a nobleman working in the atmosphere of democracy; the grim Doctor, with the implacable passions of a granitic nature, gradually, though never entirely, yielding to the gentle rain of human sympathies, — even the musty corners of his cobwebby study breaking into that golden glow which cobwebs may take on when lifted into the sunshine; Colcord, with that wholly spiritual but impotent nature which Hawthorne had previously painted in Clifford; Lord Braithwaite, with the Italian subtlety and instinctive diabolism of a descendant of the Borgias. These are all great types, and clearly marked. It is easy to see that if the author had carried out his purpose, the uncertainties of touch would have disappeared, the moral significance of the characters would have been intensified, the mystery would have taken truer relations to realities, the passions would have become not more typical of the profounder passions of society, but more in harmony with the beautiful spiritual forces. As it stands now, imperfect in a hundred ways, but pretty fully blocked out, there is nothing inferior in the conception to that of the "Scarlet Letter."

Each part of the picture has its own local atmosphere. In New England, the bleakness of winter, the somberness of innumerable grave-yards, the stillness of a wilderness, the gloom of Calvinistic theology; in England, the sensuous steam of the roasting-spit and the clatter of old silver, rising amid the antique glories of old ruins. Parts of the English picture are finished; other parts are hardly even plotted, while in the American portion the story is evidently completely plotted, but scarcely a thing polished. Elsie's share in the story is only hinted. It is clearly not intended to be great, but rather sunny, and effective as sunshine. She is no heroine, but she is reserved to be the delight of the reader's eye, for his heart to rest upon in the midst of the darker hues of the story; while Ned is to be no hero, but, like Hamlet, the sport of Destiny. Both Ned and Elsie are exquisitely conceived, but they are to be the puppets of great and unrevealed powers. As Hamlet's love yields, and Ophelia goes down, when ambition and revenge enter, so here, when the implacable spirit of age-long jealousy and inherited hate are to be considered, love is a minor affair, flinging its gleam upon the canvas, but no more. It is enough for the author's purposes if it be there in the morning to brighten the hill-tops, and in the evening to lend its tints to the western clouds.

But the point which interests me most, and which, I think, has been less clearly brought out by the critics, is one that touches close upon the methods of our present novelists, who, like Hawthorne, like Irving and Cooper, and John Neal and Bancroft and Motley, go abroad for a larger intellectual atmosphere, but, unlike those writers, strike a malarial tract of it, and come home to us with a cold chill upon them. With Hawthorne, this certainly was not the case. We find everywhere in these studies, as we find in Irving, the broader horizon which foreign travel gives. The shy, deep-eyed New Englander was peculiarly fitted by nature to find poetical inspiration in the Old World. He loved its past long before he had seen it, and found in its traditions the mysterious working of forces which had reached over to America. He loved the old somber atmosphere as only an American can. How well he could create its counterfeit is seen in the Puritan novels. Better than any of the English romancers, better even than Scott, it seems to me, he could feel the poetical charm and spiritual influence of an old, ivy-crowned castle, or of a "venerable brotherhood" of English elms. But he preserved, in the glaring light of an English dining-hall, the essential sanity of mind that accompanied his stage-coach rides among the New England hills. His was a mind brooding over the mystery of life, searching, in human faces and human speech, as well as among the ruins of man's work, for the key to his graver action. The movements of his persons are everywhere under control. He is the wizard, weaving the mystery, but keeping the key to it, and never involving himself in his own meshes. The mystery was one of superstitions, — an atmosphere for which he was not responsible, but which he must work into his web, with all its dreamy additions, as a thing found in existence. His was not the business of science to dispel illusions, but to show them. His pictures were always such as required this setting. Note, in the Italian novel, how he prepared the background, taking in the art and culture, the subtlety and passion of the Italy of the Middle Ages.

His stage is to present the scenery, not alone of kings and dead antiquities, but the artistic aspirations embodied in antique ruins, the faded passions represented in crypts and moldy dungeons. He was picturing a world in ruins, a world dead hundreds of years ago, but in and out of which life is still creeping, affected still by the dead past. The life of to-day is small compared with its background. Man, as an individual, is infinitesimal; but the shadow of mankind, as it lingers from the past and broods over to-day, is vast and awful. This is the motive of the New England romances, particularly of the "House of the Seven Gables," and the motive grew stronger when the author was planning this last work. He was most certainly trying his hand at that international novel of which we hear so much. His studies ran in that direction, and his mind was at work powerfully in the effort to disentangle modern England from monumental England, to get the life of to-day square against the magnificent débris of old castles and old inherited glories, and to contrast with this the working idea of the American system, which he, both from his patriotic and his manly instinct, considered the loftier ideal.

The results of this study are seen in the long and penetrating analysis of the old warden's character and that of his *confrères*. Looked at as a delineation, though far from complete, of national characteristics, the work is deeper and loftier to my thinking than those works of to-day which claim to portray national traits,— because it goes below the surface. Hawthorne was an artist, and loved the beauty of the Old World; but he had the Puritan manhood, and his struggle to show the finer meaning of it is almost painful.

James Herbert Morse.

On Mr. Cable's Readings.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has been giving some readings from his own books in Hartford, one in public, and two in private parlors. An ordinary "reading" is one of the entertainments that reconcile us to the brevity of life and beget a longing to go to the land where there will be no more sighing and no more reading. But Mr. Cable is not an elocutionist, and has none of the smart bravery of the professional which we admire, and praise, and shun. He is just an interpreter of his own writings, and by a method so simple and so without pretence that it seems to lack all art — until we attempt to account for the effect produced. This effect was not so satisfactory before a large and miscellaneous audience as in presence of a small, compact, and more sympathetic one, partly because the selections were not so judiciously made for the public performance, and partly because of the limitations in the writer himself and in his material.

Mr. Cable's work is delicate and subtle, and his interpretations of it must be the same. The love scene between Aurora and Honoré Grandissime is a fascinating model for all apprentices in the art of fiction, full of tenderness, witchery, and the utmost archness and finesse of a woman about to capitulate. To broaden and exaggerate this refined and delicate scene so as to satisfy the spectators and listeners in the back seats of a large hall, to substitute for the bashful, half-broken utterances of love the loud tones of the eloquent elocutionist, is to lose a certain charm of the proceeding. If you have ever tried to make love through an ear-trumpet, you will understand what I mean. The public reading of this was delightful, but it lacked the subtle shading which the author gave it in private.

That which thoroughly captivated his hearers in the private readings was "Posson Jone'," the last sketch in "Old Creole Days." In originality of creation, in exquisite moral distinctions, in distinct dramatic force, this seems to be the most important addition that American literature has received in many years. It has refinement, breadth, and humor; it gives us two new types; it is as complete as a miniature portrait, and yet it is so freely and largely placed upon the canvas that we feel no limitations. The author has not given us a study of two men only, but a wide picture of human life.

Mr. Cable is a master of the Creole dialect, and in his mouth the broken English of Jules St. Ange, delicious in its elisions and accent, interpreted to us perfectly the character of the insouciant, conscienceless, kind-hearted, volatile Creole. The writer does not describe him nor analyze him; he simply places Jules before us with a dramatic skill that is very rare. And the reader brings him out from the page in all his airy substantiality and elusive, non-moral gayety.

"What a man thing right *is right;* 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscien'. My faith, do you thing I would go again' my conscien'?"

It is not the drinking of coffee, but the buying it on the Sabbath that troubles the parson.

"Ah! *c'est* very true. For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cock-fight Sunday evening."

"Ah!" continued St. Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like' the bez — me, I like the *Cattolique* rilligion the bez — for me it is the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he like his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West-Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the Creole's shoulder, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St. Ange, "I am sure-sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, *et* I thing Miguel will go, *et* Joe — everybody, I thing,— *mais*, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

While the author was unfolding to his audience a life and society unfamiliar to them and entrancing them with pictures the reality of which none doubted and the spell of which none cared to escape, it occurred to me that here was the solution of all the pother we have recently got into about the realistic and the ideal schools in fiction. In "Posson Jone'," an awkward, camp-meeting, country preacher is the victim of a vulgar confidence game; the scenes are the street, a drinking place, a gambling saloon, a bull-ring, and a calaboose; there is not a "respectable" character in it. Where shall we look for a more faithful picture of low life? Where shall we find another so vividly set forth in all its sordid details? And yet see how art steps in, with the wand of genius, to make literature! Over the whole the author has cast

an ideal light; over a picture that, in the hands of a bungling realist, would have been coarse and repellant he has thrown the idealizing grace that makes it one of the most charming sketches in the world. Here is nature, as nature only ought to be in literature, elevated but never departed from. For me it is a good deal truer than a police report, and it adds something to life that I would not part with.

This is not the place for a discussion of Mr. Cable's genius. I only took up my pen to say that those who are so fortunate as to have an opportunity to hear this author interpret his own fascinating creations have a great pleasure ready for them.

Charles Dudley Warner.

Barnay as "Mark Antony."

HERR BARNAY'S vocation was unmistakably preordained when he was endowed by Nature with his musical, resonant, flexible voice, his graceful and impressive presence, his noble head with its Roman cast of feature and commanding poise. Add to these physical gifts, the quick, electric fire, the happy blending of Oriental fervor with western versatility and vivacity characteristic of his Hungarian temperament, and we have the natural actor, who, no less than the poet, is born, not made. Possessing these splendid inherent qualifications, Herr Barnay has strengthened and developed them by the careful training, the earnest and laborious study of a conscientious artist. He is master of all the devices of the stage, using a freedom and variety of dramatic resource that occasionally (though only occasionally) verge upon the melodramatic. His art belongs to the romantic, realistic school, as opposed to the classic and antique. I use, advisedly, the apparently contradictory terms "romantic" and "realistic," for the great romantic revival initiated in literature by Rousseau and his followers, and developed by Goethe, Byron, Scott, and all the poets of the eighteenth century, was but the protest of truth, nature, and realism, against cant in morals and the artificial in art. By the singular effect of a violent reaction, romanticism to-day in its turn has come to signify the very antithesis of truth and reality. But this interpretation is only a passing accident resulting from the extreme point to which the movement was carried, and does not alter the fact that the best art may be at the same time very romantic and very real. Herr Barnay is seen to most advantage in characters that call into play these two qualities; while he lacks the serene repose, the majesty, the restrained power of the finest classic art, he is peculiarly fitted for the rendering of brilliant, fiery, and impetuous *rôles*. As *Mark Antony*, his masterly interpretation of the spirit of the part was not a little enhanced by his appropriate type of face and figure, which made the illusion complete. Never before was more adequate expression given to the triumvir's personal attributes, — his grace, elegance, and magnetism, his moral weakness and intellectual strength, his genuine but superficial sympathy, his unscrupulous ambition, his insinuating, nay, irresistible oratory. Herr Barnay is wonderfully fine and subtle in the scene immediately following the assassination; the studied self-control of his manner, the deeply calculated effect of his conciliatory words to the conspirators, and the apparent sincerity with which he clasps the hand of each in turn, are worthy of all praise. But beyond praise is his sudden, overwhelming outburst of passionate grief, when the murderers have departed and he flings himself upon Cæsar's corpse.

> "O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
> That I am meek and gentle with these butchers."

This is one of those "great moments" of spontaneity and power that are the touchstone of quality, and that set the stamp upon the actor of genius as distinguished from the actor of talent.

Barnay's delivery of the funeral oration leaves nothing to be desired. The Roman mob (evidently drilled according to the rules of the Meiningen company, to which Barnay at one time belonged) bring his speech into admirable relief, swayed and controlled, as they seem to be, by his commanding voice and cunning rhetoric. Leaning forward on his arms over the pulpit he addresses them at first in a colloquial tone, only gradually working up to the eloquent, declamatory style of the orator, and visibly studying the effect of every inflection upon these coarse, expressive faces. He is extremely forcible and original in the concluding passage of the speech:

> "But were I Brutus,
> And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
> Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
> In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
> The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

Here he leaves the hearse, beside which he has been standing, and winds in and out among the mob, hissing forth these lines with half suppressed horror and indignation, directly inciting, as it were, each individual to the terrible act of "mutiny!"

Within the limits of his temperament, which, as we have said, is marked by energy, enthusiasm, and impetuosity, Barnay is an actor of the first rank. His repertory is extensive and varied; but if it were only for his *Mark Antony*, he would deserve to be classed with the very few actors who seem not so much to interpret as to reveal Shakspere.

Emma Lazarus.

On Indian Education and Self-support.

THE antagonism felt toward the Indian seems to result, not so much from conflicts incident to our possessing the land, as from his sociologic status which differs so widely from our own. It is a comparatively recent suggestion that a social condition similar to that of the Indian preceded our present advancement, and that an intelligent study of archaic forms of society may reveal the sources of some of the laws and customs which are still potent in our midst. This suggestion, however, has not yet affected the bulk of our people, and the indiscriminate name of "savage" is still sufficient, practically, to cut the Indian off from human interest and sympathy.

Indian society is generally supposed to be without law or order — a sort of random life; but careful investigation is showing that most, if not all, of the tribes are organized into gentes, the gens being based

upon relationship; these gentes combine to form *fratres*, the fratres join to form the tribe, and tribes unite to form confederacies. The gens is, so to speak, the social unit. It possesses a distinctive name, significant of its religious or social ancestry; it has a system of names which are given to its members; it has its hereditary chief, elective chiefs, and soldiers; its location in the tribal circle is fixed; and it has its functions and duties in the religious and secular tribal ceremonies. It is, therefore, a little community possessed of distinct powers, but lacking the means of perpetuation because of the law which forbids a member of a gens to marry within his gens. Thus the tie of marriage and collateral relationship binds the gentes together. Each Indian, therefore, is born into his gens where he is thenceforth fixed, for he may not set up his tent and establish his home except with his gens, where his immediate interests and responsibilities center. The influence of the gens holds even when the Indians have broken up the tribal circle and scattered out on individual farms; and many generations will pass before all traces of this ancient social form will cease to exist.

War among the Indians is generally a private enterprise. When a man desires to avenge a wrong, or wishes to wander forth in quest of booty, or, if in the recklessness of sorrow, he desires to risk his life to assuage his grief, he steps out into the tribal circle or open space, and announces his intention to go on the war-path. Then, when he has fulfilled certain ceremonies, he departs, and is followed by those of his kindred or friends who care to join in the venture. Each one goes voluntarily,—no one is urged or forced to be of the party. War, therefore, rarely involves any considerable part of the tribe, and there is no record of a war ever being the unanimous wish of the tribe. Warfare, partaking of this private aud irresponsible character, is more disastrous than when organized and national, since it renders life and possessions exposed to individual caprice. This custom, so detrimental to the advancement of a people, is, in part, counteracted by the authority vested in the chief.

It is the duty of the chief to prevent quarrels, to settle those that take place, to preserve harmony in the tribe, and to make peace with other tribes. His office is semi-religious, and he cannot go on the war-path, or lead his people in battle, unless under the stress of defensive warfare. Our failure to understand the private character of war-parties and the peaceful duties of the chiefs has led to mistakes. Negotiations have been entered into between the Government and Indian soldiers, and not with the chiefs of the tribe, who were quiet at home. The tribe, not being officially represented, either in the war or in the settlement, regarded the whole transaction as a private arrangement, which could not concern it as a whole. "Paper chiefs," as the Indians often call those Indian soldiers whom our army has sometimes caught and negotiated with, possess much less influence in the tribe than we are wont to fancy. Indians are never counted as chiefs unless they are initiated into the office by the regular tribal form.

Indian society has, therefore, its peculiar organization, and is both real and effective. The same is true of the religion of the Indian. It, too, binds him fast with minute observances, intricate ceremonials, long rituals, on the exact performance of which the welfare of his daily life and his future depends. The Indian's religious duties begin in his childhood and last throughout all his days. Fixity, not freedom, is the characteristic of the primitive forms of his society.

Incapacity and aversion to labor are supposed to be characteristic of the Indian, and are spoken of in connection with his being a hunter, and, in the popular notion, to be a hunter is to live for sport and the pleasures of the chase. When the food supply is derived alone from the precarious chase, the occupation of the hunter becomes one of grave responsibility and labor. Among many of the tribes, the hunting was under the control of leaders, who were appointed to the office with certain religious ceremonies, and any person undertaking private hunting-ventures without the knowledge and sanction of these leaders would incur serious punishment. These rules were rigidly observed in the buffalo country.

Thus the life of an Indian man after reaching maturity was filled with activities and dangers, and it was impossible to avoid such a life in a land devoid of animals capable of being domesticated. Sex determined the occupation of the individual. The men composed the combatant force; they were the protectors and hunters. The women formed the non-combatant part of the community, and were the agricultural and industrial portion of the people. Many of the peculiarities of the Indian race and custom are traceable to the absence of domestic animals. Our more fortunate race, being bred on a continent where lived the sheep and the ox, laid upon these animals the burden of food supply, and the mind, thus freed from its most pressing need, asserted its creative power and devised better modes of living, and gradually society developed into coördinated forms and industries. It is a suggestive speculation to consider what would have been our present condition had our immediate ancestors been forced to accept the poverty of this country in respect to animals, cereals, and fruits. When we look at the Indian mode of life, it is important to remember his environment on this continent and its potent limitations.

It is worth noticing that the Indians have not invented a lock and key, as it opens a singular vista concerning their estimate of possessions. When about to leave their villages, they place their goods in cache to prevent loss from their enemies. Thieving among them is rare; the chiefs enforce the return of articles stolen. It would almost drop the race from the list of mankind to assert that Indians never stole; but it may truly be stated that stealing is not a characteristic trait. The contrary prejudice on our part is queerly indicated in the following quotation from an official communication: "They (the Indians spoken of) are honest, or at least as honest as it is usual for Indians to be. I have never known them to steal, and their word can usually be relied upon."

Treachery toward a friend is almost unknown among Indians. Toward an enemy it is as it is with us: "All is fair in war." To the outside observer vengeance often seems indiscriminately practiced by the Indians; but according to their laws of the responsibility of kinship, the acts find explanation. Among the Indians, kindred rise and fall together; any or all can be held responsible for the act of any one of kin

whether all are cognizant of the act or not. According to our law, innocent and ignorant persons may thus be made to suffer; but according to Indian law, kinship must bear the burden. It is not many centuries since a similar code held us in its clutch.

When fairly dealt with, the Indians are, as a rule, friendly, honest, and true. Truthfulness is an Indian trait, the ideal man is "straight." "I have talked to you without branches," said a venerable chief. The Indian idea of truth is simple, literal, hugging close to the fact, and this idea is consonant with his elaborate social and religious ceremonies. "It is," or "It is not," covers all the ground to the Indian, and he finds it difficult to comprehend the contingencies which hedge about our life and thought.

A careful study of the Indian reveals him to be a man bearing the marks of a common human nature. His peculiar environment has developed him in lines which do not coincide with our lines of development. If his ancient environment were to continue unaltered, there would be little hope of any speedy or great modification of his ancient social and religious forms; but his environment has already changed, and he is to-day stranded upon unknown and untried circumstances. For this change we are directly responsible, as well as for the difficulties involved and their solution. We have corralled the Indian and tried by various expedients to postpone facing the problem of his future, until at last further delay is impossible. His future is indissolubly linked to our own, and the welfare of both races demands careful consideration of the question before us and the difficulties involved in it.

According to the last report of the Indian Commissioner, there are in the territory of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, 262,366 Indians. Of this number 64,393 belong to the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory and the Six Nations of New York State, leaving 197,973 Indians whose treaties and relations place them in direct line with our responsibility. The amount of land held in reservations is 224,259 square miles, covering an area of 143,525,960 acres. Deducting the amount belonging to the civilized tribes before mentioned, which is 19,672,147 acres, of which only 9,500,352 are classed as tillable, there remains 123,853,813 acres, contained in about 124 reservations, not including the Pueblo villages. These reservations are under the management of fifty-six agencies, and are scattered over eleven States and nine territories. There are, besides, 15,434 Indians living at large without Governmental supervision or special land provision, and this number does not include the remnants of tribes living in the Eastern States.

The wide extent of country over which these tracts of land are spread, the variety of products, and the character of the soil, should prevent too sweeping generalizations when one is considering how the Indians are to become self-supporting on these lands.

Heretofore, the question of Indian land tenure has overshadowed all other considerations pertaining to his welfare. Important as is this question, the statistics contained in the commissioner's report show it to be less simple than has been supposed. Of the 123,853,813 acres contained in the 124 reservations and set apart for the support of the 197,973 Indians, only 8,096,463 acres are reported as tillable, which would give not quite five acres to each Indian. This calculation, however, is based upon an even distribution of the tillable land, according to the location of the population, but the report shows that the tillable land is very unevenly distributed. Another obstacle, perhaps, is the Indian's view of land tenure. He does not see how land, which is as necessary to the welfare of animated nature as air and water, can be withdrawn from the common weal and appropriated to the use of an individual.

The question, therefore, of the Indian becoming self-supporting is something more than giving the Indians titles, and telling them "to go to work on their lands," even if every Indian were adapted to farming.

Agriculture, where the land is suitable, will undoubtedly be the employment of a large number of Indians; but it is clearly impossible for all, since there does not remain enough tillable land to yield support from the soil alone. The inexperienced labor of the Indian adds to the difficulty, and this arises from his isolation and consequent lack of training by means of observation and contact with farmers. It may not be inopportune to allude here to the fact that heretofore tilling the land has been considered by the Indians as woman's work, and the Indian man possesses the aversion, common in our own race, of one sex entering upon the conventional occupation of the opposite sex. Nor is civilization as viewed by the Indian woman without its drawbacks. Their status is one of independence in many ways, particularly as to property. Once when our laws respecting married women were being explained to them, an Indian matron exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm not a white woman!"

A considerable portion of the land classed as tillable requires irrigation, and to make such land profitable, capital and intelligent labor are needed to construct ditches, canals, flumes, etc., and to keep them in repair. A considerable portion of the land reserved is suitable for herding, and there are many persons in our midst who advocate this occupation for the Indians as especially suitable, and quote the advance of our race in the remote past, through herding. The environment of our race was very different from the conditions of this continent, where the absence of animals capable of domestication has left the Indian without an heredity which would tend to make him successful in the care of animals. Herding is to-day, not a pastoral occupation, but a business requiring capital, executive ability, and a knowledge of the market. None of these requirements are at present possible to the Indian, particularly with his barrier of language and ignorance of commercial methods.

Looking at the Indian tribes from a close personal knowledge and study of their life and customs, it seems plainly indicated that variety of occupation and modes of winning self-support is to be the rule with them, as it is with us. Nor can one expect that every Indian will become an industrious, enterprising landholder. There will be such among the tribes, but there will also be the shiftless, indolent class that exists in every community. Our method of treating the race has been to level down, and to attempt to make all alike. The results have been unfortunate. It is the salvation of a people to permit those who can to advance and distance the less vigorous.

The industrial schools at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Hampton, Virginia, and Forest Grove, Oregon, are movements toward recognizing the value of the individual Indian. At these schools he is taught trades, the worth of labor, and personal responsibility, and, thus is prepared to cope with the world and earn his own living. The Indian has always been a kind of artisan, and his hand is skilled by long heredity to steady lines and strokes, more fine than heavy. The trend of his past turns him toward the shop where the work of the eye and hand is coördinated. To the truth of this statement, it is only needful to call to mind the silver work of Northern and Southern Indians, the bows and arrows and other weapons, the wrought bone implements, the pipes, both historic and prehistoric; nor should woman's handicraft be forgotten,—her weaving, quill embroidery, the articles made of skin, bark, and wood; her pottery-making and free-hand ornamentation. Our museums bear ample testimony to the industrial ability of our native races. The Indian, therefore, is not lazy; but he does not labor as we labor; he has not learned the value of persistent work, which begets provision and care for the future, and his environment in the past has been of such a character as to furnish no suggestion as to the need of such care-taking, but rather the contrary. The one thing imperatively needed for the Indian is industrial education. Educate him thus, and he becomes a friendly neighbor and coworker; keep him in ignorance and isolation, and he becomes dangerous to his own future and to those about him.

The Commission's report states that the number of Indian children who are of school age (exclusive of the five civilized tribes) is 34,662; and this is an underestimate, as several tribes are not reported. The number of reservation schools is given as 73 boarding, 105 day, and 2 night schools. These schools are maintained at a cost to the Government of $278,733, exclusive of rations and of part of the clothing. Various religious societies contribute $58,725, and the State of New York $17,644. The industrial schools at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Forest Grove, Oregon, and the Indian department at Hampton, Virginia, receive from the Government $91,394, and religious societies give to these institutions $49,882. It is not improper to state that, but for generous outside support, the effectiveness of these schools would be seriously curtailed. Those now in operation can accommodate only 10,202 children, leaving a school population of 24,460 without any possible means of education or instruction in the ways of civilized life.

Where is the block in the way of educating these children? It is in Congress, which should appropriate the money. It is but just to say that there are men in Congress who appreciate the need of education for the Indian, who desire to have the money appropriated; but they are surrounded by such a dead-weight of indifference and ignorance that they can make little headway. This year the appropriations are inadequate, considering the needs and just demands. Treaty obligations, the appeal of the Indians through their agents, the urgent request of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the plain setting forth of the Secretary of the Interior, failed to move the Congressmen from their short-sighted policy and false notions of economy. It is cause for congratulation that the present Secretary of the Interior is seriously and practically in earnest to secure education for the Indian. In his report he offsets war expenses against a plan for educating annually 10,000 Indian children, and adds:

"It is believed that with an annual expenditure of between five and six million dollars, during the next fifteen years, for educational purposes of the character indicated, the danger of Indian outbreaks may be avoided, and the great mass of Indian youth at least made self-supporting."

That such prudent counsel should fall short of practice for the lack of money gives rise to the query whether there remains any other available resource by which industrial education can be provided for the Indian in the near future. Turning to the report, we find that a considerable part of the 115,957,350 acres classed as untillable is adapted to herding. Men with capital and various corporations are coveting these plains, and even now negotiations are pending for the purchase of millions of these acres. Other portions of the untillable land lie in regions of known mineral wealth. Valuable mines have already been discovered, and prospecting parties are secretly pushing their investigations. The day is not far distant when these lands will also fall into the hands of those who can develop their hidden wealth.

The great reservations are sure to be broken up, and it is best that they should be, best for the Indians, best for civilization and for our own race. Isolation is ruin to the Indians, and brings injury to us as well. There is no safety for any people except in education, law, and freedom.

A considerable portion of the land held for the Indians is not secured by treaty, but by executive order; and when land of this tenure is withdrawn, little if any compensation will be given to the Indians. A detailed examination of the treaty lands shows that it is not prudent to delay longer the conserving of the land capital of the Indians. The income which can be secured from the sale of surplus lands will be none too large to meet the needs of industrial schools fitted to prepare the Indian youth to earn their living by intelligent labor, by which alone they can secure their future welfare and advancement. The well known "Civilization Fund" was derived from the sale of Indian lands. To that fund was mainly due the establishment of the industrial schools at Carlisle, Forest Grove, and Hampton, which herald the day of right-doing toward the native inhabitants of our land.

A. C. Fletcher.

On the Galloping Horse in Art.

THE article entitled "The Horse in Motion," which appeared in the THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, for July, 1882, describes how, at the instance and the expense of the public-spirited Governor Stanford of California, Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, a physician, and Mr. Eadward Muybridge, a photographer, investigated the sequence of attitudes taken by animals in quick motion, and their causes, and how in the five-thousandth part of a second an attitude was photographed at each foot of the stride of a galloping horse.

The truths discovered by these gentlemen are a most

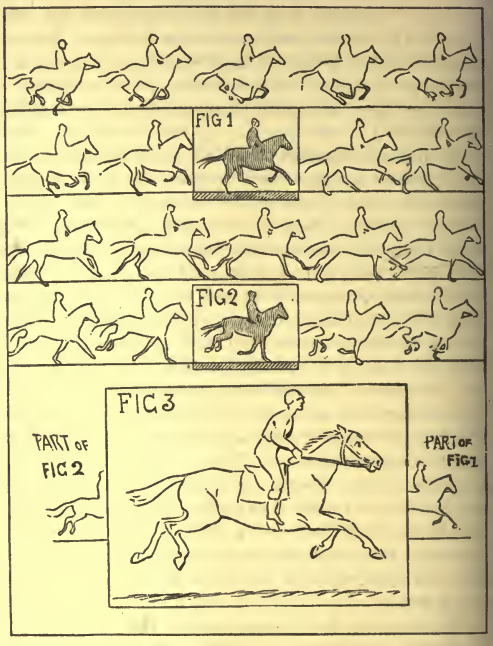
valuable addition to scientific knowledge, but it is the object of this article to prove that they have arrived at false conclusions with regard to the pictorial representation of the galloping horse. They call the manner in which painters have depicted the gait "the conventional and mythical gallop," and ask "if animal motion is always to be taught to follow such severely false models, wherein is it better teaching than that of the priests of Osiris, with whom all forms were stereotyped for thousands of years, and the last stages of their art were worse than the first";* and in such manner Dr. Stillman in his writings, and Mr. Muybridge in his lectures, contend that with the knowledge they have given them, artists are "false to their mission" if they "willfully persist in perpetuating a falsehood."

They seem to misunderstand the art of the pictorial artist, which is to reproduce by pigments sensations through our eyes similar to those produced through his eyes when he saw what he depicts, or what, from his previous experience, he knows would be produced had he seen what he depicts; and so, disregarding the important question of the effect produced on our eyes by objects in quick motion, they insist that artists should represent them as if our eyes were photographic cameras.

If the reader of this article will fix his eyes on any object, and then close them and open them as quickly as he can for one or two seconds, he will find that the object has not disappeared, though it has seemed to quiver, and yet each time the eyes were closed the object was shut out from sight; and if he possessed photographic cameras instead of eyes, the representation of what he saw would be a series of dark blanks and unquivering objects. He will also find that if he shuts his eyes for the space of one second and opens them for a second, he will then have alternate representations of blanks and unquivering objects, as the camera would give them. He will find, also, that winking as fast as he can, he does not open and close his eyes oftener than from three to four times in a second; so that the eyes do not give detached sensations of changes, which occur as often as four times in a second, and the impressions produced on them when more strongly affected, or for a longer portion of those short periods of time, eliminate those produced on them when less strongly affected, or for a shorter portion of the time.

The pace of a fast running horse is about a mile in one minute and forty seconds; that is, five thousand two hundred and eighty feet in one hundred seconds, or very nearly fifty-three feet in a second; so that if each stride of the gallop is twenty feet in length, the time taken in making it is twenty fifty-thirds of a second, or less than two-fifths of a second, and the time between each of the twenty positions taken by cameras set a foot apart, while the horse is making the sequence of attitudes given by them, is one fifty-third of a second, and this was the case with Governor Standford's mare Florence Anderson, whose stride was nineteen feet nine inches long.

A copy of the photographic illustrations of the attitudes during a stride of Florence Anderson is here given. The imitation of one of these twenty attitudes must be what Dr. Stillman advocates when, after criticising the manner in which painters have represented a horse galloping, he writes: "We are told that



the object is to represent action; would not that object be more readily attained if some position were represented which was known to be true, instead of one that is proved to be impossible?"

The winking experiment has proved that none of those attitudes will be seen detached, since they lasted but a five-thousandth portion of a second, and the sensation produced through the eyes must be a blending of impressions produced by a series of those positions. Let us consider two of those attitudes—Figure 1 and Figure 2; neither of these recalls to us our sensations when we saw a horse galloping. In Figure 1, we recognize the position taken by a horse who endeavors to commence his stride, but is restrained by his rider; he rises with three of his feet in the air, feels the restraint, and quietly settles down again, one foot remaining on the ground during the movement, which requires about a second for its operation. In Figure 2, we recognize the attitude of a horse kicking, except that the position of the near fore leg is not one which would last a second; but the "off" fore leg, rigidly planted on the ground, checks any idea of a change in its position for about a second of time.

Figure 3 is made up of the fore part of Figure 1 and the hind part of Figure 2; but this represents the galloping horse in what Dr. Stillman calls the "conventional and mythical gallop." So that manner does represent the fore legs and the hind legs in positions they actually take during the stride; but they are not in those positions at the same time. Let us make a chronometrical examination of this difference: Figure 1 and Figure 2 represent attitudes at distances apart equal to one-half of the stride, there being nine atti-

* See "The Horse in Motion," page 102. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

tudes between each; so that it having been shown that the whole stride is taken in two-fifths of a second, then one-fifth of a second is the time which elapses between the fore legs being in the position shown in Figure 3 and the hind legs being in the position there shown. The winking experiment shows that the eyes do not take note of their closure at intervals of one-fourth of a second; so it has "been proved to be impossible" that they should appreciate the difference of one-fifth of a second in the positions of the fore and hind legs.

On further examination, it will be seen, that for ten feet of the stride both the hind feet are off the ground, and for ten feet both the fore feet are off the ground, in four of the positions both fore and hind feet being off the ground; so that the impression on the eyes for half the time is that of both hind feet off the ground, and for half the time is that of both fore feet off the ground. One hind foot touches the ground for three feet, then both hind feet touch the ground for three feet, and then the other hind foot touches the ground for three feet. One fore foot touches the ground for five feet, and the other for five feet, one hind foot and one fore foot touching the ground at the same time in two of the positions.

If the reader will make another experiment, and move one of his arms backward and forward as if striking a series of blows as quickly as he can, and observe the effect in a mirror, he will find that the resultant effect on the eyes is the well-defined outline of the knuckles when the arm is at full stretch, the rest of its positions being indistinct. This effect may be accounted for partly because, however swiftly the movement may be given, there must be a pause at the reversal of the movement from forward to backward, and partly because the eyes are also excited by the reversal more than by the continuous movement in one direction.

In our winking experiment, the sensations produced while the eyes were closed are eliminated by the more powerful impressions produced during the longer period when the eyes are partly and fully open; and so with regard to the effect of the sequence of attitudes of the galloping horse, the impressions of the quick, involved actions of one foot after another touching the ground for one-tenth of a second are eliminated by those of the more conspicuous actions lasting throughout the whole stride of fore or hind legs, swinging in the air from positions near each other under the belly to the extreme boundary of the attitudes; and, like the knuckles in the experiment of the outstretched and retreating arm, the positions, when the legs are most outstretched, are those which most powerfully affect our eyes, and those positions, when painted, recall our sensations when we see horses galloping, while those shown on a photograph taken in the five thousandth part of a second do not recall those sensations.

George Snell.

"Strangulatus pro Republicâ."

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1881, was published, a fac-simile of the late President Garfield's singular death-bed autograph, "*Strangulatus pro Republicâ,*" and editorial comment was made to the effect that "the most diligent search and inquiry have failed to discover an earlier use of the Latin phrase."

It has just chanced to me to find in a familiar book a passage which may be held to cast some light on the source and sense of President Garfield's self-composed epitaph. In Bishop Ellicott's "Life of Christ," page 307, note 1, an extract is made from the commentaries of Dr. (now Bishop) Lightfoot ("Horæ Hebraicæ") on the Gospel of Matthew, in discussion of the term ἀπήγξατο as applied to the suicide of Judas Iscariot. "The explanation of Lightfoot," says Bishop Ellicott, "according to which ἀπήγξατο is to be translated '*strangulatus est, a Diabolo scilicet,*' is obviously untenable. We may say truly with Chrysostom, that it was the mediate work of Satan, but must refer the immediate perpetration of the deed to Judas himself."

Here we seem to have a chance glimpse into some rabbinical tradition or superstition that those who are killed directly by satanic agency "*strangulati sunt.*" I do not venture to offer this as any adequate elucidation of the tantalizing and obscure ἅπαξ λεγομενον of the late President's death-bed. But General Garfield was widely read, alike in theological and general letters; and who knows but that the idea — so natural in his then condition — that his assassination was due to direct diabolical agency, may not have knit itself more or less unconsciously in his mind about a dimly remembered phrase which in some sort suggested the source rather than the method of the deed?

Edward S. Gregory.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Feb. 19, 1883.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Through the Wood.

THROUGH the woodlands when the day
Drives the dusky night away,
And the hill-top's pearly height
Catches first the creeping light,
And above the valley pale,
Slow the night-mists lift their veil—
Then, with whistle clear and low,
Down the woodland path I go:

Dim the dew upon the grass
Prints my footsteps as I pass,
And the cowslip's carpet sweet
Crushes 'neath my springing feet,
And the daisy-blossom's eye
Closes as my step draws nigh,
Lest I bruise her tiny cup,
Ere her lord, the sun, is up!

First I chirrup to the bird,
Ere from rest he scarce hath stirred;
Whistle shrill with laughing lip
Just to see the rabbit slip
Through the fern or budding clover
That his swift form closes over;

And with merry heart ring out
Now a carol, now a shout!

Thus I wander ere the sun
Half his midway course hath run,
List'ning to the forest noises—
Call of partridge, wild things' voices,
Yet with tenderest heart of all,
Where the cool damp shadows fall,
List'ning—list'ning—as I go
To hear the brooklet's water flow:

Flowing—flowing—'tis a song,
Glad I'd list to all day long;
For it tells me, soft and clear,
Of a woodland cottage near;
And beneath that woodland shade
Lingering waits a brown-eyed maid:
Hasten, brooklet! whisper low
All thy tell-tale wave doth know!

William M. Briggs.

The Train.

HARK!
It comes!
It hums!
With ear to ground
I catch the sound,
The warning, courier-roar
That runs along before.
The pulsing, struggling now is clearer!
The hill-sides echo "Nearer, nearer,"
Till, like a drove of rushing, frightened cattle,
With dust and wind and clang and shriek and rattle,
Passes the Cyclops of the train!
I see a fair face at a pane,—
Like a piano-string
The rails, unburdened, sing;
The white smoke flies
Up to the skies;
The sound
Is drowned—
Hark!

Charles H. Crandall.

"The Lady, or the Tiger?" or Both?*

I.—THE PROBLEM.

A MONARCH wise; two ladies fair;
A youth not blessed with rank or money;
A Royal Tiger from his lair;
These are our *dramatis personæ*.

The king was great! That potentate
Full wisely steered the ship of State;
And most of all, his shrewdness showed
In his Majestic Penal Code.

An amphitheater, nobly used,
Served as a court where each accused
By his own act strict justice got;
Or—'t was *his* fault if he did not.

The culprit, real or supposed,
Was placed before two portals closed;
Then, uncontrolled, self-guided quite,
He took his choice 'twixt left and right.

Behind the one, in wait for him,
A tiger lurked, severe and grim.
The other hid a lovely maid,
Young, rich, for wedlock all arrayed.

Which door to open? Death or life?
A beast of prey! A lawful wife!
No wonder if he gasped and tarried:
We all do, when we're killed—or married.

The trial, from its institution,
Down to the final execution
(Not having any lawyers in it),
Took just the space *of half a minute.*

In this grand scheme of penal laws—
So free from doubt, delay, excitement—
Each of the tiger's separate claws
Was a "separate clause" in the indictment.

Said we not well this king was shrewd
Who this strong, simple plan pursued?
The crowd amused—Law vindicated—
The tigers fed—the maidens mated!

The king's own daughter's inclination
Was toward a youth of lowly station,
And since he was, like Barkis, "willin',"
He *must* have been a hardened villain.

So the police pursued him, caught him,
And to the Colosseum brought him;
And thither came the monarch proud,
The princess, and the baser crowd.

Behind the scenes another maiden
Attends, with all her gewgaws laden.
While close at hand, to left—or right—
The tiger—with his appetite.

The throng now see the culprit enter
And pause at the arena's center:
Turn, face the royal box, and bow;
Alas! How feels the princess now?

She only, favored by the Fates,
Knows the dread problem of the gates
Which hides her rival's hateful face,
And which the tiger's lurking-place.

Her luckless lover vainly tries
To read her secret in her eyes.
What sign can reach his straining sight?
She lifts one lily hand—the right!

*See story of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" by Frank R. Stockton, in THE CENTURY for November, 1882.

A HORSE-RACE AT A

He sees the sign; he must obey;
He bows again and turns away;
Faces the double-gated wall,
Advances firmly, and — that's all!

Right here the story halts. The sequel
Its author left with chances equal.
Did Love decree the youth's survival,
Although united to a rival?

II. THE SOLUTION.

THIS tiger, savage, sleek, and strong,
Had fasted there alone and long
And grown to be far hungrier than a
Wild quadrupedal Doctor Tanner.

He sniffed the wall that did divide
Him from the maid on t'other side.
One sniff, two sniffs, three sniffs were all;
Then he forthwith *tore down the wall.*

* * * * * * *

Sir Tiger now has had his fill.
Another pound would make him ill.
He's no more need for persons raw,
Than Barnum's tiger stuffed with straw.

Too long we've let our hero stand
Since his fair princess raised her hand.
Boldly he opes the right-hand portal—
Then staggers back in terror mortal!

From out the gate-way, crouching low,
The tiger steps, sedate and slow.
Stops, stoops, unsheathes and sheathes his claws,
While all may note the awful paws!

He gives the youth a scornful glance
And passes on with looks askance.
He does not seem to care to eat him —
Meets him, in fact, but doesn't meat him.

He smooths his whiskers, walks the ring,
Winks at the princess and her lover,
Then smiles serenely at the king
And scans the multitude all over.

His lordly form and bearing made
Fit setting for the part he played.
He on the sands of that theayter
From top to toe looked glad he ate her.

He peered and purred and paced awhile
With that same soft, seductive smile,
Then to a shady corner crept
And laid him down and sweetly slept.

The king in this a portent sees.
Quoth he, while quake the royal knees,
"Go, daughter, quickly as you can
And wed that praiseworthy young man."

The princess trips across the sands
To where her lover waiting stands.
They're married fast, mid cheers and laughter,
And then — live happy ever after.

Oft did the swain in later life
Demand the secret from his wife;
And by all arts strove to oblige her
To tell *which door had hid the tiger.**

But she, as all historians say,
Kept silent to her dying day:
So no step further ever made he
To solve the problem "Death or Lady."

Joseph Kirkland.

Baboo Lore.

THE following are copies, for the most part, of original letters received by myself and friends from various native writers during a residence of some years in Calcutta.

They are principally written by baboos or "Hindu gentlemen" clerks — men educated at the English schools, or Government colleges — where the text-books used are the works of Shakspere, Milton, Bacon, Johnson, or Goldsmith. The result of a frequent and almost exclusive perusal and study of these old-time English classics, coupled with the oriental propensity for figurative and exaggerated expression, is a diction altogether unique.

D. W. Howland.

CALCUTTA, 20 September, 1881.

HONORED SIR: A time is fast drawing nigh when I shall have positively to die of inanition, unless you condescendingly, pity-moved, and graciously take upon yourself a generous and virtuous, although immensely troublesome, task, that is to say, to pre-save me as early as feasible from so perilous and imminent an event, by placing me under your benign care — departmental, personal, both.

Permit me, however, to auto-introduce myself in a brief word or two.

I am a native, uninitiated to office duties, born and reared in a locality where education is still a nonentity *per se*: after much ado, have gained a slight smattering in English, but blessed with a capital character, well-behaving, and sweetly submissive.

* The g is soft here.

COUNTRY FAIR. [AFTER MUYBRIDGE.]

What I cravingly and humbly solicit you for is to allot me some work here, so that a needy soul of my ilk may have some means to support himself. If there be no salaried room spareable know, I pray even for an apprenticeship of the lowest genus, and confidently hope not to be disappointed, on an isolated score of my being an uncouth and unwelcome stranger.

Awaiting at the door for a favorable and forthcoming order,

I remain, sir, obediently yours,

(Signed) MOHENDRO NAUTH CHUNDER.

11 Sunkur Halders Lane, Ahmreetollah, Calcutta.

P. S.—Please take a note of my name and address, and kindly show this somewhat queer and obtruding application to all your friends and acquaintances, in order to pick me up altogether, for the sake of Him, who feedeth all!

CALCUTTA, ———

HONORED SIR: I regret to inform your honor, that I am unable to appear at my post this morning, as I am suffering severely from a carbuncle, as per margin.

Yours ffly,

——— ———

BOMBAY, ———

MESS. ———, CALCUTTA.

GENTLEMEN: We last had this pleasure on the —— inst., and we now have the honor to report the death of our respected senior, which occurred on the —— inst.

Since our last cotton has advanced ¼ anna, and freights are a trifle firmer.

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting,
Grave, where is thy victory?"

Exchange, 1*s.* 9*d.*

Yours ffly,

——— ———

GYA, 19 December, 1880.

To MR. ———

HONORED AND MUCH RESPECTED SIR: With due respect and humble submission, I beg to inform you, that long days past, I have no notice about your health, therefore my mind is very much anxious to know. Now I beg from your noble and generous heart, that please let me know about your health. Sir, don't forget at once me. I am the same poor Kalli, whom you loved very much, and present best silver watch. Sir, now again I ask a post at your office; now do for me whatever your honor and generous heart please.

Hoping this will find you in cheerful spirit,

Your most obd't servant.

MONGHYR, ———

HONORED SIR: I am your same poor slave, who loves you very much, and I beg to inform you, that please let me know how you are. Sir, I am very much like to serve under your feet yet, therefore I hope that your honor will consider again for me in your noble heart. If your honor and generous heart will allow you to send me an answer, then kindly write in your own hand, for my mind is always glad to see you, for this reason I will satisfy my mind in some portion, by seeing your generous handwriting.

Your obd't servant,

——— ———

CALCUTTA, ———

——— ———

MOST NOBLE SIR: Cherisher of the poor. May your prosperity be eternal!

I most humbly and respectfully beg to bring to your honor's kind notice, that I served under your disposal for a period of upwards of ten years, and performed my duties to the entire satisfaction of my superiors, during that period any fault or mistake not done by me, on which your honor summarily dismissed me, without inquiring any cause. Hoping that your honor will reëngage me in my position, I have strong hopes from your honor to support me and my whole family, and consequently necessity urges me to bring my deplorable case before you, and hoping that my humble circumstances may be taken into your favorable consideration.

For this act of great kindness and charity, I shall ever pray for your honor's health, wealth, and prosperity.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient dismissal,

KOONJEE DURWAN.

JALLANDHERE, ———

RESPECTED SIR: I most humbly and respectfully make a profound bow to beg the favor of your generous authority and prosperity which courteously assures me to have a perfect strength of furnishing me with one of the posts of draftsman, or suboverseer, or subsupervisor, still if there be no vacated post.

But what I do. I have no means to help myself. Now hearing your generosity, I humbly venture to pursue, in prayer, by clutching your blessable feet, and throwing myself at their highness. I take you by the coat in a begging posture, and if you accept this, surely I hope that this action will, together with the prayers I express, help me to move your compassion, and you will take me doubtless under your protection.

I have no recommendation, force, or other interposition by means of which I may receive your favors.

Yours, etc.,

——— ———

CALCUTTA, Nov. 20, 1879.

MY DEAR AND MOST HONORED SIR JOSEPH: I am one very poor man, got one very large family, cannot afford in dwelling present state of financial cripplement to be in presence at your honor's performance. Six rupees—too much excessively, eight annas—just like thing, dear and adored sir; reduce only for one poor baboo, and all miserable baboo race, send programme down to office please,—all baboo like very much.

Wishing success and enlargement of family, I remain your most faithful and adored praiser,

(Signed) CHOOTYPYDID BANDYPYDID.

Look at Browning!

("JOCOSERIA.")

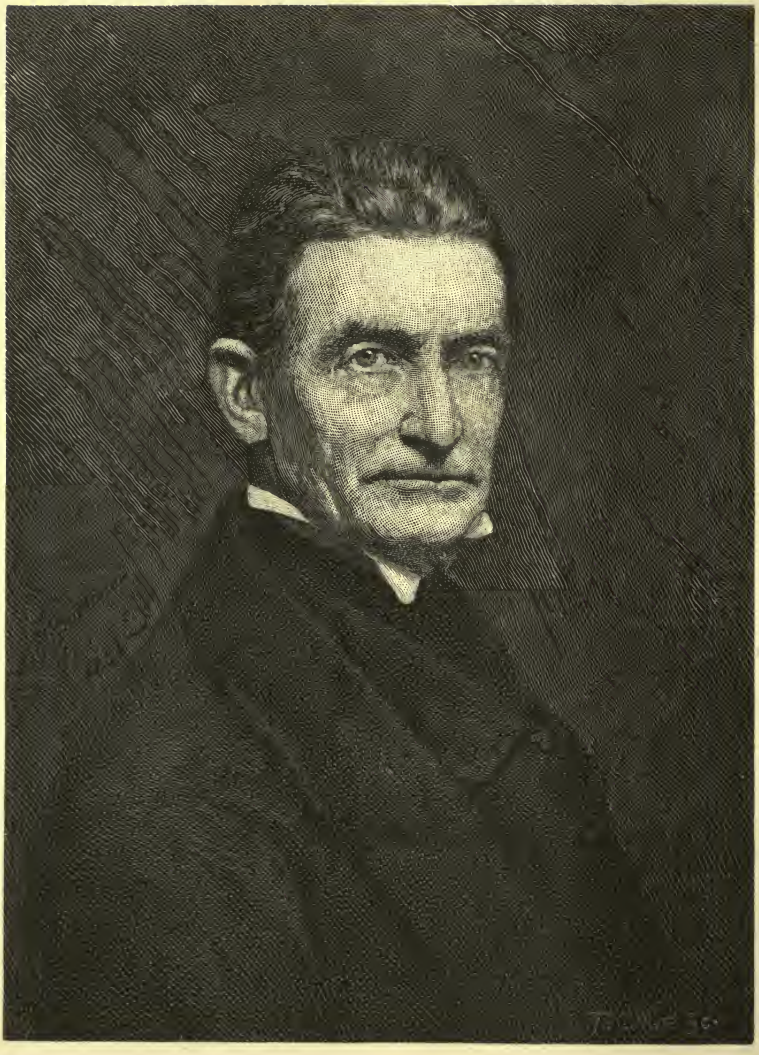
MEN grow old before their time,
With the journey half before them.
In languid rhyme
They deplore them.

Life up-gathers carks and cares,
So good-bye to maid and lover!
Find three gray hairs,
And cry, "All's over!"

Look at Browning! How he keeps
In the seventies still a heart
That never sleeps,—
Still an art

Full of youth's own grit and power,
Thoughts we deemed to boys belonging,—
The spring-time's flower,
Love and longing.

R. W. G.



John Brown

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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STRIKING OIL.

NEARLY all the petroleum that goes into the world's commerce is produced in a district of country about a hundred and fifty miles long, with a varying breadth of from one to twenty miles, lying mainly in the State of Pennsylvania, but lapping over a little on its northern edge into the State of New York. This region yielded, in 1881, 26,950,813 barrels, and in 1882, 31,398,750 barrels. A little petroleum is obtained in West Virginia, a little at various isolated points in Ohio, and a little in the Canadian province of Ontario. There is also a small field in Germany, a larger one, scantily developed, in Southern Russia, and one still larger, perhaps, in India. The total production of all the fields, outside of the region here described, is but a small fraction in the general account, however, and has scarcely an appreciable influence upon the market. Furthermore, the oil of these minor fields, whether in America or the Old World, is of an inferior quality, and so long as the great Pennsylvania reservoir holds out, can only supply a local demand in the vicinity of the wells.

The petroleum region of Pennsylvania and New York is a hilly or mountainous country, covered largely by forest growth and drained by the Allegheny River or its tributaries. It must not be supposed that the oil-bearing sandstone stratum underlies all this region. It is found only in spots, patches, and belts, and there are no surface indications to show where it can successfully be sought. The entire productive territory covers an area of only 180,000 acres. The outlines of a producing district are established only by experiment, and new districts are discovered by wasting large sums of money on "dry holes." When once a new "pool," or belt of producing territory, is found, the wells multiply rapidly on all sides of the pioneer well until the limits are found. When a dry well demonstrates that the edge has been reached in one direction, no more are bored so far out; and so it is in other directions. After the territory is outlined, it is tolerably safe to bore within it, though there will be important differences in the yield of wells close together, and as the number increases the average yield will diminish.

A glance at the accompanying map will show the shape and extent of the different producing fields. The first to be developed was the Oil Creek field, with the outlying pools of Pithole and Pleasantville and the little belt near Tidioute. Next in order came the Butler, Clarion, and Warren fields; then the great Bradford field, the Allegheny field, then the phenomenal and disastrous Cherry Grove field; and, last of all, a little pool lying in the extreme southern end of the region and called Bald Ridge. It will thus be seen that production, beginning in the center of the now known region, has been pushed north-east and south-west, constantly opening new fields of greater or less extent, but never going very far off a diagonal line on the map. Oil men talk a great deal about the forty-five degree line, and believe that any future discoveries of producing territory will be found either on an extension of that line or in the gaps that now exist in it.

The older districts are now nearly exhausted. A little oil is got in them by pumping; but more than nine-tenths of the wells that used to flow abundantly are now abandoned, and only the blackened and rotting derricks mark their location. Towns in these districts which once counted their inhabitants by thousands, and were busy marts of trade and speculation, have absolutely perished and disappeared from the face of the earth, leaving scarce a vestige behind. The outlines

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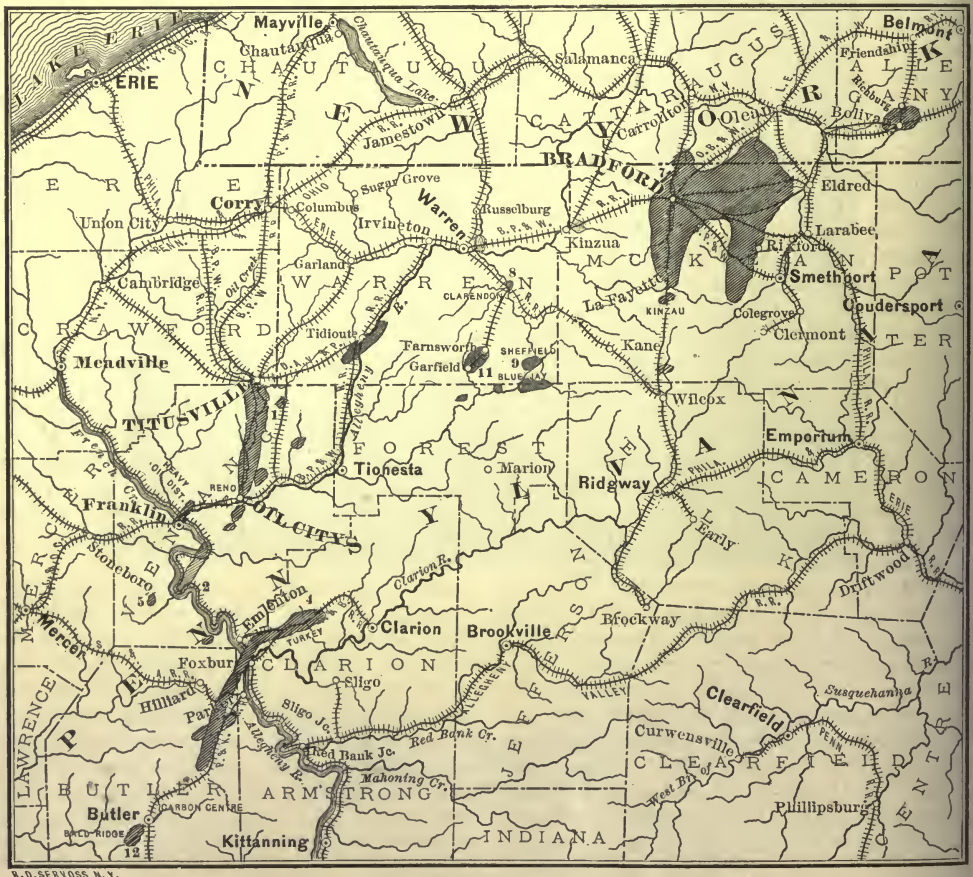
of the old streets can be seen in the fields, but the houses have been pulled down or carried off bodily.

In speaking of the different producing districts, I have not mentioned that surrounding the town of Franklin. Its product is a heavy oil, used in its natural state for lubricating purposes, and worth five or six times as much as other crude petroleum. Only a small quantity is obtained, and the article is as distinct from the general product of the region as though it were lard oil or sperm oil. A few barrels of this thick oil are also obtained from wells at Mecca, in Trumbull County, Ohio, and a few in Illinois.

On Oil Creek, the first wells struck the oil-bearing sandstone at a depth of 600 feet. In the Butler and Clarion fields the wells are about 1400 feet deep, in the Bradford field from 1100 to 2000 feet, in the Allegheny field from 900 to 1400 feet, and in Cherry Grove 1600 feet. The variation of depth in the same field is caused by the hills. The oil stratum lies on a level, and a well sunk on a hill-side or a hill-top must go down as much deeper than a well in a valley as its mouth is elevated above the valley. In the early days of the oil business, all wells were sunk in valleys; but, after awhile, it was found that there was just as good producing territory on the slopes and summits of the neighboring hills, and a matter of three or four hundred feet more drilling was not important. The oil sand-stratum varies in thickness from five to thirty feet. It is thickest in the Bradford field. There it is dark colored and fine-grained; elsewhere it is of lighter color and more porous. There are no streams or ponds of petroleum in the earth, as was once supposed. The sandstone is saturated with the oil, and a strong pressure of gas forces the fluid through the porous rock and up to the surface when a hole is drilled down to it. After the gas pressure is relieved, a well is pumped, sometimes for a few weeks only, sometimes for years. Some wells flow intermittently, from periodical accumulations of gas; some continuously until exhausted. Some will yield only a barrel a day; some have been known to spurt three

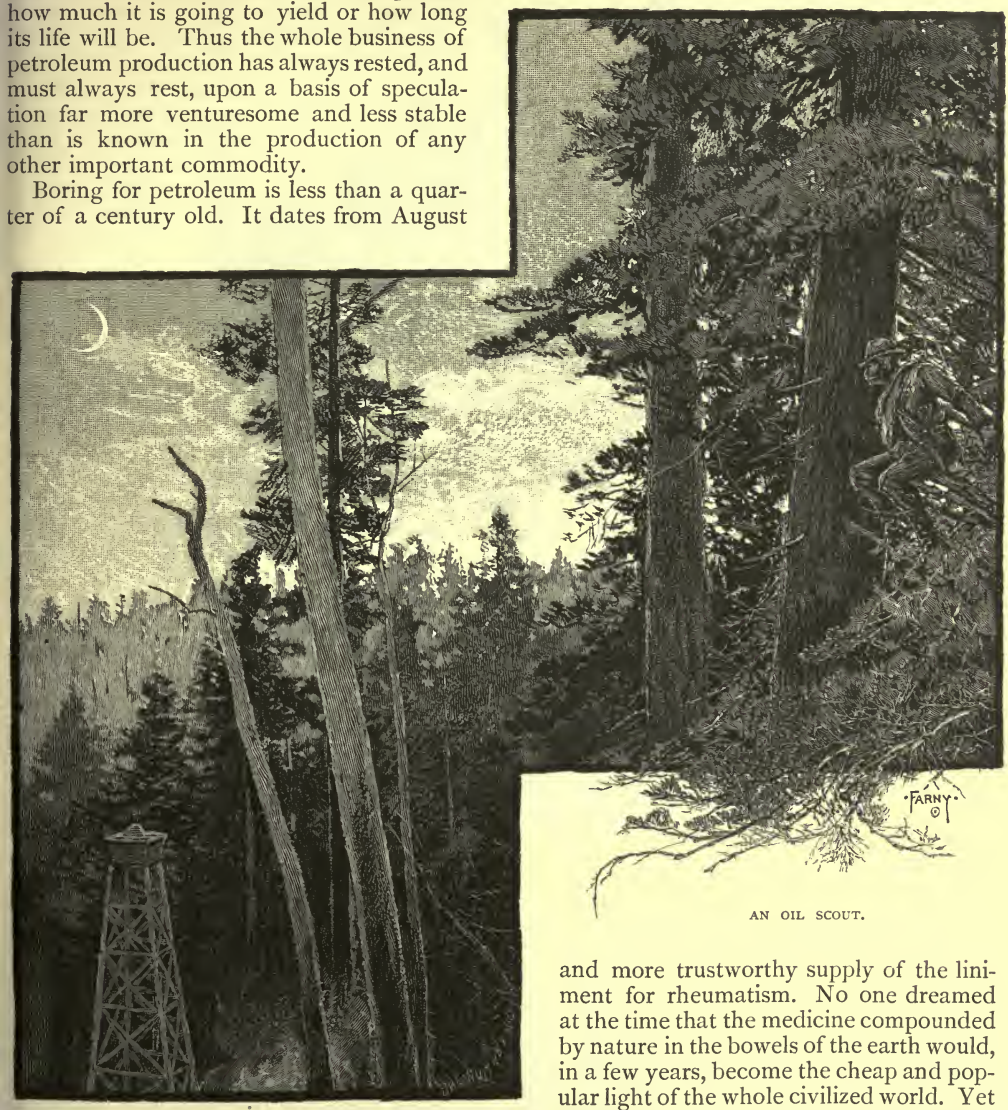


R.D. SERVOSS N.Y.

MAP OF THE OIL REGION.

thousand barrels within the first twenty-four hours after the drill struck the oil sandstone. Of all forms of property, an oil well is about the most uncertain. No one can predict how much it is going to yield or how long its life will be. Thus the whole business of petroleum production has always rested, and must always rest, upon a basis of speculation far more venturesome and less stable than is known in the production of any other important commodity.

Boring for petroleum is less than a quarter of a century old. It dates from August 30th, 1859, when Colonel E. L. Drake struck oil on the Drake farm on Oil Creek. He had faith that the greasy, bad-smelling fluid which floated on the surface of the creek and oozed from crevices in the rock could be found in large quantities by sinking wells. This fluid had long been sold by a patent medicine company, under the name of Seneca Oil, as a remedy for rheumatism. Its curative virtues were known to the Indians at an early day, and they used to gather it by stretching their blankets on the surface of the water and then wringing out the oil absorbed in the fabric. It was the patent medicine company that furnished Drake with the money to bore the first well, the motive being to procure a larger and more trustworthy supply of the liniment for rheumatism. No one dreamed at the time that the medicine compounded by nature in the bowels of the earth would, in a few years, become the cheap and popular light of the whole civilized world. Yet the value of rock oil for illuminating purposes was known long before. In the "American Journal of Sciences" for 1826 there is a letter from Dr. S. P. Hildreth, who speaks of the discovery of petroleum on the Muskingum River, near Marietta, Ohio, by a man who sunk a well for salt water. The searcher for brine put down a hole four hundred feet, and, instead of salt water, it "discharged vast quantities of petroleum or, as it is vulgarly called, Seneca Oil." Dr. Hildreth speaks of powerful explosions of gas from the well, and goes on to say that "the petroleum affords considerable profit, and is beginning to be in demand for lamps



AN OIL SCOUT.

GUARDING A WILD-CAT WELL.

in workshops and factories," and that " it gives a clear, brisk light, and will be a valuable article for lighting the street lamps in the future cities of Ohio." Probably the well on the Muskingum soon ceased to flow. The tradition of it remained, however, and after the Oil Creek discoveries, new wells were sunk near its site which produced and, I believe, still produce a few barrels each per day.

The new light soon found favor in the United States. In 1859, Colonel Drake's well produced about 2000 barrels of oil; in 1860, new wells brought the total yield up to 500,000 barrels; in 1861, it was 2,113,609 barrels, and in 1862, 3,056,690. Inventions speedily produced improved lamps to burn the new fluid, and refiners succeeded better and better from year to year in taking out the substances that clogged the wicks and made the lamps smoke. The " coal oil," as it was then generally called, taking the name before applied to kerosene distilled from coal, did not compare in purity and light-giving quality with the refined oil of the present day; but it was cheaper and better than any lamp oil then in use. In fact, it supplied an urgent demand of the whole world for " more light." The whale had almost been exterminated, and sperm oil was so dear as to be out of the reach of the poorer classes. Candles made of tallow were the common light of people living outside of cities where gas was provided. They were costly in proportion to the light they gave, and it was a poor light at best that could be got from them by frequent snuffing. A fluid called " camphene " was made from turpentine, which was a slight improvement on the tallow dip. Later, an oil was made from bituminous coal in considerable quantities. Poor people could not afford sufficient light to read by of evenings. A few flickering candles were all that the economy of the ordinary class of farm-houses allowed. Who can estimate the value of the work

petroleum has done in twenty-three years for intelligence, culture, and the household virtues? It has made the evenings bright and cheerful in millions of homes. The luminous lamp invites to study and reading, to social games and music, to good conversation, to wit and merriment. In a word, it is a powerful force in the advancement of civilization, —a force which the social scientists, who have so much to say about railroads and electricity, rarely take into their account of the world's progress.

The production of crude petroleum fell off in 1863, 1864, and 1865; but the discovery of the new Tidioute district and of the famous flowing wells of Pithole brought it up, in 1866, to 3,887,700 barrels. The Butler and Clarion counties fields, and fresh discoveries in Venango County, ran the production up steadily during the following years, until it reached 10,809,852 barrels in 1874. Then came two years of decline, the older wells giving out and the newer ones yielding less and less. In 1875, the Bradford field was discovered. Its development proceeded so rapidly, and it proved to be of so great extent, that, in 1880, its yield was double that of all other fields in 1874, and about six times as great as all others at that time. Of the 26,000,000 of barrels produced in 1880, over 22,000,000 came from the Bradford district. The Allegheny district was opened in 1881, and now ranks next to Bradford; and the phenomenal Cherry Grove field in Warren County had its rise and fall in 1882. A number of small districts, or pools, in Warren, McKean, and Venango counties were opened between 1875 and 1881.

For sudden and enormous effect upon values, the Cherry Grove excitement of last summer was without parallel in the history of the petroleum trade. It surpassed the famous Pithole furore of 1865. Cherry Grove is a wilderness township of Warren County, which, prior to last May, was almost uninhabited, its population consisting of half a dozen farmers and a few tan-bark cutters. On election night, the politicians at the county seat used to know exactly how the township would vote, and did not need to wait for the returns from that quarter when figuring up the result. For many years the vote stood twelve Republicans and two Democrats. Nearly in the center of the township was a little clearing embracing a few farms; all the rest was a dense, primeval forest of hemlock and birch, where so little light penetrated the canopy of interlaced branches that it always seemed after sundown. About ten miles from the clearing lay the little oil town of Clarendon, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad,—a pocket-field, as the oil men call it, developed about ten years ago, and containing about two hundred wells within sight of the railway station. The "wild-catters," as the prospectors are called who take the risks of sinking wells in unknown territory, had long had a theory that oil would be found south-west of Clarendon; but it was only in the spring of 1882 that a party of four of them ventured to put up a derrick in the clearing in Cherry Grove and began to drill. There seemed to be a premonition in the oil exchanges of the tremendous consequences to follow the sinking of 646, as the well was called, from the surveyor's number of the lot upon which it was located. Its progress was observed with feverish interest. The leading oil brokers of Bradford and Oil City employed scouts to watch it after the hole had got down nearly to the depth where it was expected the oil-bearing sandstone would be reached, and to make daily reports of its condition. The owners boarded the derrick up and stood guard at night with shot-guns, firing at random into the woods to keep the spies from getting near enough to learn anything. In spite of these precautions, one young man managed to evade the guard, and, crawling up to the well in the night, concealed himself under the derrick floor, where he lay for seventeen hours, escaping at last with the precious knowledge that 646 was a flowing well—knowledge which, it is said, brought fortunes to him and to the brokers who employed him.

When at last the mystery about the Cherry Grove well was cleared up, and the fact was established beyond dispute that it was spouting out the largest stream of oil that ever came from a single well,—actually yielding four thousand barrels the first day,—the effect was tremendous. It is estimated that in a few days' time the value of oil on hand and of oil territory and wells suffered a shrinkage to the enormous amount of thirty millions of dollars. Crude petroleum, which had been selling at eighty-five cents per barrel, tumbled down and down and down until it got to forty-nine cents—a figure far below the cost of production by any except big-flowing wells. The reader will ask why the opening of a single well, even though it produced the prodigious yield of four thousand barrels a day, should have been followed by such serious results. The answer is, because every one in the oil regions knew that it was not a question of one new well but of a new producing district, and that scores and perhaps hundreds of other wells would soon be flowing within gun-shot of 646.

In a few days the hemlock woods of Cherry Grove township were alive with men and

IN THE DERRICK-HOUSE — DRILLING.

teams, hauling boilers, engines, drilling-tools, lumber for derricks and shanties, kegs of beer, boxes and barrels of provisions, furniture,— all the equipment, in short, of a new settlement. It was May 17th when 646 struck oil. Before the end of June, two bustling towns had sprung up near by,— one called Garfield, in honor of the martyr president, and one Farnsworth, for the owner of the farm where the wonderful well was sunk. Land that had lately been sold at four dollars an acre to pay the taxes changed hands in five-acre tracts at from $500 to $1000 an acre. Hotels, stores, machine-shops, saloons, and a theater sprang up as if by enchantment. The forest aisles, but lately sunk in the silence of centuries, resounded with the shouts of teamsters, the clatter of machinery, the clinking of sledges upon anvils, the sharpening of drills, and the noise of saws and hammers. By the first of October, three hundred and twenty-one producing wells had been sunk in the Cherry Grove territory, each well representing an average expenditure, for engine, derrick, boring-tools and equipment, of three thousand dollars. Thus, over a million of dollars was spent in four months' time upon a little strip of Pennsylvania forest and clearing two miles long by half a mile wide.

The wells that struck oil soon after the great success of 646 all yielded heavily, with the exception of a few that were sunk outside the narrow producing belt, and that served, by their dry holes, to define the limits of the belt. A thousand-barrel well was no wonder in those exciting days, and a man whose well only spouted five hundred the first twenty-four hours after he struck the oleaginous stratum thought he had but moderate luck. But as new wells were put down the flow of the older ones steadily decreased, under a law that governs all newly opened petroleum districts. There is only a given quantity of oil in the ground under pressure of gas, and the more the subterranean reservoir is pierced, the less powerful is the gas pressure, and the flow from each aperture is necessarily diminished. In August, the Cherry Grove field produced forty thousand barrels a day; but from that maximum it steadily declined, and when I visited it in October, the total daily yield from all the wells was less than the yield of 646 during the first twenty-four hours after it commenced flowing. Many wells were abandoned, and the tools and machinery were being removed to other fields. Even under the discouragement of the rapid collapse of the district, however, new wells were being sunk. Probably the field will yield two or three thousand barrels a day for some years to come, from a hundred wells producing a few barrels each; but its importance has gone, and with it the fortunes of hundreds of eager speculative men, who rushed in to share the

SHOOTING A WELL.

profits of the big strike. With its partial failure, however, the price of oil has gone up, and prosperity has returned to the whole petroleum country. When crude oil brings ninety cents or a dollar a barrel, everybody is happy; when it goes down to fifty cents, times are hard, and nobody wears a cheerful face save the speculators who have sold "short."

The tools and appliances employed in sinking a well are few and simple. A derrick is first built of cheap hemlock lumber, and attached to it is a rude shed which shelters the steam-engine and the machinery for working the drill and sand-pump and for pumping the oil. Frequently the boiler is placed out-of-doors, without protection from the weather, and it usually stands at some distance from the derrick, so that it will not be injured in case the rest of the "rig" is destroyed by fire. The engine works a huge rude walking-beam which, by the movements of one arm, gives the motion to a stout cable, passing over a pulley at the top of the derrick, required to raise and lower the drill. Attached to the derrick is also a big windlass, called the "bull-wheel," which hoists the drilling apparatus out of the well. There is also a smaller windlass, called the sand-reel, which serves to lower and raise the sand-pump. After the rig is got upon the ground, a drive-pipe is forced down through the earth to the rock. The drilling tools consist of the "bit," which is a long bar of iron as heavy as a man can lift, with a sharp end to cut and pound the rock, the "auger stem," an iron bar perhaps

eight feet long screwed into the bit, the "jars," two heavy bars linked together, the "sinker-bar" resembling the auger stem, and the "rope-socket." All these implements, fastened end to end, reach nearly to the top of the derrick when hoisted out of the well. Then there is the "temper-screw," which lowers the drilling apparatus inch by inch as it goes down, and the "sand-pump" and "bailer," employed to take up and hoist out the pulverized rock and water. Once every six feet, in the progress of a well, the creaking bull-wheel is set in motion, the drilling apparatus is hoisted out, and the sand-pump (a cylinder with valves) is lowered and raised with the detritus. Frequently, the bit is unscrewed and sharpened at a forge under the derrick frame. Two or three men are sufficient to put down a well. The movements of the engine are controlled from the derrick by a simple apparatus of cords and wheels. When the well is down about three hundred feet, the "casing," a six-inch iron tube, is put in to keep the water from veins in the rock from getting into the well. When the oil-sand is struck, the oil, mingled with gas, spurts up with great force, perhaps as high as the derrick. Then the "tubing," two inches in diameter, is put in, and a "seed-bag" is forced down between it and the casing. The tubing runs to a tank several rods from the well, into which the oil flows as long as the well is a flowing well, and from which it is afterward pumped.

It costs about 80 cents a foot to sink a well by contract. The cost of a finished well, with apparatus complete, varies from $3000 to $4000, according to the depth at which the oil stratum is found and the expense of getting the engine and boiler on the ground. If a well proves a dry hole, or fails to yield enough oil to pay for pumping, and the owner removes the machinery to other ground for a fresh experiment, he is out of pocket from $1000 to $1500.

When a well is completed and productive the drilling apparatus is by no means useless. Occasionally the well must be cleaned out, or, perhaps, bored a little deeper. It does not always behave well, and it is necessary to find out what the matter is. In connection with the "outfit," as a Western man would say, must be mentioned the "sucker-rods," long sticks of ash coupled together and used in pumping, and the "fishing tools," which come into important service when the drilling apparatus or the rope breaks in the well.

When a well fails it is usually "torpedoed" to start the flow afresh. A long tin tube, containing six or eight quarts of nitro-glycerine, is lowered into the hole and exploded by dropping a weight upon it. The tremendous force of the powerful explosive tears the sand rock apart and loosens the imprisoned oil and gas. Nothing is heard on the surface save a sharp report like a pistol shot, but the ground heaves perceptibly, and pretty soon the oil comes spurting out in a jet that breaks in spray above the lofty derrick. The "torpedo man" is one of the interesting personages of the oil region who is seen with most satisfaction from a distance. He travels about in a light vehicle with his tubes and his nitro-glycerine can, traversing the rough roads at a jolly round trot, taking the chances of an accidental explosion, and whistling or singing as he goes. Sometimes the chances are against him, and a blow of a wheel against a stone sets free the terrible force imprisoned in the white fluid in his can. There is no occasion for a funeral after such an accident, for there is nothing to bury. Man, horse, and "buggy" are annihilated in a flash, and an ugly hole in the ground and a cloud of smoke are all that is left to show what has happened. The torpedo company buys a new horse and hires a new man, and there is no more difficulty about one transaction than the other. The business of "torpedoing" wells is in the hands of a single company, which has made a large amount of money from a patent covering the process of using explosives under a fluid. Most oil producers regard the patent as invalid, because nature supplies the fluid in the well into which the nitro-glycerine tube is lowered; but the courts have sustained the patent. Sometimes well-owners "torpedo" their wells stealthily by night to avoid paying the high price charged by the company. This operation is called "moonlighting," and many lawsuits have grown out of it.

In the whole Pennsylvania and New York field, the number of producing wells is at this time not far from 20,000, of which about 13,000 are in the Bradford district. The number of "dry holes" and exhausted wells no man has endeavored to compute. It is a common saying in the region, however, that since 1879 more money has been put into the ground than has been got out of it. No consideration of the general interest of the trade or of the risk involved in sinking new wells checks the business of boring. Production constantly runs ahead of consumption. It is useless for the newspapers in the oil country to show how much more prosperous the trade and all dependent upon it would be if the price of crude petroleum were kept up to a dollar a barrel, by limiting production. As soon as the price goes up high enough to be fairly remunerative, hundreds of new wells are sunk in old territory, and "wild-catting" becomes active.

A BURNING WELL AT CHERRY GROVE.

"Wild-catting" is the name applied to the venturesome business of drilling wells on territory not known to contain oil, in the hope of finding it. A man engaged in this pursuit is called not a wild-cat, but a "wild-catter." The typical "wild-catter" is a restless, speculative person, rich to-day and poor to-morrow, now making a lucky strike, and now sinking all his available means in a dry-hole. He has wonderful vitality, and never gives up. If "dead-broke," he will always manage to borrow money enough to sink "just one more well." When he begins to put down a wild-cat well, he usually leases all the land in the vicinity, agreeing to pay from one-eighth to one-fourth of the oil obtained if any is found. Should he make a strike, he sells his leases, for a handsome bonus, in tracts of five acres each, and pockets at once a large sum of money besides what he makes from his own well. Sometimes the "wild-catter," finding he has got a dry hole, secretly conveys a few barrels of oil to the spot in the night, empties them on the derrick platform and the ground, and manages to make a profit by selling his leases before the fraud is discovered. This operation corresponds to what is called "salting a mine" in the gold and silver regions of the far West.

Petroleum wells exist in India which are said to have been flowing for thousands of years. Doubtless the business of gathering the oil to serve some simple uses in its crude state is as old as civilization. Talking one day about the first discoveries of oil with a "wild-catter," on one of the narrow-gauge railway lines that run over the mountains and through the forests to reach the wells of Warren and McKean counties, the man said:

"Why, the oil business is no new thing. It's as old as the Scriptures. Job was an oil man. He struck the rock and it poured forth rivers of oil. He got rich in the oil business."

"Yes," chimed in a stranger on the other side of the car, "and that's the way he got his boils. I know men who can't be about oil wells without getting boils. They breathe in the carbon, and it goes into their blood."

The "wild-catter" agreed to this theory, and added that he had no doubt Job's wells took fire, burned up his children, and reduced him to poverty. As he was speaking, we saw a large column of inky black smoke rising above the forest to the right of the train. "A tank's on fire," said the brakeman. The news caused a movement of excitement in the car; some of the passengers went out on the platform, others put their heads out the windows, but the occurrence did not appear to be so unusual as to cause lasting interest. A curve in the road soon brought the train near the fire. A tank belonging to a well was burning with tremendous fury, making a great circular mass of rosy flame, and throwing up an enormous volume of smoke. It is no rare thing, I learned, for the small wooden tanks attached to the wells to take fire; but when one of the large storage tanks of the

Pipe Lines is struck by lightning, the spectacle is so magnificent that people gather from miles around to witness it. The owners make haste to bring a cannon by special train from the nearest town, and shoot holes in the tank to let the oil run out. None of it is saved, but if it is not released the tank boils over and bursts, and other tanks near by are ignited. Lightning is the great enemy of the big iron tanks.

Probably the most beautiful sight ever witnessed in the oil regions was that of the burning well in the Cherry Grove district last summer. A flowing well, yielding over a thousand barrels a day, took fire. The derrick was soon consumed, and the blazing fluid, spouting up high in the air and breaking in a shower of fiery drops, continued to burn for four days,— a wonderful fountain of fire in the midst of the forest. It was finally extinguished by shooting off the casing head with a cannon shot, and then applying an ingenious device for plugging the well below the fiery column.

The method of producing petroleum, as described above, has undergone but little change since the first wells were sunk in Oil Creek in 1859. The derrick is nearly twice as high as then; the drilling apparatus is much longer and heavier; there are improved implements for getting out the pulverized rock and water, and for fishing broken tools out of a well, and with the heavier apparatus now in use much less time is required to pierce to a given depth. Still the process is the same pounding of a hole through the rock, and the general appearance of a new well just sunk does not differ noticeably from that of a well of twenty years ago. It is in the means for the transportation and storage of the oil that great progress has been made. An admirable system has been developed in recent years, by which the product of widely scattered wells is gathered by small pipes into huge storage tanks, and then forced by powerful engines through larger pipes that run straight over hills and valleys, across forests, farms, and rivers, to the chief marts of refining and shipment. No other important product of industry is handled and transported with such small expenditure of labor and capital, and such rapidity and efficiency. The refineries of Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Buffalo are supplied by pipes from the heart of the producing regions in Pennsylvania, and the enormous tanks grouped on the hill-sides and in the valleys at Olean discharge their contents at Bayonne, on New York Bay, three hundred miles distant. A net-work of pipes covers the whole oil-producing territory, reaching every well, uniting all the isolated districts, and collecting the little streams of oil from twenty thousand different subterranean springs into rivulets and rivers that pulsate in their iron tubes like the arteries in the body of a living creature, and flow with powerful current straight to their appointed outlets.

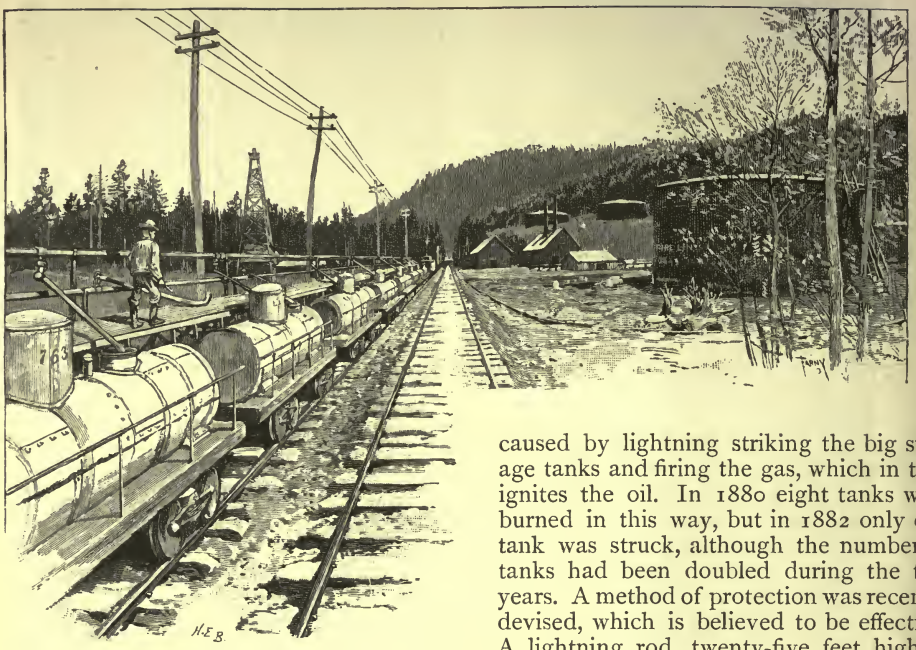
Two pipe-line companies supply the whole oil country with storage and transportation. One of these, the Tidewater Company, taps a portion of the wells in the Bradford field alone, and ends at Tamanend, in Eastern Pennsylvania, where it transfers its oil to tank cars on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway and the Central Railway of New Jersey. It is comparatively a small concern, but is important as the only competitor to its gigantic rival, the United Pipe Lines, a corporation running its mains to every district, large or small, in the oil region, having its termini at the sea-board and at the three principal refining cities of the interior, and possessing a tankage capacity of over thirty millions of barrels. The United Pipe Lines corporation is the great Standard Oil Company under a different name, the controlling interest in the stock of the two concerns being owned by the same men. The United stores and transports; the Standard buys, refines, sells, and exports. This double-headed corporate power is the monarch of the oil trade. Only the producing interest remains in a multitude of hands; all else is virtually concentrated in the grasp of a little group of men who manage the two companies.

Let us look for a moment at the system by which petroleum is handled. It is remarkably simple, inexpensive, and efficient. When the tank at a well is nearly full, notice is sent to the nearest agency of the Pipe Lines. A man comes promptly with a measuring pole and a little book of certificates. He gauges the oil in the tank, unlocks the stop-cock connecting with the outlet pipe, and lets as much oil run out as the well-owners want to dispose of. Then he shuts off the flow, measures what remains in the tank, and makes out a triplicate certificate, showing depth of oil at the beginning and at the end of the run. One he gives to the well manager who has signed with him, one he sends to the central office of the Pipe Lines at Oil City, and one he keeps. A telegram is then sent to the central office, giving notice that so many inches of oil have been run from the tank. Every tank has its number on the books of the company, and its capacity is recorded in inches. On receiving the certificate of the run, the number of barrels and hundredths of a barrel taken from the tank is ascertained by a table, and credit is given to the well for that amount of oil less three per cent., which is deducted for sedi-

A BURNING OIL-TANK. (CAPACITY, 3500 BARRELS.)

ment and evaporation. The account is not only kept in gross with the well, but is divided so that each share-owner, if there be many (and there are usually from three to a dozen), gets his separate credit for the amount of oil he is entitled to from the run. The United Pipe Lines is not only a transportation company, but also a bank of deposit for oil and an insurance company, and it keeps the books of every well it serves.

The oil from the well is now in possession of the Pipe Company, and is in one of its big storage tanks mixed with oil from scores of other wells. There is no separation and no distinction of quality. All crude petroleum, from whatever well or district it comes, is



OIL-SIDING AND PUMPING-STATION. TRANSPORTING OIL FROM THE PIPE-LINES TO THE CARS.

classed together as of uniform value. When a producer sells oil, he gives an order for a transfer to the purchaser of as many barrels from his credit balance as he has disposed of; or, if he wants to use his oil in store as collateral to borrow money upon or convert it into a negotiable certificate, he gets what is called an acceptance, which is virtually a certified check. These acceptances are issued in even amounts of one thousand barrels each. They are passed from hand to hand all over the world, but must, by a rule of the company, be sent in once in six months for renewal, or a double storage charge is made. Frequently they return covered on their backs with indorsements. When the holder of an acceptance or a credit balance wants the oil for use or shipment it is delivered at either of the main shipping points, he paying twenty cents per barrel as the pipage charge, and a storage charge of fifty cents per day per one thousand barrels. Storage for the first twenty days is free, however, to the producer, and a purchaser has ten days' storage without charge.

Insurance is a mutual affair. Losses are assessed on all the oil in the lines and on holders of acceptances and credit balances for oil in store. Last year the assessments amounted to only eight-tenths of one per cent. A loss of less than twenty thousand barrels is considered too small to assess, and is borne by the Pipe Company. Nearly all losses are caused by lightning striking the big storage tanks and firing the gas, which in turn ignites the oil. In 1880 eight tanks were burned in this way, but in 1882 only one tank was struck, although the number of tanks had been doubled during the two years. A method of protection was recently devised, which is believed to be effective. A lightning rod, twenty-five feet high, is attached to four broad bands of iron sheathing, reaching from the apex of the covered tank and out to the sides, and thus, according to the accepted theory, the electricity which the tank accumulates is safely discharged into the air.

The pipe line system was a thing of small beginnings and slow growth. As long ago as 1863 a young Boston attorney, who had established himself on the Tarr farm, one of the first producing districts on Oil Creek, conceived the plan of transporting crude petroleum through tubes, and had some pipe manufactured for the purpose, but never put it down. Two years later the first pipe was laid. It extended from Pithole to the Allegheny River, a distance of about fifteen miles, but the joints were so defective that it was used only a few weeks. It served to show, however, that the general plan of pipe transportation was practicable, and it was not long before a number of pipe companies were formed. Their object was only to take the oil from the wells to the nearest railway line or to the Allegheny River, on which it was then floated down to Pittsburg in tanks upon flat-boats. For a number of years the pipe lines were in bad odor, owing to numerous failures among the companies and to their lack of efficiency. The system gained ground, however, from its evident superiority, and in 1876 the consolidation of a number of lines formed the United Pipe Lines, a corporation which grew in power from year to year, and

finally absorbed all the old concerns. It now owns over three thousand miles of pipes and over five hundred iron tanks, with a storage capacity of from 20,000 to 35,000 barrels each.

A great deal of oil still goes to market by railroad however, not directly from the wells, but from shipping stations to which it is brought by the pipe lines. Tamanend and Williamsport are important shipping points, nearly two hundred miles from the oil fields; Kane, much nearer, is another, and there are numerous points where trains are loaded on the roads penetrating the producing districts. The long trains of tank cars, greasy, dirty, and malodorous, are familiar sights on most of the railways leading to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The tanks are cylindrical in form, holding about twenty-five thousand gallons each, and surmounted by a "cupola," which gives space for the oil to expand when heated by the sun's rays.

The long pipe lines are: Two from Olean on the northern verge of the great Bradford field to New York Bay, three hundred miles; one from Coal Grove in the Bradford field to Milton on the Philadelphia and Erie and Philadelphia and Reading railroads, about one hundred and fifty miles; one from Rock City in the same field to Buffalo, seventy-eight miles; one from Hilliard's, in the Lower field to Cleveland, one hundred and five miles; one from Carbon Center in the Lower field to Pittsburg, thirty-eight miles (all these belonging to the United Pipe Lines Company), and one from Rixford in the Bradford field to Tamanend on the Reading Railroad, one hundred and seventy miles, belonging to the Tidewater Company. There are also important lines connecting the different fields, so that oil can be transferred from one to another. On the main lines there is on an average a pumping engine every twenty-five miles. The engines may be much nearer together or much further apart, depending on the extent to which gravity can be used as a motive power. Main line pipes are four, five, or six inches in diameter. Through a six-inch pipe twenty thousand barrels a day can be conveyed. When oil is being forced through a pipe there is a constant clicking sound like that made by steam-heating apparatus. The hunter who loses his way in the dense forests which cover mountainous country in the oil regions will hardly go many miles without hearing this sharp, metallic sound; then he has only to follow the pipe to come to a cluster of wells, or a pumping station, or perhaps to a narrow-gauge railway climbing up a frightfully steep grade. The resonant pipe leads him out of the wilderness.

Every new producing district discovered in the oil regions develops one or more new towns. They spring up with marvelous rapidity, and bloom into full-grown municipalities in a few weeks, with stores, hotels, amusement halls, a fire department, and a police force. If the yield from the wells holds out for a year, the rude wooden structures are succeeded by brick blocks and comfortable dwellings; but most of these petroleum settlements never get beyond the shanty stage. Their decline is not so rapid as their rise, but their fortunes steadily fail as the yield of the district decreases. Some of them disappear altogether; others remain, shrunken and dilapidated, as insignificant centers of a little local trade. The magnitude of the producing business as a whole, however, and of the various interests of refining and transporting and of furnishing machinery and supplies dependent upon it, has recently developed a few important and prosperous little cities, whose existence does not hang upon the fate of any one particular district. The chief of these are Oil City, at the junction of Oil Creek with the Allegheny River, in what is known as in the Lower field, and Bradford in the Upper field. Oil City dates back to the first opening of wells on Oil Creek, and is a well-built place of about ten thousand inhabitants, wedged in two narrow valleys, dirty, smoky, and busy,— a railroad center, a large refining point, and the chief market for speculations and actual sales of crude petroleum. The chief offices of the United Pipe Lines and the most important oil exchange in the world are established here. Bradford was a petty country village in 1875, when oil was struck near by; now it rivals Oil City in population, and has a handsome exchange, an opera house, a street railroad, and two daily newspapers. The derricks stand thick among the houses, and dot the sides and crests of the steep wooded hills encircling the town. Railway lines run to every point of the compass, the narrow-gauge roads making no account of mountains, but getting up and over them on grades that would be impracticable to an ordinary train. Titusville, on Oil Creek, once the metropolis of the petroleum country, has lost its importance as a center of oil production and trade, but is the favorite residence town of prosperous brokers and producers, and boasts of its fine business buildings, well shaded streets, and handsome dwellings. It has a population of about five thousand. Warren, an old, quiet, county-seat town, with four thousand inhabitants, on the upper Allegheny, converted into an oil center by the opening of producing districts in its vicinity, is a pretty, homelike place, almost hidden under maple trees, and looking out

GAS WELLS.

from the river bluff on green meadows and the slopes of low mountains covered with hemlock and birch. In the still newer districts of Allegany County, New York (in Pennsylvania the name is spelled Allegheny, and in New York Allegany), the twin towns of Bolivar and Richburg, a mile apart, have together a population of over six thousand, and are equally unattractive, save where some vestiges of the original cross-roads villages remain. In their eager growth, even the homes of the dead have been invaded, and houses have been built in the old burying-grounds over and among the graves. Still less admirable in outward look are the last year's towns of Garfield and Farnsworth, sprawled out over forests and fields in the Cherry Grove district. These raw, rude, dusty, greasy centers of trade and speculation, born in a day of the excitement attending new discoveries of oil, strongly resemble the mining camps of Colorado and Montana. Like these camps, they are full of rough-looking, eager men, energetic and unkempt, bent upon making money by boldness and luck. Drinking-places abound, and the popular form of amusement is the vulgar variety show. There are old and orderly communities close at hand, however, and the laws are enforced without vigilance committees or Judge Lynch's courts. Open gaming is not allowed, and vice fears to flaunt itself in the highways. One does not meet such picturesque characters as are common in the mining districts. There is no element of personal danger, wildness, or remoteness, to attract adventurous spirits. The only peril is of getting "dead broke" in some unfortunate speculation. Telegraphs and railroads run everywhere, so the region is not a refuge, like the far Western Territories, for men who have run away from their creditors, from the sheriff, or from their wives. It looks wild and remote enough among the forests and mountains of northwestern Pennsylvania; but the great cities of Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Cleveland are only a few hours' distance by rail. The oil business is not of a character to attract romantic people. Washing gold from the earth is a dirty business; but the product is the precious, fascinating, yellow metal, while the occupation of boring for petroleum, though more hazardous so far as its chances of profit and loss are concerned than mining, yields only an ill-smelling liquid which sells at eighty or ninety cents a barrel.

Bradford and some of the smaller towns in the oil regions are lighted with natural gas

from wells which fail to yield oil, but discharge a steady flow of gas, not equal in illuminating power to good artificial gas, but so cheap that it is burned lavishly. To a great extent it is used as fuel, a supply pipe run into an ordinary coal stove being the only apparatus required. Were it not for a slight odor, it would be an ideal fuel. You have only to turn a stop-cock to regulate the heat, and there are, of course, no ashes or cinders or coal dust. Huge blazing torches, lighting up the woods for rods around and illuminating some lonely cabin or derrick with a theatrical stage glare, make weird night effects that startle the traveler, new to the oil country, who first traverses the great forests of the Bradford district.

A curious feature of the new settlements in the Cherry Grove district is the great number of shanties and sheds bearing the sign "Bottling Works." There are no saloons proper; but everywhere, on the dusty highways, at cross-roads, and in the woods, where there is a group of wells, this singular legend, "Bottling Works," greets the eye. The equipment of one of these establishments consists of two or three kegs and a dozen bottles of beer. No glasses are kept on the bar, and there are no seats for tired and thirsty wayfarers.

I stopped at one of these places and asked the proprietor, a decent looking fellow, to explain why he entitled his bar a bottling works instead of a beer saloon. He replied that the Pennsylvania license law empowered the courts to grant licenses. When oil was struck in Cherry Grove, the court in Warren county was not in session and would not sit for six months. Meanwhile, what should the thirsty multitude that rushed to the new field do for something to drink? Somebody remembered that there was a law authorizing every person who paid fifty dollars to the county treasurer to bottle ale or beer, not to be sold by the glass, and not to be drunk on the premises. The bottling works took shelter under this law. "You notice this platform in front of my house," continued the beer-seller. "Well, it's not on my premises. The house stands right on the line of the public highway. When I sell a customer a bottle of beer, he don't drink it on the premises; he stands right here on the porch, and the porch is in the highway."

Just then a red-faced man, whose clothes were redolent of petroleum, called for a bottle, swallowed the beer, put down ten cents, and went his way. "Don't you give them glasses to drink from?" I asked. "No; that would be selling by the glass. I got some tin cups and used them for awhile, but concluded I might get into trouble. The court might hold the tin-cup dodge as an evasion of the law. As long as they drink the beer from the bottle, the law can't touch me." "Then the effect of the liquor legislation is that a man who would ordinarily be satisfied with a mug of beer must buy a whole bottle?" "That's what it comes to, my friend."

The beer-seller went on to say that he voted for prohibitory laws every time. The more stringent a law was the better it suited him. "You see," he explained, "'taint every man that's got sand enough in him to violate such a law, and those who have can make lots of money. I always set up in a place where there's some sort of a strong local option or license law to stop the sale of drink. Men will have liquor, and when they are obliged to get it on the sly they'll pay a good price for it. I was two years in the town of Sharon, where they had local option. Even the druggists dursn't sell liquor. Well, I took a room, sub-leased it to a man to store brooms, so it didn't appear to be occupied by me, boarded up the window, made a little door in one pane, got myself a false face, and laid in a stock of whisky and pint bottles. When a customer rapped on the window I put on my mask, handed him out a pint bottle of whisky, and took in a dollar. Nobody could swear he got his liquor from me. I often made over a hundred dollars a day. The liquor cost me a dollar and a quarter a gallon, and I sold it for a dollar a pint. Finally they got a case against me in court. Some fellow swore he bought whisky from me. I got the case postponed six months, and went on selling. Then the jury disagreed. So I got six months' more time. At last I only had to pay a fine of fifty dollars."

Across the road from this man's bottling works was a neat country school-house, and near by, at a cross-roads, a big sign announced that the place was Vandergrift City. The brick buildings of a huge pumping engine sending a stream of oil off toward the seaboard and panting at its work, four huge tanks, and half-a-dozen houses made up the city. The beer-seller said he "located" there because the school was so convenient for his two little children.

The oil exchanges at Bradford and Oil City are noisy and animated places during business hours, and at other times they serve as club-rooms for the members. There are pleasant reading-rooms attached, where the daily papers from the large cities are received; and there are comfortable sofas and chairs, inviting to lounging and chat. In the Bradford Exchange there is also a music room with a piano, where of evenings the tuneful brokers sing popular ballads. The buying and selling

at these places is carried on with the clamor and gesticulation which, for some mysterious reason, is a feature of stock and produce exchanges the world over. Why men, who in all the other affairs of life are quiet and dignified, should think it necessary, when arranging a commercial transaction in stocks or grain or oil, to shout and shriek and wave their arms and shake their fists like raving lunatics, is a problem in human nature which remains unexplained. On a day when prices fluctuate, and the bulls and bears are peculiarly active and excited, the roar and racket from one of these oil exchanges can be heard a block distant. By far the greater part of the transactions are speculative, the oil nominally sold never changing hands at all, and never, in fact, being in the possession of either seller or buyer. The average daily sales at the Oil City Exchange in September last exceeded six million barrels; those at the Bradford Exchange exceeded two millions. I have not the figures for the other exchanges at Titusville, Pittsburg, and New York, but it is probably a moderate estimate to say that the grand total of daily transactions the year round averages ten million barrels, whereas the total production of the whole petroleum field is only about eighty thousand barrels per day. Petroleum is a peculiarly fascinating article for speculative operations, because of the heavy and frequent fluctuations in its value. Within the past year its price has ranged from forty-nine cents to one dollar per barrel. A variation of ten cents in a single day is no uncommon thing. The mere rumor of a successful well in a new district will sometimes send the price down five cents. No other great natural product is subject to such changes in value. The wheat crop and the cotton crop can be estimated months in advance, and one year's scant yield is compensated by the surplus of the next. The annual output of coal varies only with the demand, and there is no fear of the supply becoming exhausted. But with petroleum the case is different. No one can tell how long a well or a large group of wells will hold out. No one knows what new and untapped fountains the earth still conceals. The future of the oil business is not clear from week to week, much less from year to year. Perhaps the supply will so far fail as to send the price up to five dollars; perhaps new flowing wells will so increase the production as to make the oil worth little more than the cost of transportation from the tanks. The reader will see what a field these conditions afford for bold and reckless speculation and for large profits and losses.

The business of refining petroleum grew very naturally out of that of distilling kerosene from bituminous coal, which had developed into an important industry in the United States and Europe during the decade prior to the oil discoveries in Pennsylvania. The establishments using coal as a raw material from which to obtain kerosene substituted petroleum as soon as it became the cheaper of the two substances. The name coal oil was readily transferred to the new illuminating fluid obtained from the earth, and it is still widely known by that name or by the Greek appellation kerosene, originally taken as a trademark by one of the early distillers of cannel coal. It is an interesting fact, showing how persistently special industries cling to the localities of their first choice, that the great petroleum refineries of Hunter's Point, Long Island, whose odors are a serious offense to the noses of the inhabitants of the upper East River front wards of New York city, are the successors of one of the earliest kerosene factories in the United States, which was established on Newtown Creek in 1854.

The chief seats of the refining industry in this country are Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Oil City, and Hunter's Point (now called Long Island City). With the exception of Oil City, all these places are situated at a considerable distance from the oil fields, and were chosen for convenience in domestic and foreign shipment of the refined product rather than for nearness to the supply of the crude material. The pipe system, however, brings them practically close to the wells. Most of the exports of petroleum go abroad in the shape of refined oil. There are, however, refineries in Europe, and notably in France, which buy large quantities of crude petroleum in America.

No fewer than ten substances are obtained from petroleum by the refining process besides the beautiful aniline dyes, which are extracted from the residuum by chemical processes. These substances, named in the order of their specific gravity, which varies from 625 to 848, are as follows: 1st, rhigolene, the most volatile product of first distillation used to produce local anæsthesia; 2d, gasolene, used in artificial gas machines; 3d, 4th, and 5th, three grades of naphtha, used for mixing paints and varnishes and dissolving resin; 6th, kerosene, the common illuminating oil of commerce; 7th, mineral sperm oil, a heavier oil for burning in lamps, which does not take fire under a temperature of three hundred degrees, and is employed on steamers and railroads; 8th, a lubricating oil for machinery; 9th, paraffine, from which candles are made; and 10th, paraffine wax. Then there is the residuum, usually called

coal tar, which has a variety of uses. In most refineries the products are only naphtha, kerosene, and residuum. The refining process removes the coloring matter and the gummy substances which would clog the lamp-wick and separates the naphtha, which makes the oil dangerously inflammable. The quality of refined petroleum depends on the care and honesty exercised in the distilling process. Good oil is not dangerous, as many people suppose all kerosene must be. Only the poorer grades are liable to take fire. A very simple test can be applied by any housekeeper to ascertain whether the fluid is safe or not. Partly fill a cup with water warmed to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit; turn in a little oil, stir the mixture, and apply a lighted match to the surface. If it takes fire, the oil is unfit for use; if not, it is entirely safe.

What is the future of the petroleum business? With a productive territory virtually confined to a few small strips and spots in six counties in Western Pennsylvania and New York, and an inexorable law of rapid exhaustion applying to all wells, the time would seem to be close at hand when this great blessing, the cheap light of the whole civilized world, would fail. Still, the history of the business in the short period since it began has been one of constant expansion. New fields have invariably been discovered when the yield of the old ones began to decline. Oil men have confidence that there is plenty of undiscovered territory yet to be found. Providence, they say, would not bestow so great a gift upon mankind to withdraw it when its use had become universal and the need of the human race for its benefits the greatest. Scientists may say that this view is based on an optimistic or pietistic theory of the universe that will not stand investigation. So far as the great stores of fuel and light, the coal and the petroleum, are concerned, it has, however, held good thus far. They have not failed. If the oil of the rock is destined to run dry, the chemists will perhaps be ready, by the time it is exhausted, to produce a cheap illuminator from water.

E. V. Smalley.

FAREWELL TO SALVINI.*

ALTHOUGH a curtain of the salt sea-mist
May fall between the actor and our eyes—
Although he change, for dear and softer skies,
These that the Spring has yet but coyly kist—
Although the voice to which we loved to list
Fail ere the thunder of our plaudits dies—
Although he part from us in gracious wise,
With grateful Memory left his eulogist—
His best is with us still.
His perfect art
Has held us 'twixt a heart-throb and a tear—
Cheating our souls to passionate belief:
And in his greatness we have now some part—
We have been courtiers of the crownless Lear,
And partners in Othello's mighty grief.

H. C. Bunner.

* Read at the Complimentary Dinner to Salvini, New York, April 26, 1883.

NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS.*

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," "At Teague Poteet's," etc.

[To GIVE a cue to the imagination of the reader, it may be necessary to state that the stories related in this paper are supposed to be told to a little boy on a Southern plantation, before the war, by an old family servant.]

I.

THE MOON IN THE MILL POND.

ONE night when the little boy made his usual visit to Uncle Remus, he found the old man sitting up in his chair fast asleep. The child said nothing. He was prepared to exercise a good deal of patience upon occasion, and the occasion was when he wanted to hear a story. But in making himself comfortable, he aroused Uncle Remus from his nap.

"I let you know, honey," said the old man, adjusting his spectacles, and laughing rather sheepishly, "I let you know, honey, w'en I git's my head r'ar'd back dat away, en my eyeleds shot, en my mouf open, en my chin p'intin' at de rafters, den dey's some mighty quare gwines on in my min'. Dey is dat, des ez sho ez youer settin' dar. W'en I fuss year you comin' down de paf," Uncle Remus continued, rubbing his beard thoughtfully, "I 'uz sorter fear'd you mought 'spicion dat I done gone off on my journeys fer ter see old man Nod."

This was accompanied by a glance of inquiry, to which the little boy thought it best to respond.

"Well, Uncle Remus," he said, "I did think I heard you snoring when I came in."

"Now you see dat!" exclaimed Uncle Remus in a tone of grieved astonishment; "you see dat! Man can't lean hisse'f 'pun his 'membunce, 'ceppin' dey's somé un fer ter come high-primin' roun' en 'lowin' dat he done gone ter sleep. *Shoo!* W'en you stept in dat do' dar I 'uz right in 'mungs some mighty quare notions—mighty quare notions. Dey aint no two ways; ef I 'uz ter up en let on 'bout all de notions w'at I gits in mungs, folks 'ud hatter come en kyar me off ter de place whar dey puts 'stracted people."

"Atter I sop up my supper," Uncle Remus went on, "I tuck'n year some flutterments up dar 'mungs de rafters, en I look up, en dar wuz a bat sailin' 'roun'. 'Roun' en 'roun', en 'roun' she go—und' de rafters, 'bove de rafters—en ez she sail she make noise lak she grittin' 'er toofies. Now, w'at dat bat atter, I be bless ef I kin tell you, but dar she wuz; 'roun' en 'roun', over en under. I ax 'er w'at do she want up dar, but she aint got no time fer ter tell; 'roun' en 'roun', en over en under. En bimeby, out she flip, en I boun' she grittin' 'er toofies en gwine 'roun' en 'roun' out dar, en dodgin' en flippin' des lak de elements wuz full er rafters en cobwebs.

"W'en she flip out I le'nt my hèad back, I did, en 'twa'nt no time 'fo' I git mix up wid my notions. Dat bat wings so limber en 'er will so good dat she done done 'er day's work dar 'fo' you could 'er run ter de big house en back. De bat put me in min' er folks," continued Uncle Remus, settling himself back in his chair, "en folks put me in min' er de creeturs."

Immediately the little boy was all attention.

"Dey wuz times," said the old man, with something like a sigh, "w'en de creeturs 'ud segashuate tergedder des like dey aint had no fallin' out. Dem wuz de times w'en ole Brer Rabbit 'ud 'ten' lak he gwine quit he 'havishness, en dey'd all go 'roun' same lak dey b'long ter de same fambly connexion.

"One time atter dey bin gwine in cohoots dis away, Brer Rabbit 'gun ter feel his fat, he did, en dis make 'im git projecky terreckly. De mo' peace w'at dey had, de mo' wuss Brer Rabbit feel, twel bimeby he git restless in de min'. W'en de sun shine he'd go en lay off in de grass en kick at de gnats; he nibble at de mullen stalk en waller in de san'. One night atter supper, w'iles he 'uz romancin' 'roun', he run up wid ole Brer Tarrypin, en atter dey shuck han's dey sot down on de side er de road en run on 'bout ole times. Dey talk en dey talk, dey did, en bimeby Brer Rabbit say it done come ter dat pass whar he bleedz ter have some fun, en Brer Tarrypin 'low dat Brer Rabbit des de ve'y man he bin lookin' fer.

"'Well, den,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'we'll

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des put Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer B'ar on notice, en ter-morrer night we'll meet down by de mill-pon' en have a little fishin' frolic. I'll do de talkin',' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en you kin set back en say *yea*,' sezee.

"Brer Tarrypin laugh.

"'Ef I aint dar,' sezee, 'den you may know de grasshopper done fly 'way wid me,' sezee.

"'En you neenter bring no fiddle, n'er,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'kaze dey aint gwineter be no dancin' dar,' sezee.

"Wid dat," continued Uncle Remus, "Brer Rabbit put out fer home, en went ter bed, en Brer Tarrypin bruise 'roun' en make his way tords de place so he kin be dar 'gin 'de 'p'inted time.

"Nex' day Brer Rabbit sont wud ter de yuther creeturs, en dey all make great 'miration, kaze dey aint think 'bout dis deyse'f. Brer Fox, he 'low, he did, dat he gwine atter Miss Meadows en Miss Motts, en de yuther gals.

"Sho nuff, w'en de time come dey wuz all dar. Brer B'ar, he fotch a hook en line; Brer Wolf, he fotch a hook en line; Brer Fox, he fotch a dip-net, en Brer Tarrypin, not ter be out-done, he fotch de bait."

"What did Miss Meadows and Miss Motts bring?" the little boy asked.

Uncle Remus dropped his head slightly to one side, and looked over his spectacles at the little boy.

"Miss Meadows en Miss Motts," he continued, "dey tuck'n stan' way back fum de aidge er de pon' en squeal eve'y time Brer Tarrypin shuck de box er bait at um. Brer B'ar 'low he gwine ter fish fer mud-cats; Brer Wolf 'low he gwine ter fish fer hornyheads; Brer Fox 'low he gwine ter fish fer peerch fer de ladies; Brer Tarrypin 'low he gwine ter fish fer minners, en Brer Rabbit wink at Brer Tarrypin' en 'low he gwine ter fish fer suckers.

"Dey all git ready, dey did, en Brer Rabbit march up ter de pon' en make fer ter th'ow he hook in de water, but des 'bout dat time, hit seem lak he see sump'n. De t'er creeturs, dey stop en watch his motions. Brer Rabbit, he drap he pole, he did, en he stan' dar scratchin' he head en lookin' down in de water.

"De gals dey 'gun ter git oneasy w'en dey see dis, en Miss Meadows, she up en holler out, she did:

"'Law, Brer Rabbit, w'at de name er goodness de marter in dar?'

"Brer Rabbit scratch he head en look in de water. Miss Motts, she hilt up 'er petticoats, she did, en 'low she monstus fear'd er snakes. Brer Rabbit keep on scratchin' en lookin'.

"Bimeby he fetch a long bref, he did, en he 'low:

"'Ladies en gentermuns all, we des might ez well make tracks fum dish yer place, kaze dey aint no fishin' in dat pon' for none er dis crowd.'

"Wid dat, Brer Tarrypin, he scramble up ter de aidge en look over, en shake he head, en 'low:

"'Tooby sho'—tooby sho! Tut-tut-tut!' en den he crawl back, he did, en do lak he wukkin' he min'.

"'Don't be skeert, ladies, kaze we er boun' ter take keer un you, let come w'at will, let go w'at mus',' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Accidents got ter happen unter we all, des same ez dey is unter yuther folks; en dey aint nothin' much de marter, 'ceppin' dat de Moon done drap in de water. Ef you don't b'leeve me you kin look fer yo'se'f', sezee.

"Wid dat dey all went ter de bank en lookt in; en, sho nuff, dar lay de moon, a-swingin' an' a-swayin' at de bottom er de pon'."

The little boy laughed. He had often seen the reflection of the sky in shallow pools of water, and the startling depths that seemed to lie at his feet had caused him to draw back with a shudder.

"Brer Fox, he look in, he did, en he 'low, 'Well, well, well.' Brer Wolf, he look in, en he 'low, 'Mighty bad, mighty bad!' Brer B'ar, he look in, en he 'low, 'Tum, tum, tum!' De ladies dey look in, en Miss Meadows, she squall out, 'Aint dat too much?' Brer Rabbit, he look in ag'in, en he up en 'low, he did:

"'Ladies en gentermuns, you all kin hum en haw, but less'n we gits dat Moon out er de pon', dey aint no fish kin be ketch 'roun' yer dis night; en ef you'll ax Brer Tarrypin, he'll tell you de same.'

"Den dey ax how kin dey git de Moon out er dar, en Brer Tarrypin 'low dey better lef' dat wid Brer Rabbit. Brer Rabbit he shot he eyes, he did, en make lak he wukkin he min'. Bimeby, he up'n 'low:

"'De nighes' way out'n dish yer diffikil is fer ter sen' roun' yer too ole Mr. Mud-Turkle en borry his sane, en drag dat Moon up fum dar,' sezee.

"'I 'clar' ter gracious I mighty glad you mention dat,' says Brer Tarrypin, sezee. 'Mr. Mud-Turkle is setch clos't kin ter me dat I calls 'im Unk Muck, en I lay ef you sen' dar atter dat sane you wont fine Unk Muck so mighty disaccomerdatin'.'

"Well," continued Uncle Remus, after one of his tantalizing pauses, "dey sont atter de sane, en wiles Brer Rabbit wuz gone, Brer Tarrypin, he 'low dat he done year tell time

en time ag'in dat dem w'at fine de Moon in de water en fetch 'im out, lakwise dey ull fetch out a pot er money. Dis make Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer B'ar feel mighty good, en dey 'low, dey did, dat long ez Brer Rabbit been so good ez ter run atter de sane, dey ull do de sanein'.

"Time Brer Rabbit git back, he see how de lan' lay, en he make lak he wanter go in atter de Moon. He pull off his coat, en he 'uz fixin' fer ter shuck his wescut, but de yuther creeturs dey 'low dey wan't gwine ter let dry-foot man lak Brer Rabbit go in de water. So Brer Fox, he tuck holt er one staff er de sane, Brer Wolf he tuck holt er de yuther staff, en Brer B'ar he wade 'long behime fer ter lif' de sane 'cross logs en snags.

"Dey make one haul—no Moon; n'er haul, no Moon; n'er haul, no Moon. Den bimeby, dey git out furder fum de bank. Water run in Brer Fox year, he shake he head; water run in Brer Wolf year, he shake he head; water run in Brer B'ar year, he shake he head. En de fus news you know, w'iles dey wuz a-shakin', dey come to whar de bottom shelfed off. Brer Fox he step off en duck hisse'f; den Brer Wolf duck hisse'f; en Brer B'ar he make a splunge en duck hisse'f; en, bless gracious, dey kick en splatter twel it look lak dey 'uz gwine ter slosh all de water outer de mill pon'.

"W'en dey come out, de gals 'uz all a-snickerin' en a-gigglin', en well dey mought, 'kase, go whar you would, dey want no wuss lookin' creeturs dan dem; en Brer Rabbit, he holler, sezee:

"'I speck you all, gents, better go home en git some dry duds, en n'er time we'ull be in better luck,' sezee. 'I year talk dat de Moon'll bite at a hook ef you take fools fer baits, en I lay dat's de onliest way fer ter ketch 'er,' sezee.

"Brer Fox en Brer Wolf en Brer B'ar went drippin' off, en Brer Rabbit en Brer Tarrypin dey went home wid de gals."

II.

BROTHER RABBIT TAKES SOME EXERCISE.

ONE night while the little boy was sitting in Uncle Remus's cabin, waiting for the old man to finish his hoecake, and refresh his memory as to the further adventures of Brother Rabbit, his friends and his enemies, something dropped upon the top of the house with a noise like the crack of a pistol. The little boy jumped, but Uncle Remus looked up and exclaimed, "Ah-yi!" in a tone of triumph.

"What was that, Uncle Remus?" the child asked, after waiting a moment to see what else would happen.

"News fum Jack Fros', honey. W'en dat hick'y-nut tree out dar year 'im comin' she 'gins ter drap w'at she got. I mighty glad," he continued, scraping the burnt crust from his hoe-cake with an old case-knife, "I mighty glad hick'y-nuts aint big en heavey ez grine-stones."

He waited a moment to see what effect this queer statement would have on the child.

"Yasser, I mighty glad—dat I is. 'Kase ef hick'y-nuts 'uz big ez grine-stones dish yer ole callyboose 'ud be a leakin' long 'fo' Chris'-mus."

Just then another hickory-nut dropped upon the roof, and the little boy jumped again. This seemed to amuse Uncle Remus, and he laughed until he was near to choking himself with his smoking hoe-cake.

"You does des 'zackly lak ole Brer Rabbit done, I 'clar' to gracious ef you don't!" the old man cried, as soon as he could get his breath; "des zackly fer de worl'."

The child was immensely flattered, and at once he wanted to know how Brother Rabbit did. Uncle Remus was in such good humor that he needed no coaxing. He pushed his spectacles back on his forehead, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and began:

"Hit come 'bout dat soon one mawnin' todes de fall er de year, Brer Rabbit wuz stirrin' 'roun' in de woods atter some bergamot fer ter make 'im some ha'r-grease. De win' blow so col' dat it make 'im feel right frisky, en eve'y time he year de bushes rattle he make lak he skeerd. He 'uz gwine on dis away, hoppity-skippity, w'en bimeby he year Mr. Man cuttin' on a tree way off in de woods. He fotch up, Brer Rabbit did, en lissen fus wid one year en den wid de yuther.

"Man, he cut, en cut, en Brer Rabbit, he lissen en lissen. Bimeby, w'iles all dis gwine on, down come de tree—*kubber-lang-bang-blam!* Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n jump des lak you jump, en let 'lone dat, he make a break, he did, en he leaped out fum dar lak de dogs wuz atter 'im."

"Was he scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Skeerd! Who? *Him?* Shoo! don't you fret yo'se'f 'bout Brer Rabbit, honey. In dem days dey want nothin' gwine dat kin skeer Brer Rabbit. Tooby sho', he tuck keer hisse'f, en ef you know de man w'at 'fuse ter take keer hisse'f, I lak mighty well ef you p'int 'im out. Deed'n dat I would!"

Uncle Remus seemed to boil over with argumentative indignation.

"Well, den," he continued, "Brer Rabbit run twel he git sorter het up like, en des 'bout de time he makin' ready fer ter squot en ketch he win', who should he meet but Brer

Coon gwine home atter settin' up wid ole Brer Bull-Frog. Brer Coon see 'im runnin', en he hail 'im:

"'W'at yo' hurry, Brer Rabbit?'

"'Aint got time ter tarry!'

"'Folks sick?'

"'No, my Lord! Aint got time ter tarry!'

"'Tryin' yo' soopleness?'

"'No, my Lord! Aint got time ter tarry!'

"'Do pray, Brer Rabbit, tell me de news!'

"'Mighty big fuss back yan in de woods. Aint got time ter tarry!'

"Dis make Brer Coon feel mighty skittish, 'kaze he fur ways fum home, en he des lipt out, he did, en went a b'ilin' thoo de woods. Brer Coon aint gone fur twel he meet Brer Fox.

"'Hey, Brer Coon, whar you gwine?'

"'Aint got time ter tarry!'

"'Gwine at' de doctor?'

"'No, my Lord! Aint got time ter tarry!'

"'Do pray, Brer Coon, tell me de news.'

"'Mighty quare racket back dar in de woods! Aint got time ter tarry!'

"Wid dat, Brer Fox leaped out, he did, en fa'rly split de win'. He aint gone fur twel he meet Brer Wolf.

"'Hey, Brer Fox! Stop en res' yo'se'f!'

"'Aint got time ter tarry!'

"'Who bin want de doctor?'

"'No'ne, my Lord! Aint got time ter tarry!'

"'Do pray, Brer Fox, good er bad, tell me de news!'

"'Mighty kuse fuss back dar in de woods! Aint got time ter tarry!'

"Wid dat, Brer Wolf, shuck hisse'f loose fum de face er de yeth, en he aint git fur twel he meet Brer B'ar. Brer B'ar he ax, en Brer Wolf make ans'er, en bimeby Brer B'ar he fotch a snort en run'd off; en, bless gracious! twant long 'fo' de las' one er de creeturs wuz a skaddlin' thoo de woods lak de Ole Boy was atter um—en all 'kaze Brer Rabbit year Mr. Man cut tree down.

"Dey run'd en dey run'd," Uncle Remus went on, "twel dey come ter Brer Tarrypin house, en dey sorter slack up 'kaze dey done mighty nigh los' der win'. Brer Tarrypin, he up'n ax um wharbouts dey gwine, en dey 'low dey wuz a monstus tarryfyin' racket back dar in de woods. Brer Tarrypin, he ax w'at she soun' lak. One say he dunno, n'er say he dunno, den dey all say dey dunno. Den Brer Tarrypin, he up'n ax who year dis monstus racket. One say he dunno, n'er say he dunno, den dey all say dey dunno. Dis make ole Brer Tarrypin laff 'way down in he insides, en he up'n say, sezee:

"'You all kin run 'long ef you feel skittish,' sezee. 'Atter I cook my brekkus en wash up de dishes, ef I gits win' er any 'spishus racket maybe I mought take down my pairsol en foller long atter you,' sezee.

"W'en de creeturs come ter make inquirements 'mungs one er n'er 'bout who start de news, hit went right spang back ter Brer Rabbit, but, lo en beholes! Brer Rabbit aint dar, en it tu'n out dat Brer Coon is de man w'at seed 'im las'. Den dey got ter layin' de blame un it on one er n'er, en little mo' en dey'd er fit dar scan'lous, but ole Brer Tarrypin, he up'n 'low dat ef dey want ter git de straight un it, dey better go see Brer Rabbit.

"All de creeturs wuz 'gree'ble, en dey put out ter Brer Rabbit house. W'en dey git dar, Brer Rabbit wuz a-settin' cross-legged in de front po'ch winkin' at de sun. Brer B'ar, he speak up:

"'W'at make you fool me, Brer Rabbit?'

"'Fool who, Brer B'ar?'

"'Me, Brer Rabbit, dat's who.'

"'Dish yer de fus' time I seed you dis day, Brer B'ar, en you er mo' dan welcome ter dat.'

"Dey all ax 'im en git de same ans'er, en den Brer Coon put in:

"'W'at make you fool me, Brer Rabbit?'

"'How I fool you, Brer Coon?'

"'You make lak dey waz a big racket, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Dey sholy wuz a big racket, Brer Coon.'

"'W'at kinder racket, Brer Rabbit?'

"'*Ah-yi!* You oughter ax me dat fus', Brer Coon.'

"'I axes you now, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Mr. Man cut tree down, Brer Coon.'

"Co'se dis make Brer Coon feel like a nat'al-born slink, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' all de creeturs make der bow ter Brer Rabbit en mozey off home."

"Brother Rabbit had the best of it all along," said the little boy, after waiting to see whether there was a sequel to the story.

"Oh, he did dat away!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Brer Rabbit was a mighty man in dem days."

III.

WHY BROTHER BEAR HAS NO TAIL.

"I 'CLAR' ter gracious, honey," Uncle Remus exclaimed one night, as the little boy ran in, "you sholy aint chaw'd yo' vittles. Hit aint bin no time, skacely, sence de supper-bell rung, en ef you go on dis away, you'll des nat'ally pe'sh yo'se'f out."

"Oh, I wasn't hungry," said the little boy. "I had something before supper, and I wasn't hungry anyway."

The old man looked keenly at the child, and presently he said:

"De ins en de outs er dat kinder talk all come ter de same p'int in my min'. Youer bin a-cuttin' up at de table, en Mars. John, he 'tuck'n sont you 'way fum dar, en w'iles he think youer off some'rs a-snifflin' en a-feelin' bad, yer you is a-high-primin' 'roun' des lak you done had mo' supper dan de king er Philanders."

Before the little boy could inquire about the king of Philanders he heard his father calling him. He started to go out, but Uncle Remus motioned him back.

"Des set right whar you is, honey—des set right still."

Then Uncle Remus went to the door and answered for the child; and a very queer answer it was—one that could be heard half over the plantation:

"Mars. John, I wish you en Miss Sally be so good ez ter let dat chile 'lone. He down yer cryin' he eyes out, en he aint bodderin' 'long er nobody in de roun' worl'."

Uncle Remus stood in the door a moment to see what the reply would be, but he heard none. Thereupon he continued, in the same loud tone:

"I aint bin use ter no sich gwines on in Ole Miss time, en I aint gwine git use ter it now. Dat I aint."

Presently Tildy, the house-girl, carried the little boy his supper, and the girl was no sooner out of hearing than the child swapped it with Uncle Remus for a roasted yam, and the enjoyment of both seemed to be complete.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, after a while, "you know I wasn't crying just now."

"Dat's so, honey," the old man replied, "but 'twouldn't er bin long 'fo' you would er bin, kaze Mars. John bawl out lak a man w'at got a strop in he han', so w'at de diffunce?"

When they had finished eating, Uncle Remus busied himself in cutting and trimming some sole-leather for future use. His knife was so keen, and the leather fell away from it so smoothly and easily, that the little boy wanted to trim some himself. But to this Uncle Remus would not listen.

"'Taint on'y chilluns w'at got de consate er doin' eve'ything dey see yuther folks do. Hit's grown folks w'at oughter know better," said the old man. "Dat's des de way Brer B'ar git his tail broke off smick-smack-smoove, en down ter dis day he de funniest-lookin' creetur w'at wobble on top er dry groun'."

Instantly the little boy forgot all about Uncle Remus's sharp knife.

"Hit seem lak dat in dem days Brer Rabbit en Brer Tarrypin done gone in kerhoots fer ter out-do de t'er creeturs. One time Brer Rabbit tuck'n make a call on Brer Tarrypin, but w'en he git ter Brer Tarrypin house, he year talk fum Miss Tarrypin dat her ole man done gone fer ter spen' de day wid Mr. Mud-Turkle, w'ich dey wuz blood kin. Brer Rabbit he put out atter Brer Tarrypin, en w'en he got ter Mr. Mud-Turkle house, dey all sot up, dey did, en tole tales, en den w'en twelf er'clock come dey had crawfish fer dinner, en dey 'joy deyse'f right erlong. Atter dinner dey went down ter Mr. Mud-Turkle mill-pon', en w'en dey git dar, Mr. Mud-Turkle en Brer Tarrypin dey 'muse deyse'f, dey did, wid slidin' fum de top uv a big slantin' rock down inter de water.

"I speck you moughter seen rocks in de water, 'fo' now, whar dey git green en slippy," said Uncle Remus.

The little boy had not only seen them, but had found them to be very dangerous to walk upon, and the old man continued:

"Well, den, dish yer rock wuz mighty slick en mighty slantin'. Mr. Mud-Turkle, he'd crawl ter de top, en tu'n loose, en go a-sailin' down inter de water—*kersplash!* Ole Brer Tarrypin, he'd foller atter, en slide down inter de water—*kersplash!* Ole Brer Rabbit, he sot off, he did, en praise um up.

"W'iles dey wuz a-gwine on dis away, a-havin' der fun, en 'joyin' deyse'f, yer come ole Brer B'ar. He year um 'laffin' en holl'in', en he hail 'um.

"'Heyo, folks! W'at all dis? Ef my eye aint 'ceive me, dish yer's Brer Rabbit, en Brer Tarrypin, en old Unk' Tommy Mud-Turkle,' sez Brer B'ar, sezee.

"'De same,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en yer we is 'joyin' de day dat passes des lak dey wan't no hard times.'

"'Well, well, well!' sez ole Brer B'ar, sezee, 'a-slippin' en a-slidin' en makin' free! En w'at de matter wid Brer Rabbit dat he aint j'inin' in?' sezee.

"Ole Brer Rabbit he wink at Brer Tarrypin, en Brer Tarrypin he hunch Mr. Mud-Turkle, en den Brer Rabbit he up'n 'low, he did:

"'My goodness, Brer B'ar! you can't 'speck a man fer ter slip en slide de whole blessid day, kin you? I done had my fun, en now I'm a-settin' out yer lettin' my cloze dry. Hit's tu'n en tu'n about wid me en deze gents w'en dey's any fun gwine on,' sezee.

"'Maybe Brer B'ar might jine in wid us,' sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee.

"Brer Rabbit he des holler en laff.

"'Shoo!' sezee, 'Brer B'ar foot too big en he tail too long fer ter slide down dat rock,' sezee.

"Dis kinder put Brer B'ar on he mettle, en he up'n 'spon', he did:

"'Maybe dey is, en maybe dey aint, yit I aint afeard ter try.'

"Wid dat, de yuthers tuck'n make way fer 'im, en ole Brer B'ar he git up on de rock, he did, en squat down on he hunkers, en quile he tail und' 'im, en start down. Fus' he go sorter slow, en he grin lak he feel good; den he go sorter peart, en he grin lak he feel bad; den he go mo' pearter, en he grin lak he skeerd; den he strack de slick part, en, gentermens! he swaller de grin en fetch a howl dat moughter bin yeard a mile, en he hit de water lak a chimbly a-fallin'.

"You kin gimme denial," Uncle Remus continued after a little pause, "but des ez sho' ez you er settin' dar, w'en Brer B'ar slick'd up en flew down dat rock, he break off he tail right smick-smack-smoove, en mo'n dat, w'en he make his disappear'nce up de big road, Brer Rabbit holler out:

"'Brer B'ar!—Oh, Brer B'ar! I year tell dat flax-seed poultices is mighty good fer so' places!'

"Yit Brer B'ar aint look back."

IV.

HOW BROTHER RABBIT FRIGHTENED HIS NEIGHBORS.

WHEN Uncle Remus was in a good humor he turned the most trifling incidents into excuses for amusing the little boy with his stories. One night, while he was hunting for a piece of candle on the shelf that took the place of a mantel over the fire-place, he knocked down a tin plate. It fell upon the hearth with a tremendous clatter.

"Dar now!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Hit's a blessin' dat dat ar platter is got mo' backbone dan de common run er crockery, 'kaze 'twould er bin bust all ter flinderations long time ago. Dat ar platter is got dents on it w'at Miss Sally put dar w'en she 'uz a little bit er gal. Yit dar 'tis, en right dis minnit hit'll hol' mo' vittles dan w'at I got ter put in it.

"I lay," the old man continued, leaning his hand against the chimney and gazing at the little boy reflectively, "I lay ef de creeturs had a bin yer w'iles all dat clatterment gwine on dey'd a lef' bidout tellin' anybody goodbye. All 'ceppin' Brer Rabbit. Bless yo' soul, he'd er stayed fer ter see de fun, des lak he did dat t'er time w'en he skeer um all so. I 'speck I done tole you 'bout dat."

"When he got the honey on him and rolled in the leaves?"

Uncle Remus thought a moment.

"Ef I make no mistakes in my 'membunce, dat wuz de time w'en he call hisse'f de Wuller-de-Wust."

The little boy corroborated Uncle Remus's memory.

"Well, den, dish yer wuz n'er time, en he lak ter skeer um plum out'n de settlement. En it all come 'bout 'kaze dey wanter play smarty."

"Who wanted to play smarty, Uncle Remus?" asked the child.

"Oh, des dem t'er creeturs. Dey wuz allers a-layin' traps fer Brer Rabbit en gittin' cotch in um deyse'f, en dey wuz allers a-pursooin' atter 'im day in en day out. I aint 'nyin' but w'at some er Brer Rabbit pranks wuz mighty ha'sh, but w'y aint dey let 'im 'lone deyse'f?"

Naturally, the little boy was not prepared to meet these arguments, even had their gravity been less impressive, so he said nothing.

"In dem days," Uncle Remus went on, "de creeturs wuz same lak folks. Dey had der ups en dey had der downs; dey had der hard times, en dey had der saf' times. Some seasons der craps 'ud be good, en some seasons dey'd be bad. Brer Rabbit, he far'd lak de res' un um. W'at he'd make, dat he'd spen'. One season he tuck'n made a fine chance er goobers, en he 'low, he did, dat ef dey fetch 'im anywhars nigh de money w'at he speck dey would, he go ter town en buy de truck w'at needcessity call fer.

"He aint no sooner say dat dan ole Miss Rabbit, she vow, she did, dat it be a scannul en a shame ef he don't whirl in en git sevin tin-cups fer de chilluns fer ter drink out'n, en sevin tin-plates fer'm fer ter sop out'n, en a coffee-pot fer de fambly. Brer Rabbit say dat des zackly w'at he gwine do, en he 'low, he did, dat he gwine ter town de comin' We'n'sday."

Uncle Remus paused, and indulged in a hearty laugh before he resumed:

"Brer Rabbit wa'n't mo'n out de gate 'fo' Miss Rabbit, she slapped on 'er bonnet, she did, en rush 'cross ter Miss Mink house, en she aint bin dar a minnit 'fo' she up'n tell Miss Mink dat Brer Rabbit done promise ter go ter town We'n'sday comin' en git de chilluns sump'n. Co'se, w'en Mr. Mink come home, Miss Mink she up'n 'low she want ter know w'at de reason he can't buy sump'n fer his chilluns same ez Brer Rabbit do fer his'n, en dey quo'll en quo'll des lak folks. Atter dat Miss Mink she kyar de news ter Miss Fox, en den Brer Fox he tuck'n got a rakin' over de coals. Miss Fox she tell Miss Wolf, en Miss Wolf she tell Miss B'ar, en 'twant long 'fo' eve'ybody in dem diggins know dat Brer Rabbit gwine ter town de comin' We'n'sday fer ter git his chilluns sump'n; en all de yuther creeturs' chilluns ax der ma w'at de reason der pa can't git *dem* sump'n. So dar it went."

"Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer B'ar, dey make up der mines, dey did, dat ef dey gwine ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit, dat wuz de

time, en dey fix up a plan dat dey'd lay fer Brer Rabbit en nab 'im w'en he come back fum town. Dey tuck'n make all der 'rangements, en wait fer de day.

"Sho nuff, w'en We'n'sday come, Brer Rabbit e't he brekkus 'fo' sun-up, en put out fer town. He tuck'n got hisse'f a dram, en a plug er terbarker, en a pocket-hankcher, en he got de ole 'oman a coffee-pot, en he got de chilluns sevin tin-cups en sevin tin-plates, en den to'des evenin' he start back home. He walk 'long, he did, feelin' mighty biggity, but bimeby w'en he git sorter tired, he sot down und' a black-jack tree, en 'gun to fun hisse'f wid one er de platters.

"W'iles he doin' dis a little bit er teenchy sap-sucker run up'n down de tree en keep on makin' mighty quare fuss. Atter w'ile Brer Rabbit tuck'n shoo at 'im wid de platter. Seem lak dis make de teenchy little sap-sucker mighty mad, en he rush out on a lim' right over Brer Rabbit, en he sing out:

'Pilly-pee, pilly-wee!
I see w'at he no see!
I see, pilly-pee,
I see, w'at he no see!'

"He keep on singin' dis, he did, twel Brer Rabbit 'gun ter look 'roun', en he aint no sooner do dis dan he see marks in de san' whar some un done bin dar 'fo' 'im, en he look little closer en den he see w'at de sap-sucker drivin' at. He scratch his head, Brer Rabbit did, en he 'low ter hisse'f:

"'Ah-yi! Yer whar Brer Fox bin settin', en dar de print er his nice bushy tail. Yer whar Brer Wolf bin settin', en dar de print er his fine long tail. Yer whar Brer B'ar bin squattin' on he hunkers, en dar de print w'ich he aint got no tail. Dey er all bin yer, en I lay dey er hidin' out in de big gully down dar in de holler.'

"Wid dat, ole man Rab tuck'n put he truck in de bushes, en den he run 'way 'roun' fer ter see w'at he kin see. Sho nuff," continued Uncle Remus, with a curious air of elation,—"sho nuff, w'en Brer Rabbit git over agin de big gully down in de holler, dar dey wuz. Brer Fox, he 'uz on one side er de road, en Brer Wolf 'uz on de t'er side; en ole Brer B'ar he 'uz quiled up in de gully takin' a nap.

"Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n peep at um, he did, en he lick he foot en roach back he h'ar, en den hol' his han's 'cross his mouf en laff lak some chilluns does w'en dey think dey er foolin' der ma."

"Not me, Uncle Remus—not me!" exclaimed the little boy promptly.

"Heyo dar! don't kick 'fo' you er spurred, honey! Brer Rabbit, he seed um all dar, en he tuck'n grin, he did, en den he lit out ter whar he done lef' he truck, en w'en he git dar he dance 'roun' en slap hise'f on de leg, en make all sorts er kuse motions. Den he go ter wuk en tu'n de coffee-pot upside down en stick it on he head; den he run his gallus thoo de han'les er de cups, en sling um crosst he shoulder; den he'vide de platters, some in one han' en some in de yuther. Atter he git good en ready, he crope ter de top er de hill, he did, en tuck a runnin' start, en flew down like a harrycane—*rickety, rackety, slambang!*"

The little boy clapped his hands enthusiastically.

"Bless yo' soul, dem creeturs aint year no fuss lak dat, en dey aint seed no man w'at look lak Brer Rabbit do, wid de coffee-pot on he head, en de cups a rattlin' on he gallus, en de platters a wavin' en a shinin' in de a'r.

"Now, mine you, ole Brer B'ar wuz layin' off up de gully takin' a nap, en de fuss skeer 'im so bad dat he make a break en run over Brer Fox. He rush out in de road, he did, en w'en he see de sight, he whirl roun' en run over Brer Wolf. Wid der scramblin' en der scufflin', Brer Rabbit got right on um 'fo' dey kin git away. He holler out, he did:

"'Gimme room! Tu'n me loose! I'm ole man Spewter-Splutter wid long claws, en scales on my back! I'm snaggle-toofed en double-j'inted! Gimme room!'

"Eve'y time he'd fetch a whoop, he'd rattle de cups en slap de platters tergedder—*rickety, rackety, slambang!* En I let you know w'en dem creeturs got dey lim's tergedder dey split de win', dey did dat. Ole Brer B'ar, he struck a stump w'at stood in de way, en I aint gwine tell you how he to' it up kaze you wont b'leeve me, but de next mawnin' Brer Rabbit en his chilluns went back dar, dey did, en dey got nuff splinters fer ter make um kin'lin' wood all de winter. Yasser! Des ez sho ez I'm a-settin' by dish yer h'ath."

V.

MR. MAN HAS SOME MEAT.

THE little boy sat watching Uncle Remus sharpen his shoe-knife. The old man's head moved in sympathy with his hands, and he mumbled fragments of a song. Occasionally he would feel of the edge of the blade with his thumb, and then begin to sharpen it again. The comical appearance of the venerable darkey finally had its effect upon the child, for suddenly he broke into a hearty peal of laughter; whereupon, Uncle Remus stopped shaking his head and singing his mumbly-song, and assumed a very dignified attitude. Then he drew a long, deep breath, and said:

"W'en folks gits ole en strucken wid de palsy, dey mus speck ter be laff'd at. Goodness knows, I bin use ter dat sence de day my whiskers 'gun to bleach."

"Why, I wasn't laughing at you, Uncle Remus; I declare I wasn't," cried the little boy. "I thought may be you might be doing your head like Brother Rabbit did when he was fixing to cut his meat."

Uncle Remus's seriousness was immediately driven away by a broad and appreciative grin.

"Now, dat de way ter talk, honey, en I boun' you wan't fur wrong, n'er, 'kaze fer all dey'll tell you dat Brer Rabbit make he livin' 'long er nibblin' at grass en greens, hit 'twan't dat away in dem days, 'kaze I got in my membunce right now de 'casion whar Brer Rabbit is tuck'n e't meat."

The little boy had learned that it was not best to make any display of impatience, and so he waited quietly while Uncle Remus busied himself with arranging the tools on his shoe-bench. Presently the old man began.

"Hit so happen dat one day Brer Rabbit meet up wid Brer Fox, en w'en dey 'quire atter der coporosity, dey fine out dat bofe un um mighty po'ly. Brer Fox, he 'low, he do, dat he monstus hongry, en Brer Rabbit, he 'spon' dat he got a mighty hankerin' atter vittles hisse'f. Bimeby dey look up de big road, en dey see Mr. Man comin' 'long wid a great big hunk er beef und' he arm. Brer Fox, he up'n 'low, he did, dat he lak mighty well fer ter git a ta'se er dat, en Brer Rabbit he 'low dat de sight er dat nice meat all lineded wid taller is nuff fer ter run a body 'stracted.

"Mr. Man he come en he come 'long. Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox dey look en dey look at 'im. Dey wink der eye en der mouf water. Brer Rabbit he 'low he bleedz ter git some er dat meat. Brer Fox, he 'spon', he did, dat it look mighty fur off ter him. Den Brer Rabbit tell Brer Fox fer ter foller 'long atter 'im in hailin' distuns, en wid dat he put out, he did, en 'twan't long 'fo' he kotch up wid Mr. Man.

"Dey pass de time er day, en den dey went joggin' 'long de road same lak dey 'uz gwine 'pun a journey. Brer Rabbit he keep on snuffin' de a'r. Mr. Man up'n ax 'im is he got a bad cole, en Brer Rabbit 'spon' dat he smell sump'n' w'ich it don't smell like ripe peaches. Bimeby, Brer Rabbit 'gun to hol' he nose, he did, en atter w'ile he sing out:

"'Gracious en de goodness, Mr. Man! hit's dat meat er yone. *Phew!* Whar'bouts is you pick up dat meat at?'

"Dis make Mr. Man feel sorter 'shame hisse'f, en ter make marters wuss, yer come a great big green fly a-zoonin' 'roun'. Brer Rabbit he git way off on ter side er de road, en he keep on hol'in' he nose. Mr. Man, he look sorter sheepish, he did, en dey aint gone fur 'fo' he put de meat down on de side er de road, en he tuck'n ax Brer Rabbit w'at dey gwine do 'bout it. Brer Rabbit he 'low, he did:

"'I year tell in my time dat ef you take'n drag a piece er meat thoo' de dus' hit'll fetch back hits freshness. I aint no superspicious man myse'f,' sezee, 'en I aint got no 'speunce wid no sech doin's, but dem w'at tell me, dey say dey done try it. Yit I knows dis,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'I knows dat 'taint gwine do no harm, kaze de grit w'at gits on de meat kin be wash off,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I aint got no string,' sez Mr. Man, sezee.

"Brer Rabbit laff hearty, but still he hol' he nose.

"'Time you bin in de bushes long ez I is, you wont miss strings,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit lipt out, en he aint gone long 'fo' he come hoppin' back wid a whole passel er bamboo vines, all tie tergedder. Mr. Man, he 'low:

"'Dat line mighty long.'

"Brer Rabbit he 'low:

"'Tooby sho', you want de win' fer ter git 'twix' you en dat meat.'

"Den Mr. Man tuck'n tied de bamboo line ter de meat. Brer Rabbit he broke off a 'simmon bush, he did, en 'low dat he'd stay behime en keep de flies off. Mr. Man he go on befo' en drag de meat, en Brer Rabbit he stay behime, he did, en take keer un it."

Here Uncle Remus was compelled to pause and laugh before he could proceed with the story.

"En he is take keer un it, mon — dat he is. He tuck'n got 'im a rock, en w'iles Mr. Man gwine 'long bidout lookin' back, he ondo de meat en tie de rock ter de bamboo line, en w'en Brer Fox foller on, sho' 'nuff, dar lay de meat. Mr. Man, he drug de rock, he did, en Brer Rabbit he keep de flies off, twel atter dey gone on right smart piece, en den w'en Mr. Man look 'roun', whar wuz ole man Rabbit?

"Bless yo' soul, Brer Rabbit done gone back en jine Brer Fox, en he wuz des in time, at dat, 'kase little mo' en Brer Fox would 'a' done bin outer sight en yearin'. En so dat de way Brer Rabbit git Mr. Man meat."

The little boy reflected a little, and then said:

"Uncle Remus, wasn't that stealing?"

"Well, I tell you 'bout dat, honey," responded the old man, with the air of one who is willing to compromise. "In dem days de

creeturs bleedz ter look out fer deyse'f, mo' speshually dem w'at aint got hawn an huff. Brer Rabbit aint got no hawn an huff, en he bleedz ter be he own lawyer."

Just then the little boy heard his father's buggy rattling down the avenue, and he ran out into the darkness to meet it. After he was gone, Uncle Remus sat a long time rubbing his hands and looking serious. Finally he leaned back in his chair, and exclaimed:

"Dat little chap gittin' too much fer ole Remus—dat he is!"

VI.

HOW BROTHER RABBIT GOT THE MEAT.

WHEN the little boy next visited Uncle Remus the cabin was dark and empty and the door shut. The old man was gone. He was absent for several nights, but at last one night the little boy saw a welcome light in the cabin, and he made haste to pay Uncle Remus a visit. He was full of questions:

"Goodness, Uncle Remus! Where in the world have you been? I thought you were gone for good. Mamma said she reckoned the treatment here didn't suit you, and you had gone off to get some of your town friends to hire you."

"Is Miss Sally tell you dat, honey? Well, ef she aint de beatenes' w'ite 'oman dis side er kingdom come, you kin des shoot me. Miss Sally tuck'n writ me a pass wid 'er own han's fer ter go see some er my kin down dar in de Ashbank settlement. Yo' mammy quare 'oman, honey, sho'!

"En yit, w'at de good er my stayin' yer? T'er night, I aint mo'n git good en started 'fo' you er up en gone, en I aint seed ha'r ner hide un you sence. W'en I see you do dat, I 'low ter myse'f dat hit's des 'bout time fer ole man Remus fer ter pack up he duds en go hunt comp'ny some'r's else."

"Well, Uncle Remus," exclaimed the little boy in a tone of expostulation, "didn't Brother Fox get the meat, and wasn't that the end of the story?"

Uncle Remus started to laugh, but he changed his mind so suddenly that the little boy was convulsed. The old man groaned and looked at the rafters with a curious air of disinterestedness. After a while he went on with great seriousness:

"I dunner w'at kinder idee folks got 'bout Brer Rabbit nohow, dat I don't. S'pozen you lays de plans so some yuther chap kin git a big hunk er goody, is you gwine ter set off some'r's en see 'im make way wid it?"

"What kind of goody, Uncle Remus?"

"Dish yer kinder goody w'at town folks keeps. Mint draps en reezins, en sweet doin's lak Miss Sally keep und' lock en key. Well, den, ef you gits some er dat, er may be some yuther kinder goody, w'ich I wish 'twuz yer right dis blessid minnit, is you gwine ter set quile up in dat cheer en let n'er chap run off wid it? Dat you aint—dat you aint!"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed the little boy. "Brother Rabbit went back and made Brother Fox give him his part of the meat."

"Des lak I tell you, honey; dey wan't no man mungs de creeturs w'at kin stan' right flat-footed en wuk he min' quick lak Brer Rabbit. He tuck'n tie de rock on de string, stidder de meat, en he pursue long atter it, he did, twel Mr. Man tu'n a ben' in de road, en den Brer Rabbit, he des lit out fum dar—*terbuckity-buckity, buck-buck-buckity!* en 'twan't long 'fo' he tuck'n kotch up wid Brer Fox. Dey tuck de meat, dey did, en kyar'd it way off in de woods, en laid it down on a clean place on de groun'.

"Dey laid it down, dey did," continued Uncle Remus, drawing his chair up closer to the little boy, "en den Brer Fox 'low dey better sample it, en Brer Rabbit, he 'gree. Wid dat, Brer Fox, he tuck'n gnyaw off a hunk, en he shut bofe eyes, he did, en he chaw en chaw, en ta'se en tas'e, en chaw en tas'e. Brer Rabbit, he watch 'im, but Brer Fox, he keep bofe eyes shot, en he chaw en tas'e, en tas'e en chaw."

Uncle Remus not only furnished a pantomime accompaniment to this recital by shutting his eyes and pretending to taste, but he lowered his voice to a pitch of tragical significance in reporting the dialogue that ensued:

"Den Brer Fox smack he mouf en look at de meat mo' closeter, en up'n 'low:

"'Brer Rabbit, *hit's lam'!*'

"'*No*, Brer Fox! *shol'y not!*'

"'Brer Rabbit, *hit's lam'!*'

"'Brer Fox, *tooby sho'ly not!*'

"Den Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n gnyaw off a hunk, en he shot bofe eyes, en chaw en tas'e, en tas'e en chaw. Den he smack he mouf, en up'n 'low:

"'Brer Fox, *hit's shote!*'

"'Brer Rabbit, you foolin' me!'

"'Brer Fox, *I vow hit's shote!*'

"'Brer Rabbit, hit des *can't be!*'

"'Brer Fox, *hit sho'ly is!*'

"Dey tas'e en dey 'spute, en de 'spute en dey tas'e. Atter w'ile, Brer Rabbit make lak he want some water, en he rush off in de bushes, en d'reckly yer he come back wipin' he mouf en cl'erin' up he th'oat. Den Brer Fox he want some water sho' nuff:

"'Brer Rabbit, whar you fin' de spring?'

"'Cross de road, en down de hill en up de big gully.'

"Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en atter he gone Brer Rabbit totch he year wid he behime foot lak he flippin' 'im good-bye. Brer Fox, he cross de road en rush down de hill, he did, yit he aint fin' no big gully. He keep on gwine twel he fin' de big gully, yit he aint fin' no spring.

"W'iles all dish yer gwine on, Brer Rabbit he tuck'n grabble a hole in de groun', he did, en in dat hole he hide de meat. Atter he git it good en hid, he tuck'n cut 'im a long keen hick'ry, en atter so long a time, w'en he year Brer Fox comin' back he got in a clump er bushes, en tuck dat hick'ry en let in on a saplin', en ev'y time he hit de saplin', he 'ud squall out, Brer Rabbit would, des lak de patter-rollers had 'im:

"*Pow, pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man!'—*Pow, pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man!'—*Chippy-row, pow!* 'Oh, Lordy, Mr. Man! Brer Fox tuck yo' meat!'—*Pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man! Brer Fox tuck yo' meat!'"

Every time Uncle Remus said "*Pow!*" he struck himself in the palm of his hand with a shoe-sole by way of illustration.

"Co'se," he went on, "w'en Brer Fox year dis kinder doin's, he fotch up, he did, en lissen, en ev'y time he year de hick'ry come down *pow!* he tuck'n grin en 'low ter hisse'f, 'Ah-yi! you fool me 'bout de water! Ah-yi! you fool me 'bout de water!'

"Atter so long a time, de racket sorter die out, en seem lak Mr. Man wuz draggin' Brer Rabbit off. Dis make Brer Fox feel mighty skittish. Bimeby Brer Rabbit come a callyhootin' back des a hollerin':

"'Run, Brer Fox, run! Mr. Man say he gwine to kyar dat meat up de road ter whar he son is, en den he's a comin' back atter you. Run, Brer Fox, run!'

"En I let you know," said Uncle Remus, leaning back and laughing to see the little boy laugh. "I let you know Brer Fox got mighty skace in dat neighborhood!"

DROUGHT.

The old cry beats upon the out-stretched heaven:
"How long, O Lord, how long wilt Thou deny?
In wearied hearts fear works its sickly leaven,
As one by one the water-springs go dry.

"The throats that call on Thee are choked with trouble,
And faint for impotence to reach Thine ear;
The cattle gnaw fog-blackened dust and stubble;
The corn untimely crackles and grows sere.

"Hast Thou forgotten, Majesty Unbounded,
Thy thirsting creatures in Thy ashen land,—
With clouds and darkness all Thy ways surrounded,
And ocean's waters in Thy hollowed hand?"

Forgotten? He, who planned from everlasting
The awful convolution of the spheres;
To whom are one, remembrance and forecasting,
And one day even as a thousand years;

Within whose vast design, the sparrow falling
Is counted as the meteor's gleaming race;
The favoring breeze, the hurricane appalling
That turns the deep sea to a burial-place;

One valley panting for the rain in season,
And one uptorn by floods that leave it strewed
With wreck of lives and homes. O futile reason,
With fathom-line to sound Infinitude!

Yea, as the heavens than the earth are higher,
So are His ways, His thoughts, to those of man:
To Him a breath, ten Sabbaths dry and dryer;
Ten years of thirsting spirit but a span.

James T. McKay.

OLD AND NEW ROSES.

It is worthy of note that our fathers and forefathers had in general a better nomenclature for their roses than is used in these days. Such names as Dame Blanche, La Favorite, Rosalie, La Coquette, and those of the various mythological characters — as Hebe, Juno, and Calypso — were freely used. Now the favorite roses are Dukes and Duchesses, Counts and Countesses, Lords and Ladies, Generals and Senators, till we wonder if there are any plebeians left.

There are many old roses that should never be forgotten, though they have been pushed aside by new-comers, and are seldom to be found on sale at the florist's. Blanchefleur, Madame Hardy, Madame Zœtman are delightfully fragrant, beautiful white roses, whose places have not been filled by any of the usurping remontants; and there are others, of the Provençe and Damask families, nearly as fine as those named. In all our improvements, we have not yet bettered the quality of the old white summer roses of thirty and forty years ago. The demand is now altogether for those varieties which bloom more than once, and, in achieving freedom of bloom, we have lost in fragrance, have lost in hardiness; therefore, to leave out and cast aside these favorites of a generation that is passing away is surely a serious mistake. Others beside the old white summer roses should be retained. There is the Centifolia, or cabbage-rose, so unfortunately named, which is yet a model for form and fragrance; there is the common sweet-brier, with its bright orange-red heps,— not a flower for florists truly, but how attractive to the artist, how full of inspiration to the poet, how grateful to all who are pleased by fragrance! For bright yellow shades, we yet look to the old Austrian roses, so called, Harrison's and Persian Yellow. Then what is more charming than the moss-roses? what bouquet more beautiful than loose branches of the Gracilis, the Common and Crested moss-roses?

The Charles Lawson, Coupe d'Hébé, Paul Ricaut, and some others of the old summer kinds are also very useful as pillar roses; they have nearly everything that makes a rose valuable save the property of blossoming more than once. It must also be remembered that the old roses were not alone such as bloomed in June only. Agrippina, Edward Desfosses, Hermosa, Souvenir de la Malmaison, Aimée Vibert, Lamarque, Solfaterre, Bon Silène, Bougère, Devoniensis, Flavescens, Madame de Vatry, Niphetos, Odorata, Safrano, Triomphe de Luxembourg are members of the Bengal, Bourbon, Noisette, and Tea families, introduced more than forty years ago, and in none of these groups has any great advance been made. Certainly, many beautiful and distinct varieties have since been introduced, but the improvement in quality of these classes has been slight as compared to the advance made by the introduction of new groups.

Roses of the present, as compared with those of the past, are superior by reason of the introduction of groups that are hardy, or nearly so, and that blossom at intervals and continuously through the summer and autumn. We remember the great interest awakened by the varieties sent out by Laffay, such as Madame Laffay, Mrs. Elliott, and, a few years after, La Reine. The two former have nearly disappeared from cultivation; but La Reine is still much grown, and, like the General Jacqueminot, Victor Verdier, and Jules Margottin, has been the progenitor of most of the hardy roses cultivated at this day.

It would astonish the uninitiated to learn the number, not only of those who propagate plants for sale, but those who are engaged in the production of new varieties from seed. Strange to say, the raising of new roses has been done successfully only in France and England. Italy and Germany have accomplished almost nothing in this line, although the climate of those countries is as favorable for the purpose as that of the other two; but in this they only follow the general line of horticultural progress, for Italy and Germany have produced few varieties of European fruits that are valuable. America has originated more fruits of high quality than any other country, but her contributions to the list of good roses, though larger than those of Italy and Germany, fall far short of what they should be. With an extent of territory that gives greater variation of climate and soil than is to be found in any other country, it must be that America will yet produce her share of fine roses.

With the year 1842 appeared the Baronne Prévost, which is now the oldest type among hybrid remontant roses. It is not a numerous family, and is of much less importance to us than many others, but we can well imagine

what pleasure it gave when it was introduced to the rosarians of that day. The flowers are very large and full, flat in form, quite fragrant, and in color some shade of rose. It is the most hardy type we have. The only varieties commonly grown are Boieldieu, Colonel de Rougemont, and Madame Boll.

In 1843, Laffay introduced what he loyally named Rose of the Queen *(Rose de la Reine)*. This variety bore royal sway for many years. It not only still sells well and is to be considered a useful rose, but it should also have our esteem as being the parent of a most useful family. The flowers are of various shades of rose, generally of semi-globular form, large, somewhat fragrant; free in the autumn; quite hardy, enduring more cold than any of the other families except Baronne Prévost. The leading sorts are: Anne de Diesbach, Antoine Mouton, Auguste Mie, Belle Normande, François Michelon, Madame Nachury, Paul Neyron. Among the varieties of this family none equal in merit the François Michelon.

The Giant of Battles was introduced by Nérard in 1846, and doubtless has Bourbon blood in its veins. The colors are of various shadings of crimson, very rich and effective when in perfection, but very fleeting. The sun soon gives them a muddy hue. The flowers are well shaped but small, and have slight fragrance; they are very freely produced in the spring and summer months, but as a rule not in the autumn. The foliage is of lustrous dark green, very subject to mildew. They are difficult to propagate from cuttings, and are liable to injury from frost. The leading sorts are: Cardinal Patrizzi, Crimson Bedder, Empereur de Maroc, Eugène Appert, Lord Raglan, Mrs. Standish. Owing chiefly to their bad constitution, they are rapidly disappearing from cultivation, and in a few years it is likely none will remain. The same rich color can now be found in the Prince Camille family.

The General Jacqueminot, the head of what is now considered the most valuable type, made its bow, in 1852, to an admiring world: clad in rich crimson livery, it still commands respect and admiration, and marshaled under its generalship is the army of dark roses which so excite and please our senses by their charms and loveliness. This family probably originated from the old hybrid China, Gloire des Rosomanes; they are moderately hardy, but less so than those of the Baronne Prévost, Jules Margottin, and La Reine types. The flowers are invariably shades of red and crimson, generally highly perfumed, freely produced in the spring, but varying greatly as to their autumnal bloom. As a family, they are much more shy in the autumn than any of the others. It is now the most numerous of the families, due to the fact that popular taste inclines more to crimson than to light-colored roses. Leading varieties of this type are Beauty of Waltham, Marie Baumann (moderate growth), Marie Rady, Maurice Bernardin, Pierre Notting, Xavier Olibo (dwarf growth), also Sénateur Vaisse, Charles Lefebvre, Prince Camille, Alfred Colomb, and Duke of Edinburgh. About the latter varieties cluster numerous others of the family of less importance.

The head of the Victor Verdier type originated with the greatest of all the raisers, Lacharme, of Lyons, and was sent out by him in 1852. It is doubtless from one of the La Reine type, crossed with some monthly rose, probably a Bourbon. The descendants are very numerous, and in spite of their rather tender habits, form a valuable group, being the most free to flower of them all. If they were fragrant, they would be unrivaled; but alas! they are devoid of scent, and therefore cannot rank as high as the others. Fine feathers alone do not make fine birds, and surely fragrance is to the rose what song is to the bird. Its flowers are large, well built up; generally shades of rose and pink prevail; mildew operates against these more than any others except the Giant of Battles type. Of all the families it is the best adapted for forcing in winter. The leading varieties grown are Captain Christy, Countess of Oxford, Étienne Levet, Hippolyte Jamain, Julius Finger, Madame George Schwartz, Mademoiselle Eugénie Verdier, Marie Cointet, Marie Finger, Mrs. Baker, Oxonian (somewhat fragrant), Président Thiers, Pride of Waltham, Rosy Morn.

In 1853, Jules Margottin, of Bourg-la-Reine, near Paris, sent out a fine rose, which he called after himself. Though he has been raising seedling roses ever since, none of them has quite come up in worth to his namesake, the flowers of which are large in size, very full, somewhat flat in shape, in shades of rose and carmine, and almost without perfume. They are generally free in the autumn, are very hardy, though as a rule difficult of propagation from cuttings, but making very vigorous plants when budded. The leading sorts: Abel Grand, Bessie Johnson (quite fragrant), Charles Margottin (reddish crimson), Countess of Serenye, Duchesse de Vallombrosa, Edward Morren, Egeria, Emily Laxton, John Hopper, Magna Charta, Madame Gabriel Luizet, Madame Lacharme, Madame Louis Lévêque, Mademoiselle Thérèse Levet, Marchioness of Exeter, Marguérite de St. Amande, Marquise de Castellane, Miss Hassard (scented), Monsieur Noman, Peach Blossom, Princess Mary of

Cambridge, and Rev. J. B. Camm, which is very sweet.

The Sénateur Vaisse became known in 1859. In this family we find the most perfectly formed flowers; the varieties are of moderate growth, with smoother wood than most of the others. The foliage is more round and perhaps of a deeper green. Madame Victor Verdier, Monsieur E. Y. Teas, and Mrs. Laxton form the leading members.

Charles Léfebvre, one of Lacharme's productions, was introduced in 1861. The originator believes that this came from a cross of Victor Verdier and General Jacqueminot. It certainly takes after the characteristics of those two sorts. The flowers are more wavy in outline than in the other families; the growth is somewhat less vigorous, the wood more smooth. Dr. Andry, Glory of Cheshunt, Harrison Weir, Horace Vernet, Lord Macaulay, Madame Anna de Besobrasoff, Marguerite Brassac, Mrs. Harry Turner, Paul Jamain, and W. Wilson Saunders are the leading kinds.

Prince Camille, which was introduced in 1861, by E. Verdier, gives us the darkest type of roses which we have. From appearances, we should think it originated in a natural cross between varieties of the Giant of Battles and General Jacqueminot types, the characteristics of the latter predominating. None of these bloom freely in autumn, but they are magnificent in their dark, velvety shades, as seen in the spring. Baron Chaurand, Baron de Bonstetten, Abel Carrière, Henry Bennett, Jean Cherpin, Jean Liabaud, Jean Soupert, La Rosière, Monsieur Boncenne, and Président Léon de St. Jean comprise the family. More than the others, Abel Carrière and Jean Soupert take after Giant of Battles.

Alfred Colomb, another of Lacharme's raising (1865), has a similar habit of growth to the Jacqueminot type, but the thorns are less numerous and with more of a yellowish hue. The flowers are more globular, stand the sun better, and are much more freely produced, constituting a most valuable family. The varieties are A. K. Williams, Fisher Holmes, and Wilhelm Kœlle.

The Duke of Edinburgh, sent out by George Paul in 1868, is the only English rose which may be regarded as the founder of a family. The flowers are inclined to be thinner in petal than those of the Jacqueminot type, rather smaller, burn much more quickly in the sun, and are not constant in autumn. It is a very beautiful family when grown in a moist, cool climate; but there are few of the members that will do well under our hot sun. The varieties best known, mostly of recent origin, are, Brightness of Cheshunt, Dr. Hooker, Duke of Connaught, Duke of Teck, Robert Marnock, S. Reynolds Hole, Sultan of Zanzibar, and The Shah.

Baroness Rothschild is the typical representative of a small but very beautiful family, the very aristocracy of roses. It is not a new rose, but its merits have not been recognized till within a few years. Now that the florists have finally taken it for winter forcing, it is becoming well known, but it will always command comparatively high prices. Twelve and fifteen dollars for a dozen blooms have been the prices during the winter months. Mabel Morrison, Merveille de Lyon, and White Baroness are three white roses of the type that are to-day the special sensation of the rose world. They have the same short-jointed stems, with the beautiful foliage closely set under the blooms, that are a characteristic and pleasing feature of the parent. Mabel Morrison is the only one of the white trio which is likely to be seen in any number for some time to come; the others are but just out, and florists will use all the wood the plants make for propagating. Three white, hardy varieties of such high rank as these may well excite the enthusiasm of all who grow roses.

The above description exhausts the divisions which may be considered distinct types. Though there are other roses which stand aloof, they have few or no followers. Such are Madame Charles Wood, Caroline de Sansal, and a few others.

All of the families of roses so far discussed are members of the Hybrid Remontant or Hybrid Perpetual class, certainly the most important of the many groups of roses now cultivated; but there are others of modern origin, which have also strong claims on our attention, the oldest of which is the Hybrid Noisette family, that may be divided into two sections. The original variety, Madame Récamier, was sent out by Lacharme in 1853. Nothing more is known of the origin of this sort, other than that one of the parents is supposed to have been a Noisette rose. Belonging to this type are Mademoiselle Bonnaire, Madame Noman, Eliza Boelle, and Madame Oswald de Kerchove. The flowers are of medium size, and of circular, very beautiful form. Though devoid of fragrance, the flowers are freely produced from June throughout the summer; for which reason these varieties are to be valued as most charming acquisitions on our list of white or light-tinted roses.

In 1860, Lacharme sent out Madame Gustave Bonnet, the head of the second division of the Hybrid Noisette family. This variety, the originator claims, was produced from seed of Blanche Lafitte (Bourbon), fertilized by

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ROSE.

Sappho (Portland). If this be true, this type should go by some other term than Hybrid Noisette; but the name has been fixed by usage, and as they have no fragrance, they will, at all events, smell as sweet by this name as any other. Belonging to the same type as Madame Gustave Bonnet are Louise Darzens, Madame Alfred de Rougemont, Baronne de Maynard, Coquette des Alpes, Coquette des Blanches, and Madame François Pittet, all raised by Lacharme. Madame Bellenden Ker, Perfection des Blanches, and Madame Auguste Perrin, of the same family, are the production of other persons. These kinds differ from those of the Mademoiselle Bonnair type, in being of more vigorous habit of smoother wood, and of more oval and glaucous foliage, more like that of the Bourbons. The flowers are even more freely produced, but are inferior in quality to those of the other type.

Gloire de Dijon was sent out in 1853. In its habit of growth, it showed itself distinct

from all others, and has become the head of a class now known as Climbing Teas. When the plant has once become established it is of vigorous growth, and has long been a favorite as a pillar rose, both for conservatories and in favorable situations out of doors. Its parentage is not known, but I believe it must have originated from a natural cross between a Bourbon and a tea-scented Noisette rose. The most popular kinds of this type are Gloire de Bordeaux, Belle Lyonnaise, Madame Trifle, Madame Bèrard, Marie Berton, Beauty of Europe, and Reine Marie Pia, but none of them has attracted the same attention as the old sort.

The most valuable type of roses since General Jacqueminot is the Hybrid Tea. The original of this new race is La France, introduced, in 1869, by Guillot, of Lyons. This was raised from the seed of a Tea rose, but is entirely distinct from all tea-scented kinds. In color it is a soft, silvery rose, delicately tinged with a faint shade of lilac; in its fragrance, a most delightful combination of the Provençe and Tea perfumes. It blooms perpetually, the end of each shoot always carrying a flower-bud, and these shoots constantly pushing forth. In these three qualities, so essential to a perfect rose, it has scarcely any equal, and solely by its intrinsic merits has now gained a popularity shared by few or none others of its sisterhood. Duchess of Connaught and Viscountess Falmouth, raised by Bennett, of England, are varieties of the same type, which most nearly approach La France, both in appearance and fragrance. Next to them comes Madame Alexandre Bernaix, raised by Guillot. Michael Saunders, Duke of Connaught, and Nancy Lee, all varieties of Bennett's, are very beautiful; but the two last named are of such delicate habit that they will never be useful for general culture.

The Polyantha Rose is of recent introduction. The original, which is a native of Japan, has very small, single white flowers, about the size of a silver twenty-five-cent piece; it is of sarmentous growth, quite hardy, and blooms in panicles, in the spring. Some of the French growers have raised seedlings, crosses (natural or artificial) with Teas or other classes, which are true everblooming roses and of great merit. The varieties best known are Paquerette, Anne Marie de Montravel, Mignonette, and Cécile Brünner. They are more tender than the parent, but are quite as hardy as the Hybrid Noisettes and the Hybrid Teas. As an edging for a bed of monthly roses, nothing can be more effective than a row or two of Paquerette or one of the other Polyanthas. They are extremely beautiful little flowers, which will survive all the sneers of the horticultural snobs who see no beauty in a rose much smaller in size than a peony.

The attention of hybridizers is now directed toward crossing varieties of Tea with Hybrid Remontant roses, and new sorts of great value may confidently be expected from the efforts which are being made in this line. To obtain a variety which shall in a large degree combine the hardiness of La Reine or Jacqueminot, with the fragrance and free-blooming qualities of Madame Bravy or Bon Silène, is surely worth striving for.

This leads us to a consideration of the roses of the future, what they may be, what they should be. Roses of the past have been the product of nature, unaided by the hand of man. Roses of the present also chiefly come from sowing the seeds of varieties which have not been crossed, except as the crossing has been a matter of chance by natural agencies. In some instances efforts at artificial hybridization have been recorded that have given successful results. Roses of the future may and should come principally as the result of artificial fecundation and hybridization. A long essay would be required to treat this subject and do it justice in a magazine article. I can only touch on some of the more salient points. Laffay, who raised most of the Hybrid Remontants of value previous to 1850, is understood to have produced many of them by crossing artificially varieties of the Bourbon roses with the old crimson Rose du Roi. Vibert, Hardy, and some other of the French rosarians are also known to have produced a great many of our most beautiful roses by manual fertilization; but as no record has been kept of the varieties used for the purpose, the result of their work is of no use to the hybridizer of this day further than to afford proof that definite results can better be obtained from artificial than from natural crosses. Our aim should be to control and assist nature, as far as possible, in her tendency toward variation.

There has been so much carelessness, not to say ignorance, with regard to the parentage of the various varieties of roses, that I do not think it would be possible to name fifty kinds and give the parentage on both sides. For the past twenty-five years, nature has been so lavish in producing variations of great beauty, that those who have raised new roses have been content to gather the heps and sow the seed, depending on natural crosses to produce new and desirable kinds. Not only have they thus entirely relied on nature to accomplish what they wished; they have not even taken the pains, except in few instances, to separate the seed of one variety

THE MARIE BAUMANN ROSE.

from that of another, but have sowed them all promiscuously. To trace the peculiarities of each variety, learning just what influence each parent had in forming the qualities of the offspring, would be an interesting and profitable study. I hold it as an axiom, that, in the progeny of any rose which has been crossed with another, the influence of both parents can be distinctly traced.

Artificial crossing and hybridization of roses is generally performed by removing with fine scissors the stamens of the flower to be operated on, and then shaking over it the flower of that which contains the pollen to be used, or by gently dusting it on with a camel's-hair brush. In this manner it is supposed that the characteristics of each sort will be given in about equal measure to the progeny. It is not uncommon to cross varieties without removing the stamens, in which case the influence of the female parent is believed to preponderate; but neither of these methods has been accurately proved as to the results. An interesting question which arises, in connection with the subject of artificial fertilization, is how far removed from each other, in the habit of growth and in other peculiarities, may be the varieties which are

THE FRANÇOIS MICHELON ROSE.

to be used as parents, without preventing a successful crossing of the two.

In crossing roses, we are most certain to attain satisfactory results by blending seed-bearing varieties which have several characteristic features in common; thus, varieties of the same type will nearly always effect good crosses, as General Jacqueminot with Xavier Olibo, Madame Victor Verdier with E. Y. Teas; but, on account of a certain resemblance which must prevail among the kinds of one type, we are less likely to obtain new sorts of any marked individuality than would result from hybridizing varieties of one group by those of another not too widely separated group; in other words, we should avoid the extremes of crossing varieties too much alike, and of hybridizing one kind by another so widely removed in characteristics that a successful, healthy progeny cannot result. Here is a vast field still largely unexplored in which to study and experiment. This is not a matter to be confined to scientists; all who truly love roses, all that have some knowledge of their individual peculiarities, may engage in this fascinating pursuit with probabilities of success.

"This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature."

THE EUGÉNIE VERDIER ROSE.

A common error committed by the beginner is in attempting to grow varieties that are of delicate habit and feeble constitution. Attracted by the great beauty or fragrance of a flower, he does not consider, or does not understand, that vigor of growth, perpetuity of bloom, and perfect hardiness are very seldom combined with the qualities which have allured him.

A pleasing departure from the usual method of growing roses is found in the pegging-down system. Grown in this way, the long shoots are carefully bent down and fastened to the ground by means of hooked sticks or pegs. Flower-buds will then push out all along the shoots, and a correspondingly large number of blooms be obtained. True, the individual flowers are apt to be of somewhat inferior quality to those produced in the ordinary way, but a mass of color not otherwise obtainable can thus be had. I do not advocate this system to the exclusion of the one commonly pursued, but its occasional or alternate use is certainly capable of yielding most satisfactory results.

Besides planting roses in beds, it is well to scatter them through the borders of our gardens, giving the favored positions to the more delicate kinds. Among the best varieties which yet require some extra care are Eugénie Verdier,—the most beautiful of the Victor Verdier type,—a rose of very delicate coloring, silvery-pink, tinged with salmon, and Charles Lefèbvre, which is beautiful in both flower and leaf, the color of General Jacqueminot deepened

by a shade of satiny-purple. Among the roses not sufficiently well known are Marguerite de St. Amande, a deep pink sort, which gives beautiful buds as well as fine flowers, and blossoms through the summer and autumn months; Baroness Rothschild, a blush-pink, with exquisite cup-shaped flowers freely produced; François Michelon, a striking variety, intermediate in character between its parent La Reine and General Jacqueminot, thus uniting two rival dynasties. It has large, deep rose-colored flowers, veined with lilac, and is of splendid globular form. It blooms late, the flowers not developing until most others of the same class are past their prime. Eliza Boelle is, perhaps, the best white rose that we have. It blooms profusely all through the summer months; the flowers are full, of the most perfect, globular form, the center generally tinged with blush. It is not possible to imagine a flower of greater beauty. The best of the moss-roses are Gracilis, Common, and Crested. Not the least of the qualities we desire in a rose is fragrance. In this regard, all varieties of all classes must do homage to La France, the sweetest of fragrant roses. To be sure, it is rather tender, but it is easily protected so as to winter safely. It does not always open well, but it is a simple matter to assist it, an operation not practicable with most varieties that open imperfectly. If the buds of La France show a tendency to remain closed, by gently pressing the point of the bloom with the fingers, and then blowing into the center, the flower will almost invariably expand, and the pent-up fragrance escape.

Not enough attention is given to the Bourbon and Tea roses. The Hybrid Remontants justly claim first attention, when they are in perfection; but after the first blossoming is over, throughout July, August, and September they are much less attractive than many of the monthly roses. Varieties like Bougère, Homer, Madame de Vatry, and Marie Van Houtte, will give a continuous supply of flowers when the so-called hardy roses are almost or altogether out of bloom. How faithfully the various varieties of Tea roses reproduce the beautiful tints often painted in the sky at sunset and at sunrise! The many shades of rose, pink, lilac, white, salmon, yellow, etc., are found in both alike, and it would often puzzle us to decide whether the most beautiful combinations of these delicate shades are found, in the illumined clouds, or in the petals of these roses. Tea roses are rather tender, but in truth they have, in this respect, been somewhat maligned. Those sorts named above are, in reality, but little more tender than La France, the Hybrid Noisettes, and all the Victor Verdier race of Hybrid Remontants. If earth be hilled up about the plants, and a slight covering of loose material, like branches of evergreens, be applied, the more robust sorts of monthly roses will winter in safety. In giving protection, care must be taken not to smother the plants by entirely excluding the air. This never occurs from the use of evergreen branches, but if straw or litter be taken, sticks or boards should be used to prevent the material matting together. This is one of the cases where it is possible to kill by mistaken kindness.

Canon Hole, in his charming "Book about Roses," says:

> "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden must have beautiful roses in his heart. He must love them well and always. He must have not only the glowing admiration, the enthusiasm, and the passion, but the tenderness, the thoughtfulness, the reverence, the watchfulness of love."

This is the sum and substance of success in rose culture; without this true love, failure, partial or complete, is sure to follow.

H. B. Ellwanger.

SUMMER SONGS.

TO A DAISY.

WEE, little rimless wheel of Fate,
With silver spokes and hub of yellow,
What gentle girl, in accents mellow,
Has sought your aid to find a mate?

Who snapt your slender spokes apart,
Each one some dear acquaintance naming?
And who was he—the loved one, claiming
The choicest chamber in her heart?

O tiny hub of golden hue
Kist by her fingers' tender pressing,
Still yet, methinks, she's vainly guessing
If what you prophesied were true.

You died between her finger-tips,
Sweet gypsy maid of wisdom magic;
Pray, is it worth a death so tragic
To hear the music of her lips?

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

WHAT is it that the wild bird says?
Come listen to his song:—
"Sweet, love is of the summer time,
And summer is not long.

"The blossom fades upon the bough
Before the month of June,
And when at last the red rose comes
She tarries but a moon.

"Come while the earth is glad and green,
We'll build our nest together;
For love is of the summer time,
And cannot bide foul weather."

O sweetheart! listen, listen well,
Unto the wild bird's song:—
"Sweet, love is of the summer time
And summer is not long."

The May is white upon the hedge,
Why should we longer tarry?
When hedge-rows bloom and wild birds nest,
Then is the time to marry.

E. A. M.

ANGELS' WINGS.

WHEN summer days were warm, and sweet
With clover-bloom and ripening wheat,
We used to lie upon the grass
Within the flickering shadow spread
By leafy branches overhead,
And watch the bright clouds slowly pass.

They were so white against the blue,
With such a glory streaming through
Their silver fleeces, we were sure
They must, at least, be angels' wings;
And the mere fancy of such things
Kept childish speech and conduct pure.

We must not quarrel, when the skies,
For all we knew, were full of eyes
That watched to see if we were good;
And sometimes just the sight of one
White cloud illumined by the sun
Availed to check an angry mood.

Now we are women grown, and men,
That were but careless children then:
Wise with our realistic lore,
The shining mystery we explain—
Only a vapor born of rain!—
And dream of angels' wings no more.

But are we wiser, after all?
Haply the world-worn hearts recall,
With something like a thrill of dread,
What time the Master undefiled
"Set in their midst a little child"—
And what the words were that He said.

It might—we silently infer—
It might perhaps be easier
The kingdom of the Lord to win,
If still in far blue summer skies
We felt the watching angel eyes
That kept our childish hearts from sin.

Mary Bradley.

SUMMER.

See where the summer comes with heat of days
And garlanded with lily and with rose,
Down the bright garden's fragrant, sheltered ways,
With rhythmic footsteps dreamily she goes.

Not here she stays her steps, but passes through,
With pensive mien, the tasseled fields of corn,
Where late the evening stored its wealth of dew—
Jewels too early stolen by the morn.

But at the eventide she pauses where
The water-lilies float upon the pool,
And tender is the perfume-burdened air,
And the night breezes moist and soft and cool.

'Tis thus I give the summer all my praise,
'Tis thus I love her in her sweet repose,
Not with the passionate heat of summer days,
Though garlanded with lily and with rose.

Mrs. T. W. Dewing.

MORNING MEADOWS.

THE dew is on the grass,
The bee is in the clover;
The merry bird, the bobolink,
He sings and hovers over.

The mowers swing and sway,
They sway and swing together,
Across the meadow's shimmering green,
In the sweet summer weather.

About the wooded hills
The morning mists are clinging;
And in the swaths the mowers pause
And set their scythes a-ringing.

The dew is on the grass,
The bumble-bees are humming
Across the fields. O bobolink,
The swinging scythes are coming!

Beneath the blades and blooms,
Your quiet mate still presses
Her sober breast against her nest,
In shaded green recesses.

Cry out, O bobolink,
There's that which bodes disaster;
Laugh out, O jocund bobolink,
The scythes are swinging past her.

The dew is on the grass,
The bees are in the clover,
The merry bird, the bobolink,
He sings and hovers over—
Bobolink!

E. C. Messer.

SUMMER EVENING.

YON ragged cliff looks gentler down,
The twilight dims its grisly scars;
Hushed earth awaits that second dawn—
The morning of the moon and stars.

Far, dotting clouds—unguarded flock—
At pleasure rove the pathless sky,
While brightest eyes of waters still
Look up and count them passing by.

The joyous birds, from paths of air,
Into the closéd boughs have gone;
The little minstrels of the field
Alone their tireless pipes play on.

The nimble herds that take the hill,
The sober droves that crop the dell,
All beasts of toil, with creatures wild,
In universal shadow dwell.

John Vance Cheney.

THE SWALLOW.

SKIM o'er the tide,
And from thy pinions fling
The sparkling water-drops,
Sweet child of spring!
Bathe in the dying sunshine warm and bright,
Till ebbs the last receding wave of light.

Swift glides the hour,
But what its flight to thee?
Thine own is fleeter far;
E'en now to me
Thou seemest upon futurity anon
To beckon thence the tardy present on.

The eye in vain
Pursues, with subtle glance,
Thy dim, delirious course
Through heaven's expanse:
Vanished thy form upon the wings of thought,
Ere yet its place the lagging vision caught.

Again thou'rt here,
A slanting arrow sent
From yon fair-tinted bow,
In promise bent;
As when, erewhile, the gentle bird of love
Poised her white wing the new-born land above.

A seeming shade,
Scarce palpable in form,
Yet thine, alas, the change
Of calm and storm!
The veering passions of my stronger soul
Alike the throbbings of thy heart control;

For day is done,
And, cloyed of long delight,
Like me thou welcomest
The sober night,
Like me, aweary, sinkest on that breast,
That wooes all nature to her silent rest.

John B. Tabb.

THE NATIVE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN FICTION.

SINCE THE WAR.

THE war, as has already been said,* brought a change in the disposition of the intellectual forces of America — one that was to be looked for, and in many respects to be desired. Our emancipation from literary England had never been complete. Except in isolated instances, we had caught our inspiration from the mother country. While we had opened up national sources of incident, we had fashioned our treatment on the English models, and had directed our researches into material after English suggestion. We were neither, to any great extent, making an independent investigation in our new fields of character, nor perfecting any novel methods of work. Perhaps it was not to be expected that we should find a new *form*. Authorship is old, and novelty in its forms is rare enough. Suggestion passes from race to race, from nation to nation. It flashes from Greece to Italy, from Italy to France, from France to England; then from England to France and Germany, from Germany back to England, in a never-ending reciprocity: Chaucer, Milton, and Shakspere borrow from Italy; Goethe and Voltaire borrow from England; all writers resort to Greece and Rome for hint and method and material. Why should not America — even full-grown and haughty America — find an intellectual stimulus among the masters abroad?

The end of the Rebellion found us proud. Not vainglorious; that quality had been knocked out of us. We had had our days of boasting — innumerable Fourth-of-Julys, with squib and cracker and cannon to reënforce the voice of the orators; but we had been humbled in one of those bursts of providential discipline that whip a whole nation into humility. The end found us proud, but with the kind of pride which serves as the basis of character. We felt a new toughness of intellectual fiber that meant the possibility of hard work, and an exasperation with foreign indifference to the valuable element in our struggle that indicated the necessity of home work. But, meanwhile, in gaining strength, we had lost time which belonged to practical affairs, and tasks in many fields had accumulated, so that all the renewed intellectual energies must for years be given to the accomplishment of them. As for the making of imaginative literature, it was a good time to rest. Two fields of novelistic venture had been effectually shut off — the Revolution and the Indian. The Red Man had "gone West," scalp and tomahawk, never to return "in force"; while the events of the Revolution were trifles compared with those of the Rebellion. Even Washington now failed to "draw," and it would have required more than the genius of an Everett to interest the people, now *blasé* with battles and diplomacy, either in the strategy of Bunker Hill or the heroism of Valley Forge. The War of Independence, it is true, was still as important an epoch as it had ever been, and patriotism was as sweet and holy. But our new epoch was a present fact, lurid beyond description, and the new patriots were our brothers. How could we ever again see beyond them? Their story we could tell over and over again, and never exhaust its grandeur and beauty. We began at once to recount it in adventure and novel and romance. But it was still too early to attempt to idealize the men whom we knew, or to enhance by the forms of art an interest which Nature was intensifying beyond the possibilities of art.

The Puritan was still in the background — an inexhaustible source of romance and character-painting; and the Virginia cavalier of the old times had never been adequately pictured. There was room in either field for a Hawthorne or a Cooper, as romancer or as novelist. But all the conditions of the times forced the romancer out of the field and pushed the novelist in. Even before the war, we had seen these conditions accumulating. In every department of thought, men were seeking facts; and when the war was over, there had grown up a mania for facts, — the open, outward, visible facts; facts in science, facts in religion, facts in history. What we could not get at with the five senses, we doubted. It is not extravagant to say that Michael Angelo with his angels would have been asked to "explain"; that Raphael would have been held to a strict accountability for any seraphic expression in the "Madonna" that survived the friction of the nursery. Hamlet, the Dane, would have been subjected to scrutiny from the club window, and the ghost would most certainly have been pinned upon the dissection table. For we were in no mood for accepting Hamlet's conclusion that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in our phil-

* See "The Native Element in American Fiction: Before the War," by the same author, in THE CENTURY for June, 1883.

osophy. This was the spirit, already come in before the war, and which grew in the ten years following the guns of Sumter. Such a spirit must be left to justify itself. It has a fair field and able champions. We only record the fact of its existence, and note, as well as we can, how it affected the department of American fiction.

The strongest first attempt to show American life by its facts — an attempt lying among the beginnings of the new method — was that of Sylvester Judd, already described. Mrs. Stoddard and the Rev. R. T. S. Lowell, who followed, have also been touched upon. The success of the three lay in their accumulation of home material; their failure, in their inability to fashion and form it properly. They all had imagination enough for stirring pictures, but all were weak in constructive art, in compressed dramatic energy. Bayard Taylor, with his wide travel, had acquired the power of differentiating home material from foreign, and, with his genial humor, brought out the eccentricities of classes. Any one at all familiar with the internal management of the old reforms, will recognize the truth of the types in Hannah Thurston and Woodbury, among the better sort, and of Dyce, the spiritualist, and Abiram Stokes, the temperance reformer, among the worse; of the Merryfields, of Bute and Wattles and Miss Caroline Dilworth, as side-shows. But Taylor trusted too much to his inexhaustible store of oddities, and so made a broad picture of a passing phase of our life rather than a dramatic evolution of character. The value of "Hannah Thurston" as a bit of truthful local characterization has never been sufficiently acknowledged by the critics, while its defects as a work of art are plain. The life, at least, was distinctly American and local.

With Theodore Winthrop came a magnificent burst of imagination and enthusiasm. John Brent and Don Fulano, man and beast, were full of spirit and fire. The fine atmosphere, the grandeur of mountain scenery, the intensity of lofty energies, and the delicacy of lofty sentiment, were the surprise of the book. Densdeth, Cecil Dreeme, Churm, and Towner, in the New York novel, were cosmopolitan types which might as easily have walked the banks of the Thames or Seine as of the Hudson. They were full of passion, actual and terrible, and the reader has no doubt that Winthrop had taken the portraits from life, and yet he wonders continually if the author would have chosen precisely these persons if Dickens had never lived. Such suggestion is idle when we are judging of art as art, but not unnecessary when we are culling what belongs to the home production. Time would perhaps have pruned in Winthrop his excess of imagination. The personal heat which entered into his style would have worked into his heroes, and the vigor which now goes into his statement of villainy would have gone into the villains themselves and scowled from their faces. We do not want the painter to be enthusiastic, but to make us so. It is the art of the master to move the figures in this mimic show of life without exposing the hand that does it.

Passing over the few survivors of the old school, or of no school, who published but little, and the few, like Holmes, Higginson, Beecher, Robert Dale Owen, who entered the field for a moment from the more serious walks of literature and labor, but made no permanent sojourn; passing over that most genial of essayists, Donald G. Mitchell, who, in "Dr. Johns," took us into the atmosphere of New England theology, and, under cover of the old clergyman's roof, brought the *spirituelle* French frivolity under the Puritan frown, touching the austerities of New England with the fine wit and gentle culture of the best English essayists,—passing over all these, we come to the year 1870, which may conveniently mark the commencement of the new era. Before this year two or three of the new writers had made a beginning, but no more. Mrs. Spofford had written "Sir Rohan's Ghost," "The Amber Gods," and "Azarian"; Bret Harte had produced obscurely the story of "M'liss," but had not yet excited a flutter in the literary world. Neither writer was known outside of the most limited circle. To all appearances, the magazine editors were in despair for good serials, pressing hard on the lagging veterans, drumming up raw recruits in the most unpromising quarters.

It will be remembered how like a conquering hero Bret Harte came from California in the summer of 1871. An enterprising firm in Boston had caught the gleam of a new light, a new Dickens in verse and story, and with the most magnificent offers they tempted him East. His coming was like a royal progress. Almost without a hint from these enterprising wise men of the East, all flocked to welcome the new star. And the star was wonderfully luminous, equally brilliant in prose and verse. It flashed from a region little known, and yet peculiarly fascinating to the sober people of the eastern sea-board. In "'49," and later, we had sent our restlessly energetic men to the Golden Coast, and they had come straggling home, some lamed, some wrecks, and yet some rich as the famous Lydian king. Some brought home stories as incredible as those of Eldorado and the Fountain of Youth, carried to Europe

in the sixteenth century. Some came back reticent, and we could extract their stories only piecemeal, and with an accompaniment of shrugs and wry faces. The part of their lives spent in the mountains passed for a blank, and yet the remainder was not continuous with the earlier fragment. Something unaccountable had entered into their characters. A celebrated clergyman, a strict moralist, long since said he had found in traveling across the continent that one got a tendency to disrobe himself, metaphorically speaking, of those wrappings which civilization has folded about the coarser human instincts. It was this tendency which had flashed upon us as one of the possibilities of the golden atmosphere of the Sierra Nevadas; and when Bret Harte, after a sojourn of many years in the mint and mines of the mountains, told us of M'liss and Miggles, of Jim and Kentuck, and Tennessee's Partner, of Jack Hamlin and Culpepper Starbottle, of Poker Flat, Sandy Bar, Smith's Pocket, and the Wingdam Turnpike, we began to see the elements of life in their coarser forms. Here was passion both of the angelic and the demonic sort in its original, natural conditions, released from the decencies of social restraint, and subject only to the instinctive law of the heart. The material was absolutely new—a new phase of life, and every individual specialized by the novelty of the conditions. Power of contrast in characterization, skill in heightening effects, the perception of oddity, combined with a happy faculty of engrafting it upon the recognized human types, the keen sense of humor of a new sort—a kind of devil's humor suited to the diabolism of the surroundings, a tender feeling for the essential goodness of the human heart, running over with the gospel of grace into the very mouth of the pit,—these were the chief qualities of the new writer. They were all Dickensy; yet original observation, impressibility, and a fine power of imitation, had given them an individuality that was helped out by the wholly new atmosphere of the mining slopes. For the first three years, it was evident that Bret Harte was reproducing what he had seen, and had seen what he reproduced—always, of course, with a hint of his own "personal equation." The scenes and men stood out vividly, and made as distinct an impression on the mind as anything in the English novelist. The mind could trace the individual features of each person. There was in the writer the same deftness of hand which we to-day see in the Russian novelist Tourguéneff,—the power of painting a grim, strong scene in a few words. There was a kindly humor playing over the scenes, and the bright light of nature flashed upon the canvas. The author seldom missed the artistic center, as he seldom missed the happy climax of a humorous situation. However much he might lose the moralist's point of view, he was unerring as to the artist's. But he was not an analytic writer; he was as far from Henry James's methods as a man could well be. He never analyzed, or reflected, or differentiated nicely, but simply laid on color. He had seen his effects in nature, and a felicitous gift enabled him to select the fortunate pigments; a swift journalistic judgment, fearless of consequences, told him when he had done enough for his purposes, and there he stopped. But alas! the habit of bringing about a climax quickly soon became a trick, and something—was it the necessity of frequent production, or intellectual indolence, or what?—something soon left on the public the impression of an exhausted mine. Certain it is that the best things were done in these early years. As the author left California behind him, and the scenes of "'49" grew less vivid in his mind, they became less valuable as novelistic material. Yet what was already produced will always remain a vigorous, brilliant, original contribution to American romance. The style is old and yet ever new. The analytic method cannot produce the same effect. Such productions bear analysis no more than a first-rate pun. You can show in logic and in morals that Jack Hamlin and M'liss and Miggles ought not to exist; that the theory of mercy and good-will to men clearly outlined in such characters, would make suicide a daily resort among despairing fathers; but all this will not do away with the conviction of the reader that such a lawless society has existed, and that this may easily be a true picture of its mongrel features.

With Bret Harte came that burst of national romance to which allusion has already been made. One can see how sudden and diverse it was, from a mere catalogue of the new names. Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Spofford, Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Terhune ("Marion Harland"), J. W. DeForest, and the Warner sisters, held over from an old time. Trowbridge had given some vivid war-pictures, addressed mostly to the young. Taylor produced "Joseph and his Friend" and "Beauty and the Beast," inferior to "Hannah Thurston." Dr. Holland, also holding over, but taking a new impulse from the war period, produced those popular novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle" and "Sevenoaks," the latter especially rich in material from our newly-developed vein of social and civil rascality. Mr. Belcher and Mrs. Dillingham were,

in most respects, strongly drawn and typical of a certain corner of New York life. Belcher's cold-hearted hardness with his wife, and his pursuit of that other very doubtful lady, were a home-study as good in essential character, perhaps, as the best of those ventures which have filled the magazines for two years past. Jim Fenton and the Little Tailoress were of the favorite homespun type in dialect and humor, with something of the Dickens pathos superinduced. There was much raciness, native humor, and just observation in these stories, even if the effort was too evidently didactic to be always artistically effective. All true work everywhere should play into the hands of honor and morality, should coöperate with the other forces of civilization; but all good art resents the imposition of a too formal didacticism.

Besides the above writers, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis contributed a decided local color in her Pennsylvania life, and a choice perception of higher elements in character. These writers all held over; but Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with "Hedged In," "The Silent Partner," and "The Story of Avis," was virtually new. Eggleston, with "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The End of the World," "The Mystery of Metropolisville," and "The Circuit Rider," was entirely new, and from a new region. The Rev. William M. Baker, Frederick W. Loring,—who made a handsome start in "The Two College Friends,"—James De Mille, Julian Hawthorne, General Lew Wallace, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, were among the new men in fiction, each finding a more or less public welcome of various value. Of the seven writers who hold the front rank to-day in general estimation, five had their visible beginnings in the five years following 1870. The other two did their best work within this period. The beginners were, in their order, William D. Howells, with "Their Wedding Journey," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Foregone Conclusion," and "Private Theatricals"; Henry James, Jr., with various stories, obscure work, lying half-way between essay and fiction, but showing the dawning of his art—these followed by "Roderick Hudson"; George W. Cable, with "'Sieur George," "Madame Délicieuse," and several other character stories from the Southwest; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett,—then Fannie E. Hodgson,—with "Surly Tim" and many tenderly pathetic tales, showing her truest sentiment; and, lastly, Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, with some short stories from the Northern lakes. These writers were all fostered, and won their first laurels as novelists in the magazines. To the magazines they owe much of the shaping, whether for good or evil, which their genius got. Besides these five, the two writers whom for dramatic intensity and power of passion I should place high among the seven, were Miss Phelps, in "The Story of Avis," and Mrs. Spofford, in "A Thief in the Night."

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, meanwhile, brought a breezy bit of legend and crisp pastoral life from Scandinavia, continuing that delightful burrowing among the roots of old English customs which had such a charm for us in Miss Bremer. We have often had this form of romance with us, and although Boyesen's cannot be called native work, the home life in it is in spirit and quality so nearly akin to our own that it finds ready adoption among us. The author comes a little short of being finely artistic, or firm in the grasp of strong elements of character, or energetic in the expression of passion. He deals best with idyllic home scenes and the lighter play of the emotions. J. T. Trowbridge enters strongly into the same field in New England and New York life from the social and village point of view, attempting no high flights, but contented with average every-day life and manners; he gets a cue also from the war in some of his best stories. The spirit is, however, throughout genially New England in its best poetic quality. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale entered the field in its more cultivated center, and from the spiritual emotional side, conceiving a fine and lofty passion with great pureness of vision, and possessing intense projective energy, which reached its highest point in "The Man Without a Country." In this story, the loneliness engendered in a sensitive mind by the social isolation which comes from a neglected duty or a sin, is thrust upon us with a force akin to that with which Arthur Dimmesdale's moral isolation is projected upon the reader of "The Scarlet Letter." Aldrich is charming and spicy as a story-teller, with humor and with poetical sentiment. Fancy and humor back each other, and each holds the other from unnatural excesses. "Marjorie Daw," "Prudence Palfrey," and "The Queen of Sheba," possess sparkle, fun, and the true New England flavor, with more *abandon*, and with more sympathy than Howells would have displayed.

It is not my purpose in this brief essay to touch that large and important department of fiction which tempts the children as they emerge from the nursery, and which only too often attracts the graver boys and girls who studied the primers of life a generation ago. How often we wipe the gold-rimmed glasses afresh to welcome Miss Alcott, or Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, or Frank R. Stockton, or Horace E. Scudder, or John Habberton. Humor,

too,— which is not fiction, but a serious fact in American life,—is a department by itself, wide, deep, and rich, extending from Diedrich Knickerbocker's Creation of the World as far, at least, as Mark Twain's tearful lamentation over Adam's lonely grave. We may look at the anonymous novel with wistful eye, but for obvious reasons, we must let that, too, alone. But of the other story-tellers of various merit who belong to the last twelve years, a few may be briefly mentioned, although nothing like justice can be done to the detail of their work. Some of them are voluminous writers — dear, moreover, to the popular heart, yet coming but slightly within our field of survey, either for artistic excellence or projective power, or novelty and originality in any form. Some show only a promise of which the fulfillment lies in the future.

William M. Baker, who fails to strike deeply in character, plays vividly over the surface of many emotions. William H. Bishop works in the Howells vein, but lacks concentration, and, in roaming about for the thread of his own story, is drawn into a thousand curiosity shops. In "The House of a Merchant Prince," for instance, one feels that the author is presenting a variety show, where the spectator is called upon to note "everything by starts and nothing long"; yet it is a suggestive picture of a certain phase of New York life, with its diverse interests, its whirl of excitement, its ambitions, social and political, its rude rush for money and position. Mary Clemmer Ames is earnest, and in "Eirene" touches with skill the new chord of women's disabilities and duties. Caroline Cheseboro, with Nora Perry and Kate Putnam Osgood, are quick to catch the fancy of the young. Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney shows a quick ear for dialect, a picturesque faculty, and the power of reproducing, with the effect of documentary exactness, the spirit and features of old Revolutionary life. The Marquise Lanza, in "Mr. Perkins' Daughter," gives to Mr. Perkins some of the broad, kindly western humor to which we grew accustomed in Abraham Lincoln. General Lew Wallace, delving in the lurid passions of the South-west and beyond, makes a strong picture. De Mille is side-splitting in the sportive eccentricities of the American abroad, as Mr. Clemens is, at home as well as abroad. De Forest, in "Honest John Vane," portrays the temptations of a congressman, but is hardly at home either among the rural simplicities or the Washington duplicities. Mrs. Whitney still continues satisfied if she tells a good story and portrays girl-life well, as she always does. George Parsons Lathrop, touched by both Hawthorne and Howells, has a more natural affiliation with some of the artist-poets of the English school. A wayward poetic fancy, not at all mastered in the early novels, and only partly subdued in his best book, "An Echo of Passion," interferes too often with the naturalness of his persons. The novel above named, however, which is in the Howells vein, both in choice of subject and general treatment, shows the beginnings of original observation and a growing mastery of the real experience of life. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has no lack either of fancy or imagination. He has the creative instinct and more than the average writer's ability; but his early tendency to work in the Nathaniel Hawthorne vein seemed almost willful. It was the most difficult vein novelist ever worked; and to approach it without a tool sharpened presupposed a willingness to "square off" against the very Fates. The author puts together the elements of strong characters, invites the Destinies to take charge of them, but refuses to let go his own hold. The "Sisters Three" everywhere enter the field, only to find their work usurped by the writer. Mr. Hawthorne's latest story — the novel called "Dust" — shows a marked improvement over his earlier work. There are in it some capital scenes, and two or three admirable studies,— notably that of Philip Lancaster — a character, however, which is far better in the conception, as it appears to be detailed in Chapter X., than in the later execution.

Good story-tellers are abundant among us, and the number of sharp eyes and clever pens engaged in developing the various phases of our life for the magazines is something extraordinary. Some, like Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., and William Wallace Harney, burrow more or less among war memories, giving some of the romantic incident, with occasionally a vigorous war sketch. Some, like Sara O. Jewett, have touched out-of-the-way local scenery and customs with picturesque vigor. Some, like Joaquin Miller, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, Charles Nordhoff, James T. Mackay, and Rose Terry Cooke, have given to local manners and customs a bit of humorous and emotional flavor. Some, like Charles de Kay, with a spice of the chivalric, are as yet stronger in the presentment of passions than in the artistic working of them. Their promise lies in their vigor of imagination, their hope in the sterner subordination of this power which comes with experience.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote presents in "Friend Barton's 'Concern'" a bit of lovely nature-painting and a touch of true Quaker girlhood, at once spicy and pure. In the opening chapters of "The Led-Horse Claim," she draws with charming skill and picturesque

power the approaches to the mountain scenery, and in the closing chapters, the quiet beauty and pastoral grace of "Little Rest." The presentation of Cecil, with her genuine girlish qualities, and the dialogue in the ball-room, are excellent, while the conception of the underground meeting is strong; but the shading of character in the men needs deepening, and certain occult lines in the story should be brought out more clearly in order that the imagination may follow without reluctance the line of development of the plot.

With Albion W. Tourgee came a vigorous burst of righteous wrath. His first book, "A Fool's Errand," gave the pith of a new discovery, and it seemed to be the author's one book, favored by time and circumstances. But it lacked breadth and subordination — having mainly intensity and the novelty of personal experience. It was a succession of vivid pictures of a single phase of society, with scenes of fiery passion that bore the stamp of reality. The night ride of the heroine in this story, and the river-flood and escape in "John Eax," the haughty love of Louise de Jeunette and the family pride of the De Jeunettes — all edge — mark the keen perception and the height of appreciation of passionate character; but the scenes are not well connected, and the reader cries *non sequitur* continually to the author's presentation of sequences, while the whole political discussion is already dead matter.

When we pass from this detail of the more recent writers to the authors of more national significance, we find the chief feature to be the sudden extension of area over which the interest swept. The Rebellion had upheaved the social fabric in the South, and the bottom was coming to the top. Old states of society there got an airing from within which even Mrs. Stowe could not have given, and the South and South-west began again to develop their own novelists, or to attract novelists from without. J. W. De Forest, in his Southern stories, attempted the bloody side of society there; Tourgee, the darkly passionate and political; Baker, the social and transitional. Cable, with far more poetical insight and felicity than any other Southern novelist has yet reached, made, in the Creole element of Louisiana, an absolute discovery, as quaint and peculiar in atmosphere as anything in Bret Harte, and painted with far more delicacy. At the same time, Miss Woolson had found in the North-west, about the Lakes, and higher up among the old French settlements of western Canada, a field akin to that of Lowell in Newfoundland. It is a curious thing that, within twenty years, the old French element represented in the original movement of that people up the St. Lawrence to the Lakes, and from the Lakes down the Mississippi to Louisiana, — older than the movement of the English settlers, and impinged upon most markedly at those points by the latter, — should have its chroniclers in three such kindred spirits as the Rev. Mr. Lowell, Miss Woolson, and Cable. The mixture of elements in the three quarters was peculiar. The mingling of tongues and religions was similar in all. All were frontier, and represented the conflict of races. All are now old, and present in their results the interest of quaintness. All are obscure, lying in the suburbs of history, and yielding a rich harvest to the romancer. The novelty, indeed, adds so much to our interest in the beginnings of these writers, that it is hard at first to escape the fascination sufficiently to do justice to the artistic work. The same thing may be said of Eggleston, who broke shell for lower Indiana, and first let in the light upon that Egyptian darkness. These writers, like Bret Harte, are entitled to the credit of discovery.

The new fields were worked with considerable minuteness in every case, but with varying strength. Eggleston worked with great diligence and indomitable good humor. His themes took a clerical cast, like Judd's, and, like Judd, he worked in the bottom layers of society, among the strong, coarse, and passionate people, where the motive of human improvement is religious and not social. His good people feel the need of being saved, and not of being civilized. Unlike Judd, who felt the Channing influence, which was spiritual, fine, and poetic, Eggleston felt the Beecher influence, which was sympathetic and strongly human. But he was no more a dramatist than was Judd. He could paint states of society with graphic power, could sketch character broadly with a vigorous hand; but the desire for immediate effect repeatedly tempts him from the track of a well-ordered fiction. He throws his strength into his beginnings, and the story, as a dramatic work, is always tumbling to pieces. He has reserves for spurts and a genius for strong episodes, but that is very nearly all his reserve. In "Roxy," the heroine does not grow, as she should, from the start. Nancy Kirtley is repeatedly brought upon the scene, but with no added power. There is no accumulation of interest in the characters. When they have once been introduced, they are brought in at regulation intervals to walk through their parts, which they do with a humorous show of life. We are delighted with the odd figures, with the strong human feeling, with the picturesque points, and we laugh and grow fat over the healthy sentiment and good common sense of the book; but nearly

all that a nice art and a balancing faculty would contribute is lacking.

What Eggleston was for the coarse, crude, but strong animal life of Indiana, Cable was for the proud, fast-lodged, diluvian drift of Louisiana. It was Cable's merit, as has been said, to have discovered the Creole element. In a series of striking sketches, culminating in "The Grandissimes" and "Madame Delphine," we find a most unique people, treated in a thoroughly unique manner. The treatment is worthy of the theme. It is delicate, poetical, imaginative in a high degree. In all those details of art that go to the creating of atmosphere, Cable was strong; nor did Hawthorne succeed better in producing a Puritan *aura* for the setting of Hester Prynne and Dimmesdale than Cable succeeded in getting a Creole *aura* for the working out of the impotent pride of the Grandissimes. The confused intermingling of elements in the ball-room was the natural prelude to the confusion of family relations, of family passions, and of race peculiarities. The pride of Agricola, the implacable spirit of Palmyre, the animal passion of Bras Coupé, are shown in fine relief. They are all human passions, but with a touch of the Grandissime impotency, which was not one of cold latitudes, like that in Lowell's "New Priest," but one of race decay. The finest part of the artist's work, however, is in the nice shading of character between Aurore and her daughter Clothilde. Both women are beautiful. The elements of similarity between mother and daughter are many, as they should be, but the differences are clear. Both are children in feeling and knowledge of the world. Both have a shy, natural coquetry, to which is added, in the mother, the innocent finesse born of widowhood. They have some pride and very considerable poverty, and while the latter has something to do in overcoming the former, the part played by innocent, shy love is so deftly managed that we do not miss any lady-like quality of refinement. The dialect is another excellence in Cable's work. We find in it the piquant charm of a lapse from the French rather than the lazy drawl of deteriorated English. The vocabulary is small and well utilized; a few dozen words do a good deal of service, and in the end we might tire of them; but it is a grace of the author to hold back dialect conversation except when it can be made telling. To all these artistic gifts Cable adds a stronger grasp on the fate of the story than Eggleston gets. But his poetic and antiquarian spirit leads him too often to step aside to illustrate graces of manner and fantasticalness of customs; he pauses sometimes too long to give fullness to his picture of a passing race. Like Eggleston, he lingers fondly over the novel features of his theme, perhaps with a view to their present value. This is a danger which all original discoverers must encounter. When their wealth becomes common property, they will be called to account for their management of the grand passions of human nature, which may get a hint of quaintness from deciduous fashions, but are, after all, essentially the same the world over. By their work in this enduring stuff they will be judged as novelists. "The Grandissimes" will always have the beauty of local color, the tint of a poetical conception; but perhaps it will be said that the development of dramatic action was made subordinate.

This is not likely to be said of Miss Woolson, if we may judge by her most perfect work, "Anne." Beginning, like Cable, in an unworked section of American life, still amid the diluvian drift, she advanced her action into better known regions, pursuing the beaten track of ambitious authors. The opening of her work, in various pithy and promising short stories, was full of novelties. It was a rich development of the new ore in the picturesque America. There was an antique flavor in the old mixed society of the upper lakes. As she delineates it, the life was complete, isolated, charmingly picturesque, having as much that was quaint and homespun, and yet variegated with the milder passions, as Scandinavian hill-life. All this is reproduced in the earlier chapters of "Anne," so that we have these people painted evidently by an eye-witness — their manners, customs, dialect, their mixed habits — scenes of summer and winter — the latter as charming as the best in Lowell's Newfoundland and Judd's New England. The occasional glimpses we get of the rugged outdoor sports in snow and on the ice, the Christmas festivities, the church rivalries — all indispensable features of that northern latitude, and all within the range of the author's sympathies — are good; nor does the poverty in external conditions, which lies over the whole region, preclude a wealth of warm human feeling. But having interested us thoroughly in the village life, in the two kindly old clergymen, in the thriftless Douglass and his unruly Indian family; in Aunt Lois, through whom she has her rather spicy fling at New England; in Tita, whose half-breed coquetry and full-blooded selfishness promise startling results, — having got us thoroughly interested in the drama of this unique and varied life, and in the charm of the setting of it, the writer gets her sudden ambition to take us into polite circles, and we are whisked off to New York. It must be confessed that we should go with reluctance, if we thought we were not to return to the islands of the upper lakes. But the French boarding-school and

Miss Van Horn soon reconcile us, and the plunge which the novelist presently makes into a rather indefinite and loose society offers her a chance to compete with Howells and James in the analytic methods; and here the superior tenderness of the woman's heart and the superior logic of the male mind become at once apparent. The story grows intensely dramatic and powerful—more powerful in genuine passion—an unreasoning, woman's passion, that finds a way where there is a will, than anything in the production of either of those two sober-minded gentlemen. Anne's innocence and charm and growing strength win us completely. Her honest passion for Heathcote, and the burden of her anguish in a half-foiled love, take us from our moorings. The passion is so great and so pure, that we silence our prejudices at the bidding of a woman, and go searching up and down for evidence that shall release Heathcote from jail,—where he fully deserves to pass a six months' term,—in order that he may marry the girl whose heart he has played with. This is a strong testimony to the dramatic power of the artist. She takes a man whom most of us would recognize as a heartless flirt, and almost persuades us, yielding to the woman's logic, to regard his offense as venial. Almost—not quite. Heathcote's cold impudence in carrying on two flirtations at once; his lack of good faith to one doting, though weak woman; and his lack of honor in trying to win another from her betrothed lover when the engagement has been announced to him; his almost criminal selfishness in twice putting a young girl into a doubtful position by which her good name is risked,—all under blind impulses which he does not himself call love, stamp his character so that it cannot be forgotten. Only a woman, who forgives everything to love, could forget it. With such a character we cannot, in calm judgment, accept what seems to be the author's conclusion that Heathcote goes to the war from patriotic impulses. It is *ennui*, or some lower motive than patriotism, and we accompany Anne to the wedding under mental protest, only resolved that the girl for whom we have learned to care so much, shall have the one chance left her to get that blind happiness which may come to a fond wife, even under cover of a selfish husband. The author gives us the materials for judging the man, but paints love so strongly that the argument of the heart almost overpowers that of the head. Miss Woolson, thus, to our thinking, has this double chance of becoming our best novelist—fresh material, got at first hand, and a power of passion in herself. She has, also, as has already been said, something of the analytic touch. Whether she is carried along with the drift of the times or not, she is clearly absorbing what is best in the art of the new school, without altogether sinking the old nobility of the virtues in the vulgar realities of the present day.

Quite unlike Miss Woolson is Mrs. Burnett, who yet sailed into popular favor with the gayest of banners flying. Pathos, humor, sentiment, and all the sympathies came with her first work; sprightliness, dash, vivacity, and all the coquetries followed; then the analytic fever set in and left her astray in Washington society, without a guide. Her own natural heart had at first opened the door to our feelings in their widest range. We got a tenderness at once for Joan Lowrie's proud, sensitive spirit, struggling against the brutality of its surroundings. But Joan with her drunken father, Liz with her hopeless weakness, Jud and his dog, Sammy Craddock—these types were all marked out in English fiction, especially in Dickens. The author's most tearful sentiment, moreover, fell far short of the heart-breaking pathos of Little Nell. There was but little that was new in the mining life and its low democracy. And yet in small details, like the empty dignity of the Rev. Harold Barholm, and the helpless humility of Mr. Grace, there was a fine touch; and, later on, in the startling smartness of all the women, there was an original way of looking at things. Mrs. Burnett is skillful in bringing together typical characters and balancing them against each other. She knows, too, what situations are dear to the popular heart; and, in the closing chapters of her last story, is singularly felicitous in this respect. Indeed, the air of injured innocence which Bertha Amory takes to the ball, and the big, good-natured, manly-hearted Senator Blundel's protection of her, would draw tears from a piece of Canterbury flint. But having, in her first books, touched the chord of pity once or twice in a natural manner, it soon became evident that she was forcing a pathos. Joan Lowrie was, to a person of strong feeling, a character easy to conceive. But if Louisiana wins the heart, it must surely be at the expense of justice. The old father is decidedly the more touching of the two. Louisiana's character would not bear analysis, or stand the test of probability. We do not doubt that Minerva sprang full-armed from the head of Jove, because we are sure of Jove's head—it was strong. And we do not doubt that a Louisiana might have emerged from the wilds of North Carolina and made social conquests; but we expect the author to show us the process, which, in this case, she hardly does. She gives her heroine a pretty face and a sweet heart: these often overturn a thick-witted or

a light-headed man, but do they, without other gifts, revolutionize the notions of society? All Mrs. Burnett's women, except, perhaps, Joan Lowrie and Anice Barholm, seem to be playing a part in which we should expect them to break down, did we not remember the tricks of the nerves. They are strong in excitements based on nerve force. They never forget themselves and how they look. They have a mania for dress effects, and resort frequently to the glass. In the height of our interest, we have to pause to consider a pose, or the fit of a robe, the adjustment of ribbons, the sweep of a train, the disposition of jewels — until the reader feels that if these are the secrets of female coquetry, he would rather not be initiated. He is willing to yield to the graces, but would rather continue, in his blindness, to assign them to the heart, than be enlightened, to find them made up at the toilette. The passions, under such conditions, can never be the grand passions; they must always be petty. There is too much conscious or unconscious egotism and too little real nobility of sentiment. One at first likes the smartness of Octavia Bassett in her democratic tilt against an "effete civilization"; but, in the end, one feels that, having a beltful of raw gold, she has gone to England to fling it in the faces of the nobility. The reader is delighted with the spiciness of this beautiful young woman, but the critic can scarcely give a high place in fiction to one who has nothing but a pretty face and a saucy tongue, a gold mine in the Rockies, and a trunkful of dresses fresh from Worth's. Nor can the judicious find genuine nobility in Louisiana, who has little besides a good figure and an interesting ignorance. These amiable girls may pose in all sorts of attitudes, may lay their pretty faces on the rough bark of trees, or flatten their pink cheeks on rail-fences — this is giving them coquettish airs, but not strong character. We may be deluded into loving them, but the question still remains: Will they wear?

The element of analysis that is creeping into Mrs. Burnett's later work is promising, because it shows a dissatisfaction with her former easy successes. But this method involves so great a change in her habits of thought and observation that success in it must, it would seem, be of exceedingly slow growth. To work out a train of cause and effect, to make a nice balance of relations among characters, to get into the hearts of deep men and women and disentangle their motives, requires long opportunity and the judicial faculty. With all her quick perceptions, her ready sympathy, and her direct movement on the fortress of tears,—and her intuitions in these directions are wonderfully fine,—Mrs. Burnett seems to hit but a popular and not the best ambition. She sympathizes with people in humble circumstances, not, it would seem, because they are misunderstood, or particularly unhappy in their lives, but because their surroundings are not what she herself would like. She seems to be looking for a person whom she may promote, whom she may reward for virtue or grace with money or a fine match; and yet a chance to indulge in dress or the vanities is about all such a promotion would give. A sense of value in their own lives on what must be the plane of most people, her method does not supply; and this is just what Dickens's method does. Dickens appears to be proud of human nature for the goodness there is in it,—too proud, perhaps, to minister to the vanities of mere wealth and position. Poverty is not good, and ignorance is not good; yet goodness and excellence may stay and find reward among plain people. We have in Mrs. Burnett's later heroines none of that beautiful, contented simplicity seen, for instance, in Daudet's M. Joyeuse, and in Dot and John Peerybingle in "The Cricket on the Hearth"; but it is always the restless goodness that wants to be accentuated by methods more delightful to the unreflecting than to the judicious; her ideal happiness lies not in "plain living and high thinking," but in recognition by "society."

It may be well to contrast the ideal of character as we see it in Mrs. Burnett with that of the New England school, which is represented by Miss Phelps. The opposition in these two is at the strongest. Miss Phelps is a product, like Mrs. Stowe, of Calvinistic theology, and, in mental action, is of the most bracing intellectual and moral atmosphere. But she is bold and original, having the courage not only of her opinions, but of her moods. In her first novel she startled the Puritan world by her refreshing notions of heavenly felicities. Otherwise, the picture had few striking features. It gave expression to a certain reaction within the Calvinistic circle against the hard lines of Puritan imagination. When, however, "The Story of Avis" came out, it was seen that we had an original thinker, and one who, as a novelist, was working almost wholly in the New England quarry. Avis Dobell was as fiercely characteristic of woman's mode of mental action in that section of America as George Eliot's Dorothea was of the English liberal thought of her time. The action was within the same limits sociologically,—woman, with intense aspirations, at loggerheads, between love and the requirements of love, with the

accepted notions of her "sphere." It was the woman of high ideals, with mental and moral intensity, beating against an impassive wall of cultivated selfishness—the woman scholar against the man scholar. New England, better, perhaps, than Old England, furnished a favorable arena for observing this struggle. Nowhere is the contest more marked; and Miss Phelps seized the life from the highest point of view. Avis, in her purity, is white marble; and in her passion she is white marble heated. The character is admirably drawn—beautiful in all moral qualities, weak in the presence of the housekeeper, capable of the best enthusiasms, the highest self-sacrifice, but equally capable of sour bread. In short, she has in her as much of the woman as is consistent with a good deal of the scholar. For such a person the background of professional aridities, and the social environment, with its thirst for culture subtly pervading the other thirsts, were well chosen. But the author draws only this one character. Her men are sticks, showing well on the surface—delightfully carved, but having wooden inwards. Her one woman is firm, strong, passionate, intense, conscientious, beautiful in a narrow way—the intellectual and moral outcome of the best of the followers of Calvin. But Miss Phelps could not, by any possibility, draw Howells's Marcia Hubbard. She could not get down to her, or out to her. She is, one would say, incapable of the analytic vein, and equally incapable of the realistic painting of the new school. She is, in fiction, an idealist *par excellence;* but amidst the thin naturalism of to-day, her idealism is tonic. Of artistic faults, she is full. Her poetic intensity carries her away from all the realities. She has pet words and phrases, vague enthusiasms, romantic notions of life, imagery borrowed from the Old Testament, floated down through the age of the Troubadours, and tricked out with modern botanical and geological additions. Her grandeur is sublimated, and her passion sentimentalized. Yet, for her lofty standard of womanhood and the power of self-sacrificing love, we condone all her strained metaphor, her exorbitant fancy; we forgive her such expressions as the "cool, clean-cut, conscious nails" of Avis, the "repressed excitement of a shared and unspoken experience," the "bridal gladness" and "widowed pathos of a rock," the "sentient nature of a thing adapted to its reticence," the "full, prehensile force" of a "supple touch"; and again we forgive her when she makes her heroine regard the "contour of a man's face precisely as a physician regards a hectic flush or a bilious eyeball."

"'I am afraid I am not like other women,' said Avis simply, dipping her brush with deep absorption in the madder rose.

"'Thank Heaven,' said Ostrander, in a low, delirious tone.

"Avis lifted her eyes with a startled change of expression, holding the tube of brilliant color, like an arrested thought upon the air."

She *is* unlike other women; but she is capable of enthusiasms and no meannesses, and we accept her, even while we smile at her extravagances.

A rigid art is, after all, as much needed in fiction as in other branches of work; and it is this which furnishes the strength of the two writers whose claims to the novelistic bays are now most discussed. Mr. Howells and Mr. James are artists. Their art seems almost perfect, as far as it goes, and in conscientiousness it goes as far as that of any other writer.

It is through conscientious methods that the reality of such pictures as Tourguéneff's exist; but the reality may exist only in essentials, or it may extend to the finger-points. Tourguéneff and Hawthorne touched more nearly than most others the realities of the soul. Both are perfect artists, and equally conscientious, but unequally gifted. Hawthorne held the faculty of character-drawing subordinate to that of the tragic drama. His persons burn into our minds. They are not only real to the soul,—they are terrible; yet they are so drawn that we are possessed from the beginning with their destinies, and never trouble ourselves with building up false hopes, to find bitter disappointment in the end. We find ourselves reconciled from the beginning to tragedy, as we do in the "Œdipus Tyrannus" and in "Hamlet." This is, it may be, because, much as we are interested in the persons, we are more interested in the tremendous passions of which the very Fates seem to have taken charge. We are in the atmosphere of the profoundest moral forces, and the fortunes of petty personalities are of inferior importance. With Tourguéneff it is not wholly so. He is essentially a delineator of powerful characters and the hold they have on meaner men. When he has turned them inside out, so that we understand them, he is satisfied, and drops his pen. But, as he says of himself, he is deficient in imagination. That is, he fails in cumulative interest and climax. His groups are introduced with some strong purpose which dominates their action. The purpose vanishes, and with it our interest. We have no absorbing concern in the plot or the hero. The figures are great, gaunt, stalwart, powerful, thrust forth with enormous objectivity, and finished with the utmost precision. They excite us, but they neither warm us by their loves nor kindle us by their hates. They

are repulsive. There are passionate scenes in Tourguéneff, but there is no great action. It is plain to see that the author is absorbed in the personality and its history, as he says,* and will go out of these to paint his hero's surroundings, solely with a view to illustrate him the better. This outside painting is marvelously effective; but is it anything more than the painter's imagination? The imagination of the great dramatist has a different end. He says, in effect: "Here is a remarkable event. Let us see if we can trace the gathering passions that brought it about. Let us place ourselves at the beginning, and come up to it by every road, private and public, and see if we can gather into a selected number of persons the representative forces, showing how they acted on one another, as well as how they combined to bring about the event. Let us give the local color, and revive the times as well as the men, and so make the reader an actor, and not alone a critical spectator." When the dramatist comes who can do this, we live in his creation. We laugh and cry with him. We do not applaud or hiss or criticise. We simply flash into a new life with all the passions of which we are capable. Whatever antique fashion of dress, or quaint vocabulary these men choose to adopt, they are the true realists: for their realities are both the internal and external. They paint minutely, when it is useful to do so; but they generally let one good finger-point, well touched, do for the ten. They are character painters, but they suffer the predominant traits to speak for all. They are the painters of events, for all their action converges on one point, and we are sure to see everywhere the purpose of their crusade. They are rich enough to endow their personages with all local charms. These, however, are incidental. They are realists, where realism is necessary. They are idealists, where idealism is useful. But they are alive all over, and warm with the value of life. The one quality in them which overtops all others, though it cannot do without the rest, is geniality, which, after all, comes from a healthy sense of the worth of human life in all its breadth, and implies a broad sympathy that permits no distinction of persons except by their worth. These men are not shut up in a corner of the race, have no inveterate likes and dislikes; yet they are not passionless or colorless, but capable of all colors and all passions in a deep sense.

If we judge our two cleverest writers by this standard, we find their limitations in all directions. The infinite humor of Scott, the volcanic passion of Hugo, the poetic spirit that blossoms out of the realism of Auerbach, the rollicking fun and pathos of Dickens, the poise and mastery of Thackeray,—who keeps his sanity amid the swollen dignities of Europe,—the intensity of Hawthorne, who surpasses them all in spiritual power and perception of the demonic forces in man—what one of these elements of greatness shall we find in our analytic school?

Howells and James are alike in one respect. They both feel the effect of the scientific critical spirit. Both seem inclined to deny the existence of what cannot meet the five senses. They are capable of passions only in a restricted way—grown-up passions, modified by culture, or business, or the club gossip—not the romantic passion of youth, not the steady, powerful currents which to-day float the light gondolas of love, and to-morrow carry navies of ambitious hopes. In intensity, James, perhaps, has the advantage of Howells. He can conceive a deeper character, and grasp its stronger individuality. Isabel Osmond, Madame Merle, have more of the grit of strong natures than any of Mr. Howells's persons. Ralph Touchett shows more of the best quality of pathetic humor. It is a pathos that is manly, sweet, and strong, and essentially American. The subduing effect of humor over distress is most notable in the death-bed scene between Ralph and his father. Two such quaint and grim humorists could not "shuffle off this mortal coil" without somehow finding a joke in the process. When Ralph comes to slip off the golden chain, and Isabel is a witness, the pathos masters the humor, as it should. In both qualities, however, the work is still American. These two scenes indicate, to my mind, the best of Mr. James's achievement so far, and show what he may do in those shortly coming years when the harsh acids of a somewhat cynical mood become mellow. With James, humor is closely allied to wit, and wit grew up among the acids; but with Howells, humor is evidently innate and good-natured, though not well connected. James is, in this respect, half a foreigner, or with a foreign taint, or—some would perhaps prefer to call it—tint, while Howells has the flavor of Ohio, which is lately modifying in a more intellectual atmosphere. Howells, one would say, is utterly without pathos. James, in spite of Ralph Touchett, shows but little, and that little he is half ashamed of. Neither has much original sentiment, and what there was has been largely reduced by their peculiar processes of education. Yet James is the most capable of projecting a sentiment, or the most willing to do it. When he has projected it, however, he seems to shrink from his work, and to pare it down so carefully that we recognize it, at last, only as an intel-

* See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June, 1877.

ectual, not a heart passion; that is, it ceases to be another person's passion, and is one modified by the author's own feelings. The character of love, for instance, is firm enough and persistent; but it is undemonstrative, cold, reserved, New Englandish. Who can imagine one of James's heroines loving as Anne loved Heathcote? Warburton's love is brotherly; Caspar Goodwood's is business-like and protective—at its highest, it belongs to his temper and granitic will; Isabel's is fascination and fate, always at odds with itself. There is no consuming quality anywhere in any of the lovers. James is not, to my thinking, objective; he is essentially subjective; that is, he imparts to every person a portion of himself and his own caution and causticity. The strongest evidence of this I find in the dialogue in "The Portrait of a Lady," a novel which I choose as his culminating work, representing the outcome thus far of all his tendencies. There is in nearly every person an observable infusion of the author's personality. The men and women are almost equally quick-witted, curt, and sharp. While each has a certain amount of individuality, the sharpness is one of the elements in common, preventing a complete differentiation. It is not wit alone and repartee, but a sub-acid quality which sets the persons to criticising each other. One does not like to call it snarling. Mr. James is too much of a gentleman to admit snarling among ladies and gentlemen; and yet every leading person in the book does, in a polite way, enter frequently into a form of personal criticism of somebody else. The poor heroine gets criticised—mildly and politely, but none the less surely, by every one: by Ralph Touchett, by Caspar Goodwood, by Lord Warburton, as well as by her husband, Osmond, and her friend Henrietta Stackpole. The minute analysis for which Mr. James is famous enters also into the dialogue, which, indeed, is invented apparently only to give variety to the form of analysis. The speakers are too obviously engaged in the business of helping the author develop his characters. They question mutually with a view to elucidating one another's business or character. All conversation gets the personal element; and when they are not personal, the individuals are introspective. They analyze themselves, until the reader acquires the feeling that they are all morbidly self-conscious. If the continuity of individuality is kept up through the dialogue, it is because of this original similarity in the persons. The projection by the author is never complete. It may be that Mr. James has not yet produced that one novel which is the largest outcome of an author's experience; but we cannot escape the conviction that he has at least so far written himself into his books that a shrewd critic could reconstruct him from them. The person thus fashioned would be one of fine intellectual powers, incapable of meannesses; of fastidious tastes, and of limited sympathies; a man, in short, of passions refined away by the intellect.

Howells, almost equally with James, is bound in by his limitations; but they are of a different kind. He is more genial and less caustic; has more tolerance, but not, perhaps, larger sympathies. He has the tolerance of the journalist, to whom the shows of life are a matter of curiosity, but not vital to himself. We cannot imagine him hating or loving his *dramatis personæ*. He would undoubtedly like a smoke with Judge Gaylord in his office, or would sit on a log and chat with Kinney. He has a high respect for Atherton, and would certainly offer him a cigar; but he neither loves nor hates with warmth the creatures of his fancy. Nor is it easy to assign this lack of sympathy, as perhaps some would be inclined to do, to any theory as to the novelist's duty as a reporter of human life; for there is more than enough of a subjective relation between the author and his persons in the minor qualities to prevent our classing him with the rare men like Shakspere, who can be at once indifferent and yet searching observers of human life. It seems far more reasonable to suppose that his persons are almost wholly the creatures of his note-book. He has seen them walking up and down the stations, and perhaps set down their peculiarities. They are exteriorly life-like, finished with extreme minuteness,—for it is a wonderful note-book, so full, so accurate, so genially playful, that we cannot get away from it. The external and some of the more obvious internal marks of our daily life we recognize as both typical and individual. The persons are nevertheless constructions, and in no large sense creations. They do not come from the heart, but through the senses; and we are so tied down by what they do visibly that we never find underlying strata—either because Mr. Howells cannot discover deep natures for them, or because he is afraid to trust to his insight. His method is not that of Tourguéneff, far less that of Hawthorne. He is of the analytic school, but analyzes by the externals,—which in his case are generally petty,—and argues back to motives, which are consequently thin. But his work grows deeper every year, and in the last novel, "A Modern Instance," he begins to show some confidence in his powers of insight. As a strong character in underworking motive, Squire Gaylord seems

to be his best. For manly passion,—real passion, that stirs us deeply,— Halleck is the most consistent construction and the most deeply marked. All the other passions are trifling and fretful. Marcia has a narrow faithfulness and persistency, but no heroic quality. Hubbard has weaknesses, but no villainy. He simply falls, without any Satanic propulsion to help his fall. If it is not Mr. Howells's distrust of himself which restrains him from great attempts, it certainly cannot be dearth of material in New England. There is iron in the blood of the race there if anywhere, —iron in their loves and iron in their hates.

James has affiliations and aversions which we see at their strongest in Ralph Touchett and Gilbert Osmond. But he, too, like Mr. Howells, has no strong loves nor hates. Both writers, however, have attained a wonderful success in reproducing what they see and feel. The superficial aspect of American life each has, in his own line of observation, depicted with fascinating skill. The average American abroad—neither the highest nor the lowest, but with features which we must recognize, whether we like them or not, as the product of our system of education, government, and social life—has never been so well presented as in James's list of characters, from Daisy Miller to Henrietta Stackpole, from Caspar Goodwood to Mr. Newman. This is a field by itself, and the author has shown himself a master in it; still his mastery lies in his analysis of externals, not in sympathetic reproduction of heroic qualities. He never gets into the spirit of our American home-life. When, by some exertion, he *seems* to get home, it is only, as in the story of "The Europeans," in the rank suburbs that we find him. The life of the American abroad is clearly one without community duties, and so too apt to be one without community sympathies. It has an income of enjoyment which implies the outgo of money merely, and not of heart, and the heart may fail at last to respond to the deeper human woes, or the finer human joys. Not to invest any feeling in community life is not to find the center of the life; and this is the attitude, possibly, which most readers perceive in James's books. They are admirable studies of American manners as evolved in travel, that is, in contact with foreign manners, and of American limitations judged by a foreign standard; but they fail, it seems to me, to reach the spirit of home life or of any settled life. The reader finds harsh lines where he knows soft ones exist. Felix, in Boston, in early spring, "kept looking at the *violent* blue of the sky, at the scintillating air, at the scattered and multiplied patches of color"—as if the clean and chaste blue of the April skies we know could be "violent," except to one who was homesick, and so incapable of just judgment. Again, to the same sort of eyes, in the same season, "the *coarse*, *vivid* grass and the slender tree-boles were gilded by the level sunbeams—gilded as with gold that was fresh from the mines." One feels that this is not the natural objective treatment by a rich mind, but that, while seeming to be objective, it is in reality subjectively unsympathetic; that is, it is the negative side of subjectivity which excludes what the mood cannot appreciate.

In literary form James is elegant and finished, but he is far more pleasing, it seems to me, in his essay style than in his dialogue, which is constructed on a dry—perhaps a French—pattern, where precision becomes bareness,—an almost wearisome *staccato* that has wit enough, but is slim in large action and devoid of warmth and life-like quality, as we may see if we compare it with almost any dialogue in Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Cooper, or Mrs. Stowe. It is bare, even when compared with Mr. Howells's dialogue, of everything except intellectual keenness. We miss the rich coloring which a man of vivid imagination and large sympathy would put in, and we get little besides the intellectual effort of the speakers. That this is bright no one will venture to deny. It is excessively bright; but it is of that "violent" order of brightness, unsoftened, unwarmed, of which James is a master.

So far, then, as the writers of the last decade have made progress, the progress has been in the direction of more precise observation and report, which is necessary work, and at the bottom of all growth. This report, as I have tried to show, has been of every sort of value. With some it has had for its aim the reproduction of eccentricities, oddities, peculiarities—external and trifling, which make us laugh, but otherwise do not impress us deeply. In others it is of traits which are local and deciduous. The reportorial method is affecting the younger writers. Some are content with reporting, without observing; some observe, without discriminating, and report in mass. They have no rule in their work, no principles of judging, no artistic sense in grouping material. Some report with a bias toward the sentimental, or the cynical, or the humorous. But reporting is a work of externals, and so far it seems to have developed variety in manners and customs mainly, and to have been confined to those who have little more than the reportorial instinct. It is something, however, that this has brought about a greater desire for accuracy. Here the analytical school has come in, but thus far without the more serviceable results. It surely is

not desirable, for instance, that life should be made to seem less attractive than it is. Some of us do not filch from the public treasury, or have confused notions of ownership in our neighbor's ox, or his ass, or his servants, or his wife. Some of us are not dyspeptic. There is a tolerably healthy action of the liver. When we look out upon the earth, it is still beautiful—still God's earth. Spring blossoms continue to suggest the luxuriance of the coming summer, and not always the decay of the last autumn. "I am shocked, sometimes," says Charles Lamb, "at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe (which is something), but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, etc." Do we not all recognize the risk of too much contemplation of the fingers? Some kind power—perhaps it is the energetic action of society—keeps them, in the main, to legitimate uses. There is a value in morbid analysis, when not made too publicly; but we show our diseases to the physician, not to the world; and the world is none the worse, even if it is none the wiser. It often enough becomes the office of science to prick a dangerous superstition; but life and love, hope and aspiration, and human sympathy, the true science recognizes as no superstitions, but the only sane facts. Science has its reverential, as well as its dyspeptic devotees, and the former show us the beauty of order and law; they teach us the inspiration of the universe, and let us live without the constant presence of the thought that the golden orbs eventually resolve themselves into gases. It surely is an unhealthy corner of science that stops with the processes of dissolution. The nobler finds in decay the elements of new growth, and does not limit our hopes with the resolution of our molecules.

Is the new novelist to take his stand with the healthy livers, or with the dyspeptic? Is he only to analyze down to the dissolution, and deny us our dreams? We find, even in the most persistent of the analytic school, some promise of higher ends. Their efforts hitherto in rebuilding have been mainly tentative. They are perhaps trying their powers. So far they have shown us the follies of American life; and, if they have touched the virtues, it has been only to show how thin they are conceived to be. If these writers are to find the good, they must at least be in sympathy with what is good among us. They cannot live at the club, or in the parlor, or confine their observation to the way-stations, or be deterred by the crudeness of externals which belongs to a new country. A life which has mastered a continent and developed its enormous resources, which has handled successfully so much of the capital of Europe, which has freed a nation of slaves and already partly digested a small empire of the difficult subjects of European mismanagement, which has survived a war of almost incredibly disintegrating properties, and which yet finds itself no worse in the blood than England was eighteen years after Waterloo—such a life is rich enough to meet the largest demands of the novelist. America has much to learn from Europe. We cannot greatly boast abroad of ease and elegance in social life, of art and learning, of fine culture and manners; but of variety and movement, of free action and growth, of that satisfaction that comes from being alive all over, we have enough and to spare. Life here is not thin, except to the thin. When our Thackeray or Scott comes, with the right grasp, he will certainly find character in individual and group, variety in social life, and that change and ferment which give the largest scope to the novelist. The play of elementary forces among us, in a wide arena of action, is at least as great as that of any nation in Europe. If the novelist wants villains, we have taught the world only too many tricks; if he wants virtues, and fails to find them in the history of the last twenty-five years, he will look for them in vain elsewhere. If he seeks diversity in situation, or novelty in adventure, or the action and reaction of intense social forces, he will find them here if anywhere. Our six or seven generations have seen many historical changes, and a great interplay of the telluric passions. Our past is as much a region of mystery, as little subject to the sharp eye of historical research, as full of legend and unwritten song and story, as that section of the English past which her recent novelists have cared to cultivate. What can be made of it in a corner, has been shown by Hawthorne. What can be found in its details is indicated by Bret Harte and Cable and Miss Woolson. What we do need is the man who can grasp all these details, and out of them create the men and women who shall represent what is best and bravest in human nature, clothed in the new garments of the national life. It is the very great merit of Henry James that he has tried honestly to do this in his way; but he has yet to convince us that he has a genuine sympathy with the chief underlying motive of American institutions, which is, as we understand it, not to make life lovely for the few, but to make generous action and honest growth possible for the many—even at the expense, if necessary, of some self-sacrifice on the part of the few.

James Herbert Morse.

BLACK BASS FISHING.

"A GLORIOUS morning for fishing!" said the Professor, as he stepped down from the broad veranda of a stately Kentucky mansion, and out upon the lawn, dashing the dewdrops from the newly sprung blue-grass as he leisurely strode along in his heavy wading boots.

Professor Silvanus was a man yet in the prime of life, with a full beard, dark gray eyes, and a tall, powerful frame. A well-informed naturalist, a capital shot, and an artistic angler, he had wooed Nature in her various moods, in all seasons, and in many lands. Facing the east, he now stood, clad in a quiet fishing suit of gray tweed, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat of drab felt, the smoke from his briar-root pipe wreathing gracefully above his head like a halo before it was borne away on the early morning air.

Meanwhile, Ignatius, his companion and disciple, was busily engaged in bringing out to the veranda the rods, creels, tackle-cases, landing-nets, lunch-basket, and other necessaries for a day's fishing.

"Luke is coming with the wagon, Professor," said he, as a well-groomed span of bays to a light wagonette came dashing around the corner of the house.

After depositing the various articles in the wagon, Ignatius took the reins, the Professor climbed up beside him with the rod-cases, while the colored man Luke, with a sigh, gave up the ribbons and took a back seat.

The sun was just topping the maples when the impatient team went dashing through the road-gate.

"The bass should rise well to-day," said the Professor.

"They are well through spawning, and if the water is right, everything else is propitious," replied Ignatius.

"Mighty perfishus for chan'l cats, too," put in Luke, "'sides yaller bass an' green bass an' black bass, too; any kind o' bass."

"Professor, how many kinds of black bass are there?" inquired Ignatius, as he lightly touched up the flank of the off-horse.

"There are but two species of black bass, and they are as much alike as that span of horses; but from the many different names used to designate them in different parts of the country one would be led to think there were many species."

"Local fishermen say there are three kinds here, — black, yellow, and green bass," asserted Ignatius.

"There are but two well-defined species, the large-mouthed bass and the small-mouthed bass," continued the Professor, settling himself for a lecture. "There has been more confusion and uncertainty attending the scientific classification and nomenclature of the black bass than usually falls to the lot of fishes, some dozen generic appellations and nearly fifty specific titles having been bestowed upon the two species by naturalists since their first scientific descriptions by Count Lacépède in 1802. Nor has this polyonomous feature been confined to their scientific terminology, for their vernacular names have been as numerous and varied; thus they are known in different sections of our country as bass, perch, trout, chub, or salmon, with or without various qualifying adjectives descriptive of color or habits."

"Yes," assented Ignatius, "I have heard them called black perch, yellow perch, and jumping perch up the Rockcastle and Cumberland rivers, and white and black trout in Tennessee."

"Exactly," returned the Professor. "Much of the confusion attending the common names of the black bass arises from the coloration of the species, which varies greatly, even in the same waters; thus they are known as black, green, yellow, and spotted bass. Then they have received names somewhat descriptive of their habitat, as, lake, river, marsh, pond, slough, bayou, moss, grass, and Oswego bass. Other names have been conferred on account of their pugnacity or voracity, as, tiger, bull, sow, and buck bass. In the Southern States they are universally known as 'trout.' In portions of Virginia they are called chub, southern chub, or Roanoke chub. In North and South Carolina they are variously known as trout, trout-perch, or Welshman; indeed, the large-mouthed bass received its first scientific, specific name from a drawing and description of a Carolina bass sent to Lacépède under the local name of trout, or trout-perch, who accordingly named it *salmoides*, meaning trout-like, or salmon-like."

"How do you account for the ridiculous practice of applying such names as trout and salmon to a spiny-finned fish of the order of perches?" asked Ignatius.

"They were first given, I think, by the early English settlers of Virginia and the

"BROKE AWAY." (FROM THE PAINTING BY GURDON TRUMBULL, ESQ., BY PERMISSION OF KNOEDLER & CO.)

Carolinas, who, finding the bass a game fish of high degree, naturally gave it the names of those game fishes *par excellence* of England, when they found that neither the salmon nor the trout inhabited southern waters. In the same way the misnomers of quail, partridge, pheasant, and rabbit have been applied, there being no true species of any of these indigenous to America."

"Then, I should say the names are a virtual acknowledgment that they considered the black bass the peer of either the trout or salmon as a game fish," said Ignatius.

"As an old salmon and trout fisher," replied the Professor, "I consider the black bass, all things being equal, the gamiest fish that swims. Of course, I mean as compared to fish of equal weight, and when fished for with the same tackle, for it would be folly to compare a three-pound bass to a twenty-pound salmon."

"The long list of local names applied to the black bass," resumed the Professor, "is owing chiefly to its remarkably wide geographical range; for while it is peculiarly an American fish, the original habitat of one or other of its forms embraces the hydrographic basins of the great lakes, the St. Lawrence Mississippi, and Rio Grande rivers, and the entire water-shed of the South Atlantic States from Virginia to Florida; or, in other words, portions of Canada and Mexico, and the whole United States east of the Rocky Mountains, except New England and the sea-board of the Middle States. Of late years it has been introduced into these latter States, into the Pacific slope, England, and Germany."

Reaching the summit of a hill after a long but gentle ascent, the river was disclosed to the view of the expectant anglers. At the foot of the descent was an old covered bridge which spanned a somewhat narrow but beautiful stream, winding in graceful curves among green hills and broad meadows. The ripples, or "riffles," sparkled and flashed as they reflected the rays of the bright morning sun, while the blue and white and gray of the sky and clouds were revealed in the still reaches and quiet pools as in a mirror. Driving through the time-worn and old-fashioned bridge with its quaint echoes, our friends left the turnpike and proceeded down a narrow road, following the course of the river to a small grove of gigantic elms, beeches,

and sycamores, where a merry little creek mingled its limpid waters with the larger, but more pellucid stream.

While Luke unharnessed the horses and haltered them to the low limb of a beech, the Professor and Ignatius went up the creek, with the minnow-seine and bucket, and soon secured a supply of chubs and shiners for bait. The Professor then took from its case and put together a willowy and well made split bamboo fly-rod, eleven feet long, and weighing just eight ounces. Adjusting a light, German-silver click reel, holding thirty yards of waterproofed and polished fly-line of braided silk, to the reel-seat at the extreme butt of the rod, he rove the line through the guide-rings, and made fast to it a silkworm-gut leader six feet in length, to the end of which he looped, for a stretcher or tail-fly, what is known, technically, as the "polka," with scarlet body, red hackle, brown and white tail, and wings of the spotted feathers of the guinea-fowl; three feet above this, he looped on for dropper or bob-fly a "Lord Baltimore," with orange body, black wings, hackle and tail, and upper wings of jungle-cock, both very killing flies, and a cast admirably suited to the state of the water and atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Ignatius, who was a bait-fisher, jointed up an ash and lancewood rod of the same weight as the Professor's, but only eight and a quarter feet in length, and withal somewhat stiffer and more springy. He then affixed a fine multiplying reel, holding fifty yards of the smallest braided silk line, to which, after reeving through the rod-guides, he attached a sproat hook, No. 1½, with a gut snell eight inches long, but without swivel or sinker, for he intended fishing the "riffles," which is surface fishing, principally.

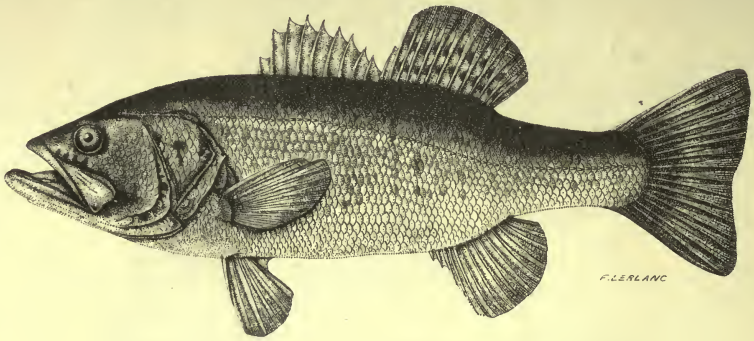
Slinging their creels and landing-nets, they were about to depart, when Luke spoke up:

"Mars' Nash, will you please, sah, gib me one ob dem sproach hooks I heerd you all talkin' 'bout las' night; mebbe so I'll hang a big chan'l cat w'ile you're gone."

Ignatius, who was fastening the strap of a small, oblong, four-quart minnow-bucket to his belt, gave him several large-sized sproat hooks, saying:

"There, Luke, you will not fail to hook him with one of these, and the Professor will guarantee it to hold any fish in the river."

"Right," affirmed he; "the sproat is the hook beyond compare, the *ne plus ultra*, the perfection of fish-hooks in shank, bend, barb, and point."



LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS — MICROPTERUS SALMOIDES. (LACÉPÈDE.)

While the Professor and Ignatius proceeded down the river, Luke rigged up a stout line the length of his big cane pole, a large red and green float, a heavy sinker, and one of the No. 3–0 sproat hooks. He then turned over the stones in the creek until he obtained a dozen large craw-fish, which were about to shed their outer cases, or shells, and which for this reason are called "shedders," or "peelers."

"Now, den," said he, "we'll see who'll ketch de mos' fish. Umph! I wunder wat de 'Fessor do if he hang a big chan'l cat wid dat little pole!"

He then baited his hook with a "soft craw," seated himself on a log at the edge of a deep pool, or "cat-hole," and began fishing.

The Professor and Ignatius took their way down-stream a short distance to where a submerged ledge of rocks ran nearly across the river, some two feet below the surface and about ten feet in width. The line of rock was shelving, or hollow underneath on the up-river side, the water being some six feet deep just under and above it, but shoaling, gradually, up-stream. The ledge was surmounted on its lower edge by a line of loose rocks, which cropped up nearly to the surface, producing a rapid, or riffle. On the opposite side of the stream, the bank was quite high and steep, forming a rocky, wooded cliff, where the snowy dogwood blossoms and the

pink tassels of the redbud lit up the dark mass of foliage which was yet in shadow: for the sun was just peeping curiously over the top of the cliff, and shining full in their faces —for prudent anglers always fish toward the sun, so that their shadows are cast behind them.

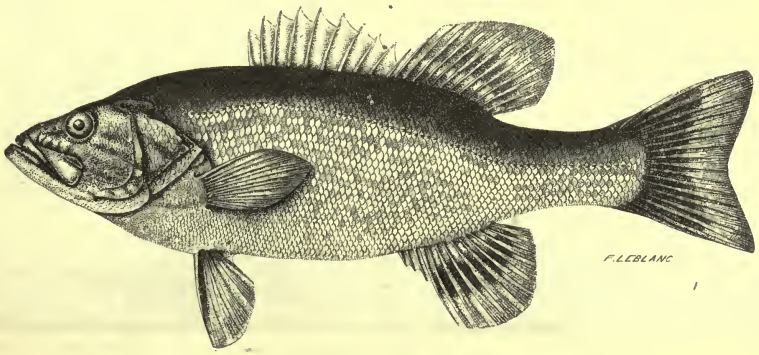
"Now," said the Professor, as he waded out into the stream some fifty feet above the rocky ledge, "the bass have left the cool depths beside the rock and are on the riffle, or just below it, enjoying the welcome rays of the sun while waiting for a stray minnow or craw-fish for breakfast. I'll drop them a line."

So saying, he began casting, lengthening his line at each cast,—the line, leader, and flies following the impulse of the flexible rod in graceful curves, now projected forward, now unfolding behind him,—until the flies, almost touching the water full seventy feet in his rear, were, by a slight turn of the wrist and fore-arm and apparently without an effort, cast a like distance in front, where they dropped gently and without the least splash just on the lower edge of the rift. Immediately the swirl of a bass was seen near the dropper fly; the Professor struck lightly, but missed it, for he was taken somewhat unawares and failed to strike quickly enough. Throwing his line behind him, he made another cast, the flies dropping, if possible, more lightly than before, and with a somewhat straighter and tighter line.

"I have him!" he exclaimed, as a bass rose and snapped the stretcher fly before it fully settled on the water. "He hooked himself that time, the line being perfectly taut. He's not a large one, though he gives good play," he continued, as he took the rod in his left hand and applied his right to the reel, the bass, in the meantime, having headed up-stream to the deeper water beside the rock.

"No, no, my fine fellow, that will never do," said he, as he brought the full strain of the fish on the rod by turning the latter over his shoulder and advancing the butt toward the struggling bass, which had made a desperate and quick dash to get under the rock when he found himself in deep water. This "giving the butt," as it is technically termed, brought him to the surface again, when he instantly changed his tactics by springing two feet into the air, shaking his head violently in the endeavor to dislodge the hook, and as he fell back with a loud splash he dropped upon the line, by which maneuver he would have succeeded in tearing out the hook had the line still been taut; but the Professor was perfectly familiar with this trick, and had slackened the line by lowering the tip of the rod as the bass fell back, but instantly resumed its tension by again raising the tip when the fish regained his element. As the Professor slowly reeled the line, the bass dashed hither and yon at the end of his tether, but all the time working up-stream and toward the rod. Then he was suddenly seized by an impulse to make for the bottom, to hide under a rock, or mayhap dislodge the barb or foul the line by nosing against a stone or snag—but not to sulk; for be it known a black bass never sulks, as the salmon does, by settling motionless and stubbornly on the bottom when he finds his efforts to escape are foiled. The bass resists and struggles to the last gasp, unless he can wedge himself beneath a rock or among the weeds, where he will work the hook out at his leisure. The Professor, keeping the line constantly taut and the rod well up, thereby maintaining a springy arch, soon reeled the bass within a few feet, when he put the landing-net under him. Then addressing Ignatius, he said:

"The humane angler always kills his fish as soon as caught by severing the spinal



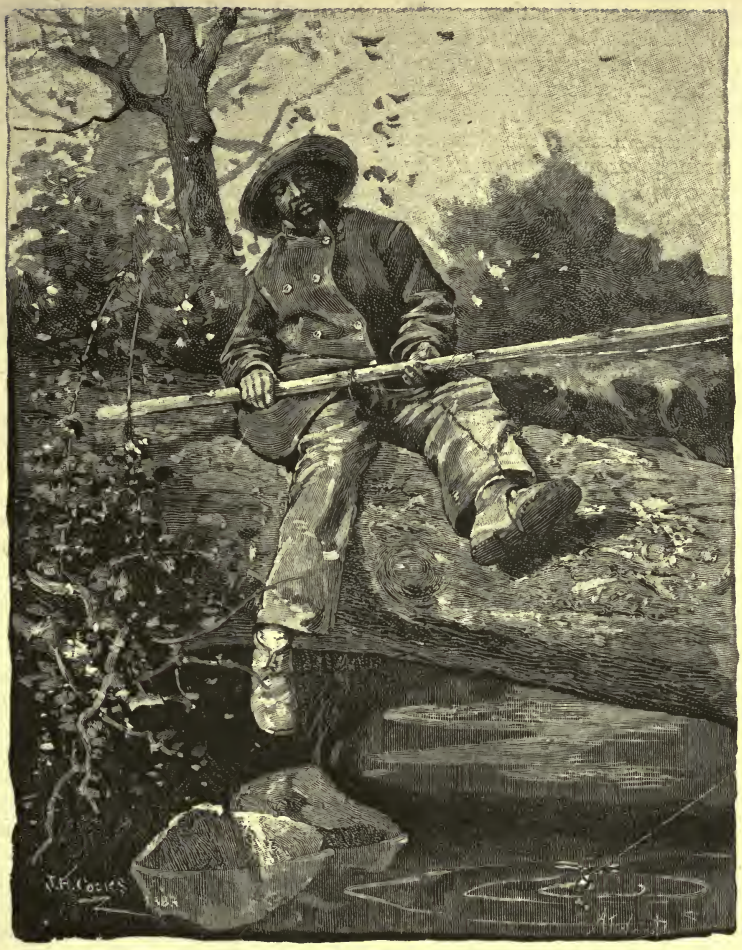
SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS — MICROPTERUS DOLOMIEU. (LACÉPÈDE.)

LANDING A DOUBLE.

cord at the neck with a sharp-pointed knife, by breaking the neck, or by a smart blow on the head. Then raising the gill-cover, he bleeds the fish by puncturing a large venous sinus, which shows as a dark space nearly opposite the pectoral fin. Killing and bleeding a fish is not only a merciful act, but it enhances its value for the table, rendering the flesh firmer, sweeter, and of better color;" and suiting the action to the word, he killed and bled the fish and put it in his creel.

Ignatius was capable of admiring the Professor's humanity, but he was most attracted by his wonderful skill. His grace and deliberation, though natural and inborn to a certain degree, were chiefly the result of many years' devotion to the rod and gun and the practical study of the habits of fish and game. There is more symmetry of form and natural grace of motion among the aboriginal races of the world, trained to the pursuit of animals on land and water from childhood, than among the civilized and enlightened; our brains are developed and fostered at the expense of our bodies; therefore, the nervous, jerky, impatient, and impetuous man will never make a truly successful angler nor a really good shot, though he may attain to a certain mediocrity in both sports.

At the next cast the Professor fastened a two-pound bass to the "polka," and while giving him play another bass of the same



AN IDEAL "STILL FISHER."

weight took the "Lord Baltimore." As these fish kept down-stream, the full force of the current was an additional factor of resistance to the rod, which seemed to Ignatius to bend nearly double, and caused him to say:

"You will have a hard time to land them both, Professor!"

"Not necessarily, for although the weight is greater, they, together, will not play much longer than a single fish, if so long; for they are pulling against each other. It only remains for me to hold them by the spring of the rod and let them fight it out."

His method of landing them was unique: Holding the net a few inches beneath the surface, he first drew in the bass on the stretcher-fly; then, as he turned up the lower or down-river half of the net-rim to the surface, he let the bass on the bob-fly drop back with the current into it, and lifted out both.

Ignatius proceeded farther out into the stream, but parallel with the shelving rock. Then selecting a minnow four inches long, he passed the hook through the lower lip and out at the nostril. Reeling up his line to the snell of the hook, and with his thumb on the spool of the reel, he turned his left side to the riffle below; then swinging his rod to the right, the minnow nearly touching the water, he made a sweeping cast from right to left and from below upward, starting the minnow on its flight just before the tip of the rod reached its greatest elevation, by relaxing somewhat the pressure of his thumb on the spool, but still maintaining a certain light and uniform pressure to prevent the reel from back-lashing and the line from overrunning; the minnow was neatly cast, in this way, some seventy-five feet, and just beyond the riffle. Then he reeled slowly, keeping the minnow near the surface (there being no sinker), and just as it was passing through the broken water of the riffle, a bass

seized it on the run and continued his rush up-stream toward deep water. Ignatius reeled his line rapidly until he felt the weight of the fish, which then gave a short tug or two, when he was allowed to take a few feet of line, though grudgingly and sparingly, so as to keep it taut. Ignatius then, feeling the bass pull steadily and strongly, drove in the steel by a simple turning over of the rod-hand, while drawing firmly on the line; this set the hook. It takes but a slight motion of the wrist to hook a fish with a taut line and pliant rod.

The bass continued his race by swimming rapidly between Ignatius and the shore and then up the river, describing a half circle, the line being the radius; for Ignatius held him firmly by the spring of the rod, yielding the line only inch by inch when forced to do so. The bass, finding his progress thus stayed, sprang clear of the water several times in quick succession; but Ignatius, instead of slackening the line, skillfully turned the bass over in the air by a slightly increased tension as it left the water, thus preventing, by another method, his falling across the taut line. This latter mode requires more adroitness than the plan used by the Professor, of lowering the tip of the rod to slacken the line as the fish falls back, but it can be more successfully and safely accomplished with the shorter and stiffer minnow-rod than with the fly-rod. The bass was sooner exhausted and brought to creel than if he had been down-stream, not having the strength of the current to aid him.

"That is the best fish yet taken, Ignatius," said the Professor; "he will scale fully three pounds, and you landed him in about two minutes. If he had remained down-stream, it would have taken a minute longer to kill him."

"One should hold hard and kill quick."

"With a qualification as to the rod, that is the true principle," returned the Professor. "With a properly made, light, and flexible rod, yes; with a bean-pole, no. With a well balanced, supple rod of eight ounces, a pound bass, even in swift water, can be easily killed in a minute, and one of five pounds in five minutes. With extremely light and willowy rods it takes much longer to kill a fair-sized fish than genuine sportsmanship will warrant."

The Professor and Ignatius, having each taken a dozen bass, reeled up their lines and retraced their steps toward the wagon for luncheon. Turning a bend in the river, they came in sight of Luke, still sitting on the log with a firm hold on the rod, but sound asleep.

"Behold the ideal still-fisher!" observed the Professor.

Suddenly the float disappeared, the point of the rod was violently pulled into the water, and Luke, awakening, took in the situation, and with a savage jerk, that would have thrown a smaller fish over his head, struck a large fish which threatened to pull him from his perch. Indeed, he was forced to follow it into the water to save his tackle.

Luke, seeing them approaching, cried out appealingly:

"Wat I gwine to do wid dis fish?"

"Keep your pole up, and lead him out to the shallow water on your left."

Finally, after a few minutes more of great effort, and much floundering of the fish, and Luke's stumbling over the slippery rocks, he succeeded in getting the fish into shallow water, and drew it out on the shore, a channel cat-fish, weighing fully ten pounds.

"I got de boss green bass, too, Mars' Nash," said he, as he drew his fish-string out of the water and displayed a large-mouthed bass of four pounds.

"And the only large-mouthed bass caught this morning," said the Professor. "Now, Ignatius," he continued, "lay it side by side with your heaviest small-mouthed bass, and you will readily see the principal points of difference. In the first place, Luke's fish is more robust, or 'chunkier,' yours being more shapely and lengthy. Then Luke's bass has much the larger mouth, its angle reaching considerably beyond or behind the eye, while in yours it scarcely reaches the middle of the eye; thus it is they are called large and small-mouthed bass. Then the scales of Luke's fish are much larger than those of yours, for if you count them along the lateral line you will find only about sixty-five scales from the head to the minute scales at the base of the caudal fin, while there are about seventy-five on either of your small-mouthed bass. You also observe that the scales on the cheeks of Luke's fish are not much smaller than those on its sides, while on your fish the cheek scales are quite minute as compared with those on its body.

"As for Luke's big-mouthed bass," continued the Professor, "I've taken them in Florida weighing about fourteen pounds. I used a ten-ounce rod for those big fellows; all the same, I could have killed them with this little rod by taking more time and muscle, and uselessly prolonging the struggles of the fish, but I deem that unsportsmanlike."

"I've heard," said Ignatius, "that most of the Florida bass are taken with the hand-line and trolling-spoon."

"That is the way most Northern tourists usually take them, because they don't know how to handle a rod; and then, the necessary tackle for hand-trolling can be carried in the pocket. It is the simplest mode of angling, if it can be dignified by that name, for it is more suggestive of meat, or 'pot,' than sport.

The pseudo-angler sits in the stern of a boat with a stout line, nearly the size of an ordinary lead-pencil and about seventy-five yards long, to the end of which is attached a spoon-bait or trolling-spoon, with one or two small swivels. The boatman rows the boat slowly and quietly along the edges of the saw-grass, water-lettuce, bonnets, or other aquatic plants which border the fresh-water streams and lakes of Florida. The trolling-spoon, revolving swiftly beneath the surface at the end of fifty yards of line, glittering and flashing in the sunlight, is eagerly seized by the bass as it passes near his lair, when one or more of the hooks attached to the spoon are fixed in his jaws. The black bass has an irresistible impulse to snap at any brightly colored or shining object in motion, whether spoon-bait, bone squid, or other like lure; indeed, thousands are taken each winter in Florida waters by simply trolling with a hand-line and a bit of white or red rag affixed to a hook. While there is a certain amount of excitement in hauling in the struggling bass by 'main strength and stupidity,' as the mule pulls, there is not the faintest resemblance to sport, as the term is understood by the true angler, for there is no skill required in the manipulation of the line or bait or in handling the fish when hooked."

"Do the Floridians troll with the hand-line, too?" asked Ignatius.

"Not many of them; they use a long rod or pole for still-fishing, skittering, and bobbing."

"What are skittering and bobbing?"

"They are methods of fishing only adapted to the sluggish, weedy waters of the Gulf States, where they prove wonderfully successful. Bobbing has been practiced in Florida for more than a century, and is a very simple but remarkably "killing" method of fishing. The tackle consists of a long cane or wooden rod, two or three feet of stout line, and the 'bob,' which is formed by tying three hooks together, back to back, and covering their shanks with a portion of a deer's tail, somewhat on the order of a colossal hackle-fly; strips of red flannel or red feathers are sometimes added; altogether forming a kind of tassel, with the points of the hooks projecting at equal distances. The man using the bob is seated in the bow of a boat, which the boatman poles or paddles silently and slowly along the borders of the stream or lake, when the fisher, holding the long rod in front of him so that the bob is a few inches above the surface, allows it to dip or 'bob' at frequent intervals in the water, among the lily-pads, deer-tongue, and other aquatic plants that grow so luxuriantly in that sub-tropical region. The bass frequently jumps clear of the water to grab the bob, but usually takes it when it is dipped or trailed on the surface. Deer hair is, as you know, very buoyant, and the queer-looking bob seems like a huge, grotesque insect, flying or skimming along the clear, still waters.

"Skittering," continued the Professor, "is practiced with a strong line about the length of the rod, to which is affixed a small trolling-spoon, a minnow, or a piece of pork-rind cut in the rude semblance of a small fish. The boat is poled along, as in 'bobbing,' but farther out in the stream, when the angler, standing in the bow, 'skitters' or skips the spoon or bait over the surface just at the edge of the weeds. Skittering is a more legitimate method of angling than bobbing, for with the longer line the bass gives considerable play before he can be taken into the boat; and as this manner of fishing is usually done in shallow waters abounding in moss, grass, and weeds, the fish must be kept on the surface and landed quickly. It is, all things considered, pretty fair sport, which might be enhanced by occasionally hooking a small alligator, as I once saw done.

"Ignatius, you should become a fly-fisher," added the Professor. "Your style of bait-fishing is admirably suited to the Northern lakes and the deep rivers, where, indeed, it is much practiced, and is the favorite method with the best anglers, though a small swivel or sinker is necessary to keep the minnow beneath the surface. But on such a charming, rapid, and romantic river as this, the artificial fly alone should be used to lure the gamy bass. This afternoon, when the sun is low in the west, bass will again rise to the fly, and if you like we will try them again."

And now, while the Professor and Ignatius are talking of other matters over their pipes, we will conclude by wishing "good luck" to the entire fraternity of anglers, from him of the æsthetic fly to him of the humble worm, but with a mental reservation as to him of the hand-line and spoon.

James A. Henshall.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[DRAWN BY R. BIRCH, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.]

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

When, a few months ago, Anthony Trollope laid down his pen for the last time, it was a sign of the complete extinction of that group of admirable writers who, in England, during the preceding half-century, had done so much to elevate the art of the novelist. The author of "The Warden," of "Barchester Towers," of "Framley Parsonage," does not, to our mind, stand on the very same level as Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot; for his talent was of a quality less fine than theirs. But he belonged to the same family—he had as much to tell us about English life; he was strong, genial, and abundant. He published too much; the writing of novels had ended by becoming, with him, a perceptibly mechanical process. Dickens was prolific; Thackeray produced with a freedom for which we are constantly grateful; but we feel that these writers had their periods of gestation. They took more time to look at their subject; relatively (for to-day there is not much leisure, at best, for those who undertake to entertain a hungry public) they were able to wait for inspiration. Trollope's fecundity was prodigious; there was no limit to the work he was ready to do. It is not unjust to say that he sacrificed quality to quantity. Abundance, certainly, is in itself a great merit; almost all the greatest writers have been abundant. But Trollope's fertility was fantastic, incredible; he himself contended, we believe, that he had given to the world a greater number of printed pages of fiction than any of his literary contemporaries. Not only did his novels follow each other without visible intermission, overlapping and treading on each other's heels, but most of these works are of extraordinary length. "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "He Knew He Was Right," are exceedingly voluminous tales. "The Way We Live Now" is one of the longest of modern novels. Trollope produced, moreover, in the intervals of larger labor, a great number of short stories, many of them charming, as well as various books of travel and two or three biographies. He was the great improvvisatore of these latter years. Two distinguished story-tellers of the other sex—one in France and one in England—have shown an extraordinary facility of composition; but Trollope's pace was brisker even than that of the wonderful Madame Sand and the delightful Mrs. Oliphant. He had taught himself to keep this pace, and had reduced his admirable faculty to a habit. Every day of his life he wrote a certain number of pages of his current tale, a number sacramental and invariable, independent of mood and place. It was once the fortune of the author of these lines to cross the Atlantic in his company, and he has never forgotten the magnificent example of stiff persistence which it was in the power of the eminent novelist to give on that occasion. The season was unpropitious, the vessel overcrowded, the voyage detestable; but Trollope shut himself up in his cabin every morning for a purpose which, on the part of a distinguished writer who was also an invulnerable sailor, could only be communion with the muse. He drove his pen as steadily on the tumbling ocean as in Montague Square; and as his voyages were many it was his practice before sailing to come down to the ship and confer with the carpenter, who was instructed to rig up a rough writing-table in his small sea-chamber. Trollope has been accused of being deficient in imagination, but in the face of such a fact as that the charge will scarcely seem just. The power to shut one's eyes, one's ears (to say nothing of another sense) upon the scenery of a pitching Cunarder and open them upon the loves and sorrows of Lily Dale, or the conjugal embarrassments of Lady Glencora Palliser, is certainly a faculty which has an element of the magical. The imagination that Trollope possessed he had, at least, thoroughly at his command. I speak of all this in order to explain (in part) why it was that, with his extraordinary gift, there was always in him a certain touch of the common. He abused his gift, overworked it, rode his horse too hard. As an artist he never took himself seriously; many people will say this was why he was so delightful. The people who take themselves seriously are prigs and bores; and Trollope, with his perpetual story, which was the only thing he cared about, his strong good sense, hearty good nature, generous appreciation of life in all its varieties, responds in perfection to a certain English ideal. According to that ideal it is rather dangerous to be definitely or consciously an artist—to have a system, a doctrine, a form. Trollope, from the first, went in, as they say, for having as little form as possible; it is probably safe to affirm that he had no "views" whatever on the subject of novel-writing. His whole manner is that of a man who regards the practice as one of the

more delicate industries, but has never troubled his head nor clogged his pen with theories about the nature of his business. Fortunately he was not obliged to do so, for he had an easy road to success; and his honest, familiar, deliberate way of treating his readers as if he were one of them and shared their indifference to a general view, their limitations of knowledge, their love of a comfortable ending, endeared him to many persons in England and America. It is in the name of some chosen form that, of late years, things have been made most disagreeable for the novel-reader, who has been treated by several votaries of the new experiments in fiction to unwonted and bewildering sensations. With Trollope we were always safe; there were sure to be no new experiments.

His great, his inestimable merit was a complete appreciation of reality. This gift is not rare in the annals of English fiction; it would naturally be found in a walk of literature in which the feminine mind has labored so fruitfully. Women are delicate and patient observers; they hold their noses close, as it were, to the texture of life. They feel and perceive the real (as well as the desirable), and their observations are recorded in a thousand delightful volumes. Trollope, therefore, with his eyes comfortably fixed on the familiar, the actual, was far from having invented a *genre*, as the French say; his great distinction is that, in resting there, his vision took in so much of the field. And then he *felt* all common, human things as well as saw them; felt them in a simple, direct, salubrious way, with their sadness, their gladness, their charm, their comicality, all their obvious and measurable meanings. He never wearied of the preëstablished round of English customs—never needed a respite or a change—was content to go on indefinitely watching the life that surrounded him and holding up his mirror to it. Into this mirror the public, at first especially, grew very fond of looking—for it saw itself reflected in all the most credible and supposable ways, with that curiosity that people feel to know how they look when they are represented "just as they are" by a painter who does not desire to put them into an attitude, to drape them for an effect, to arrange his light and his accessories. This exact and on the whole agreeable image, projected upon a surface without a strong intrinsic tone, constitutes mainly the entertainment that Trollope offered his readers. The striking thing to the critic was that his robust and patient mind had no particular bias, his imagination no light of its own. He saw things neither pictorially and grotesquely like Dickens; nor with that combined disposition to satire and to literary form which gives such "body," as they say of wine, to the manner of Thackeray; nor with anything of the philosophic, the transcendental cast—the desire to follow them to their remote relations—which we associate with the name of George Eliot. Trollope had his element of fancy, of satire, of irony; but these qualities were not very highly developed, and he walked mainly by the light of his good sense, his clear, direct vision of the things that lay nearest, and his great natural kindness. There is something remarkably tender and friendly in his feeling about all human perplexities; he takes the good-natured, moderate, conciliatory view—the humorous view, perhaps, for the most part, yet without a touch of mockery or cynicism. As he grew older, and had sometimes to go further afield for his subjects, he acquired a savor of bitterness and reconciled himself sturdily to treating of the disagreeable. A more copious record of disagreeable things could scarcely be imagined, for instance, than "The Way We Live Now." But, in general, he has a wholesome mistrust of morbid analysis, an aversion to inflicting pain. He has an infinite love of detail, but his details are, for the most part, the innumerable items of the familiar. When the French are disposed to pay a compliment to the English mind, they are so good as to say that there is in it something remarkably *honnête*. If I might borrow this epithet without seeming to be patronizing, I should apply it to the genius of Anthony Trollope. He represents in an eminent degree this natural decorum of the English spirit, and represents it all the better that there is not in him a grain of the mawkish or the prudish. He writes, he feels, he judges like a man, talking plainly and frankly about many things, and is by no means destitute of a certain saving grace of coarseness. But he has kept the purity of his imagination, and held fast to old-fashioned reverences and preferences. He thinks it a sufficient objection to several topics to say simply that they are unclean. There was nothing in his theory of the story-teller's art that tended to convert the reader's or the writer's mind into a vessel for polluting things. He recognized the right of the vessel to protest, and would have regarded such a protest as conclusive. With a considerable turn for satire, though this, perhaps, is more evident in his early novels than in his later ones, he had as little as possible of the quality of irony. He never played with a subject, never juggled with the sympathies or the credulity of his reader, was never in the least paradoxical or mystifying. He sat down to his theme in a serious, business-like way, with

his elbows on the table and his eye occasionally wandering to the clock.

To touch successively upon these points is to attempt a portrait, which I shall perhaps not altogether have failed to produce. The source of his success in describing the things that lay nearest to him, and describing them without any of those artistic perversions that come, as we have said, from a powerful imagination, from a cynical humor, or from a desire to look, as George Eliot expresses it, for the suppressed transitions that unite all contrasts, the essence of this love of reality was his extreme interest in character. This is the fine and admirable quality in Trollope, this is what will preserve his best things in spite of those deficiencies which keep him from standing on quite the same level as the masters. Indeed, this quality is so much one of the finest (to my mind at least) that it makes me wonder the more that the writer who had it so abundantly and so naturally should not have just that distinction which Trollope lacks and which we find in his three brilliant contemporaries. If he was in any degree a man of genius (and I hold that he was), it was in virtue of this happy, instinctive perception of character. His knowledge of human nature, his observation of the common behavior of men and women, was not reasoned, nor acquired, not even particularly studied. All human doings deeply interested him. Human life, to his mind, was a perpetual story; but he never attempted to take the so-called scientific view, the view which has lately found ingenious advocates among the countrymen and successors of Balzac. He had no airs of being able to tell you *why* people in a given situation would conduct themselves in a particular way; it was enough for him that he felt their feelings and struck the right note, because he had, as it were, a good ear. If he was a knowing psychologist, he was so by grace; he was just and true without apparatus and without effort. He must have had a great taste for morals; he evidently believed that such things are the basis of the interest of fiction. We must be careful, of course, in attributing convictions and opinions to Trollope, who, as I have said, had as little as possible of the pedantry of his art, and whose occasional chance utterances in regard to the object of the novelist and his means of achieving it are of an almost startling simplicity. But we certainly do not go too far in saying that he gave his practical testimony in favor of the idea that the interest of a work of fiction is great in proportion as the people stand on their feet. His great effort was evidently to make them stand so; if he achieved this result by the quietest and most unpretending touches, it was nevertheless the measure of his success. If he had taken sides on the rather superficial opposition between novels of character and novels of plot, I can imagine him to have said (except that he never expressed himself in epigrams) that he preferred the former class, inasmuch as character in itself is plot, while plot is by no means character. It is more safe indeed to believe that his great good sense would have prevented him from taking an idle controversy seriously. Character, in any sense in which we can get at it, is action, and action is plot, and any plot which hangs together, even if it pretend to interest us only in the fashion of a Chinese puzzle, plays upon our emotion, our suspense, by means of personal tones. We care what happens to people only in proportion as we know what people are. Trollope's great apprehension of the real, which was what made him so interesting, came to him through his desire to satisfy us on this point — to tell us what certain people were and what they did in consequence of being so. That is the purpose of each of his tales; and if these things produce an illusion, it comes from the gradual abundance of his testimony as to the temper, the tone, the passions, the habits, the moral nature, of a certain number of contemporary Britons.

His stories, in spite of their great length, deal very little in the unusual, the unexpected, the complicated; as a general thing, he has no great story to tell. The thing is not so much a story as a picture; we hesitate to call it a picture only, because the author gives us an impression of not possessing in any appreciable degree that temperament which is known as the artistic. There is not even, as a general thing, much description, in the sense which the present votaries of realism in France attach to that word. The author lays his scene in a few deliberate, not especially pictorial strokes, and never dreams of finishing the piece for the sake of enabling the reader to hang it up. The finish, such as it is, comes later, from the slow, gradual, sometimes rather heavy accumulation of small incidents. These incidents are sometimes of the smallest; Trollope turns them out inexhaustibly, repeats them freely, unfolds them without haste and without rest. But they are all of the most homogeneous sort, and they are none the worse for that. The point to be made is that they have no great spectacular interest (we beg pardon of innumerable love-affairs that Trollope has described) like many of the incidents, say, of Walter Scott and of Alexandre Dumas: if we care to know about them (as repetitions of a familiar case), it is because the author has managed, in his solid, definite,

somewhat lumbering way, to tell us that about the men and women concerned which has already excited on their behalf the impression of life. It is a marvel by what homely arts, by what plain persistence, Trollope contrives to excite this impression. Take, for example, such a work as "The Vicar of Bullhampton." It would be difficult to give the *donnée* of this slow but excellent story, which is a capital example of interest produced by the quietest conceivable means. The principal persons in it are a lively, jovial, high-tempered country clergyman, a young woman who is in love with her cousin, and a small, rather dull squire, who is in love with the young woman. There is no connection between the affairs of the clergyman and those of the two other persons, save that these two are the Vicar's friends. The Vicar gives countenance, for Christian charity's sake, to a young countryman, who is suspected (falsely, as it appears) of murder, and also to the lad's sister, who is more than suspected of leading an immoral life. Various people are shocked at his indiscretion, but in the end he is shown to have been no worse a clergyman because he is a good fellow. A cantankerous nobleman, who has a spite against him, causes a Methodist conventicle to be erected at the gates of the vicarage; but afterward, finding that he has no title to the land used for this obnoxious purpose, causes the conventicle to be pulled down, and is reconciled with the parson, who accepts an invitation to stay at the castle. Mary Lowther, the heroine of "The Vicar of Bullhampton," is sought in marriage by Mr. Harry Gilmore, to whose passion she is unable to respond; she accepts him, however, making him understand that she does not love him and that her affections are fixed upon her kinsman, Captain Marrable, whom she would marry (and who would marry her) if he were not too poor to support a wife. If Mr. Gilmore will take her on these terms, she will become his spouse; but she gives him all sorts of warnings. They are not superfluous; for, as Captain Marrable presently inherits a fortune, she throws over Mr. Gilmore, who retires to foreign lands, heart-broken, inconsolable. This is the substance of "The Vicar of Bullhampton"; the reader will see that it is not a very tangled skein. But if the interest is quiet, it is extreme and constant, and it comes altogether from excellent portraiture. It is essentially a moral interest. There is something masterly in the steadiness and certainty with which, in work of this kind, Trollope handles his brush. The Vicar's nature is thoroughly understood and expressed, and his monotonous friend the Squire, a man with limitations, as the phrase is, but possessed and consumed by a genuine passion, is equally near to truth.

Trollope has described again and again the ravages of love, and it is wonderful to see how well, in these delicate matters, his plain good sense and good taste serve him. His story is always primarily a love-story, and a love-story constructed on an inveterate system. There is a young lady who has two lovers, or a young man who has two sweethearts; we are treated to the innumerable forms in which this dilemma may present itself and the consequences, sometimes pathetic, sometimes grotesque, which spring from such false situations. Trollope is not what is called a colorist; still less is he a poet. He is seated on the back of heavy-footed prose. But his account of those sentiments which the poets are supposed to have made their own is apt to be as touching as demonstrations more lyrical. There is something wonderfully vivid in the state of mind of the unfortunate Harry Gilmore, of whom I have just spoken; and his history, which has no more pretensions to style than if it were cut out of yesterday's newspaper, lodges itself in the imagination in all sorts of classic company. He is not handsome, nor clever, nor rich, nor romantic, nor distinguished in any way; he is simply a rather dull, narrow-minded, stiff, obstinate, common-place, conscientious modern Englishman, exceedingly in love and, from his own point of view, exceedingly ill-used. He is interesting because he suffers, and because we are curious to see the form that suffering will take in that particular nature. Our good fortune, with Trollope, is that the person put before us will have a certain particular nature. The author has cared enough about the character of such a person to find out exactly what it is. Another particular nature in "The Vicar of Bullhampton" is the surly, sturdy, skeptical old farmer Jacob Brattle, who doesn't want to be patronized by the parson, and in his dumb, dusky, half-brutal, half-spiritual melancholy, surrounded by domestic troubles, financial embarrassments, and a puzzling world, declines altogether to be won over to clerical optimism. Such a figure as Jacob Brattle, purely episodical though it be, is an excellent English portrait. As thoroughly English, and the most striking thing in the book, is the combination, in the nature of Frank Fenwick — the delightful Vicar — of the patronizing, conventional, clerical element, with all sorts of manliness and spontaneity; the union or, to a certain extent, the contradiction of official and personal geniality. Trollope touches these points in a way that shows that he knows his man. Delicacy is not his great sign; but

when it is necessary he can be as delicate as anyone else.

I alighted, just now, at a venture, upon the history of Frank Fenwick; it is far from being a conspicuous work in the immense list of Trollope's novels. But, to choose an example, one must choose arbitrarily; for examples of almost anything that one may wish to say are numerous to embarrassment. In speaking of a writer who produced so much and produced always in the same way, there is perhaps a certain unfairness in choosing at all. As no work has higher pretensions than any other, there may be a certain unkindness in holding an individual production up to the light. "Judge me in the lump," we can imagine the author saying; "I have only undertaken to entertain the British public. I don't pretend that each of my novels is an organic whole." Trollope had no time to give his tales a classic roundness; yet there is (in spite of an extraordinary defect) something of that quality in the thing that first revealed him. "The Warden" was published in 1855. It made a great impression; and when, in 1857, "Barchester Towers" followed it, every one saw that English literature had a novelist the more. These were not the works of a young man, for Anthony Trollope had been born in 1815. It is remarkable to reflect, by the way, that his prodigious fecundity (he had published before "The Warden" three or four novels which attracted little attention) was inclosed between his fortieth and his sixty-seventh year. Trollope had lived long enough in the world to learn a good deal about it; and his maturity of feeling and evidently large knowledge of English life were for much in the impression produced by the two clerical tales. It was easy to see that he would be a novelist of weight. What he knew, to begin with, was the clergy of the Church of England, and the manners and feelings that prevail in cathedral towns. This, for a while, was his specialty, and, as always happens in such cases, the public was disposed to prescribe to him that path. He knew about bishops, archdeacons, prebendaries, precentors, and about their wives and daughters; he knew what these dignitaries say to each other when they are collected together, aloof from secular ears. He even knew what sort of talk goes on between a bishop and a bishop's lady when the august couple are enshrouded in the privacy of the episcopal bedroom. This knowledge, somehow, was rare and precious. No one, as yet, had been bold enough to snatch the illuminating torch from the very summit of the altar. Trollope enlarged his field very speedily. There is, as I remember that work, as little as possible of the ecclesiastical in the tale of "The Three Clerks," which came after "Barchester Towers." But he always retained traces of his early observation of the clergy; he introduced them frequently, and he always did them easily and well. There is no ecclesiastical figure, however, so good as the first — no creation of this sort so happy as the admirable Mr. Harding. "The Warden" is an excellent little story, and a signal instance of Trollope's habit of offering us the spectacle of a character. A motive more delicate, more slender, as well as more charming, could scarcely be conceived. It is simply the history of an old man's conscience.

The good and gentle Mr. Harding, precentor of Barchester Cathedral, also holds the post of warden of Hiram's Hospital, an ancient charity, where twelve old paupers are maintained in comfort. The office is in the gift of the bishop, and its emoluments are as handsome as the labor of the place is small. Mr. Harding has for years drawn his salary in quiet gratitude; but his moral repose is broken by hearing it at last begun to be said that the wardenship is a sinecure, that the salary is a scandal, and that a large part, at least, of his easy income ought to go to the pensioners of the hospital. He is sadly troubled and perplexed, and when the great London newspapers take up the affair he is overwhelmed with confusion and shame. He thinks the newspapers are right — he perceives that the warden is an overpaid and a rather useless functionary. The only thing he can do is to resign the place. He has no means of his own — he is only a quiet, modest, innocent old man, with a taste, a passion, for old church music and the violoncello. But he determines to resign, and he does resign in spite of the sharp opposition of his friends. He does what he thinks right, and goes to live in lodgings over a shop in the Barchester high-street. That is all the story, and it has exceeding beauty. The question of Mr. Harding's resignation becomes a drama, and we anxiously wait for the catastrophe. Trollope never did anything happier than the picture of this sweet and serious little old gentleman, who on most of the occasions of life has shown a lamblike softness and compliance, but in this particular matter opposes a silent, impenetrable obstinacy to the urgency of the friends who insist on his keeping his sinecure — fixing his mild, detached gaze on the distance and making imaginary passes with his fiddle-bow while they demonstrate his pusillanimity. The subject of "The Warden," exactly viewed, is the opposition of the two natures of Archdeacon Grantley and Mr. Harding, and there is nothing finer in all

Trollope than the vividness with which this opposition is presented. The archdeacon is as happy a portrait as the precentor—an image of the full-fed, worldly churchman, taking his stand squarely upon his rich temporalities, and regarding the church frankly as a fat social pasturage. It required the greatest tact and temperance to make the picture of Archdeacon Grantley stop just where it does. The type, impartially considered, is detestable, but the individual may be full of amenity. Trollope allows his archdeacon all the virtues he was likely to possess, but he makes his spiritual grossness wonderfully natural. No charge of exaggeration is possible, for we are made to feel that he is conscientious as well as arrogant, and comfortable as well as hard. He is one of those figures that spring into being all at once, and solidify in the author's grasp. These two capital portraits are what we carry away from "The Warden," which some persons profess to regard as the author's masterpiece. We remember, while it was still something of a novelty, to have heard a judicious critic say that it had much of the charm of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Anthony Trollope would not have accepted this compliment, and would not have wished this little tale to pass before several of its successors. He would have said, very justly, that it gives too small a measure of his knowledge of life. It has, however, a certain classic roundness, though, as we said a moment since, there is a blemish on its fair face. The chapter on Dr. Pessimist Anticant and Mr. Sentiment would be a mistake almost inconceivable, if Trollope had not in other places taken pains to show us that for certain forms of satire (the more violent, doubtless), he had absolutely no gift. Dr. Anticant is a parody of Carlyle, and Mr. Sentiment is an exposure of Dickens; and both these little *jeux d'esprit* are as infelicitous as they are misplaced. It was no less luckless an inspiration to convert Archdeacon Grantley's three sons, denominated respectively Charles James, Henry, and Samuel, into little effigies of three distinguished English bishops of that period, whose well-known peculiarities are reproduced in the description of these unnatural urchins. The whole passage, as we meet it, is a sudden disillusionment; we are transported from the mellow atmosphere of an assimilated Barchester to the air of unsuccessful allegory.

I may take occasion to remark here upon a very curious fact—the fact that there are certain precautions in the way of producing that illusion dear to the intending novelist which Trollope not only habitually scorned to take, but really, as we may say, asking pardon for the heat of the thing, delighted wantonly to violate. He took a suicidal satisfaction in reminding the reader that the story he was telling was only, after all, a make-believe. He habitually referred to the work in hand (in the course of that work) as a novel and to himself as a novelist, and was fond of letting the reader know that this novelist could direct the course of events according to his pleasure. Already, in "Barchester Towers," he falls into this pernicious trick. In describing the wooing of Eleanor Bold by Mr. Arabin, he has occasion to say that the lady might have acted in a much more direct and natural way than the way he attributes to her. But if she had, he adds, "where would have been my novel?" The last chapter of the same story begins with the remark, "The end of a novel, like the end of a children's dinner party, must be made up of sweetmeats and sugar-plums." These little slaps at credulity (we might give many more specimens) are very discouraging, but they are even more inexplicable; for they are deliberately inartistic, even judged from the point of view of that rather vague consideration of form which is the only canon we have a right to impose upon Trollope. It is impossible to imagine what a novelist takes himself to be, unless he regard himself as an historian and his narrative as a history. It is only as an historian that he has the smallest *locus standi*. As a narrator of fictitious events, he is nowhere; to insert into his attempt a back-bone of logic, he must relate events that are assumed to be real. This assumption permeates, animates all the work of the most solid story-tellers; we need only mention (to select a single instance) the magnificent historical tone of Balzac, who would as soon have thought of admitting to the reader that he was deceiving him as Garrick or John Kemble would have thought of pulling off his disguise in front of the foot-lights. Therefore, when Trollope suddenly winks at us and reminds us that he is telling us an arbitrary thing, we are startled and shocked in quite the same way as if Macaulay or Motley were to drop the historic mask and intimate that William of Orange was a myth or the Duke of Alva an invention.

It is a part of this same ambiguity of mind as to what constitutes evidence that Trollope should sometimes endow his people with such fantastic names. Dr. Pessimist Anticant and Mr. Sentiment make, as we have seen, an awkward appearance in a modern novel; and Mr. Neversay Die, Mr. Stickatit, Mr. Rerechild and Mr. Fillgrave (the two last the family physicians) are scarcely more felicitous. It would be better to go back to Bunyan at once. There is a person mentioned in "The Warden" under the name of Mr. Quiverful—a

poor clergyman, with a dozen children, who holds the living of Puddingdale. This name is a humorous allusion to his overflowing nursery, and it matters little so long as he is not brought to the front. But in "Barchester Towers," which carries on the history of Hiram's Hospital, Mr. Quiverful becomes, as a candidate for Mr. Harding's vacant place, an important element, and the reader is made proportionately unhappy by the primitive character of this satiric note. A Mr. Quiverful, with fourteen children (which is the number attained in "Barchester Towers") is too difficult to believe in. We can believe in the name, and we can believe in the children; but we cannot manage the combination. It is probably not unfair to say that if Trollope derived half his inspiration from life he derived the other half from Thackeray; his earlier novels, in especial, suggest an honorable emulation of the author of "The Newcomes." Thackeray's names were perfect; they always had a meaning, and (except in his absolutely jocose productions, where they were still admirable) we can imagine, even when they are most expressive, that they should have been borne by real people. But in this, as in other respects, Trollope's hand was heavier than his master's; though, when he is content not to be too comical, his appellations are sometimes fortunate enough. Mrs. Proudie is excellent for Mrs. Proudie, and even the Duke of Omnium and Gatherum Castle rather minister to illusion than destroy it. Indeed, the names of houses and places, throughout Trollope, are full of color.

I would speak in some detail of "Barchester Towers" if this did not seem to commit me to the prodigious task of appreciating each of Trollope's works in succession. Such an attempt as that is so far from being possible, that I must frankly confess to not having read everything that proceeded from his pen. There came a moment in his vigorous career (it was even a good many years ago) when I renounced the effort to "keep up" with him. It ceased to seem obligatory to have read his last story; it ceased soon to be very possible to know which was his last. Before that, I had been punctual, devoted; and the memories of the earlier period are delightful. It reached, if I remember correctly, to about the publication of "He Knew He Was Right"; after which, to my recollection (oddly enough, too, for that novel was good enough to encourage a continuance of past favors, as the shop-keepers say), the picture becomes dim and blurred. The author of "Orley Farm" and "The Small House at Allington" ceased to produce individual works; his activity became one huge "serial." Here and there, in the vast fluidity, a more compact mass detached itself. "The Last Chronicle of Barset," for instance, is one of his most powerful things; it contains the sequel of the terrible history of Mr. Crawley, the starving curate—an episode full of that absolutely truthful pathos of which Trollope was so often a master, and which occasionally raised him quite to the level of his two immediate predecessors in the vivid treatment of English life—great artists whose pathetic effects were sometimes too visibly prepared. For the most part, however, he should be judged by the productions of the first half of his career; later, the strong wine was rather too copiously watered. His practice, his acquired facility, were such, that his hand went of itself, as it were, and the thing looked superficially like a fresh inspiration. But it was not fresh, it was rather stale; and though there was no appearance of effort, there was a fatal dryness of texture. It was too little of a new story and too much of an old one. Some of these ultimate compositions—"Phineas Redux" ("Phineas Finn" is much better) "The Prime Minister," "John Caldigate," "The American Senator," "The Duke's Children"—have the strangest mechanical movement. What stands Trollope always in good stead (in addition to the ripe habit of writing) is his various knowledge of the English world—to say nothing of his occasionally laying under contribution the American. His American portraits, by the way (they are several in number), are always friendly; they hit it off more happily than the attempt to depict American character from the European point of view is accustomed to do: though indeed, as we ourselves have not yet learned to represent our types very finely,—are not apparently even very sure what our types are,—it is perhaps not to be wondered at that transatlantic talent should miss the mark. The weakness of transatlantic talent, in this particular, is apt to be want of knowledge; but Trollope's knowledge has all the air of being excellent, though not intimate. Had he indeed striven to learn the way to the American heart? No less than twice and, possibly, even oftener has he rewarded the merit of a scion of the British aristocracy with the hand of an American girl. The American girl was destined sooner or later to make her entrance into British fiction, and Trollope's treatment of this complicated being is full of good humor and of that fatherly indulgence, that almost motherly sympathy, which characterizes his attitude throughout toward the youthful-feminine. He has not mastered all the springs of her delicate organism, nor sounded all the mysteries of her conversation. Indeed, as regards

these latter phenomena, he has observed a few of which he has been the sole observer. "I got to be thinking if any one of them should ask me to marry him," words attributed to Miss Boncassen, in "The Duke's Children," have much more the note of English-American than of American-English. But, on the whole, in these matters Trollope does very well. His fund of acquaintance with his own country — and, indeed, with the world at large — was apparently inexhaustible, and it gives his novels an airy, spacious quality which we should not know where to look for elsewhere in the same degree, and which is the sign of an extraordinary difference between such an horizon as his and the limited world-outlook, as the Germans would say, of the brilliant writers who practice the art of realistic fiction on the other side of the Channel. Trollope was familiar with all sorts and orders of men, with the business of life, with affairs, with the great world of sport, with every component part of the ancient fabric of English society. He had traveled all over the globe (more than once, we believe), and for him, therefore, the background of the human drama was a very extensive scene. He had none of the pedantry of the cosmopolite; he remained a sturdy and sensible middle-class Englishman. But his work is full of implied reference to the whole arena of modern energy. He was for many years concerned in the management of the Post-office; and we can imagine no experience more fitted to impress a man with the diversity of human relations. It is possibly from this source that he derived his fondness for transcribing the letters of his love-lorn maidens and other embarrassed persons. No contemporary story-teller deals so much in letters; the modern English epistle (very happily imitated, for the most part) is his unfailing resource.

There is perhaps little reason in it, but I find myself comparing this tone of allusion to many lands and many things, and whatever it brings us of easier respiration, with that narrow vision of humanity which accompanies the strenuous, serious work lately offered us in such abundance by the votaries of art for art who sit so long at their desks on Parisian *quatrièmes*. The contrast is complete, and it would be interesting, had we space to do so here, to see how far it goes. On one side a wide, good-humored, superficial glance at a good many things; on the other a gimlet-like consideration of a few. Trollope's plan, as well as Zola's, was to describe the life that lay near him; but the two writers differ immensely as to what constitutes life and what constitutes nearness. For Trollope the emotions of a nursery-governess in Australia would take precedence of the adventures of a depraved countess in Paris or London. They both undertake to do the same thing — to depict French and English manners; but the English writer (with his unsurpassed industry) is so occasional, so accidental, so full of the echoes of voices that are not the voice of the muse. Gustave Flaubert, Émile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, on the other hand, are nothing if not concentrated and sedentary. Trollope's realism is as instinctive, as inveterate as theirs; but nothing could mark more the difference between the French and English mind than the difference in the application, on one side and the other, of this system. We say system, though on Trollope's part it is none. He has no visible, certainly no explicit care for the literary part of the business; he writes easily, comfortably, and profusely, but his style has nothing in common either with the vivid brush-work of Daudet or the calculated harmonies of Flaubert. He accepted all the common restrictions, and found that even within the barriers there was plenty of material. He attaches a preface to one of his novels — "The Vicar of Bullhampton," before mentioned — for the express purpose of explaining why he has introduced a young woman who may, in truth, as he says, be called a "castaway"; and in relation to this episode he remarks that it is the object of the novelist's art to entertain the young people of both sexes. Writers of the French school would, of course, protest indignantly against such a formula as this, which is the only one of the kind that I remember to have encountered in Trollope's pages. It is narrow, assuredly; but Trollope's practice was really much larger than such a theory. And indeed any theory was good which enabled him to produce the works which he put forth between 1856 and 1869, or later. In spite of his want of doctrinal richness, I think he tells us, on the whole, more about life than the "naturalists" in our sister republic. I say this with the full consciousness of the opportunities an artist loses in leaving so many corners unvisited, so many topics untouched, simply because I think his perception of character was more naturally just and temperate than that of the naturalists. This has been from the beginning the good fortune of our English providers of fiction, as compared with the French. They are inferior in audacity, in neatness, in acuteness, in intellectual vivacity, in the arrangement of material, in the art of characterizing visible things. But they have been more at home in the moral world; they have put their finger on the right chord of the conscience. This is the value of much of the work done by the feminine wing of the

school — work which presents itself to French taste as terribly gray and insipid. Much of it is exquisitely human, and that, after all, is a merit. As regards Trollope, one may perhaps characterize him best, in opposition to what I have ventured to call the sedentary school, by saying that he was a novelist who hunted the fox. Hunting was for years his most valued recreation, and I remember that, when I made in his company the voyage of which I have spoken, he had timed his return from the antipodes exactly to be able to avail himself of the first day on which it should be possible to ride to hounds. He "worked" the hunting-field largely. It constantly re-appears in his novels. It was excellent material.

But it would be hard to say (within the circle in which he revolved) what material he neglected. I have allowed myself to be detained so long by general considerations, that I have almost forfeited the opportunity to give examples. I have spoken of "The Warden," not only because it made his reputation, but because, taken in conjunction with "Barchester Towers," it is thought by many people to be his most vigorous story. "Barchester Towers" is admirable; it has an almost Thackerayan richness. Archdeacon Grantley is still more powerfully developed, and Mr. Harding is as charming as ever. Mrs. Proudie is ushered into a world in which she was to make so great an impression. Mrs. Proudie has become classical; of all Trollope's characters, she is the most often referred to. She is exceedingly good; but I do not think she is quite so good as her fame and as several figures from the same hand that have not won as much honor. She is rather too violent, too vixenish, too sour. The truly awful female bully — the completely fatal episcopal spouse — would have, I think, a more insidious form, a greater amount of superficial padding. The Stanhope family, in "Barchester Towers," are a real *trouvaille*, and the idea of transporting the Signora Vesey-Neroni into a cathedral-town was an inspiration. There could not be a better example of Trollope's manner of attaching himself to character than the whole picture of Bertie Stanhope. Bertie is a delightful creation; and the scene in which, at the party given by Mrs. Proudie, he puts this majestic woman to rout is one of the most amusing in all the chronicles of Barset. It is perhaps permitted to wish, by the way, that this triumph had been effected by intellectual means rather than by physical; though, indeed, if Bertie had not despoiled her of her drapery we should have lost the lady's admirable "Unhand it, sir!" Mr. Arabin is charming, and the henpecked bishop has painful truth; but Mr. Slope, I think, is a little too arrant a scamp. He is rather too much what the French call *ancien jeu;* he goes too coarsely to work, and his clamminess and cant are somewhat overdone. He is an interesting illustration, however, of the author's dislike (at that period, at least) of the bareness of evangelical piety. In one respect "Barchester Towers" is (to the best of our recollection) unique, being the only one of Trollope's novels in which the interest does not center more or less upon a simple maiden in her flower. The novel does not contain the least young girl; though we know that this attractive object was to lose nothing by waiting. Eleanor Bold is a charming and natural person; but Eleanor Bold is not in her flower. After this, however, Trollope settled down steadily to the English girl; he took possession of her; he turned her inside out. He never made her a subject of heartless satire, as cynical fabulists of other lands have been known to make the sparkling daughters of those climes; he bestowed upon her the most serious, the most patient, the most tender, the most copious consideration. He is evidently always more or less in love with her, and it is a wonder how under these circumstances he should make her so objective, plant her so well on her feet. But, as I have said, if he was a lover, he was a paternal lover; as competent as a father who has had fifty daughters. He has presented the British maiden under innumerable names, in every station and in every emergency in life, and with every combination of moral and physical qualities. She is always definite and natural. She plays her part most properly. She has always health in her cheek and gratitude in her eye. She has not a touch of the morbid, and is delightfully tender, modest and fresh. Trollope's heroines have a strong family likeness, but it is a wonder how finely he discriminates between them. One feels, as one reads him, like a man with "sets" of female cousins. Such a person is inclined at first to lump each group together; but presently he finds that even in the groups there are subtle differences. Trollope's girls, for that matter, would make delightful cousins. He has scarcely drawn, that we can remember, a disagreeable damsel. Lady Alexandrina de Courcy is disagreeable, and so is Amelia Roper, and so are various provincial (and, indeed, metropolitan) spinsters, who set their caps at young clergymen and Government-clerks. Griselda Grantley was a stick; and considering that she was intended to be attractive, Alice Vavasor does not commend herself particularly to our affections. But the young women I have mentioned had ceased to belong to the tender category; they had

entered the period of toughness or flatness. Not that Trollope's more mature spinsters invariably fall into these extremes. Miss Thorne of Ullathorne, Miss Dunstable, Miss Mackenzie, Rachel Ray (if she may be called mature), Miss Baker and Miss Todd, in "The Bertrams," Lady Julia Guest, who comforts poor John Eames: these and many other amiable figures rise up to contradict the idea. A gentleman who had sojourned in many lands was once asked by a lady (neither of these persons was English) in what country he had found the women most to his taste. "Well, in England," he replied. "In England?" the lady repeated. "Oh, yes," said her interlocutor; "they are so affectionate!" The remark was fatuous; but it has the merit of describing Trollope's heroines. They are so affectionate. Mary Thorne, Lucy Robarts, Adela Gauntlet, Lily Dale, Nora Rowley, Grace Crawley, have a kind of clinging tenderness, a passive sweetness, which is quite in the old English tradition. Trollope's genius is not the genius of Shakspere, but his heroines have something of the fragrance of Imogen and Desdemona. There are two little stories, to which, I believe, his name has never been affixed, but which he is known to have written, that contain an extraordinarily touching representation of the passion of love in its most modest form. In "Linda Tressel" and "Nina Balatka" the vehicle is plodding prose, but the effect is none the less poignant. And in regard to this I may say that in a hundred places in Trollope the extremity of pathos is reached by the homeliest means. He often achieved a very eminent degree of the tragical. The long, slow process of the conjugal wreck of Louis Trevelyan and his wife (in "He Knew He Was Right"), with that rather ponderous movement which is often characteristic of Trollope, arrives at last at an impressive completeness of misery. It is the history of an accidental rupture between two stiff-necked and ungracious people,—"the little rift within the lute,"—which widens at last into a gulf of anguish. Touch is added to touch; one small, stupid, fatal aggravation to another; and as we gaze into the widening breach we wonder at the materials of which tragedy sometimes composes itself. I have always remembered the chapter called "Casalunga," toward the close of "He Knew He Was Right," as a very powerful picture of the insanity of stiff-neckedness. Louis Trevelyan, separated from his wife, alone, haggard, suspicious, unshaven, undressed, living in a desolate villa on a hill-top near Siena, and returning doggedly to his fancied wrong, which he has nursed until it becomes an hallucination, is a picture worthy of Balzac. Here and in several other places Trollope has dared to be thoroughly logical; he has not sacrificed to conventional optimism; he has not been afraid of a misery which should be too much like life. He has had the same courage in the history of the wretched Mr. Crawley, and in that of the much to be pitied Lady Mason. In this latter episode, he found an admirable subject. A quiet, charming, tender-souled English gentlewoman, who (as I remember the story of "Orley Farm") forges a codicil to a will in order to benefit her son, a young prig who doesn't appreciate immoral heroism, and who is suspected, accused, tried, and saved from conviction only by some turn of fortune that I forget; who is, furthermore, an object of high-bred, respectful, old-fashioned gallantry on the part of a neighboring baronet, so that she sees herself dishonored in his eyes as well as condemned in those of her boy: such a personage and such a situation would be sure to yield, under Trollope's handling, the last drop of their reality.

There are many more things to say about him than I am able to add to these very general observations, the limit of which I have already passed. It would be natural, for instance, for a critic who affirms that his principal merit is the portrayal of individual character, to enumerate several of the figures that he has produced. I have not done this, and I must ask the reader who is not acquainted with Trollope to take my assertion on trust; the reader who knows him will easily make a list for himself. No account of him is complete in which allusion is not made to his practice of carrying certain persons from one story to another—a practice which he may be said to have inherited from Thackeray, as Thackeray may be said to have borrowed it from Balzac. It is a great mistake, however, to speak of it as an artifice which would not naturally occur to a writer proposing to himself to make a general portrait of a society. He has to construct that society, and it adds to the illusion in any given case that certain other cases correspond with it. Trollope constructed a great many things—a clergy, an aristocracy, a *bourgeoisie*, an administrative class, a specimen of the political world. His political novels are distinctly dull, and I confess I have not been able to read them. He evidently took a good deal of pains with his aristocracy; it makes its first appearance, if I remember right, in "Doctor Thorne," in the person of the Lady Arabella de Courcy. It is difficult for us in America to measure the success of that picture, which is probably, however, not absolutely to the life. There is in "Doctor Thorne," and some other works,

too constant a reference to the distinction of classes—as if people's consciousness of this matter were not (as one may say) chronic, but permanently acute. It is true that, if Trollope's consciousness had not been acute, he would, perhaps, not have given us Lady Lufton and Lady Glencora Palliser. Both of these noble persons are as living as possible, though I see Lady Lufton, with her terror of Lucy Robarts, the best. There is a touch of poetry in the figure of Lady Glencora; but I think there is a weak spot in her history. The actual woman would have made a fool of herself to the end with Burgo Fitzgerald; she would not have discovered the merits of Plantagenet Palliser—or if she had, she would not have cared about them. It is an illustration of the business-like way in which Trollope laid out his work, that he always provided a sort of underplot to alternate with his main story—a strain of narrative of which the scene is usually laid in a humbler walk of life. It is to his underplot that he generally relegates his vulgar people, his disagreeable young women; and I have often admired the pertinacity with which he unfolds this more depressing branch of the tale. Now and then, it may be said, as in "Ralph the Heir," the story appears to be all underplot and all vulgar people. These, however, are details. As I have already intimated, it is difficult to specify in Trollope's work, on account of the immense quantity of it; and there is sadness in the thought that this enormous mass does not present itself in a very portable form to posterity.

Trollope did not write for posterity; he wrote for the day, the moment; but these are just the writers of whom posterity is apt to take hold. So much of the life of his time is reflected in his novels, that we must believe a part of the record will be saved; and they are full of so much that is sound and true and genial, that readers with an eye to that sort of entertainment will always be sure, in a certain proportion, to turn to them. Trollope will remain one of the most trustworthy, though not one of the most eloquent, of the writers who have helped the heart of man to know itself. The heart of man does not always desire this knowledge; it prefers sometimes to look at history in another way—to look at the manifestations, without troubling about the motives. There are two kinds of taste in the appreciation of imaginative literature: the taste for emotions of surprise, and the taste for emotions of familiarity. It is the latter that Trollope gratifies, and he gratifies it the more that the medium of his own mind, through which we see what he shows us, gives confidence to our sympathy. His natural rightness and purity are so real that the good things he projects must be real. A race is fortunate when it has a good deal of the sort of imagination—of imaginative feeling—that had fallen to the share of Anthony Trollope. Our English race, happily, has much of it.

Henry James.

THE PHILADELPHIA COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED.

A FEW years ago, Philadelphia was the worst governed city in the United States. This statement will call to the reader's mind the condition of New York under the Tweed Ring; but maladministration was at no time so completely and intelligently systematized by Tweed and his associates as it was in Philadelphia by the little group of men who, for ten years, managed the affairs of the Quaker City; nor was it difficult to overthrow. New York, as a rule, is a Republican State, and the Tweed Ring was Democratic; consequently, when a Republican legislature was sitting, the suffering citizens were able to get some relief from the State capital, in the way of amendments to the city charter which took some of the city departments out of the hands of the plunderers. The Philadelphia Ring shrewdly attached itself to the party in power in the State, and, by furnishing fraudulent majorities in the city to sustain that party in close contests, made itself necessary to the politicians managing the party machine in the State, and by the aid of the large delegation sent to Harrisburg from the city districts obtained a shield and ally in the legislative power. Besides, the members of the Philadelphia Ring were shrewder, more cautious, more dexterous, less openly indecorous, and, to put it bluntly, less hoggish than the rascals who robbed New York. They subsidized the press whenever they could, instead of defying it; they put able and outwardly respectable men in the higher offices instead of coarse ruffians; they behaved quietly in their private lives instead of flaunting their wealth and vices in the face of the public; they held closely together and never let the people know of their quarrels over the spoils. The Philadelphia Ring, like the old New York

Ring, had a large foreign and ignorant native element in the city's population to manipulate at elections; but the former had the disadvantage, in comparison with the New York Ring, of having to deal with upper and middle classes which could more easily be rallied to oppose them, and were often strongly moved by civil pride and local patriotism. A Philadelphian is proud of his city; a New Yorker rarely shows any of the old burgher spirit. To prevent, for ten years, the intelligent, tax-paying classes in Philadelphia from combining to expose and crush the Ring required no small amount of tact and cunning.

When the Philadelphia Ring was at the height of its power, it controlled all branches of the city government, and by its partnership with a State Ring, whose field of operations was the Legislature and the State offices, it was able to make or unmake laws as suited its end. The streets of the city were paved with cobble-stones and were in a shocking condition, dirty and full of ruts and holes, in spite of the large sums nominally spent upon them each year. The tramway companies, though required by their charters to keep the roadways occupied by their tracks well paved from curb to curb, paid no attention to the law, finding it cheaper to cultivate the friendship of the officials whose duty it was to call them to account. The police force was made up of unscrupulous ward politicians, whose first duty was understood by them to be to pack caucuses and conventions and carry elections as the Ring ordered. The officers of the gas-works,—public property in Philadelphia, and called by law the Gas Trust,—charged exorbitant prices for gas, and made enormous profits, which were diverted from the public treasury, and found their way by concealed channels into private pockets. The Delinquent Tax office, by authority of an outrageous statute, extorted a princely revenue from the poor for the benefit of the Ring. The sheriff's fees were double the salary of the President of the United States, and the subordinates in the sheriff's office grew rich on the proceeds of "fixing juries." Political influence filled the public schools with inefficient teachers. The governing bodies of the municipality, the Select and Common councils, were the chief seats of jobbery and corruption. Even the prisons paid tribute to the Ring; and the almshouse was a sink of iniquity, where pauperism was plundered in its last resort. The mayor was a servant of the Ring and a member of a select organization of its members and chief dependents, known as the Pilgrims' Club. The city's representatives in the State Legislature were, with few exceptions, disreputable strikers and tricksters from the lowest sediment of ward politics, and were commonly known at Harrisburg as "roosters," a term of their own adoption. Corruption entered the courts. Elections were a mockery, and voting a useless trouble, since the Ring regularly manufactured whatever majorities it needed by a system of false counting.

A great change has recently been brought about in this wretched condition of affairs by the sincere, courageous, and persistent efforts of a few business men acting in the field of politics but outside of party lines. These men successfully appealed to the conscience, self-interest, and public spirit of the best classes of their fellow-citizens. They converted opposition to the Ring from a sentiment into an organized effort. They began and carried forward a work of municipal reform, so honest, so thorough, and so efficient, that it deserves to be studied and imitated wherever gross abuses exist in city governments.

The Philadelphia Ring was organized during the war of the rebellion. People's minds were too much occupied with the tremendous struggle for the life and unity of the nation to concern themselves much with their municipal affairs. The nation's extremity was the rogues' opportunity. Besides, the Ring attached itself to the patriotic party carrying on the war. Philadelphia, unlike New York, was an intensely loyal city. Its manufactories were busily employed making goods for the army and navy. In no other city were there so many people working for the Government. The power of the political machine was necessary, in order to carry the city for the Republican party and to carry the State for, without a considerable majority in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania was in danger of going over to the Democrats. Under these circumstances, good citizens were disposed to shut their eyes to what was going on in the municipality. When the fate of the Republic was hanging in the balance and depending on the turn in a battle at the South, or the result of an election in the North, how could they bother about paving contracts or the management of the gas-works or the building of a reservoir? So the Ring grew and prospered, and for more than a decade held the city in absolute control. During those years, it levied a tax of from thirty-five to forty-five cents, on the hundred dollars, heavier than the present rate; it added an average of $3,000,000 a year to the city's debt; and it made not a single important public improvement. The work of reform has reduced taxation over forty-five cents on each $100 of valuation, stopped the contraction of debts, made some needed improvements, and shows at the year's end a surplus of about

a million. Contrasting the expenditures under the present reform administration of the city's affairs with those of the Ring administration, it is a reasonable estimate to say that the plunder and waste of the Ring aggregated the enormous sum of five millions of dollars a year. Most of this sum was diffused among hundreds of little sub-bosses, whose support had to be bought by the chiefs of the Ring. In its inner circle, the Ring was composed of six men, who parceled out the principal municipal offices among themselves, or put obedient tools in them to pay over the profits. These six men made up the Republican ticket for city offices as regularly as an election came around. One would say, "I want the sheriff's office this time"; another, "It's my turn to have a whack at the city treasury." Sometimes they would quarrel among themselves over the spoils. Then the nominating convention would be put off for a week or two; but in the end they always agreed, because they could not afford to come to an open rupture. They controlled the primaries and nominating conventions through the police force, made up of men who were actively and shamelessly their servants, and through the contractors and their employés. Under the contract system the Ring had many thousand men in its pay, all expert politicians, so distributed over the city as to operate at canvasses and elections in every ward and voting precinct.

There never was so perfect a political machine. The police and the contractors and their men prevented the nomination of any man for office who was likely to be hostile to the Ring. When a ward was Democratic, the Ring dealt with the local Democratic politicians and purchased their support with place and patronage. The corrupt men of both parties served it with equal zeal. Nobody could be elected to any office in Philadelphia who was not pledged either to active support or passive tolerance of the Ring. Even the men who represented the city in the Congress of the United States declined to take active part against it.

The Ring early took measures to subsidize the public press, and thus to prevent an exposure of its evil practices. Laws were enacted by the Legislature which enabled the city government to spend, through its various departments, an aggregate of a quarter of a million a year in advertising. A considerable portion of this sum was pocketed by the officials themselves in the form of drawbacks from the subsidized newspapers; the remainder enabled them to buy the silence of some papers and the pen-advocacy of others. To one they gave $50,000; to another, $25,000; to another, $10,000. Even the weeklies and the Sunday papers had a share. With several of these sheets the withdrawal of the city advertising meant immediate bankruptcy, and with more than one of the more respectable the difference between enjoying the favor of the Ring and having its enmity was the difference between a comfortable surplus and straitened circumstances. The club dinners, the drives in Fairmount Park, and the summers at Cape May of more than one Philadelphia editor were dependent on his services to the Ring.

Another law, passed early in the history of the Philadelphia Ring, gave it such control over the election machinery that it could count in or count out any ticket or any single candidate. This was the so-called Registry law, passed after the Ring had received a check through the election of a Democratic mayor and district attorney in 1868. The registry lists under this law were made up by the servants of the Ring, who put on or left off such names as they wished. From voting on fictitious names by gangs of repeaters, who went from poll to poll, the fraudulent election system finally progressed to the direct falsification of counts and returns, which was found to be the least expensive and most certain method of defeating the popular will. The inspectors of elections were the creatures of the Ring. Often their return of ballots cast bore no sort of relation to the votes taken from the boxes. When the fraudulent returns from the precincts did not produce the general result desired, there was a canvassing board, sitting with closed doors in the City Hall, which changed the totals. At one election for Governor, the members of this board and other attachés of the Ring made large bets in New York (nobody in Philadelphia was so ignorant of Ring methods as to bet against them) that the Republican candidate would have 20,000 majority in the city. When the returns came in, fraudulent in large part as they were, the majority only footed up a little over 16,000. Thereupon one of the board, commonly known as the "lightning calculator" from his expertness in this sort of rascality, deliberately changed 2000 to the wrong column. The bets were won, and the figures, as thus amended by the lightning process, went into the official returns of the State.

It would be a long story to tell of the struggle against the Philadelphia Ring, and perhaps if told here it would have only a local interest. It assumed many phases; now under the leadership of the Reform Club, an organization semi-social and semi-political; now under that of the Municipal Reform Association; abandoned at times in despair, and then renewed with fresh hope; associating it-

self with regular party politics at times, and then holding aloof; winning some notable successes, only to see their fruits slip away for lack of continuity of effort to retain them. At last, however, after ten years of gallant, spasmodic effort, an organization was evolved from the crying needs of the situation that not only did effective work but held on to all it gained in the direction of good government and made its successes levers to open the way to further achievements. This was the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred, formed in 1880. The Committee was chiefly composed of business men, whose names were known to the whole city for their honorable connection with leading mercantile houses. Not a single member was a politician or an aspirant for office. Indeed, the articles of association of the body provide that no person holding any important office under the national, State, or city government shall be eligible for membership; and that any member becoming a candidate for office shall cease to take an active part in the affairs of the Committee, and if elected shall cease to be a member. The purposes of the Committee were concisely set forth at the outset to be: To maintain the purity of the ballot; to secure the nomination and election of a better class of candidates for office; to prosecute and bring to punishment those who had been guilty of election frauds, maladministration of office, or misappropriation of public funds; to prevent objectionable legislation, and aid in procuring such as the public welfare demands; to advocate and promote a public service based upon character and capability only.

In the short space of three years, the Committee of One Hundred has destroyed the power of the Ring, wresting one department of the municipal government after another from its grasp until now but few officials remain in place who are not faithful servants of the interests of the honest tax-paying citizens. Another year will probably complete the good work.

By the time the Committee had won two or three notable successes, the old politicians of both parties realized that here was a new power in municipal affairs which sneers and ridicule and personal abuse did not affect, and which went straight on to its ends without regard to party cries and shrieks about the country's being in danger. The leading idea of the Committee from the first was that national politics had no proper place in a city election; that a man's opinions on the protective tariff, or the national banking law, or the Bourbon régime in the South, were no test of his fitness to collect taxes or manage the gas-works honestly. The politicians found that, in this notion that faithful and competent men were wanted to manage municipal affairs, without regard to their affiliations with national parties, the Committee had the support of a large majority of the voters of Philadelphia. Great was the consternation when this conviction was borne in upon the minds of the members and hangers-on of the old Ring. What should they do? Should they seek safety in election frauds? Unfortunately for this resource, the Committee followed up so sharply men found guilty of such frauds, and sent so many of them to jail, that the system once so successful could not again be put in operation on a large scale. Since February, 1881, the Committee have secured the conviction of twenty-seven men for violating the election laws.

I have space here only to speak briefly of the methods employed by the Committee of One Hundred to carry on its work. These methods may perhaps be fairly summarized as follows:

First. Every voter is appealed to personally by circulars sent to him at his residence. These circulars are models of brevity, directness, and force. They tell in the plainest language the reasons for opposing this candidate and supporting that. In pointing out corruption and maladministration, they call a spade a spade. Before an election every voter receives at his house the ticket recommended by the Committee.

Second. The Committee never rests its case on rumors or general belief. Specific charges are made against each city department whose management it assails. Facts, and not mere arguments, are presented to the voters. For example, when the Highway department was attacked, the Committee had the work on the streets examined and measured, and compared their own figures with the contracts and bills of the contractors.

Third. The Committee does not meddle with State or national politics. The tickets it sent out last fall were of three kinds: One headed by the Republican, one by the Democratic, and one by the Independent State nominations,—the city nominations of the Committee appearing on all. Thus the voter could take his choice of State tickets, and he saw that the Committee's only object was to secure his aid in reforming abuses in the municipality.

Fourth. A definite, well considered plan for re-organizing the city government, reducing the number of departments, concentrating responsibility, cutting down extravagant salaries, and turning into the treasury the excessive fees which furnish political corruption funds, is adopted in the form of a bill to go before the Legislature, and every candidate for the Legislature obtaining the Committee's indorsement pledges his support to the measure.

Fifth. Efficient local work in the wards and election districts is secured by a system of ward associations acting in concert with the Committee of One Hundred.

Sixth. There is a special committee of the Committee of One Hundred on election frauds, which offers rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of persons guilty of violating the election laws. The work of the committee has terrorized the whole gang of ballot-box stuffers, personators, repeaters, and false counters, and by vigilant watching of the polls has made honest elections possible.

Seventh. The cost of bad government to the individual citizen is plainly shown in dollars and cents. If he be a taxpayer, the amount added to his taxes is figured up; if he rents a house or only a few rooms, he is informed that he pays a certain amount monthly in the way of increased rental because of the corrupt and wasteful management of municipal affairs.

THE Committee of One Hundred has of late been sustained by a number of the leading newspapers of Philadelphia. When the Reform work was first begun in that city only one daily journal sustained it. With the awakening and organization of public opinion has come about a better state of affairs in the press, and in the last contest at the polls most of the influential dailies were on the side of the Committee. In converting the people to faith in the need and feasibility of reform the Committee have converted the press, so that reputable papers are no longer silenced by advertising bribes.

The history of the Committee of One Hundred in Philadelphia shows that the evils of extravagance and corruption in municipal administration, so common in American cities, are not the necessary concomitants of universal suffrage in communities made up in considerable part of the ignorant and the irresponsible; that such evils grow out of the inactivity, indifference, and easy-going tolerance of the intelligent, property-owning classes; that by proper effort a majority can always be obtained for honest men and good government, even under the most discouraging conditions; and that the strongest, best organized, and most firmly seated ring of politicians that ever systemized plunder and misrule can be broken and destroyed by the persevering attacks of plain business men without experience in the arts of politics.

E. V. Smalley.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE JOHN BROWN RAID.

BY A VIRGINIAN WHO WITNESSED THE FIGHT.

STORER COLLEGE, at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, a flourishing institution "for the education of colored youth of both sexes," owes its existence to the philanthropic gentleman of New Engand whose name it has taken. At its fourteenth annual commencement on May 30, 1881, Frederick Douglass, who is undoubtedly the most gifted orator of his race, delivered a eulogistic address on old John Brown, in which he claimed for him "the honor" of having originated the war between the Northern and Southern sections of our Union,—summing up his conclusions on this point in the following expressive language: "If," said he, "John Brown did not end the war that ended slavery, he did, at least, begin the war that ended slavery. If we look over the dates, places, and men for which this honor is claimed, we shall find that not Carolina, but Virginia,—not Fort Sumter, but Harper's Ferry and the arsenal,—not Major Anderson, but John Brown began the war that ended American slavery, and made this a free republic. Until this blow was struck, the prospect for freedom was dim, shadowy, and uncertain. The irrepressible conflict was one of words, votes, and compromises. When John Brown stretched forth his arm the sky was cleared,—the time for compromises was gone,—the armed hosts of freedom stood face to face over the chasm of a broken Union, and the clash of arms was at hand."

These words, uttered with an emphasis belonging to a strong conviction of their truth, will be accepted by the public as an authentic but somewhat tardy confession of one who, as a confidential coadjutor of Brown in his conspiracy against the South, is understood to have been fully acquainted with his plans and purposes; and the avowal thus frankly made by him is sufficiently confirmed by the contemporaneous facts to which it refers. For, when a complete and impartial history of our late civil war shall be written, it will be seen that the "John Brown Raid," at Harper's Ferry, in the latter part of 1859, was indeed the beginning of actual hostilities in the Southern States; that then and

there the first shot was fired and the first blood was shed—the blood of an unoffending free negro, foully murdered while in the faithful discharge of his duty! It will be further seen that there and then occurred the first forcible seizure of public property; the first attempt to "hold, occupy, and possess" a military post of the Government; the first outrage perpetrated on the old flag; the first armed resistance to national troops; the first organized effort to establish a Provisional Government at the South, in opposition to that of the United States; the first overt movements to subvert the authority of the constitution and to destroy the integrity of the Union.

Looked at in the light of subsequent events these facts, with their antecedent and attendant circumstances, are so significant that few now can fail to see and none need hesitate to say that "the abolition affair at Harper's Ferry," in the fall of '59, was an appropriate prelude to that gigantic war which was so soon to follow it, and which, conducted on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of the work to be accomplished, effectually completed what old John Brown so fatally began—a work concerning which the friends of Brown now boast that "Lincoln with his proclamations, Grant and Sherman with their armies, and Sumner with his constitutional amendments, did little more than follow in the path which Brown had pointed out." [F. B. Sanborn, in "Atlantic Monthly," April, 1875.] But whatever difference of opinion yet exists as to who fired the first hostile gun in the South,—John Brown or General Beauregard,—one thing is certain: If it had not been for a comparatively small class of factious and implacable politicians in both sections,—the active abolitionists of the North and the secessionists *per se* of the South,—there would have been no fratricidal civil war, especially if it had depended on the aforesaid extremists to go to the front and do the fighting. But it is enough for us to know what was actually done during a maddened and misguided epoch and what our obvious duty is in these improving times of reëstablished peace, and, it is to be hoped, restored fraternity.

Passing by the question, then, as to whether the Harper's Ferry outbreak was "a legitimate consequence of the teachings of the Republican party," as was claimed at the time of its occurrence by some of the prominent leaders of that party; disregarding also the kindred inquiry as to whether the forcible extinction of slavery in the South was the logical consummation of a foregone conclusion in the North, where it had long been labored for by a constantly increasing faction, who, professing to be governed in their political action by a "higher law" than the constitution, were willing to "let the Union slide" for the sake of abolition, and who, likewise, on that account, opposing all compromises, persistently urged war at a time when many patriots, North and South, were nobly striving to avert that calamity,—I will confine myself here to outlining some of the scenes and incidents that occurred, partly under my personal observation, at the time of Brown's hostile incursion, for which he and his deluded followers paid the forfeit of their lives, and from which the people of the unfortunate town selected for his midnight raid may date the beginning of the end of their former prosperity.

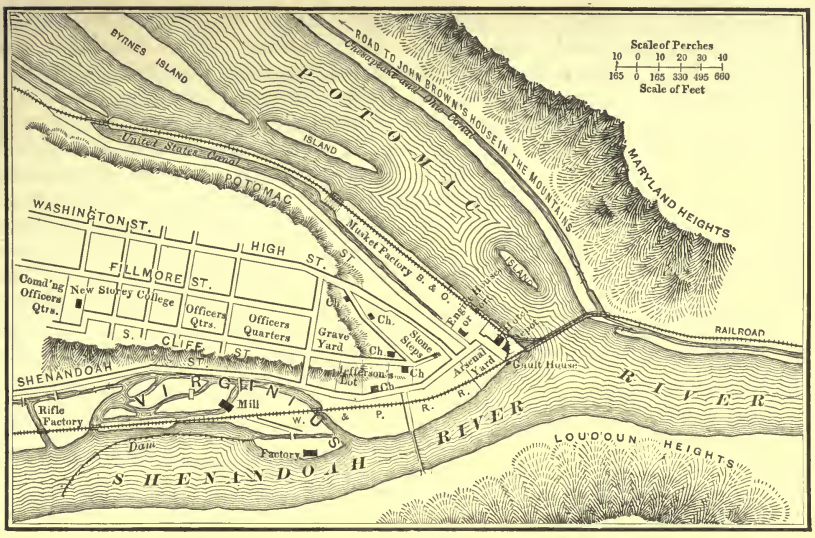
On the morning of the raid, Monday, Oct. 17, 1859, I was at my home near Shepherdstown (ten miles west of Harper's Ferry), and had hardly finished breakfast when a carriage came to the door with one of my daughters, who told me that a messenger had arrived at Shepherdstown, a few minutes before, with the startling intelligence of a negro insurrection at Harper's Ferry!

She could give no particulars, except that a number of armed abolitionists from the North—supposed to be some hundreds—had stolen into "the Ferry" during the previous night, and, having taken possession of the national armories and arsenal, were issuing guns to the negroes and shooting down unarmed citizens in the streets. Ordering my horse, I started at once for Harper's Ferry, by way of Shepherdstown, where I found the people very much excited. Their first feeling, on hearing the news, had naturally been one of amazed and, with some, of amused incredulity, which, however, soon gave place to an intense and pardonable indignation.

The only military organization of the precinct—a rifle company, called "The Hamtramck Guards"—had been ordered out, and as I rode through town the command was nearly ready to take up its line of march for the Ferry, while a goodly number of volunteers, with every sort of fire-arm, from old Tower muskets which had done service in colonial days to modern bird-guns, were joining them. I observed, in passing the farms along my route, that the negroes were at work as usual. When near Bolivar,—a suburb of Harper's Ferry,—I saw a little old "darky" coming across a field toward me as fast as a pair of bandy legs, aided by a crooked stick, could carry him. From the frequent glances he cast over his shoulder and his urgent pace, it was evident that the old fellow was fleeing from some apprehended danger, and was fearfully demoralized.

I hailed him with the inquiry:

"Well, uncle, which way?"



HARPER'S FERRY.

"Sarvint, marster! I'se only gwine a piece in de country for ter git away from de Ferry."

"You seem to be in a hurry," said I.

"Yes, sah, I is dat, an' it's 'bout time ter be in a hurry when dey gits ter shootin' sho 'nuff bullets at yer."

"Why, has any one been shooting at you?"

"No, not exactly at me, bless de Lord! kase I didn't give 'em a chance ter. But dey's been a-shootin' at pleanty folks down dar in de Ferry, an' a-killen of 'em, too."

"Who's doing the killing?"

"De Lord above knows, marster! But I hearn tell dis mornin' dat some of de white folks allowed dey was abolitioners, come down for ter raise a ruction 'mong de colored people."

And on inquiring if any of the colored people had joined them, "No-sah-ree!" was his prompt and emphatic answer, at the same time striking the ground with his stick, as if to give additional force to the denial.

I insert this colloquy simply because it tends to illustrate the fears and feelings of the negroes at Harper's Ferry as well as in the surrounding region, at the time of Brown's abortive attempt to secure their aid. Somewhat relieved by the assurance that the negroes had nothing to do with the trouble, I continued on my way to Harper's Ferry, arriving a little before noon.

It is necessary here to give a summary of the day's doings up to the time of my arrival at the Ferry, together with a preliminary explanation of Brown's plans and preparations. From facts which are fully admitted by his friends, it is now known that for more than five and twenty years Brown had cherished the idea of making slavery "insecure" in the States where it existed by a preconcerted series of hostile raids and servile insurrections, and that at least two years previous to his raid on Harper's Ferry he had selected it as a suitable place for the initial attack. His three principal reasons for choosing the Ferry as his *point d'appui* were: (1) The presence of a large slave population in what is known as "the Lower Valley," which is that fair and fertile portion of the great valley of Virginia embraced within the angle formed by the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers before their confluence at Harper's Ferry; (2) the proximity of the Blue Ridge range of mountains, where, in their rocky recesses and along their densely wooded slopes, he would be comparatively safe from pursuit and better able to protect himself from attack; (3) because of the location at Harper's Ferry of the United States armories and arsenal, in which were always stored many thousand stands of arms without sufficient guard to protect them.

His plan was to make the Blue Ridge Mountains his base of operations and, descending from them at night with his armed marauders, to attack the unprotected villages and isolated farm-houses within his reach, wherever and whenever his incursions would probably be least expected.

These raids were to be made on the Piedmont side of the Blue Ridge, as well as in the Valley,—"his forces acting as infantry or cavalry," according to circumstances, and to have no scruples against taking the horses of the slave-holders and other needed property.

As many of the slaves as could be induced to abandon their homes were to be armed and drilled, and, by recruiting his "army of occupation" in this way, he expected soon

to raise a large body of blacks, reënforced by such white men as he could enlist, with which he believed he could maintain himself successfully in the mountains, and, by a predatory war, so harass and paralyze the people along the Blue Ridge, through Virginia and Tennessee into Alabama, that the whole South would become alarmed and slavery be made so insecure that the slave-holders themselves, for their own safety and that of their families, would be compelled to emancipate their negroes. It was, also, a part of his plan to seize the prominent slave-owners and hold them prisoners either "for the purposes of retaliation," or as hostages for the safety of himself and his band, to be ransomed only upon the surrender of a specified number of their slaves, who were to be given their freedom in exchange for that of their masters.

When Brown went to Europe in 1848, to sell Ohio wool, it is said that he inspected fortifications on the Continent, "with a view of applying the knowledge thus gained, with modifications of his own, to mountain warfare in the United States"; and though not much given to books, he read all he could get that treated of insurrectionary warfare. Plutarch's account of the stand made for years by Sertorius, the Spanish chieftain, against the combined power of the Romans, it is said, was frequently referred to by him in conversation with his friends, as also the war against the Russians by Schamyl, the Circassian chief; that against the United States by Osceola, in the Everglades of Florida; and that so successfully fought by Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines, in St. Domingo. He likewise regarded his own bloody experiences in Kansas as so many practical lessons on the skirmish line; and he also believed himself to be an appointed agent of Deity in the work he intended to do.

He allowed few of his friends besides his immediate followers to know his plans; but there were certain pseudo-philanthropists in the North who knew all about them, and who now boast that, with a full knowledge of his intentions, they "were indifferent to the reproach of having aided him" with means for their execution. While the self-sacrificing bravery of Brown has a claim to our respect and admiration, however much we may condemn his unlawful and treacherous attack, Southern people can feel only abhorrence and contempt for the cowardly conspirators who encouraged his design without having the manliness to share its dangers.

John Brown's first appearance south of Mason and Dixon's line was on June 30th, 1859, at Hagerstown, in Maryland. Coming from Chambersburg, in company with a man named Anderson, who was one of his "lieutenants," they remained over night there, "passing themselves off for Yankees going through the mountains in search of minerals." On July 3, he appeared at Harper's Ferry, under the assumed name of Smith, with his two sons—Watson and Oliver—and "Lieutenant "Anderson, passing that night at a small tavern in Sandy Hook, a hamlet on the left, or Maryland, bank of the Potomac, about a mile below the Ferry. The next day, July 4, a farmer, whom I knew very well, met them on a mountain road above the Ferry, when, in reply to his remark: "Well, gentlemen, I suppose you are out hunting minerals?" Brown said, "No, we are not; we are looking for land." He said they were "farmers from the western part of New York," whose crops had been so "cut off" by the frosts, that they had concluded to settle farther south.

Subsequent conversations directed Brown's attention to a small tract further up the road, about five miles from the Ferry, belonging to the heirs of Dr. Booth Kennedy, and a few weeks later he rented a portion of it, including "the improvements," which consisted of a plain two-storied log-house with a high basement, and a small outhouse or shop, which was also of logs; for which, with the right to fire-wood and pasture for a horse and cow, he paid, in advance, thirty-five dollars, taking the property until the first of March following. The place was admirably adapted to the purposes of concealment, being somewhat remote from other settlements, surrounded by dense forests, with its houses some distance back from the rarely traveled public road in front of them, and almost entirely hidden from view by undergrowth.

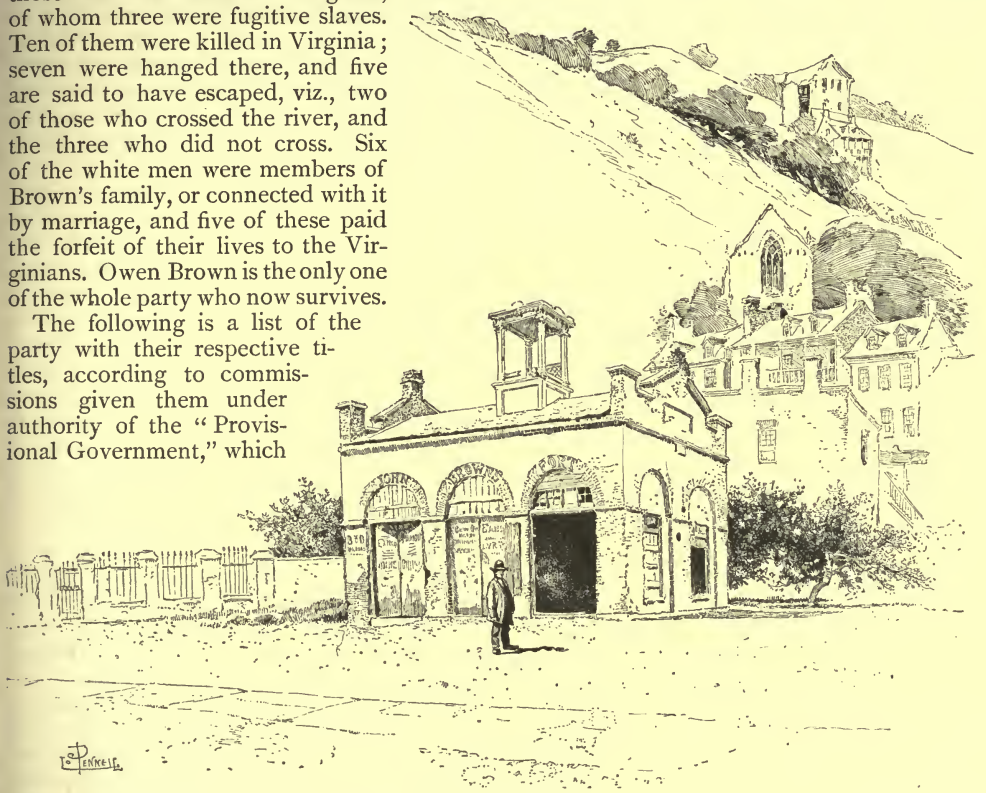
Having thus secured a suitable hiding-place, his men began to gather there,—coming from the North, one or two at a time, at intervals, and generally in the night. Meanwhile, there also arrived quietly from the same quarter—great precautions being used to conceal their destination as well as their contents—a number of boxes filled with guns, pistols, pikes, powder, and percussion caps, together with fixed ammunition, swords, bayonets, blankets, canvas for tents, tools of all kinds, maps and stationery,; so that few camps were ever more fully supplied for an active campaign than was Old John Brown's mountain aerie.

Sunday night, October 16th, was fixed for the foray; and at eight o'clock that evening, Brown said to his companions: "Come, men, get on your arms; we will proceed to the Ferry." They took with them a one-horse wagon, in which were placed a parcel of pikes, torches, and some tools, including a crow-bar

and sledge-hammer, and in which also Brown himself rode as far as the Ferry.

Brown's actual force, all told, consisted of only twenty-two men including himself, three of whom never crossed the Potomac. Five of those who did cross were negroes, of whom three were fugitive slaves. Ten of them were killed in Virginia; seven were hanged there, and five are said to have escaped, viz., two of those who crossed the river, and the three who did not cross. Six of the white men were members of Brown's family, or connected with it by marriage, and five of these paid the forfeit of their lives to the Virginians. Owen Brown is the only one of the whole party who now survives.

The following is a list of the party with their respective titles, according to commissions given them under authority of the "Provisional Government," which among the actual invaders who did not hold commissions—all compliments of that kind having been monopolized by the white men of the party, as a practical commentary on their professions of fraternity and equality.



JOHN BROWN'S FORT.

Brown intended to establish in the South, the constitution for which had been adopted by "a quiet convention," held in Canada for the purpose, over which Brown presided: John Brown, "commander-in-chief"; John Henry Kagi, "adjutant, second in command," and "secretary of war"; Aaron C. Stevens, "captain"; Watson Brown, "captain"; Oliver Brown, "captain"; John E. Cook, "captain"; Charles Plummer Tidd, "captain"; William H. Leeman, "lieutenant"; Albert Hazlett, "lieutenant;" Owen Brown, "lieutenant"; Jeremiah G. Anderson, "lieutenant"; Edwin Coppic, "lieutenant"; William Thompson, "lieutenant"; Dauphin Thompson, "lieutenant"; *Shields Green; Dangerfield Newby; John A. Copeland; Osborn P. Anderson; Lewis Leary;* Stewart Taylor; Barclay Coppic, and Francis Jackson Merriam. The three last named were left at the Kennedy farm as a guard, and did not cross the river; the five names italicized were colored men, and the only persons, The army, so fully officered beforehand, was not yet raised. According to certain "general orders," issued by Brown, October 10th, a week before his raid, his forces were to be "divided into battalions of four companies, which would contain, when full, seventy-two men including officers in each company, or two hundred and eighty-eight in the battalion. Each company was to be divided into "bands" of seven men under a corporal, and every two "bands" made a "section" under a sergeant.

When Brown's party arrived opposite the Ferry at the entrance to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge over the Potomac,—along the side of which there was, as now, a wagon road,—two of the number (Cook and Tidd) were detailed to tear down the telegraph wires, while two more (Kagi and Stevens), crossing the bridge in advance of the others, captured the night-watchman, whose name was Williams, and who was entirely too old to make any effective resist-

ance. Leaving Watson Brown and Stewart Taylor as a guard at the Virginia end of the bridge, and taking old Williams, the watchman, with them, the rest of the company proceeded with Brown and his one-horse wagon to the gate of the United States armory, which was not more than sixty yards distant from the bridge. Finding it locked, they peremptorily ordered the armory watchman, Daniel Whelan, who was on the inner side of the gate, to open it, which he as peremptorily refused to do. In his testimony before the U. S. Senate committee, of which Mr. Mason of Virginia was chairman, Whelan described this scene so graphically that I here quote a part of it, as follows:

"'Open the gate!' said they. I said 'I could not if I was stuck,' and one of them jumped up on the pier of the gate over my head, and another fellow ran and put his hand on me and caught me by the coat and held me. I was inside and they were outside, and the fellow standing over my head upon the pier. And then, when I would not open the gate for them, five or six ran from the wagon, clapped their guns against my breast, and told me I should deliver up the key. I told them I could not, and another fellow said they had not time now to be waiting for a key, but to go to the wagon and bring out a crowbar and a large hammer and they would soon get in."

After telling how, with their crowbar and sledge, they broke the fastenings of the gate, Whelan went on to testify:

"They told me to be very still and make no noise, or else they would put me to eternity. * * * After that, the head man of them, Brown, said to me: 'I came here from Kansas, and this is a slave State. I want to free all the negroes in this State; I have possession now of the United States armory, and if the citizens interfere with me I must only burn the town and have blood."

Edwin Coppic and Hazlett were next sent across the street to break into the United States arsenal, which stood within another inclosure and where there was no guard whatever; while, at the same time, Oliver Brown and William Thompson occupied the bridge over the Shenandoah near the arsenal, and Kagi, with John Copeland, went up the Shenandoah to the Government rifle-works, about half a mile above, where there was another superannuated and unarmed watchman to encounter, whom they likewise captured, and then they took possession of "the works."

It was now near midnight. Brown's next step was to dispatch Stevens, Cook, and others, six in all, to the country to capture my life-long friend and college-mate Colonel Lewis W. Washington, and also to kidnap his negroes. In capturing Colonel Washington, they also seized the historic dress-sword which had been given by Frederick the Great to George Washington, with the memorable words: "From the oldest soldier to the greatest," together with one of a pair of pistols presented by La Fayette to General Washington, and some other valuable arms. They brought Colonel Washington to Harper's Ferry in his own carriage, and his negro men in his four-horse farm-wagon,—stopping on their way at the house of another farmer, Mr. Alstadt, whom they likewise took prisoner, together with his son and men-servants, all of whom were taken under guard to Brown at the armory, arriving there before daylight.

In the meantime, the eastern-bound passenger train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad arrived at the Ferry after midnight, and was detained there until daylight by Brown's order, his son Watson stopping the train as it approached the station. The passengers were at a loss to comprehend the cause of the delay, some of them supposing it to be a strike of railroad hands, and others thinking it was an émeute among the armorers. While they were yet in ignorance of the real cause, an incident occurred at about half-past one o'clock which served sufficiently to show, at least, the murderous character of the insurgents.

Shepherd Haywood, one of the most respectable free negroes in the county and the regular railroad porter, employed to look after the luggage of passengers, had occasion to see the night-watchman, Williams, whose post of duty was on the bridge.

After calling him once or twice and getting no response, he walked out upon the bridge. But he had gotten only a short distance from the entrance of the bridge, when he was confronted by two strange men, who, pointing their guns at him, commanded him to halt. The poor fellow was naturally frightened, and, either mistaking the purport of the order, or else confused by the suddenness of the summons, turned around to go back to the railroad office, when he was fired upon by Watson Brown and Stewart Taylor, one of their balls inflicting a mortal wound. Haywood died between twelve and one o'clock the next day.

This was the first victim of the foray, and there is a suggestive significance in the fact that it was an inoffensive free negro, and that his assassination was as cowardly as it was cruel and uncalled for. This firing was the first intimation that any of the citizens of the Ferry had — except, of course, the captured watchmen — that there was an enemy in their midst. Several persons living near the bridge were awakened by it, some of whom got up and looked out of their windows to ascertain the cause. But as they heard nothing more, and it was too dark to distinguish objects a few feet from them, they concluded that the

noise had been occasioned by midnight revelers shooting off their pistols in sport, and they returned to their beds.

One of these awakened citizens, however, Dr. Starry, was not so easily contented to lie down again without looking a little further into the matter, as he had heard a cry of distress following the shots, and his professional instincts prompted him to go to the relief of the sufferer. The wounded negro had managed to make his way back to the office of Mr. Beckham, the railroad agent, where the Doctor found him lying upon the floor, writhing in agony. After doing what he could to make him more comfortable, and having learned from him the circumstances under which he had been shot, the Doctor started out to investigate more fully the situation.

When he had watched the movements of the raiders for some time and from different points of observation, he was enabled to form an idea of what they had done and were then doing, though not of their ulterior designs; for he thought that their only object was robbery. With this idea in his mind he determined to arouse Mr. Kitzmiller, the chief clerk, who, in the absence of Colonel Alfred H. Barbour, the superintendent, had official charge of the armories. So, getting out his horse, he made his way to Kitzmiller's house, which was in quite a different part of the town; and having informed him of the condition of things at the armory, he rode on to Bolivar and elsewhere, arousing the people as he went. By this time it was broad daylight, and some of the citizens were appearing in the streets. Such of them, in the lower part of the town near the Government works, as had occasion to pass down Shenandoah and High streets, were surprised to see them picketed near their intersection, and, as may be supposed, their surprise was not diminished on being rudely told they were prisoners and being unceremoniously marched to a building in the armory yard which Brown had appropriated as headquarters for himself and as a "calaboose" for his captives, of whom some thirty or forty altogether were thus taken and held by him.

One of the citzens by the name of Boerley, —a well-to-do grocer, and an Irishman by birth,—when walking quietly along not far from his residence, happened to get within range of a picket,—a black fellow who called himself Dangerfield Newby,—whereupon the negro raised his rifle and without a word of warning shot him dead, with as little compunction as if he had been a mad dog.

It was now about seven o'clock, by which time most of the people of the town had been warned of the raid and its real object. Accordingly, messengers were sent for assistance to the neighboring towns, while prompt and effective steps were taken by the citizens of the Ferry to resist the insurgents, whose force was supposed to be far greater than it really was, from the fact of Brown's making an ostentatious display of sentinels outside of the armory buildings while keeping up from their interiors a desultory fire upon the citizens, when any of them appeared in sight.

There was unavoidable delay in the preparations for a fight, because of the scarcity of weapons; for only a few squirrel guns and fowling-pieces could be found. There were then at Harper's Ferry thousands and tens of thousands of muskets and rifles of the most approved patterns, but they were all boxed up in the arsenal, and the arsenal was in the hands of the enemy. And such, too, was the scarcity of ammunition that, after using up the limited supply of lead found in the village stores, pewter plates and spoons had to be melted and molded into bullets for the occasion.

By nine o'clock a number of indifferently armed citizens assembled on Camp Hill and decided that the party, consisting of half a dozen men, should cross the Potomac a short distance above the Ferry, and, going down the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal as far as the railway bridge, should attack the two sentinels stationed there, who, by the way, had been reënforced by four more of Brown's party. Another small party under Captain Medler was to cross the Shenandoah and take position opposite the rifle works, while Captain Avis, with a sufficient force, should take possession of the Shenandoah bridge, and Captain Roderick, with some of the armorers, should post themselves on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway west of the Ferry just above the armories.

These movements and dispositions were made with commendable promptness under the general direction of Colonels Robert W. Baylor and John T. Gibson—the former being the ranking officer by right of seniority. Thus was cut off Brown's retreat to the mountains in Maryland across the Potomac, or to those in Virginia across the Shenandoah. Shortly after the first of the above-mentioned parties had crossed the Potomac and driven the enemy's sentinels from the Maryland end of the bridge to its Virginia entrance, the "Jefferson Guards," under Captain Moore, and the "Botts Greys," under Captain Lawson Botts, arrived at the Ferry from Charlestown; and the former company being immediately sent over the river at the "Old Furnace," to reënforce those who had crossed before them into Maryland, as soon as they had reached the railway bridge charged across it, killing one of the insurgent sentinels and capturing another

(William Thompson), whom they confined in the railway hotel facing the bridge.

Cook and Tidd, of Brown's party, were at this time in Maryland, having been sent early in the morning to the Kennedy farm with Colonel Washington's farm-wagon and some of his servants to bring down the boxes of Sharpe rifles, Ames pistols, pikes, etc., to a school-house about a mile above the Ferry, which was intended to be a convenient depot of supplies for the raiders in the event of their falling back into Maryland. So, of course, as the bridge was no longer in possession of the insurgents, they were unable to rejoin their companions now cooped up in the armories and rifle works. Just after the Botts Greys reached the Ferry, a man reported to its captain that he had come from the "Gault House" (a small tavern situated near the arsenal at the junction of the two rivers commanding the mouth of the bridge and a view of the armory yard), where there was but one man, its proprietor (George Chambers), who was maintaining an unequal skirmish with the raiders, had but one load left for his gun, and wanted reënforcements.

Captain Botts called for twenty volunteers to go with him, and more than twice the number stepped out from the ranks. They had great difficulty in getting to the tavern, being obliged, in order to avoid a raking fire from the raiders, to make a detour around the base of the hill under "Jefferson's Rock," and along the bank of the Shenandoah, and then to climb up a wall thirty feet high so as to enter the house by a cellar window, reaching their destination just as Chambers fired his last shot, which wounded the insurgent Stevens.

About the same time, Mr. George Turner, who had the respect and esteem of the entire community, was killed. He was a graduate of West Point. When he heard that his friend, Colonel Lewis Washington, had been forcibly abducted by a band of ruffians, and was a prisoner in their hands, he started at once for the Ferry. As he rode into the upper part of the town, some one handed him a shot-gun for his protection. Dismounting from his horse, he walked down High street, which runs parallel with and only a few paces from the long range of buildings in the armory grounds. When he had approached within some fifty yards of the corner of High and Shenandoah streets, the same negro — Dangerfield Newby — who had killed Boerley, saw him coming, and, taking deliberate aim, shot him dead. But the assassin himself was soon made to bite the dust. For one of the armorers, by the name of Bogert, a few minutes afterward got the opportunity of a shot at him from an upper window of Mrs. Stephenson's house at the corner of High and Shenandoah streets, and killed him on the spot. I saw his body while it was yet warm as it lay on the pavement in front of the arsenal yard, and I never saw, on any battle-field, a more hideous musket-wound than his. For his throat was cut literally from ear to ear, which was afterward accounted for by the fact that the armorer, having no bullets, had charged his musket with a six-inch iron spike.

As already mentioned, it was a little before noon when I reached Harper's Ferry on the day of the raid. By that time Brown and those of his party who were with him in the armory buildings were completely hemmed in. The bridges over both rivers, north and east, together with the western or upper end of the armory grounds, were in possession of the citizens, who occupied every "coign of vantage" from which they could get a fair shot at the insurgents, who, on their part, fighting from under cover of the buildings, were equally on the alert to retaliate in kind, so that there was a lively little skirmish going on when I got there, which I watched for some time from an open space on High street overlooking the lower part of the armory yard. Seeing that there was no probability of the escape of the insurgents, surrounded as they were on all sides, — with the volunteer citizens on both flanks, the Potomac in their front, and in their rear the town, which was becoming rapidly filled with people from every portion of the county, and ascertaining, also, that no attempt would be made to take the armories by assault before the arrival of the volunteers from Martinsburg and Shepherdstown, — I returned to the upper part of the town, where I had left my horse, and rode around toward the rifle-works, getting there in time to see the assault made on them which drove Kagi and his party pell-mell out of the rear of the building into the Shenandoah River, where a very exciting scene occurred; for, as soon as the insurgents were recognized attempting to cross the river, there was a shout among the citizens, who opened a hot fire upon them from both banks.

The river at that point runs rippling over a rocky bed, and at ordinary stages of the water is easily forded. The raiders, finding their retreat to the opposite shore intercepted by Medler's men, made for a large flat rock near the middle of the stream. Before reaching it, however, Kagi fell and died in the water, apparently without a struggle. Four others reached the rock, where, for a while, they made an ineffectual stand, returning the fire of the citizens. But it was not long before two of them were killed outright and another prostrated by a mortal wound, leaving Copeland, a mulatto, standing alone and unharmed upon their rock of refuge.

Thereupon, a Harper's Ferry man, James H. Holt, dashed into the river, gun in hand, to capture Copeland, who, as he approached him, made a show of fight by pointing his gun at Holt, who halted and leveled his; but, to the surprise of the lookers-on, neither of their weapons were discharged, both having been rendered temporarily useless, as I afterward learned, from being wet. Holt, however, as he again advanced, continued to snap his gun, while Copeland did the same.

Reaching the rock, Holt clubbed his gun and we expected to see a hand to hand fight between them; but the mulatto, showing the white feather, flung down his weapon and surrendered. Copeland, when he was brought ashore, was badly frightened, and well he might be in the midst of the excited crowd who surrounded him, some of whom began to knot their handkerchiefs together, with ominous threats of "Lynch law." But better counsels prevailed, and he was taken before a magistrate, who committed him to jail to await his trial.

When I returned to my former place of observation on High street, the expected reënforcements from Martinsburg and Shepherdstown had arrived, as also a small body of cavalry under Lieutenant Hess, the latter of whom (dismounted) were, with the Shepherdstown company, posted on Shenandoah street near the armory gate at the lower or eastern end of the grounds, while the men from Martinsburg and those under Roderick prepared to charge the raiders from the upper or western end.

The charge, which I witnessed, was spirited and made in the face of the concentrated fire of Brown's party, who were forced to retreat into the engine-house near the armory gate, where nine or ten of the most prominent of the prisoners had been previously placed by Brown as hostages for his own safety and that of his companions. Watson Brown was wounded when this charge was made, also several of the citizens, among whom was a gallant young man by the name of George Wollet, whom I particularly noticed among the foremost of the Martinsburg men until he was disabled by a shot in his wrist. A young lawyer, also from Martinsburg, George Murphy, was wounded in the leg, and an old gentleman of the county, Mr. Watson, who was seventy-five years of age, had the stock of his gun shattered as he raised it to his shoulder to shoot. Thomas P. Young, of Charlestown, who was permanently disabled during the day, got his wound, too, I think, in this charge; but of this I am not so certain.

Brown, having now barricaded himself and prisoners in the engine-house,—a small but substantial building of brick, still standing,—said to "Phil," one of Alstadt's kidnapped servants, "You're a pretty stout-looking fellow; can't you knock a hole through there for me?" at the same time handing him some mason's tools with which he compelled him to make several loopholes in the walls through which to shoot. He also fastened, with ropes, the large double door of the house so as to permit its folding leaves (which opened inward) to be partly separated so that he might fire through that opening.

These arrangements having been hurriedly made, Brown and his men opened an indiscriminate fire upon the citizens. While they were thus shooting at every one they saw, without regard to his being armed or not, Mr. Fountain Beckham, station agent, who was then mayor of the town, happened to walk out upon the depot platform near his office; when, incautiously exposing himself, he was instantly shot down, though it was evident he was unarmed, as he had his hands in his pockets at the time. This was the fourth victim of the foray.

When Mr. Beckham's friends upon the platform saw him fall dead in their presence,—shot through the heart without a word of warning,—killed without having taken any part in the fight, notwithstanding the special provocation he had received that morning in having his favorite servant murdered by the men who had now caused his own death,—their rage became uncontrollable, and they impulsively rushed into the railroad hotel to take summary vengeance on the prisoner, Thompson, who was confined there. But the lady of the house, Miss Christine C. Fouke, a most estimable woman, placing herself in front of the prisoner, declared that as long as he was under the shelter of her roof she would protect him, with her life, from harm,—which for a time saved the prisoner from death. But the respite was a brief one, for the maddened crowd soon brought him forth upon the platform where he was immediately shot, and his body thrown over the parapet of the bridge into the river below.

One of the raiders, Leeman, was discovered trying to escape across the river; and having been fired on and wounded, an excited volunteer from Martinsburg waded out to where he was in the water and killed him, it was said, after he had surrendered.

Shortly after, the charge was made which brought Brown to bay in the engine-house; and while I was yet standing at the point on High street whence I had witnessed the fight, where there was an unobstructed view across the river, I heard the hum of a ball as it went singing by me, and presently it was followed by another which passed in unpleasant proximity to my head. There were several

persons with me at the time who were armed and who, discovering by the smoke that the shots, so evidently meant for ourselves, had come from a clump of small trees on the mountain side across the river, fired a volley in that direction which silenced the unseen marksman. I refer to this trifling incident only because it was mentioned by Cook in his "Confession," as follows:

"I saw," said he, "that our party were completely surrounded, and as I saw a body of men on High street firing down upon them, though they were about half a mile distant from me, I thought I would draw their fire upon myself; I therefore raised my rifle and took the best aim I could and fired. It had the desired effect, for the very instant the party returned it. Several shots were exchanged. The last one they fired at me cut a small limb I had hold of just below my hand, and gave me a fall of about fifteen feet, by which I was severely bruised, and my flesh somewhat lacerated."

It was now near nightfall, and the gathering gloom of a drizzly evening began to obscure surrounding objects, making it so difficult to distinguish them that, as if by common consent on both sides, active operations were suspended.

At this time a conference was held by three or four of the principal officers in command, to which two or three civilians, including myself, were invited,—the object of the consultation being to determine whether or not to take the engine-house by assault at once, or to wait until morning.

It was represented to us by the prisoners whom Brown had released, when he selected out of their number nine or ten to be held as hostages in the engine-house, that, if an attempt should be made to carry it by storm at night, it would be impossible to distinguish the hostages from the insurgents; and that Brown would probably place the former in front of his own party as a protection, and thereby cause them to receive the brunt of the attack.

It was also urged that the raiders were then as securely imprisoned in their place of refuge as if incarcerated in the county jail, and could be taken in the morning without much risk to our friends. Before deciding the question under consideration, it was thought proper, at any rate, to send Brown a summons to surrender, and a respectable farmer of the neighborhood, Mr. Samuel S—— was selected to make the demand,—a duty which he undertook very willingly, although it was not unattended with danger, as the usages of ordinary warfare had been more than once disregarded, during the day, by the belligerents on both sides. Mr. S. was a man of indomitable energy, undoubted courage, and of such a genial disposition as to make him a general favorite; but he was somewhat eccentric and so fond of using *sesquipedalia verba* that, occasionally, he was betrayed thereby into those peculiarities of speech which characterized the conversation of Mrs. Malaprop.

Tying a white handkerchief to the ferrule of a faded umbrella, he went forth upon his mission with a self-imposed gravity becoming his own appreciation of its importance.

Marching up to the door of the engine-house, he called out in stentorian tones.

"Who commands this fortification?"

"Captain Brown, of Kansas," was the answer, from within the building.

"Well, Captain Brown, of Kansas," continued Mr. S., with his voice pitched in the same high key, "I am sent here, sir, by the authorities in command, for to summon you to surrender; and, sir, I do it in the name of the Commonwealth of old Virginia—God bless her!"

"What terms do you offer?" inquired Brown.

"Terms!" exclaimed S. "I heard nothing said about them, sir, by those who sent me. What terms do you want?"

"I want to be allowed," said Brown, "to take my men and prisoners across the bridge to Maryland and as far up the river as the lock-house [which was about a mile above] where I will release the prisoners unharmed, provided no pursuit shall be made until I get beyond that point."

To which S. replied by saying:

"Captain, you'll have to put that down in writing."

"It's too dark to write," answered Brown.

"Pshaw!" said S.; "that's nonsense,—for you needn't tell me that an old soldier like you hasn't got all the modern conveniences. So, if you don't write your terms down, in black and white, I wont take 'em back to those who sent me."

Thereupon, a light was struck in the engine-house, and presently a piece of paper was handed out to S., on which Brown had written what he wished to have accorded him.

The proposed terms were, of course, inadmissible; and after the paper containing them had been read by two or three of us, it was handed to Lawson Botts, who threw it contemptuously upon the floor, and placing his foot on it, said:

"Gentlemen, this is adding insult to injury. I think we ought to storm the engine-house, and take those fellows without further delay."

But the representations of the released prisoners, already mentioned, caused the contemplated assault to be postponed for the night.

The next morning the first thing I learned was that Colonel Robert E. Lee and Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart (both of whom subsequently gained fame as Confederate leaders) had arrived about midnight with a small body of marines from Washington, and that Colonel Lee had assumed command of all the forces assembled in the place. Having the pleasure of his acquaintance, I lost no time in calling upon him, when he informed me that he intended at once to take Brown and his party. Accordingly, at about seven o'clock, a detachment of marines—three of whom had heavy sledge-hammers—were marched up to the west end of the "watch-house" which hid them from the insurgents, and which was under the same roof as the engine-house, being separated from it only by a brick partition. Colonel Lee himself (who was not in uniform) took a position outside of the armory gate, within thirty paces of the engine-house, but protected from those within it by one of the heavy brick pillars of the railing that surrounded the inclosure.

All now being in readiness, Colonel Lee beckoned to Stuart, who, accompanied by a citizen displaying a flag of truce, approached the engine-house.

A parley then ensued between Stuart and Brown, which was watched with breathless interest by the crowd.

Although from the position I occupied (which was, probably, some sixty paces from the engine-house) I could not hear the conversation between them, I often afterward heard it detailed by Stuart, when sharing his tent or sitting with him by his camp fire, and therefore am enabled to confirm the correctness of the report of it, made by my friend and former comrade, Major John Esten Cooke, in a graphic account given by him. Stuart began by saying:

"You are Ossawattomie Brown, of Kansas?"

"Well, they do call me that sometimes, Lieutenant," said Brown.

"I thought I remembered meeting you in Kansas," continued Stuart. "This is a bad business you are engaged in, Captain. The United States troops have arrived, and I am sent to demand your surrender."

"Upon what terms?" asked Brown.

"The terms," replied Stuart, "are that you shall surrender to the officer commanding the troops, who will protect you and your men from the crowd, and guarantee you a fair trial by the civil authorities."

"I can't surrender on such terms," said Brown; "you must allow me to leave this place with my party and prisoners for the lock-house on the Maryland side. There I will release the prisoners, and as soon as this is done, you and your troops may fire on us and pursue us."

"I have no authority to agree to such an arrangement," said Stuart, "my orders being to demand your surrender on the terms I have stated."

"Well, Lieutenant," replied Brown, "I see we can't agree. You have the numbers on me, but you know we soldiers are not afraid of death. I would as leave die by a bullet as on the gallows."

"Is that your final answer, Captain?" inquired Stuart.

"Yes," said Brown.

This closed the interview. Thereupon Stuart bowed, and as he turned to leave made a sign, previously agreed upon, to Colonel Lee, who immediately raised his hand, which was the signal of assault. Instantly the storming party under Lieutenant Green, consisting of a dozen marines, sprang forward from behind the angle of the wall that had concealed them, and for perhaps two minutes or more the blows of the sledge-hammers on the door of the engine-house sounded with startling distinctness, and were reëchoed from the rocky sides of the lofty mountains that rose in all their rugged majesty around us.

As yet, to our surprise, there was no shot fired by the insurgents, nor any sound heard from within the engine-house. Unable to batter down its doors, the men with the sledges threw them aside, at a sign from Stuart, and withdrew behind the adjoining building. Then there was a brief pause of oppressive silence, as some twenty-five or thirty more marines were seen coming down the yard with a long ladder that had been leaning against one of the shops. Nearing the engine-house they started into a run, and dashed their improvised battering ram against the door with a crashing sound, but not with sufficient force to effect an entrance. Falling back a short distance they made another run, delivering another blow, and as they did so a volley was fired by the conspirators, and two of the marines let go the ladder—both wounded and one of them mortally. Two others quickly took their places, and the third blow, splintering the right-hand leaf of the door, caused it to lean inward sufficiently to admit a man. Just then Lieutenant Green, who had been standing close to the wall, sword in hand, leaped upon the inclining door-leaf, which, yielding to his weight, fell inside and he himself disappeared from our view in the interior of the building. There was a shot, some inarticulate exclamations, and a short struggle inside the engine-house, and then, as our rescued friends emerged from the smoke that filled it, followed by marines bringing out the

prisoners, the pent-up feelings of the spectators found appropriate expression in a general shout.

As Colonel Lewis Washington came out I hastened to him with my congratulations, and to my inquiry:

"Lewis, old fellow, how do you feel?"

He replied, with characteristic emphasis:

"Feel! Why, I feel as hungry as a hound and as dry as a powder-horn; for, only think of it, I've not had anything to eat for forty odd hours, and nothing better to drink than water out of a horse-bucket!"

He told me that when Lieutenant Green leaped into the engine-house, he greeted him with the exclamation: "God bless you, Green! There's Brown!" at the same time pointing out to him the brave but unscrupulous old fanatic, who, having discharged his rifle, had seized a spear, and was yet in the half-kneeling position he had assumed when he fired his last shot. He said, also, that the cut which Green made at Brown would undoubtedly have cleft his skull, if the point of his sword had not caught on a rope, which of course weakened the force of the blow; but it was sufficient to cause him to fall to the floor and relax his hold upon the spear, which, by the way, I took possession of as a relic of the raid.

Within the engine-house one of Brown's party was found lying dead on the floor, and another (Watson Brown) was stretched out on a bench at the right-hand side of the door, and seemed to be in a dying condition. John Brown himself had been brought out and was then lying on the grass; but so great was the curiosity to see him that the soldiers found some difficulty in keeping back the crowd, and Colonel Lee consequently had him removed to a room in an adjoining building, strictly guarded by sentinels, where, shortly afterward, I had an interview with him, the particulars of which have remained distinctly impressed upon my memory.

On entering the room where he was I found him alone, lying on the floor on his left side, and with his back turned toward me. The right side of his face was smeared with blood from the sword-cut on his head, causing his grim and grizzly countenance to look like that of some aboriginal savage with his war-paint on. Approaching him, I began the conversation with the inquiry:

"Captain Brown, are you hurt anywhere except on your head?"

"Yes, in my side,—here," said he, indicating the place with his hand.

I then told him that a surgeon would be in presently to attend to his wounds, and expressed the hope that they were not very serious. Thereupon he asked me who I was, and on giving him my name he muttered as if speaking to himself:

"Yes, yes,—I know now,—member of Congress—this district."

I then asked the question:

"Captain, what brought you here?"

"To free your slaves," was the reply.

"How did you expect to accomplish it with the small force you brought with you?"

"I expected help," said he.

"Where, whence, and from whom, Captain, did you expect it?"

"Here and from elsewhere," he answered.

"Did you expect to get assistance from whites here as well as from the blacks?" was my next question.

"I did," he replied.

"Then," said I, "you have been disappointed in not getting it from either?"

"Yes," he muttered, "I have—been—disappointed."

I then asked him who planned his movement on Harper's Ferry, to which he replied: "I planned it all myself," and upon my remarking that it was a sad affair for him and the country, and that I trusted no one would follow his example by undertaking a similar raid, he made no response. I next inquired if he had any family besides the sons who had accompanied him on his incursion, to which he replied by telling me he had a wife and children in the State of New York at North Elba, and on my then asking if he would like to write to them and let them know how he was, he quickly responded:

"Yes, I would like to send them a letter."

"Very well," said I, "you will doubtless be permitted to do so. But, Captain," I added, "probably you understand that, being in the hands of the civil authorities of the State, your letters will have to be seen by them before they can be sent."

"Certainly," said he.

"Then, with that understanding," continued I, "there will, I'm sure, be no objections to your writing home; and although I myself have no authority in the premises, I promise to do what I can to have your wishes in that respect complied with."

"Thank you—thank you, sir," said he, repeating his acknowledgment for the proffered favor and, for the first time, turning his face toward me.

In my desire to hear him distinctly I had placed myself by his side, with one knee resting on the floor; so that, when he turned, it brought his face quite close to mine, and I remember well the earnest gaze of the gray ye that looked straight into mine. I then remarked:

"Captain, we too have wives and chil-

dren. This attempt of yours to interfere with our slaves has created great excitement, and naturally causes anxiety on account of our families. Now, let me ask you: Is this failure of yours likely to be followed by similar attempts to create disaffection among our servants and bring upon our homes the horrors of a servile war?"

"Time will show," was his significant reply.

Just then a Catholic priest appeared at the door of the room. He had been administering the last consolations of religion to Quinn the marine, who was dying in the adjoining office; and the moment Brown saw him he became violently angry, and plainly showed, by the expression of his countenance, how capable he was of feeling "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness."

"Go out of here — I don't want you about me — go out!" was the salutation he gave the priest, who, bowing gravely, immediately retired. Whereupon I arose from the floor, and bidding Brown good-morning, likewise left him.

In the entry leading to the room where Brown was, I met Major Russell, of the marine corps, who was going in to see him, and I detailed to him the conversation I had just had. Meeting the major subsequently he told me that when he entered the apartment Brown was standing up — with his clothes unfastened — examining the wound in his side, and that as soon as he saw him he forthwith resumed his former position on the floor; which incident tended to confirm the impression I had already formed, that there was a good deal of vitality left in the old man, notwithstanding his wounds,— a fact more fully developed that evening after I had left Harper's Ferry for home, when he had his spirited and historic talk with Wise, Hunter, and Vallandigham.

Between the time of his raid and his execution I saw Brown several times, and was sitting near him in the court-room when sentence of death was pronounced upon him, during which he was apparently the least interested person present. Of course, I did not witness his execution, as I had seen quite enough of horrors at Harper's Ferry, little dreaming of those, ten thousand times more terrible, which I was yet to witness as among the results of the John Brown raid.

Alexander R. Boteler.

COMMENT BY A RADICAL ABOLITIONIST.

It is hard — nay, impossible — to carry the reader of these pages in 1883 back in memory to that period of our country's history when John Brown captured the town and arsenal at Harper's Ferry, or make real to ourselves the despotism which a few slaveholders then exercised over the rest of mankind in this country. Though a meager minority in their own South, they absolutely controlled there not only four millions of slaves, but six millions of white people, nominally free, while they directed the policy and the opinions of more than half the free people of the non-slaveholding States. They had dictated the nomination and secured the election of Buchanan as President,— the most complete servant of the slave power who ever held that office; they had not only refused to terminate the slave-trade (as by treaty we were bound to assist in doing), but they had induced the importation of a few cargoes of slaves into Carolina and Georgia; they had broken down the Missouri compromise of 1820 (imposed by themselves on the unwilling North), and had done their best to extend slavery over the new territories of the nation, and to legalize its existence in all the Free States. Through the mouth of Chief-Justice Taney, who simply uttered the decrees of the slave-holding oligarchy, they had made the Supreme Court declare that four million Americans, of African descent, had practically "no rights which a white man was bound to respect"; and they exerted themselves in every way to give due effect to that dictum. The Dred Scott decision was given by Taney in 1857, and it led at once to the execution of John Brown's long-cherished purpose of striking a blow at slavery in its own Virginian stronghold. That decision flashed into the minds of Northern men the conviction which John Quincy Adams had long before formulated and expressed — that "the preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of slavery was the vital and animating spirit of the national Government." It was this conviction that led to the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, as it had led John Brown and his small band of followers to form their conspiracy and begin their campaign in 1858–'59.

While the unpaid labor of the slaves was believed by the slave-holders to be the real source of our national prosperity, it was the merit and the fate of John Brown first to see and act upon the sad knowledge that slavery and our national existence were incompatible. Thirty years before he died for the blacks in Virginia, he chose the side of the nation against slavery; and in less than ten years after his death the whole people followed

in the path he had marked out—the straight and thorny road of emancipation by force.

It is in this broad way that the Harper's Ferry raid must be looked at,—not as a midnight foray of robbers and murderers. It was an act of war, and was accepted by the South as a sure omen that war was at hand. Brown told the slave-holders this in his famous conversation with Mason of Virginia and Vallandigham of Ohio. "I claim to be here," he said, "carrying out a measure I believe to be perfectly justifiable, and not to be acting the part of an incendiary or ruffian; on the contrary, I am here to aid those suffering under a great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better—all you people of the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of this question. It must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it, and the sooner you commence that preparation the better for you. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now. But this question is still to be settled; this negro question, I mean. The end of that is not yet." This was a veritable "Thus saith the Lord"—as his hearers and the whole world soon found out. But to such as then doubted the message of the prophet Brown condescended to verify his credentials in that wonderfully eloquent speech to the court that sentenced him to the gallows:

"This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the Law of God. I see a book kissed here, which I suppose to be the Bible or, at least, the New Testament. That teaches me, 'that all things whatsoever I would that men should do unto me, I should do even so to them.' It teaches me further, to 'remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.' I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong but right."

There was John Brown's authority for the capture of Harper's Ferry,—the same which Ethan Allen alleged, with less reason, at Ticonderoga, where he commanded surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah." Brown "had gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord" long before his death, and the songs of the people marching to avenge that death were but the public proclamation of his commission from above. Since the details of that strange conversation with Mason of Virginia have faded from the popular memory, let me quote another passage in which Brown pursues the same line of reasoning he afterward held in court.

"SENATOR MASON: How do you justify your acts?

CAPTAIN BROWN: I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity,—I say it without wishing to be offensive,—and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

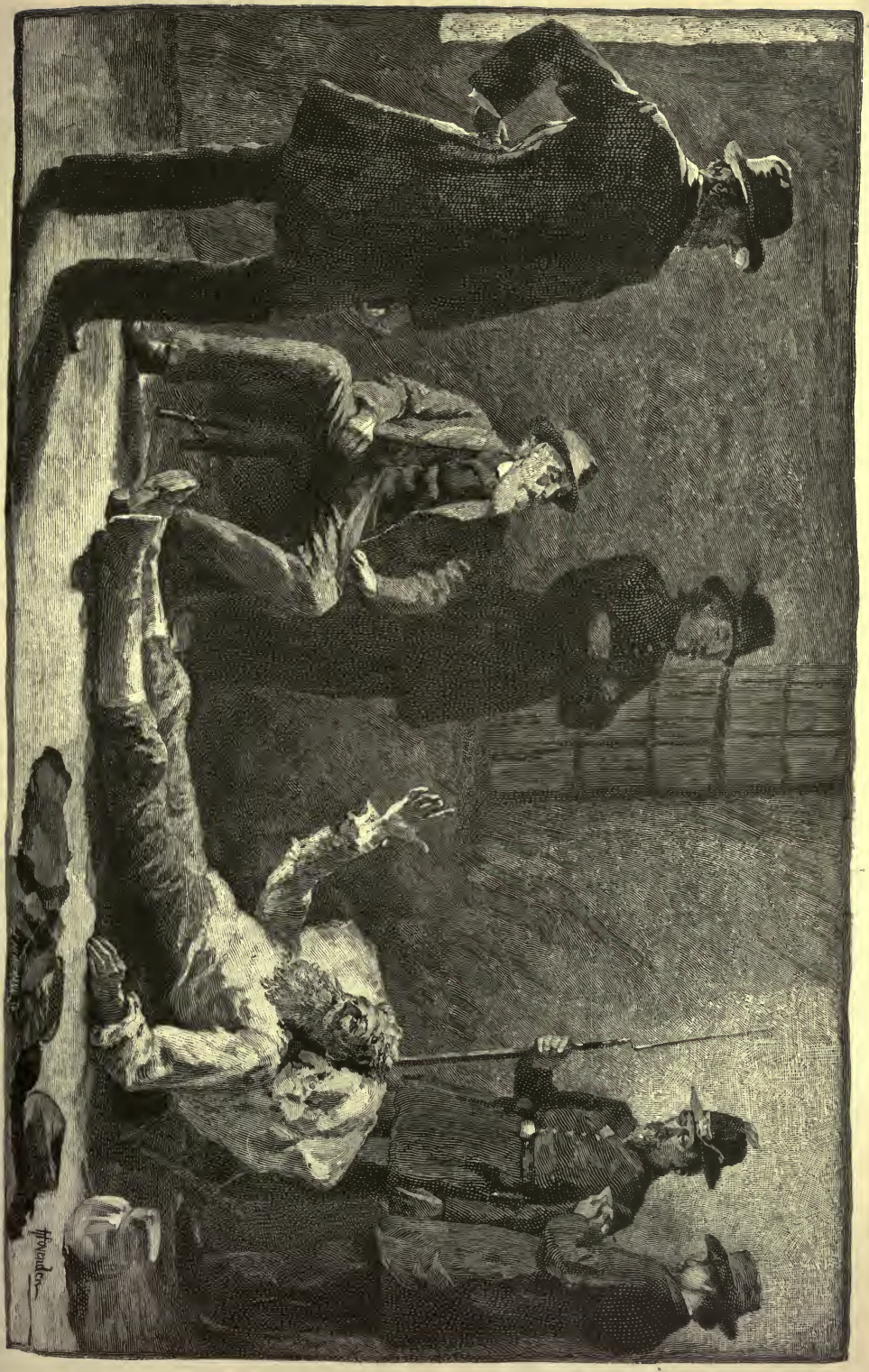
SENATOR MASON: I understand that.

CAPTAIN BROWN: I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you, at any time, and all times. I hold that the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,' applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

LIEUTENANT STUART: But you don't believe in the Bible?

CAPTAIN BROWN: Certainly I do. * * * I want you to understand, gentlemen, that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of the colored people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for those in distress—the greatly oppressed—as we would be done by. The cry of distress of the oppressed is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here."

Brown's plan of action in Virginia was wholly his own, as he more than once declared; and it was not until he had long formed and matured it that he made it known (so far as an attack on slavery in Virginia was concerned) to the few friends who shared his confidence in that matter. I cannot say how numerous these were; but beyond his own family and the armed followers who accompanied him, I have never supposed that his Virginia plan was known to fifty persons. Even to those few it was not fully communicated, though they knew that he meant to fortify himself somewhere in the mountains of Virginia or Tennessee, and from that fastness, with his band of soldiers, sally out and liberate slaves by force. His plan to this extent was known, early in 1858, by Frederick Douglass, Gerrit Smith (at whose house and in whose presence I first heard Brown declare it), Theodore Parker, Dr. S. G. Howe, George L. Stearns, T. W. Higginson, and myself, and we all raised money to aid Brown in carrying this plan forward. I know this, because some of the money and nearly all the correspondence relating to the contributions passed through my hands in 1858–9. I talked more than once in those years with all the persons above named, concerning Brown's Virginia plan, and had letters from all except Douglass in regard to it. Brown's general purpose of attacking slavery by force, in Missouri or elsewhere, was known in 1857–8–9 to R. W. Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, Henry Thoreau, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Russell, John A. Andrew, and others of the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts, none of whom discountenanced it, while most of them, in my hearing, distinctly approved it, generally, however, as a last resort or a measure of retaliation for the outrages of the



JOHN BROWN AFTER HIS CAPTURE.

slave-holders and their allies. Had these gentlemen known of the Virginia plan, most of them would have strongly disapproved it as premature or impracticable. Such, also, it seemed at first, and generally afterward, to those of us who contributed money to aid Brown in it. I speak particularly of Gerrit Smith, Theodore Parker, George L. Stearns, Dr. Howe, Col. Higginson, and myself. But we all felt, as Governor Andrew afterward said, that whatever the old worthy might plan or do, "John Brown himself was *right*," and upon that feeling we acted, in spite of doubts and many misgivings. The end has justified our instinctive sentiment; and it has more than justified, it has glorified Brown. I do not wonder that Virginians cannot all see this yet; but the world sees it, and Brown has become, to the world in general, one of the immortal champions of liberty—historical or mythical—among whom we reckon Leonidas, Maccabeus, Tell, Winkelried, Wallace, Hofer, and Marco Bozzaris.

I knew John Brown well. He was often at my house and at the houses of my friends, and I traveled with him for days. He was what all his speeches, letters, and actions avouch him—a simple, brave, heroic person, incapable of anything selfish or base. The higher elements of his character are well seen in the portrait which accompanies these pages. There were darker and sterner traits which fitted him for the grim work he had to do, and which are better shown in his bearded portraits, and in some which I possess, taken in the year 1857. But the face that here looks out upon us bespeaks that warm love for God's despised poor which was his deepest trait, and that noble disregard of everything but justice which distinguished his every action. But above and beyond these personal qualities he was what we may best term a *historic* character; that is, he had, like Cromwell and Spartacus, a certain predestined relation to the political crisis of his time, for which his character fitted him and which, had he striven against it, he could not avoid. Like Cromwell and all the great Calvinists, he was an unquestioning believer in God's fore-ordination and the divine guidance of human affairs; but he was free from the taint of guile that disfigured Cromwell's greatness. Of course, he could not rank with Cromwell or with many inferior men in leadership; but in this God-appointed, inflexible devotion to his object in life he was inferior to no man, and he rose in fame far above more gifted persons because of this very fixedness and simplicity of character. His renown is secure, and the artless (I must think prejudiced) narrative of Mr. Boteler does but increase it for those who read understandingly. As Tennyson said of the great Duke, we may say of Brown:

> "Whatever record leap to light,
> He never shall be shamed."

Young men never knew, perhaps, and some old men have forgotten, that we once had statesmen (so called) who loudly declared that negro slavery was the basis not only of our national greatness, but of the white man's freedom. This groveling doctrine found favor in Virginia in John Brown's time, and it was his work, as much as any man's, to overthrow it. A hundred years ago one of the great Virginians, a statesman indeed by nature and by training, said:

> "With what execration should that statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half the citizens to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies? Can the liberties of a nation be deemed secure when we have removed their only firm basis—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God, that they are not to be violated without his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country (Virginia) when I reflect that God is just, that His justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with us in such a contest."

This was the language of Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia," written in 1783, and it was in the county of Jefferson that Brown made his foray in 1859. He harbored in the county of Washington, in Maryland, for three months. He descended upon Jefferson County in Virginia at the end of that time; and when the astonished successors of Washington and Jefferson saw him first, he held in his hand Washington's sword, and was enacting Jefferson's Declaration of Independence in favor of the slaves of Colonel Washington,—that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. And they were fulfilled to the utmost in the years of war and ruin that followed.

At the critical period of that civil war when its issue was still undecided save in the councils of heaven,—at the close of the year 1862, Abraham Lincoln put forth his first edict of emancipation, and followed it up, January 1, 1863, with the final proclamation that the slaves in the rebellious States were from that day free. John Brown had been in his woodland grave among the Adirondack Mountains but little more than three years when we saw this triumph of his hopes, this crown of his toil and martyrdom. His friends gathered to celebrate so happy an event at the house of one of the most faithful and active of his supporters in the Virginia campaign, George Stearns, of Medford, in Massachusetts. It was one of the last of those meetings in which the old anti-slavery men and women came

together with hearts united, and rejoiced together face to face. Garrison and Phillips were there, Emerson and Alcott (Thoreau had died eight months before), Dr. Howe and his poetic wife, Mrs. Child, Moncure Conway, Martin Conway of Kansas, and many others now dead or widely sundered. The host and his wife, Mrs. Mary Stearns, who also had been an enthusiastic friend of John Brown, could give their guests not only the graceful hospitalities of a house always open to the friends of freedom, but, what was then a new sight, Brackett's marble bust of Brown, standing crowned with flowers in the wide hall. This is the only bust of Brown for which the sculptor studied the hero's own features, and it was made after a visit by Brackett to Brown in prison at Charlestown. Though not, in all respects, a portrait, it has the air of Brown, with a majesty that made Charles Sumner exclaim, when he first saw it: "This is like the Moses of Michael Angelo." And when a sibylline negress, a fugitive from Maryland, saw it in my house, she went into an ecstasy of grief and adoration, declaring that Brown was not a mere man, but the Messiah of her people.

"In a great age," says Cousin, speaking of Pascal, "everything is great." John Brown came to prominence in an age by no means grand or noble; but such was his own heroic character that he conferred importance on events in themselves trivial. His petty conflicts in Kansas and the details of his two days' campaign in Virginia will be remembered when a hundred battles of our civil war are forgotten. He was one of ten thousand, and, as Thoreau said, could not be tried by a jury of his peers, because his peers did not exist; yet so much was he in accord with what is best in the American character that he will stand in history for one type of our people, as Franklin and Lincoln do, but with a difference. He embodied the distinctive qualities of the Puritan, but with a strong tincture of the more humane sentiments of later times. No man could be more sincere in his faith toward God, more earnest in love for man; his belief in fore-ordination was absolute, his courage not less so. The emotion of fear seemed to be quite unknown to him, except in the form of diffidence,—if that were not rather a sort of pride. He was diffident of his power in speech or writing, yet who, of all his countrymen, has uttered more effective or immortal words?

Part of the service he rendered to his country was by this heroic impersonation of traits that all mankind recognize as noble. The cause of the poor slave had need of all the charm that romantic courage could give it; his defenders were treated with the contempt which attached to himself. They were looked upon with aversion by patriots; they were odious to trade, distasteful to fashion and learning, impious in the sight of the Church. At the single stroke of Brown, all this was changed; the cause that had been despised suddenly became hated, feared, and respected; and out of this new fear and hatred our national safety was born. Ten years more of disgraceful security, and the nation might have been lost; but the rash and frantic efforts of the South to defend its barbarous system brought on the revolution that has regenerated us politically. No doubt the affair at Harper's Ferry hastened our political crisis by at least ten years,—and what fatal years they might have been but for John Brown!

One evening in January, 1860, as I sat in Emerson's study at Concord, talking of this old friend of ours, for whose widow and orphans we were then raising a fund, I spoke to Emerson about a speech of his at Salem, a few weeks earlier, in which the poet-philosopher had renewed his homage to the memory of Brown. He went to one of the cabinets in which his manuscripts were kept, took out the half-dozen pages on which his remarks had been written down, and gave them to me for publication. I have ever since cherished the manuscript, in which, with bold strokes of his quill, Emerson had written these words at the close:

"It would be nearer the truth to say that all people, in proportion to their sensibility and self-respect, sympathize with John Brown. For it is impossible to see courage and disinterestedness and the love that casts out fear, without sympathy. All gentlemen, of course, are on his side. I do not mean by 'gentlemen' people of scented hair and perfumed handkerchiefs, but men of gentle blood and generosity, 'fulfilled with all nobleness'; who, like the Cid, give the outcast leper a share of their bed; like the dying Sidney, pass the cup of cold water to the wounded soldier who needs it more. For what is the oath of gentle blood and knighthood? What but to protect the weak and lowly against the strong oppressor? * * * Who makes the abolitionist? The slave-holder. The sentiment of mercy is the natural recoil which the laws of the universe provide to protect mankind from destruction by savage passions. The arch-abolitionist, older than Brown, and older than the Shenandoah Mountains, is Love, whose other name is Justice,—which was before Alfred, before Lycurgus, before Slavery and will be after it."

The generous, immortal traits which these words portray in Brown and bespeak in Emerson, are those which the artist has caught in the remarkable engraving of my old friend in this number of THE CENTURY.*

F. B. Sanborn.

* See "Woodman's Portrait of John Brown," in the department of "Open Letters," in the present number.

LA BOHÉMIENNE (THE GYPSY).

[ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANS HALS IN THE LA CAZE COLLECTION IN THE LOUVRE.]

FRANS HALS.

If one of our younger American painters were asked to name those artists of bygone times whose influence is most potent in the studios to-day, he would surely cite Frans Hals among the very first. In Munich Hals has been of late the most dominant of artistic forces,—directly in his own work and indirectly in that of his pupil Adriaen Brouwer; in certain Parisian quarters his influence is almost as apparent; and many of our own young painters, who began in Paris or in Munich, have studied him later in his own land and have formed themselves largely by his example. It is neither to be wondered at nor to be regretted that such should be the case, since Hals was one of the very greatest painters who have ever lived. By this I do not mean one of the greatest *artists*. He shows no creative or poetic power, and only the kind of intellectual force which was needed to rank him high in the one branch he followed,—that of portraiture. But when we look at the technical side of his art, when we regard him simply as a practician, we must call him master above almost every other. "No man," says Fromentin, "ever *painted better*, and no man ever will."

Hals was held in the highest honor in his own time,—when, if ever, good painting was understood and prized,—but he was forgotten by the eighteenth century with its love for slight and superficial grace, and by the first quarter of our own with its delight in cold classicism of motive and colder formality of treatment. In the present day, however, when "realism" is the watchword and when devotion to clever and individual workmanship has become almost excessive, he has been re-discovered and eulogized afresh, put on a pedestal in the studios, and worshiped, with only Velasquez for his fellow, as "the painter's painter." Yet, with all his immense vogue among professionals and amateurs, his name and work are still not very familiar to the public—not even to the traveled public, which knows its galleries pretty well. This is partly because the public is not prepared to appreciate quite clearly the value of mere admirable workmanship, and partly because Hals must be seen at home to be understood, and his home lies a little off the highway of common travel. Comparatively few of his pictures are to be found out of the Netherlands, and these include none of his most important works and not many which show his technique in perfection. Really to know him, moreover, one must go not only to Holland but to Haarlem. Haarlem is Frans Hals as Parma was Correggio. But while Correggio has almost faded from the walls where he revealed himself, Hals is as living, as fresh, as powerful in his home to-day as when his models walked its streets.

Though born at Mechlin he belongs quite strictly to the Dutch school, for his parents were from Haarlem and he returned thither with them at an early age and seems to have painted there during the whole of his long life. It is interesting to note the strong and direct influence he is having on much of the current practice of our day, and then to trace how strong and direct was his influence while he lived. He was not only the greatest technician of the Dutch school, but the painter among all others who most forcibly impressed himself upon the development of that school. Some others—as Rembrandt, for example—gave rise to more slavish imitators; but not one so turned the current of the general practice of his time. Born in 1584 (twenty-three years before Rembrandt), it is doubtful with whom he studied. All we know is that he was the first to introduce into Holland the free, bold, synthetic way of working that Rubens had popularized among the Flemings. Not only portraiture, but landscape and *genre*, transformed themselves beneath his influence. Not only Vander Helst, but Brouwer and Ostade, owed everything to his teaching, and it is not too much to say that no Dutch painter came after him whose work would not have been different had Frans Hals never lived. Even of Rembrandt himself, this may strongly be affirmed.

The best of Hals's work is, as I have said, in Haarlem. Hanging together in the Academy are eight great canvases, each with many life-size figures—magnificent specimens of "Corporation" or "Regent Pieces," those huge portrait groups which are the finest and most distinctive creations of Dutch art. The earliest of them was painted when he was thirty-two years old, the last when he was eighty,—but two years before his death. And between these we find a progressive series, the finest examples dating from about his fiftieth year. It is impossible here to explain the technical perfection of these pictures, where he shows himself not so great an artist as Velasquez, but a painter whose workmanship is as transcendent, and who manages

at times, moreover, a wider and more difficult scale of color. Everything is fine and original,—color, tone, arrangement, character,—but it is the touch which is the really marvelous point,—swift, direct, spirited, broad and bold, yet faultlessly exact and sympathetic. No man's handling was ever more personal, more autographic, more wholly his own creation; and such individuality is, of course, a prime factor in great technical performance. No man's was ever franker. We can see how he worked—how he began and ended and laid every stroke—as clearly as though we had stood beside his elbow. No man ever wrought so daringly, so rapidly, so without pause, hesitation, addition or amendment,—yet so without a blemish. He is the most supremely audacious of painters; but we do not feel that his audacity was meant as such—only that he knew everything, and so had no reason to deliberate or fear. It is mere workmanship, of course, that I am praising. But workmanship is more than the half of art, and this of Hals's is so free, so true, so expressive, and so rarely individual, that it seems due to something like inspiration, and not to the study and reflection which guide the brush of others. No man, moreover, is less mannered in his style. His handling varies from ways which are merely free to those which are more boldly synthetic than any other painter ever used. His tone is now soft and gray, now golden and mellow, now dark and heavy. Now his models are resplendent in clear blue and yellow, and now a deep brown so pervades the canvas that scarce a local tint survives. He tried his hand, furthermore, on small canvases as well as large, still painting freely and vivaciously, of course, but with a wonderful adaptation of his style to narrow limits. There is, for example, a little picture some nine inches by seven in the Dresden gallery—the portrait of a saucy-looking cavalier in black velvet and white lace—which could not have been larger or freer had he swept a ten-foot canvas, yet in which the requirements of the scale are as artistically respected as they could have been by the most minute of workmen. And, though I have said that Frans Hals was not a *great* artist, I would explain that he is a true and a very good one. His grouping is admirably artistic, spirited, and harmonious. All his figures are alive and individual. His "Hospital Regents" are stately and dignified, his jolly "Archers" brimful of rollicking life; and when he paints for his own pleasure, his own portrait, or a fisherboy, or a musician, or a gypsy,—such a head as the one here reproduced,—he makes it so vivid with his own gay, laughter-loving impulses (drink-loving, too, if we must believe tradition), that it greets us from a gallery wall like an actual incarnation of his personal humor.

Unfortunately, as I have said, it is his less perfect works that are most familiar outside of Holland, a rather extreme example being the "Hille Bobbe," in our own Metropolitan Museum—a work where heavy browns replace the fine color and exquisite tone of his greater pictures, and where his execution is summary to a degree that just indicates the subject—that would be beyond the edge of license with any other hand. Hals's work, however, is always magnificent even when most rough-hewn, always truthful up to the given point, never "slap-dash," meaningless, or incoherent. But such a hand and face as are shown in the "Hille Bobbe" differ from hand and face in one of his finer portraits as a stenographer's notes differ from bold yet finished eloquence. Those who have an eye to read the language know what power of thought and vision lay behind it, what power of hand was necessary to its swift and true suggestiveness. But such work cannot reveal Frans Hals, the perfect painter, to eyes which have never seen his completer canvases.

The worship of such technicians as Hals and Velasquez has undoubtedly been of immense advantage to the rising generation of our artists. Perhaps it has sometimes induced a disregard, even a comparative contempt, for the other and more subtile artistic factors which must go with splendid workmanship to make up a splendid art. But while we look for these other qualities to follow, we recognize the fact that upon technical excellence all good art must be grounded. And as technical excellence was the one thing most disregarded in American work until very recent years, we are far from regretting the reverence with which Frans Hals has been studied, the fervor with which his teaching has been applied to practice. Yet we must lament a little that his highest efforts have not always been the ones consulted,—that his short-hand execution and his almost monochromatic brown tone have oftener served as text-books than the canvases where he shows himself a master of gray or golden tone and of lovely color; of perfect freedom, yet of perfect balance; of the utmost swiftness, yet the most accurate, complete, and expressive definition.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

FLOOD AND PLAGUE IN NEW ORLEANS.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," etc.

I.

INUNDATIONS.

THE people of New Orleans take pride in Canal street. It is to the modern town what the Place d'Armes was to the old. Here stretch out in long parade, in variety of height and color, the great retail stores, displaying their silken and fine linen and golden seductions; and the fair Creole and American girls, and the self-depreciating American mothers, and the majestic Creole matrons, all black lace and alabaster, swarm and hum and push in and out and flit here and there among the rich things and fine things, the novelties and the bargains. Its eighteen-feet sidewalks are roofed from edge to edge by verandas that on gala-days are stayed up with extra scantlings and yet seem ready to come splintering down under the crowd of parasoled ladies sloping upward on them from front to back in the fashion of the amphitheater. Its two distinct, granite-paved roadways are each forty feet wide, and the tree-bordered "neutral ground" between measures fifty-four feet across. It was "neutral" when it divided between the French quarter and the American at the time when their "municipality" governments were distinct from each other.

In Canal street, well-nigh all the street-car lines in town begin and end. The Grand Opera House is here; also, the Art Union. The club-houses glitter here. If Jackson Square has one bronze statue, Canal street has the only other. At the base of Henry Clay's pedestal, the people rally to hear the demagogues in days of political fever, and the tooth-paste orator in nights of financial hypertrophy. Here are the grand reviews. Here the resplendent Mystic Krewe marches by calcium lights on carnival nights up one roadway and down the other, and

> "Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
> That lightly rain from ladies' hands."

Here is the huge granite custom-house, that "never is but always to be" finished. Here is a row of stores monumental to the sweet memory of the benevolent old Portuguese Jew whom Newport, Rhode Island, as well as New Orleans, gratefully honors—Judah Touro. Here sit the flower *marchandes*, making bouquets of jasmines and roses, clove-pinks, violets, and lady-slippers. Here the Creole boys drink mead, and on the verandas above maidens and their valentines sip sherbets in the starlight. Here only, in New Orleans, the American "bar" puts on a partial disguise. Here is the way to West End and to Spanish Fort, little lakeside spots of a diminished Coney Island sort. The gay carriage-parties turn north-westward, scurrying away to the races. Yea, here the funeral train breaks into a trot toward the cemeteries of Metairie Ridge. Here is Christ's Church, with its canopied weddings. Here the ring-politician mounts perpetual guard. Here the gambler seeks whom he may induce to walk around into his parlor in the Rue Royale or St. Charles street. And here, in short, throng the members of the great New Orleans Creole-American house of Walker, Doolittle and Co.

One does not need to be the oldest resident to remember when this neutral ground in Canal street was still a place of tethered horses, roaming goats, and fluttering lines of drying shirts and petticoats. In those days an old mule used to drag his dejected way slowly round and round in an unchanging circle on the shabby grassed avenue, just behind the spot where the statue of Henry Clay was later erected by good Whigs in 1856. An aged and tattered negro was the mule's ringmaster, and an artesian well was the object of his revolution.

No effort deeply to probe the city's site had ever before been made, nor has there been any later attempt thus to draw up the prehistoric records of the Delta. The alluvial surface deposit is generally two or three feet thick, and rests on a substratum of uniform and tenacious blue clay. The well in Canal street found this clay fifteen feet deep. Below it lay four feet more of the same clay mixed with woody matter. Under this was a mixture of sand and clay ten feet thick, resembling the annual deposits of the river. Beneath this was found, one after another, continual, irregular alternations of these clay

strata, sometimes a foot, sometimes sixty feet thick, and layers of sand and shells and of mixtures of these with clay. Sometimes a stratum of quicksand was passed. At five hundred and eighty-two feet was encountered a layer of hard pan; but throughout no masses of rock were found, only a few water-worn pebbles and some contorted and perforated stones. No abundance of water flowed. Still, in the shabby, goat-haunted neutral ground above, gaped at by the neutral crowd, in the wide, blinding heat of midsummer, the long lever continued to creak round its tremulous circle. At length it stopped. At a depth of six hundred and thirty feet the well was abandoned—for vague reasons left to the custody of tradition; some say the mule died, some say the negro.

However, the work done was not without value. It must have emphasized the sanitary necessity for an elaborate artificial drainage of the city's site, and it served to contradict a very prevalent and solicitous outside belief that New Orleans was built on a thin crust of mud, which she might at any moment break through, when towers, spires, and all would ingloriously disappear. The continual alternations of tough clay and loose sand and shells in such variable thicknesses gave a clear illustration of the conditions of delta soil that favor the undermining of the Mississippi banks and their fall into the river at low stages of water, levees being often carried with them.

These cavings are not generally *crevasses*. A crevasse is commonly the result of the levee yielding to the pressure of the river's waters, heaped up against it often to the height of ten or fifteen feet above the level of the land. But the caving-in of old levees requires their replacement by new and higher ones on the lower land farther back, and a crevasse often occurs through the weakness of a new levee which is not yet solidified, or whose covering of tough Bermuda turf has not yet grown. The fact is widely familiar, too, that when a craw-fish has burrowed in a levee, the water of the river may squirt in and out of this little tunnel, till a section of the levee becomes saturated and softened, and sometimes slides shoreward bodily from its base, and lets in the flood,— roaring, leaping, and tumbling over the rich plantations and down into the swamp behind them, leveling, tearing up, drowning, destroying, and sweeping away as it goes.

New Orleans may be inundated either by a crevasse or by the rise of backwater on its northern side from lake Pontchartrain. Bayou St. John is but a prehistoric crevasse minus only the artificial levee. A long-prevailing south-east wind will obstruct the outflow of the lake's waters through the narrow passes by which they commonly reach the gulf of Mexico, and the rivers and old crevasses emptying into the lake from the north and east will be virtually poured into the streets of New Orleans. A violent storm blowing across Pontchartrain from the north produces the same result. At certain seasons, the shores of river, lake, and canals have to be patrolled day and night to guard the wide, shallow basin in which the city lies from the insidious encroachments of the waters that overhang it on every side.

It is difficult, in a faithful description, to avoid giving an exaggerated idea of these floods. Certainly, large portions of the city are inundated; miles of streets become canals. The waters rise into yards and gardens and then into rooms. Skiffs enter the poor man's parlor and bedroom to bring the morning's milk or to carry away to higher ground his goods and chattels. All manner of loose stuff floats about the streets; the house-cat sits on the gate-post; huge rats come swimming, in mute and loathsome despair, from that house to this one, and are pelted to death from the windows. Even snakes seek the same asylum. Those who have the choice avoid such districts, and the city has consequently lengthened out awkwardly along the higher grounds down, and especially up, the river shore.

But the town is not ingulfed; life is not endangered; trade goes on in its main districts mostly dry-shod, and the merchant goes and comes between his home and his counting-room as usual in the tinkling street-cars, merely catching glimpses of the water down the cross streets.

The humbler classes, on the other hand, suffer severely. Their gardens and poultry are destroyed, their houses and household goods are damaged; their working days are discounted. The rich and the authorities, having defaulted in the ounce of preventive, come forward with their ineffectual pound of cure; relief committees are formed and skiffs ply back and forth distributing bread to the thus doubly humbled and doubly damaged poor.

No considerable increase of sickness seems to follow these overflows. They cannot more completely drench so ill-drained a soil than would any long term of rainy weather; but it hardly need be said that neither condition is healthful under a southern sky.

In the beginning of the town's existence, the floods came almost yearly, and for a long time afterward they were frequent. The old moat and palisaded embankment around the Spanish town did not always keep them out.

There was a disastrous one in 1780, when the Creoles were strained to the utmost to bear the burdens of their daring young Governor Galvez's campaigns against the British. Another occurred in 1785, when Mirò was governor; another in 1791, the last year of his incumbency; another in 1799. All these came from river crevasses above the town. The last occurred near where Carrollton, now part of New Orleans, was afterward built. Another overflow, in 1813, came from a crevasse only a mile or two above this one.

Next followed the noted overflow of May, 1816. The same levee that had broken in 1799 was undermined by the current, which still strikes the bank at Carrollton with immense power; it gave way and the floods of the Mississippi poured through the break. On the fourth day afterward, the waters had made their way across sugar-fields and through swamps and into the rear of the little city, had covered the suburbs of Gravier, Trémé, and St. Jean with from three to five feet of their turbid, yellow flood, and were crawling up toward the front of the river-side suburbs—Montegut, La Course, Ste. Marie, and Marigny. In those days, the corner of Canal and Chartres streets was only some three hundred yards from the river shore. The flood came up to it. One could take a skiff at that point and row to Dauphine street, down Dauphine to Bienville, down Bienville to Burgundy, in Burgundy to St. Louis street, from St. Louis to Rampart, and so throughout the rear suburbs, now the Quadroon quarter.

The breach was stopped by sinking in it a three-masted vessel. The waters found vent through Bayous St. John and Bienveau to the lake; but it was twenty-five days before they were quite gone. This twelvemonth was the healthiest in a period of forty years.

In 1831, a storm blew the waters of Lake Pontchartrain up to within six hundred yards of the levee. The same thing occurred in October, 1837, when bankruptcy as well as back waters swamped the town. The same waters were driven almost as far in 1844 and again in 1846.

It would seem as if town pride alone would have seized a spade and thrown up a serviceable levee around the city. But town pride in New Orleans was only born about 1836, and was a puny child. Not one American in five looked on the place as his permanent home. As for those who did, the life they had received from their fathers had become modified. Some of them were a native generation. Creole contact had been felt. The same influences, too, of climate, landscape, and institutions, that had made the Creole unique was de-Saxonizing the American of the "Second Municipality," and giving special force to those two traits which everywhere characterized the slave-holder—improvidence, and that feudal self-completeness which looked with indolent contempt upon public coöperative measures.

The Creole's answer to suggestive inquiry concerning the prevention of overflows, it may easily be guessed, was a short, warm question: "How?" He thought one ought to tell him. He has ten good "cannots" to one small "can"—or once had; the proportion is better now, and so is the drainage; and still, heat, moisture, malaria, and provincial exile make a Creole of whoever settles down beside him.

In 1836, a municipal draining company was formed, and one draining wheel erected at Bayou St. John. In 1838, a natural drain behind the American quarter was broadened and deepened into the foul ditch known as Melpomene canal. And, in 1849, came the worst inundation the city has ever suffered.

II.

SAUVÉ'S CREVASSE.

On the 3d of May, 1849, the Mississippi was higher than it had been before in twenty-one years. Every here and there it was licking the levee's crown, swinging heavily around the upper end of its great bends, gliding in wide, enormous volume down upon the opposite bank below, heaving its vast weight and force against the earthen barrier, fretting, quaking, recoiling, boiling like a pot, and turning again and billowing away like a monstrous yellow serpent, crested with its long black line of drift-wood, to throw itself once more against the farther bank in its mad, blind search for outlet.

Everywhere, in such times, the anxious Creole planter may be seen, broad-hatted and swarthy, standing on his levee's top. All night the uneasy lantern of the patrol flits along the same line. Rills of seepage water wet the road—which in Louisiana always runs along against the levee's inner side—and here and there make miry places. "Cribs" are being built around weak spots. Sand-bags are held in readiness. The huge, ungainly cane-carts, with their high, broad-tired wheels and flaring blue bodies, each drawn by three sunburned mules abreast, come lumbering from the sugar-house yard with loads of *bagasse*, with which to give a fibrous hold to the hasty earth-works called for by the hour's emergency. Here at the most dangerous spot the muscular strength of the estate is grouped;

a saddled horse stands hitched to the roadside fence; the overseer is giving his short, emphatic orders in the negro French of the plantations, and the black man, glancing ever and anon upon him with his large brown eye, comes here and goes there, *li vini 'ci, li courri là.* Will they be able to make the levee stand? Nobody knows.

In 1849, some seventeen miles above New Orleans by the river's course, and on the same side of the stream, was Sauvé's plantation. From some cause, known or unknown, —sometimes the fact is not even suspected,— the levee along its river-front was weak. In the afternoon of the 3d of May, the great river suddenly burst through it, and, instantly defying all restraints, plunged down over the land, roaring, rolling, writhing, sprawling, whirling over pastures and cane-fields and rice-fields, through groves and negro quarters and sugar-houses, slipping through rose-hedged lanes and miles of fence, gliding through willow jungles and cypress forests, on and on, to smite in rear and flank the city that, seventeen miles away, lay peering alertly over its front breastworks. The people of the town were not, at first, concerned. They believed and assured each other the water would find its way across into Lake Pontchartrain without coming down upon them. The Americans exceeded the Creoles in absolute torpor. They threw up no line behind their municipality. Every day that passed saw the swamp filling more and more with yellow water; presently it crawled up into the suburbs, and when the twelfth day had gone by, Rampart street, the old town's rear boundary, was covered.

The Creoles, in their quarter, had strengthened the small levee of canal Carondelet on its lower side and shut off the advancing flood from the district beyond it; but Lafayette and the older American quarter were completely exposed. The water crept on daily for a fortnight longer. In the suburb Bouligny, afterward part of Jefferson or the Sixth District, it reached to Camp street. In Lafayette, it stopped within thirty yards of where these words are being written, and withdrawing toward the forest, ran along behind Bacchus (Baronne) street, sometimes touching Carondelet, till it reached Canal street, crossed that street between Royale and Bourbon, and thence stretched downward and backward to the Old Basin. "About two hundred and twenty inhabited squares were flooded, more than two thousand tenements surrounded by water, and a population of nearly twelve thousand souls driven from their homes or compelled to live an aquatic life of much privation and suffering."

In the meantime, hundreds of men, white and black, were constantly at the breach in the levee, trying to close it. Pickets, sandbags, *bagasse*, were all in vain. Seven hundred feet of piling were driven, but unskillfully placed; a ship's hull was filled with stone and sunk in the half-closed opening, but the torrent burrowed around it and swept away the works. Other unskilled efforts failed, and only on the third of June was professional scientific aid called in, and seventeen days afterward the crevasse was closed.

At length, the long submerged streets and sidewalks rose slimily out of the retreating waters, heavy rains fell opportunely and washed into the swamp the offensive deposits that had threatened a second distress, and the people set about repairing their disasters. The streets were in sad dilapidation. The Second Municipality alone levied, in the following year, four hundred thousand dollars to cover "actual expenditures on streets, wharves, and crevasses." The wharves were, most likely, in the main, new work. A levee was thrown up behind the municipality along the line of Claiborne street and up Felicity road to Carondelet street.

Still overflows came, and came, and overcame. A serious one occurred only two years ago.* At such times, the fortunate are nobly generous to the unfortunate; but the distress passes, the emotional impulses pass with it, and precautions for the future are omitted or soon fall into neglect. The inundation of 1880 simply overran the dilapidated top of a neglected levee on the town's lake side. The uneconomical habits of the old South still cling. Private burdens are but faintly recognized, and the next norther may swamp the little fortunes of the city's hard-working poor.

The hopeful in New Orleans look for an early day when a proper drainage system shall change all this,—a system which shall include underground sewerage and complete the levee, already partly made, which is to repeat on a greatly enlarged scale, above and below the city and along the lake shore behind it, the old wall and moat that once surrounded the Spanish town in Canal, Rampart, and Esplanade streets. The present system consists merely of a poor and partial surface drainage in open street-gutters, emptying into canals at whose further end the waters are lifted over the rear levees by an appliance of old Dutch paddle-wheel pumps run by steam. Even the sudden heavy showers that come with their singeing lightnings and ear-cracking peals of thunder, are enough, at present, to overflow the streets of the whole town,

* 1880.

often from sill to sill of opposite houses and stores, holding the life of a great city water-bound for hours, making strange arch-way and door-way groups of beggar and lady, clerk, fop, merchant, artisan, fruit-peddler, negro porter, priest, tattered girl, and every other sort of fine or pitiful human nature.

An adequate system, comprising a thorough under-drainage, would virtually raise the city's whole plain ten feet, and give a character of soil under foot incalculably valuable for the improvement it would effect in the health and energies of the people. Such a system is entirely feasible, is within the people's means, has been tested elsewhere, extensively and officially approved, and requires only the subscription of capital.

But we go astray. We have got out upon the hither side of those volcanoes of civil war and reconstruction which it were wiser to stop short of. Let us draw back once more for a last view of the "Crescent City's" earlier and calmer, though once tumultuous and all too tragic past.

III.

THE DAYS OF PESTILENCE.

THE New Orleans resident congratulates himself—and he does well—that he is not as other men are, in other great cities, as to breathing-room. The desperate fondness with which the Creole still clings to domestic isolation has passed into the sentiment of all types of the city's life; and as the way is always open for the town, with just a little river-sand filling, to spread farther and farther, there is no huddling in New Orleans, or only a very little here and there.

There is assurance of plenty not only as to space, but also as to time. Time may be money, but money is not everything, and so there never has been much crowding over one another's heads about business centers, never any living in sky-reaching strata. The lassitude which loads every warm, damp breeze that blows in across the all-surrounding marsh and swamp has always been against what an old New Orleans writer calls "knee-cracking stairways." Few houses lift their roofs to dizzy heights, and a third-story bedroom is not near enough to be coveted by many.

Shortly before the war—and the case is not materially changed in New Orleans to-day—the number of inmates to a dwelling was in the proportion of six and a half to one. In St. Louis, it was seven and three-quarters; in Cincinnati, it was more than eight; in Boston, nearly nine; and in New York, over thirteen and a half. The number of persons to the acre was a little more than forty-five. In Philadelphia, it was eighty; in Boston, it was eighty-two; in New York, it was one hundred and thirty-five.

The climate never would permit such swarming in New Orleans. Neither would the badly scavenged streets or the soil which, just beneath, reeks with all the foul liquids that human and brute life can produce in an unsewered city. It is fortunate that the average New Orleans dwelling is loosely thrown together, built against sun and rain, not wind and frost. This, with the ample spacings between houses and an open plain all round, insures circulation of air—an air that never blows extremes of hot or cold.

Once only the thermometer has been known to sink to sixteen degrees Fahrenheit. Only three times since 1819 has it risen to one hundred degrees, and never beyond. Whatever wind prevails comes tempered by the waters and wet lands over which it has blown. Its humidity, however, is against strong vitality, its diminished evaporating powers make it less cooling to man and beast in summer and more chilling in winter than drier winds at greater and lower temperatures would be, and it comes always more or less charged with that uncanny quality which Creoles, like all other North Americans, maintain to be never at home, but always next door—malaria.

The city does not tremble with ague; but malarial fevers stand high in the annual tables of mortality, almost all complaints are complicated by more or less malarial influence, and the reduction of vital force in the daily life of the whole population is such as few residents, except physicians, appreciate. Lately, however,—we linger in the present but a moment,—attention has turned to the fact that the old Creole life, on ground floors, in a damp, warm climate, over an undrained clay soil, has given more victims to malarial and tubercular diseases than yellow fever has claimed, and efforts to remove these conditions or offset their ill effects are giving a yearly improving public health.

What figures it would require truthfully to indicate the early insalubrity of New Orleans it would be hard to guess. Governor Perier, in 1726, and the Baron Carondelet, toward the close of the last century, stand alone as advocates for measures to reduce malarial and putrid fevers. As times wore on, partial surface drainage, some paving, some improvement in house-building, wiser domestic life, the gradual retreat of the dank forest and undergrowth, a better circulation of air, and some reduction of humidity, had their good effects. Drainage canals—narrow,

shallow, foul, ill-placed things—began to be added one by one. When a system of municipal cleansing came in, it was made as vicious as ingenuity could contrive it; or, let us say, as bad as in other American cities of the time.

Neither the Creole nor the American ever accept sepulture in the ground of Orleans Parish. Only the Hebrew, whose religious law will not take no for an answer, and the pauper, lie down in its undrained soil. The tombs stand above ground. They are now made of brick or stone only; but in earlier days wood entered into their construction, and they often fell into decay so early as to expose the bones of the dead. Every day the ground, which the dead shunned, became more and more poisonous, and the city spread out its homes of the living more and more over the poisoned ground. In 1830, the population of New Orleans was something over forty-six thousand; her life was busy, her commerce great, her precautions against nature's penalties for human herding about equal to nothing. She was fully ripe for the visitation that was in store.

In that year the Asiatic cholera passed around the shores of the Caspian Sea, entered European Russia, and moved slowly westward, preceded by terror and followed by mourning. In October, 1831, it was in England. In January, 1832, it swept through London. It passed into Scotland, into Ireland, France, Spain, Italy. It crossed the Atlantic and ravaged the cities of its western shore; and, on the 25th of October, it reached New Orleans.

An epidemic of yellow fever had been raging, and had not yet disappeared. Many of the people had fled from it. The population was reduced to about thirty-five thousand. How many victims the new pestilence carried off can never be known; but six thousand fell in twenty days. On some days five hundred persons died. For once, the rallying ground of the people was not the Place d'Armes. The cemeteries were too small. Trenches took the place of graves; the dead were hauled to them uncoffined in cart-loads and dumped in. Large numbers were carried by night to the river-side, weighted with stones from the ballast-piles abreast the idle shipping, and thrown into the Mississippi. The same mortality in New Orleans with its present population, would carry off, in three weeks, thirty-nine thousand victims. The New Basin was being dug by hand. Hundreds of Irish were standing here in water and mud and sun, throwing up the corrupted soil with their shovels, and the havoc among them, says tradition, was awful.

The history of the town shows that years of much summer digging have always been years of great mortality. In 1811, when Carondelet's old canal was cleaned out, seven per cent. of the people died. In 1817, when it was cleaned out again, seven per cent. again died. In 1822, when its cleaning out was again begun, eight and a half per cent. died. In 1833, when, the year after the great cholera fatality, the New Canal was dug to the lake, eight and a half per cent. again died. In 1837, when many draining trenches were dug, seven per cent. died. In 1847, there was much new ditching, Melpomene Canal was cleaned out, and over eight per cent. of the people died. The same work went on through '48 and '49, and seven and eight per cent. died. But never before or after 1832 did death recruit his pale armies by so frightful a conscription, in this plague-haunted town, as marked that year of double calamity, when, from a total population of but fifty-five thousand, present and absent, over eight thousand fell before their Asian and African destroyers.

IV.

THE GREAT EPIDEMIC.

THREE-QUARTERS of a century had passed over the little Franco-Spanish town, hidden under the Mississippi's downward-retreating bank in the edge of its delta swamp on Orleans island, before the sallow specter of yellow fever was distinctly recognized in her streets and in her darkened chambers.

That it had come and gone earlier, but unidentified, is altogether likely. In 1766 especially, the year in which Ulloa came with his handful of Havanese soldiers to take possession for Spain, there was an epidemic which at least resembled the great West Indian scourge. Under the commercial concessions that followed, the town expanded into a brisk port. Trade with the West Indies grew, and in 1796, the yellow fever was confronted and called by name.

From that date it appeared frequently if not yearly, and between that date and the present day twenty-four lighter and thirteen violent epidemics have marked its visitations. At their own horrid caprice they came and went. In 1821, a quarantine of some sort was established, and it was continued until 1825; but it did not keep out the plague, and it was then abandoned for more than thirty years. Between 1837 and 1843, fifty-five hundred deaths occurred from the fever. In the summer and fall of 1847, over twenty-eight hundred people perished by it. In the second half of 1848,

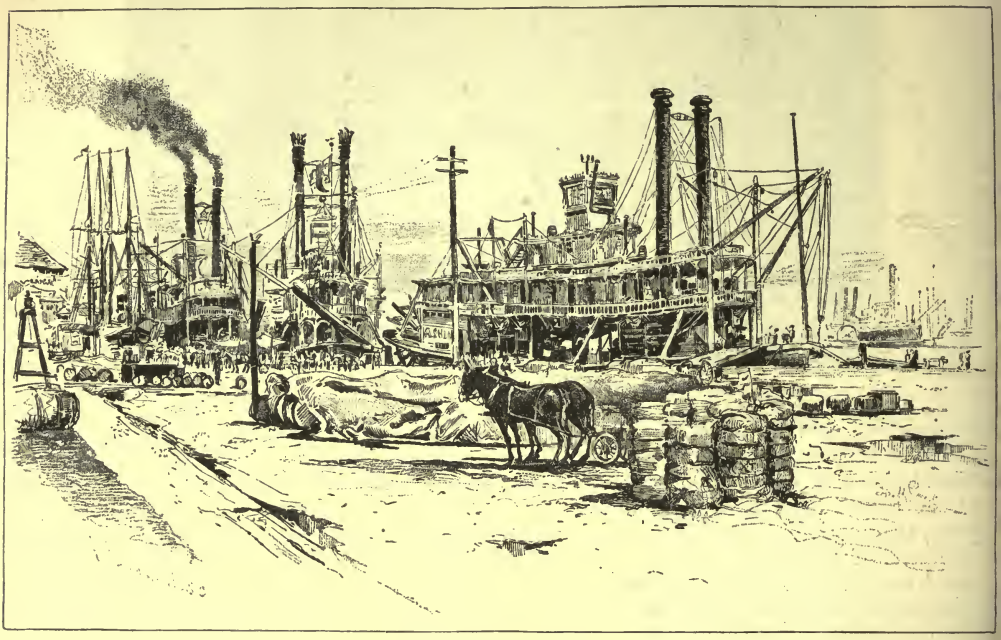
A CREVASSE. (STORY'S PLANTATION, 1882.)

eight hundred and seventy-two were its victims. It had barely disappeared when cholera entered again and carried off forty-one hundred. A month after its disappearance,—in August, 1849,—the fever returned; and when, at the end of November, it had destroyed seven hundred and forty-four persons, the cholera once more appeared; and by the end of 1850 had added eighteen hundred and fifty-one to the long rolls.

In the very midst of these visitations, it was the confident conviction and constant assertion of the average New Orleans citizen, Creole or American, on his levee, in the St. Charles rotunda, at his counting-room desk, in the columns of his newspaper, and in his family circle, that his town was one of the healthiest in the world. The fatality of the epidemics was principally among the unacclimated. He was not insensible to their sufferings, he was famous for his care of the sick; the town was dotted with orphan asylums. But in this far-away corner crucial comparisons escaped him. The Creole did not readily take the fever, and, taking it, commonly recovered. He had, and largely retains still, an absurd belief in his entire immunity from attack. When he has it, it is

A FULL RIVER. (LOWER FRONT CORNER OF THE OLD TOWN.)

something else. As for strangers,—he threw up his palms and eyebrows,—nobody asked them to come to New Orleans. The mind of the American turned only to commerce; and the commercial value of a well-authenticated meet this libel with facts." But he gave no figures. In January, 1851, the mayor officially pronounced the city "perfectly healthy during the past year," etc., omitting to say that the mortality had been three times as high as



THE "PICAYUNE TIER."

low death-rate he totally overlooked. Every summer might bring plague—granted; but winter brought trade, wealth. It thundered and tumbled through the streets like a surf. The part of a good citizen seemed to be to shut his eyes tightly and drown comment and debate with loud assertions of the town's salubrity.

It was in these days that a certain taste for books showed itself, patronized and dominated by commerce. De Bow's excellent monthly issue, the "Commercial Review of the South and West," was circulating its invaluable statistics and its pro-Southern deductions in social and political science. Judah P. Benjamin wrote about sugar; so did Valcour-Aimé; Riddell treated of Mississippi river deposits, etc.; Maunsell White gave reminiscences of flat-boat navigation; Chief-Justice Martin wrote on contract of sale; E. J. Forstall on Louisiana history in French archives; and a great many "ladies" and "gentlemen," "of New Orleans" and elsewhere, upon the absorbing topic of slavery, to while away the time, as it were. "New Orleans, disguise the fact as we may," wrote De Bow in 1846, "has had abroad the reputation of being a great charnel-house. * * * We a moderate death-rate would have been. A few medical men alone,—Barton, Symonds, Fenner, Axson,—had begun to drag from oblivion the city's vital statistics and to publish facts that should have alarmed any community. But the blind are not frightened with ghosts. Barton showed that the mortality of 1849, *over and above* the deaths by cholera, had been about twice the common average of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Charleston. What then? Nothing. He urged under-ground sewerage in vain. Quarantine was proposed; commerce frowned. A plan was offered for daily flushing the city's innumerable open street-gutters; it was rejected. The vice of burying in tombs above ground in the heart of town was shown; but the burials went on.

As the year 1853 drew near, a climax of evil conditions seemed to be approached. The city became more dreadfully unclean than before. The scavenging was being tried on a contract system, and the "foul and nauseous steams" from gutters, alleys, and dark nooks became intolerable. In the merchants' interest Carondelet basin and canal were being once more dug out; the New Canal was being widened; gas and water

mains were being extended; in the Fourth District, Jackson street and St. Charles avenue were being excavated for the road-beds of their railways. In the Third District, many small draining trenches were being dug. On the 12th of March, the ship *Augusta* sailed from Bremen for New Orleans with upward of two hundred emigrants. Thirteen days afterward the *Northampton* left Liverpool, bound in the same direction, with between three or four hundred Irish. She had sickness on board during the voyage, and some deaths. The *Augusta* had none. While these were on their way, the bark *Siri*, in the port of Rio de Janeiro, lost her captain and several of her crew by yellow fever, and afterward sailed for New Orleans. The ship *Camboden Castle* cleared from Kingston, Jamaica, for the same port, leaving seven of her crew dead of the fever. On the 9th of May, the *Northampton* and the *Siri* arrived in the Mississippi. The *Northampton* was towed to the city alone, and on the 10th was moored at a wharf in the Fourth District, at the head of Josephine street. The *Siri* was towed up in company with another vessel, the *Saxon*. She was dropped at a wharf in the First District. The *Saxon* moved on and rested some distance away, at a wharf opposite the water-works reservoir, in front of Market street. The *Northampton* was found to be very foul. Hands sent aboard to unload and clean her left on the next day, believing they had detected "black vomit" in her hospital. One of them fell sick of yellow fever three days after, but recovered. A second force was employed; several became ill. This was on the 17th. On the same day, the *Augusta* and the *Camboden Castle* entered the harbor in the same tow. The *Camboden Castle* was moored alongside the *Saxon*. At the next wharf, two or three hundred feet below, lay abreast the *Niagara* and the *Harvest Queen*. The *Augusta* passed on up and cast off her tow-lines only when she was moored close to the *Northampton*. The emigrants went ashore. Five thousand landed in New Orleans that year. Here, then, was every condition necessary to the outbreak of a pestilence, whether indigenous, imported, or both.

On the same day that the fever broke out on the *Northampton* it appeared also on the *Augusta*. About the same time it appeared in one or two distant parts of the city without discernible connection with the shipping. On the 29th, it appeared on the *Harvest Queen*, and, five days later, on the *Saxon*. The *Niagara* had put to sea; but, on the 8th, the fever broke out on her and carried off the captain and a number of the crew. Two fatal cases in the town the attending physician reported under a disguised term, "not wishing to create alarm." Such was the inside, hidden history of the Great Epidemic's beginning.

A CEMETERY WALK. (TOMBS AND "OVENS.")

On the 27th of May, one of the emigrants from the *Northampton* was brought to the charity hospital. He had been four days ill, and he died the next day, of yellow fever. The Board of Health made official report of the case; but the daily papers omitted to publish it. Other reports followed in June; they were shunned in the same way, and the great city, with its one hundred and fifty-four thousand people, one in every ten of whom was to die that year, remained in slumberous ignorance of the truth. It was one of the fashions. On the 2d of July, twenty-five deaths from yellow fever were reported for the closing week. Many "fever centers" had been developed. Three or four of them pointed, for their origin, straight back to the *Northampton;* one to the *Augusta*, and one to the *Saxon*.

A season of frequent heavy rains, alternating with hot suns and calms—the worst of conditions—set in. At the end of the next week, fifty-nine deaths were reported. There had been not less, certainly, than three hundred cases, and the newspapers slowly and one by one began to admit the presence of danger. But the truth was already guessed, and alarm and dismay lurked everywhere. Not in every breast, however; there were still those who looked around with rather impatient surprise, and—often in Creole accent,

THE OLD BURIAL CHURCH.

and often not—begged to be told what was the matter. The deaths around them, they insisted, in print, were at that moment "fewer in number than in any other city of similar population in the Union."

Indeed, the fever was still prowling distantly in those regions most shunned by decent feet and clean robes; about Rousseau street, and the like, along the Fourth District river-front, where the forlorner German immigrants boarded in damp and miry squalor; in the places where such little crowded living as there was in the town was gathered; Lynch's row and other blocks and courts in the filthy Irish quarters of St. Thomas and Tchoupitoulas streets; and the foul, dark dens about the French market and the Mint, in the old French quarter; among the Gascon *vacheries* and *boucheries*, of repulsive uncleanness, on the upper and rear borders of the Fourth District; and around Gormley's basin—a small artificial harbor at the intersection of Dryades walk and Felicity road, for the wood-cutters and shingle-makers of the swamp, and "a pestilential muck-and-mire pool of dead animals and filth of every kind."

But suddenly the contagion leaped into the midst of the people. In the single week ending July 16th, two hundred and four persons were carried to the cemeteries. A panic seized the town. Everywhere porters were tossing trunks into wagons, carriages rattling over the stones and whirling out across the broad white levee to the steam-boats' sides. Foot-passengers were hurrying along the sidewalk, luggage and children in hand, and out of breath, many a one with the plague already in his pulse. The fleeing crowd was numbered by thousands.

During the following week, the charity hospital alone received from sixty to one hundred patients a day. Its floors were covered with the sick. From the 16th to the 23d, the deaths averaged sixty-one a day. Presently, the average ran up to seventy-nine. The rains continued, with much lightning and thunder. The weather became tropical; the sun was scorching hot and the shade chilly. The streets became heavy with mud, the air stifling with bad odors, and the whole town a perfect Constantinople for foulness.

August came on. The week ending the 6th showed one hundred and eighty-seven deaths from *other* diseases, an enormous death-rate, to which the fever added nine hundred and forty-seven victims. For a week, the deaths in the charity hospital—where the poor immigrants lay—had been one every half hour.

The next day two hundred and twenty-eight persons died. The pestilence had attacked the Creoles and the blacks. In every direction were confusion, fright, flight, calls for aid, the good "Howards" hurrying from door to door, widows and orphans weeping, till the city was, as an eye-witness says, a "theater of horrors."

"Alas," cries one of the city journals, "we have not even grave-diggers!" Five dollars an hour failed to hire enough of them. Some of the dead went to the tomb still, with pomp and martial honors; but the city scavengers, too, with their carts, went knocking from house to house asking if there were any to be buried. Long rows of coffins were laid in furrows scarce two feet deep, and hurriedly covered with a few shovelfuls of earth, which the daily rains washed away, and the whole mass was left, "filling the air far and near

with the most intolerable pestilential odors." Around the grave-yards funeral trains jostled each other and quarreled for place, in an air reeking with the effluvia of the earlier dead. Many "fell to work and buried their own dead." Many sick died in carriages and carts. Many were found dead in their beds, in stores, in the streets. Vice and crime broke out fiercely; the police were never so busy. Heroism, too, was seen on every hand. Hundreds toiled for the comfort of sick and dying, and hundreds fell victims to their own noble self-abnegation. Forty-five distant cities and towns sent relief.

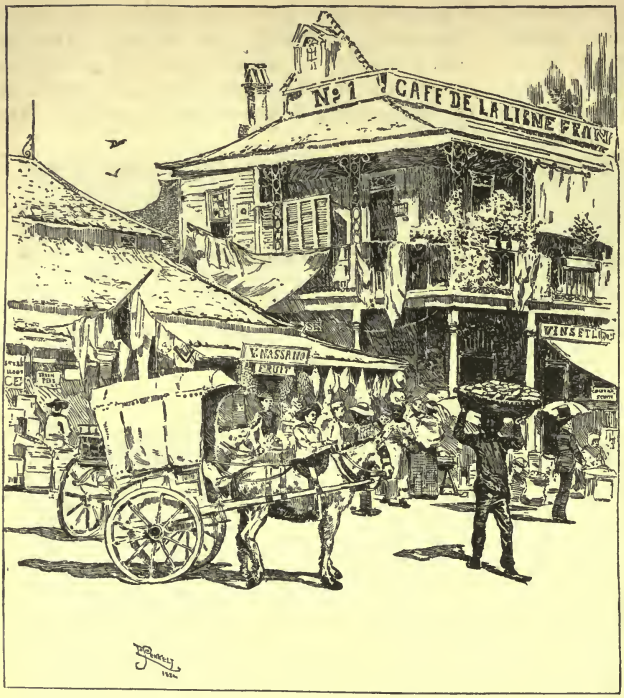
AMONG THE MARKETS.

On one day, the 11th of August, two hundred and three persons died of the fever. In the week ending two days later, the total deaths were fourteen hundred and ninety-four. Rain fell every day for two months. Streets became so bad that hearses could scarcely reach the cemeteries. On the 20th, the week's mortality was fifteen hundred and thirty-four.

Despair now seemed the only reasonable frame of mind. In the sky above, every new day brought the same merciless conditions of atmosphere. The earth below bubbled with poisonous gases. Those who would still have fled the scene saw no escape. To leave by ship was to court the overtaking stroke of the plague beyond the reach of medical aid, and probably to find a grave in the sea; while to escape to inland towns was to throw one's self into the arms of the pestilence, carried there by earlier fugitives. The numbers of the dead give but an imperfect idea of the wide-spread suffering and anguish. The disease is repulsive and treacherous, and requires the most unremitting and laborious attention. Its fatal ending is inexpressibly terrible, often attended with raving madness. Among the Creoles of the old French quarter, a smaller proportion than one in each eleven suffered attack. But in the Fourth District, where the unacclimated were most numerous, there were whole wards where more than half the population had to take their chances of life and death from the dreadful contagion. In the little town of Algiers, just opposite the city, a thirty-sixth of all its people died in one week.

On the 22d day of August, the climax was at last reached. Death struck that day, from midnight to midnight, a fresh victim every five minutes, and two hundred and eighty-three deaths summed up an official record that was confessedly incomplete. The next day, there were twenty-five less. The next, thirty-six less than this. Each day was better than the preceding. The crisis had passed. Hope rose into rejoicing. The 1st of September showed but one hundred and nineteen deaths, and the 10th but eighty. North winds and cool, dry weather set in. On the 20th, there were but forty-nine deaths; on the 30th, only sixteen. In some of the inland towns it was still raging, and so continued until the middle of October.

In the cemeteries of New Orleans, between the 1st of June and the 1st of October, nearly



BEHIND THE FRENCH MARKET.

eleven thousand persons were buried. To these must be added the many buried without certificate, the hundreds who perished in their flight, and the multitudes who fell in the towns to which the pestilence was carried. It lingered through autumn, and disappeared only in December. During the year 1853 nearly thirty thousand residents of New Orleans were ill of the yellow fever, and there died, from all causes, nearly sixteen thousand.

In the next two summers, 1854 and '55, the fever returned and destroyed more than five thousand persons. Cholera added seventeen hundred and fifty. The two years' death-rates were seventy-two and seventy-three per thousand. That of 1853 was one hundred and eleven. In three years, thirty-seven thousand people had died, and wherever, by ordinary rate of mortality, there should have been one grave or sepulchre, there were four. One can but draw a sigh of relief in the assurance that this is a history of the past, not the present, and that new conditions have made it next to impossible that it should ever be repeated in the future.

V.

BRIGHTER SKIES.

"Out of this nettle, danger," says the great bard, "we pluck this flower, safety." The dreadful scourge of 1853 roused the people of New Orleans, for the first time, to the necessity of knowing the proven truth concerning themselves and the city in which they dwelt.

In the midst of the epidemic, the city council had adjourned, and a number of its members had fled. But, in response to popular demand, a board of health had appointed the foremost advocates of quarantine and municipal cleansing a commission to study and report the melancholy lessons of the plague. It labored arduously for many months. At its head was that mayor of New Orleans, Crossman by name, whose fame for wise and protracted rule is still a pleasant tradition of the city, and whose characteristic phrase — "a great deal to be said on both sides" — remains the most frequent quotation on the lips of the common people to-day. Doctors Barton, Axson, McNeil, Symonds, and Riddell, — men at the head of the medical profession, — completed the body. They were bold and faithful, and they effected a revolution.

The thinking and unbiased few, who in all communities must first receive and fructify the germ of truth, were convinced. The technical question of the fever's contagiousness remained unsettled; but its transportability was fearfully proven in a multitude of interior towns, and its alacrity in seeking foul quarters and its malignancy there were plainly shown by its history in the city. The commission pronounced in favor of quarantine, and it was permanently established, and has ever since become, annually, more and more effective. They earnestly recommended, also, the purging of the city, and keeping it purged, by proper drainage and sewerage, of all those foul conditions that were daily poisoning its earth and air. The response to this was extremely feeble.

It would seem as if the commercial value both of quarantine and cleanliness might have been seen by the merchant, since the aggregate value of exports, imports, and domestic receipts fell off twenty-two and a half millions, and did not entirely recover for three years. But it was not. The merchants, both Creole and American, saw only the momentary inconveniences and losses of quarantine and its defective beginnings; the daily press, in bondage to the merchant

through its advertising columns, carped and caviled in two languages at the innovation and expanded on the filthiness of other cities, while the general public thought what they read.

Yet, in the face of all set-backs, the city that once was almost annually scourged, has, in the twenty-seven years since the great epidemic, which virtually lasted till 1855, suffered but one mild and three severe epidemics. In 1878, occurred the last of these, and the only severe one in fourteen years. Its fatality was but little over half as great as that of the Great Epidemic. In the five years ending with 1855, the average annual mortality had been seventy. In the next five, it fell to forty-five. In the five of the war period, it was forty. In the next, it was thirty-nine; in the next, it sank to thirty-four and a half, and in that which closed in 1880, notwithstanding the terrible epidemic of 1878, the rate was but thirty-three and a half. The mortality of 1879 was under twenty-four, and that of 1880, under twenty-five per thousand.

The events of 1878 are fresh in the public mind. In New Orleans they overwhelmed the people at large with the convictions which 1853 had impressed upon the more thoughtful few. To the merchant, "shot-gun quarantines" throughout the southern Mississippi valley explained themselves. The commercial necessity of quarantine and sanitation was established without a single scientific light, and measures were taken in hand for perfecting both — measures which are growing and bearing fruit day by day, which have already reduced the insalubrity of New Orleans to a point where it may be compared with that of other great cities, and which promise before long to make the city, really and emphatically, the home of health, comfort, and safety.

In the study of his expanded city, we have wandered from the contemplation of the Creole himself. It remains to be said that, unquestionably, as his town has expanded and improved, so has he. As the improvements of the age draw the great world nearer and nearer to him, he becomes more and more open to cosmopolitan feeling. The hostility to Americans, as such, is little felt. The French tongue is falling into comparative disuse, even in the family circle. The local boundaries are overstepped. He lives above Canal street now without feeling exiled. The social circles blend into each other. Sometimes, with the old Gallic intrepidity of conviction, he moves ahead of the American in progressive thought.

In these matters of sanitary reform, he has his share — or part of it. The old feeling of castellated immunity in his own high-fenced home often resents, in sentiment at least, official house-to-house inspection and the disturbance of a state of affairs under which his father and grandfather reached a good old age and left no end of children. Yet the movement in general has his assent; sometimes his coöperation; sometimes his subscription; and his doctors take part in debates and experiments. He is in favor of all this healthful flushing; this deepening and curbing of canals; this gratuitous and universal distribution of copperas, etc. Against one feature only he wages open war. He laughs; but he is in earnest: copperas, he tolerates; lime, the same; all odorless disinfectants, indeed; but carbolic acid — no! In Gallic fierceness, he hurls a nickname at it — "*acide diabolique*." When he smells it, he loads his gun and points it through his shutters. You shall never sprinkle him with that stuff — never!

A NOCTURNE OF RUBINSTEIN.

I.

WHAT now remains, what now remains but night?
Night hopeless, since the moon is in her grave!

Late came a glorious light,
In one wide flood on spire and field and wave.
It found a flowing way
To secret places where the dead leaves lay;
It won the half-hid stream
To shy remembrance of her morning gleam;
Then on the sky's sharp shore
Rolled back, a fading tide, and was no more.
No more on spire and ivied window bright!
No more on field and wave!

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night hopeless, since the moon is in her grave!

II.

Dumb waits the dim, broad land,
Like one who hears, yet cannot understand,
Tidings of grief to come.
The woods and waters, with the winds, are dumb.
But now a breeze has found
Sorrowful voice, and sobs along the ground:
"Oh the lost light, the last, the best lost light!
No more on field and wave!"

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night hopeless, since the moon is in her grave!

III.

Hark, how the wind outswells,
Tempting the wood's dark heart till he rebels,
And, shaking his black hair,
Lifts up a cry of passion and despair!
The groaning branches chafe
Till scarce the small, hushed singing-birds are safe,
Tossed rocking in the nest,
Like gentle memories in a stormy breast.
A shudder, as good angels passed in flight,
Thrills over field and wave!

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night lawless, while the moon is in her grave!

IV.

There falls a mighty hush:
And forth from far recesses fern-scents rush,
Faint as a waft from years
Long past; they touch in heaven the springs of tears.
In great drops, slow and warm,
Breaks all at once the spirit of the storm.

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night grieving, while the moon is in her grave!

V.

Behold! the rain is over: on the wave
A new, a flashing light!
Lo, she arises calm,
The pale, the patient moon, and pours like balm
Through the wet wood's wrecked aisle
Her own unutterably tender smile!

There is no calm like that when storm is done;
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release;
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
No peace so deep as that by struggle won.

Naught now remains, naught now remains but night——
Night peaceful, with the moon on field and wave!

Helen Gray Cone.

[Begun in the February Number.]

A WOMAN'S REASON.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

XII.

It has been intimated that Helen entered upon her new life at Mrs. Hewitt's with social preoccupations in her own favor, which she was by no means prepared to surrender; and she did not think of yielding them, even in the abjectest moments of her failure and humiliation. In the interval of idleness that followed, she was again purely and simply a young lady, not attached by any sort of sympathy to the little boarding-house world, though she had always meant to treat it with consideration. But it is simply impossible that one who has been bred to be of no use should not feel an advantage over all those who have been bred to be of some use; and, if for no other reason, Helen must have confessed, wittingly and unwittingly, by a thousand little recoils and reserves, that her fellow-boarders and herself could never meet on a level. It was perfectly easy, however, to keep aloof. After the first necessary civilities with the Evanses, she only met them on the stairs or at the table, where the talk was mainly between Mr. Evans and Miss Root, the art-student. It appeared from the casual confidences of the landlady that Miss Root was studying to be a painter, and that some of her work was beautiful. Mrs. Hewitt owned that she was no judge of painting, but she said that she knew what she liked. She told Helen also that Mr. Evans was one of the editors of "Saturday Afternoon," a paper which she praised because she said it gave you the news about everybody, and kept you posted, so that you could tell just where they were and what they were doing, all the while; she believed that Mr. Evans was not connected with this admirable part of the paper; he wrote mostly about the theaters and the new books.

Helen was amused by some of his talk at the table; but she was not at all sure about the Evanses. She could not tell exactly why; one never can tell exactly why, especially if one is a lady. Mrs. Evans seemed well enough educated and well enough dressed; she had been abroad the usual term of years; she neither unduly sought nor repelled acquaintance; but, from the first, Helen was painfully aware of not having heard of her; and one is equally uncertain of people of whom one has heard nothing or heard too much. As soon as she learned what Mr. Evans's business was, she understood, of course, that they could never have been people that people knew; and, "Were they not a little Bohemian?" she asked, rather tepidly, one day, when an old friend of hers, whom she happened to meet, broke into effusive praise of them, on hearing that Helen was in the same house with them.

"My dear!" said Miss Kingsbury, summing up in a word the worst that a New England woman can say of a man, "he is *easy-going!* But he is *very* kind; and *she* is the salt of the earth."

"And some of the pepper?" suggested Helen.

"A little of the pepper, without doubt. But not a grain more than is good for him. He would be *nothing* without her," she added, in the superstition ladies love to cherish concerning the real headship of the family. "She makes up all her own things, and teaches that boy herself. And you have another person there who is really a character — Miss Root. If you see any of her work, you'll see that she is an *artist;* but you'll have to see a great deal of her before you find out that she's the best soul in the world. With her little time, and her little money, she does more *good!* She's *practical*, and she knows just how to help people that want to help themselves; poor girls, you know, trying to learn things, and get into occupations. And *so* rectangular she is!"

Miss Kingsbury ran off, professing an instant and pressing duty. "I'm coming to see you very soon. Good-bye, Helen, dear! You know how I feel for you," she added, tenderly.

Many other people, returning to town, looked Helen up, and left cards, and messages of friendly interest. She did not see any one that she could help seeing; she was doubly exiled, by her bereavement and her poverty, from the gay and prosperous world they belonged to; she knew that they were kind and meant well; but she knew that henceforward she could have few interests in

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common with them. She was happiest when she was quite alone with her sorrow and with her love, which seemed to have sprung from it and to be hallowed by it. Their transmutation gave her memories and her hopes a common sweetness, which was sometimes very strange; it seemed as if Robert were present with her when she thought of her father, and that her father came to share all her thoughts of Robert.

Her old life had otherwise almost wholly dropped away from her, and after her return from Beverly, Margaret came often to see her; but the visits were a trial to Helen, and perhaps Margaret saw this, for she came at longer and longer intervals, and at last came no more. Helen supposed that she had taken a place, but waited patiently till she should re-appear.

She spent a great part of each day in writing to Robert and thinking about him, and trying to contrive their common future, and she made over all her bonnets and dresses. She saved a good deal of money by not buying anything new for the winter, and after her benefaction to Mrs. Sullivan she found that, even with these economies, she had no money for spring dresses. But that mattered very little; she had not cared, after she first put on black, to mark the degrees of mourning punctiliously; she had always dressed quietly, and now she could wear what she wore last year without treason to her grief. The trouble was that she would soon need money for other things, before any interest would be due from the money in Mr. Hibbard's hands, and she spent several days in trying to put into dignified and self-respectful terms the demand she must make upon him for part of her capital. She felt rather silly about it, and the longing to do something to earn a little money for herself revived. At the bottom of her heart was the expectation, always disowned and silenced, that Robert would somehow soon return; she had told Mrs. Butler that she knew he would come back as soon as he got her letter; but after the first keen pang of disappointment and surprise with which she realized that he could not at once ask leave of absence, or resign without a sort of ignominy, she heroically accepted the fact of a prolonged separation. She had caused it, she said to herself, and she must bear it; she must do everything she could to help him bear it. She idealized him in his devotion to duty, and worshiped him as if he had been the first man to practice it. She was more than ever determined not to be a burden to him in any way; she determined to be a help to him, and she had planned a pretty scene in which she brought out a little hoard of earnings, in addition to her five thousand dollars, and put them into Robert's hand the day after their marriage. It would be doubly sweet to toil for Robert; in the meantime, it was sweet to dream for him; and she had not yet decided how the sum she intended to bestow upon him was to be earned, when she found herself obliged to borrow of the future rather than to lend to it. But she resolved all the more severely to replace with interest what she borrowed; she would not leave a stone unturned; and she forced herself, in going to Mr. Hibbard's office, to pass the store where she had left her painted vases on sale six months before. She said to herself that they would be all in the window still; but when she dared to lift her eyes to it there were none. Then she said that they must have been taken out, and stuck away in some corner as too hopelessly ugly and unsalable.

The proprietor of the store came forward with a smile of recognition and of something more. "This is really a concidence," he said. "We have just sold your vases, and I was beginning to wonder where I should send you the money; I find there is no address on the card you gave me."

He filliped her card with one hand against the other, and looked at her with friendly pleasure, while she stayed herself against a show-case with a faintness which he could not see.

"Sold them!" she whispered.

"Yes, all three. Mr. Trufitt was looking at them yesterday, and asked me who did them. This morning, he called and took them."

"How dared he!" cried Helen, in a tumult of indignation, none the less appalling because wholly unintelligible to the person of whom she made the demand. At the mere name of Trufitt a series of odious facts had flashed without sequence into her thought: his obtuse persistence in love; his baldness; his stinginess; the fit of his pantaloons; his spiritual aridity, and his physical knobbiness. She hardly knew for which of his qualities she disliked him the most; but she recognized with perhaps superior disdain, that, after learning that the vases were her work, he had turned over for a whole day in his frugal mind the question of buying them. After presuming to think of owning her vases, he had also presumed to hesitate! It was intolerable.

"What right ——" she began on the innocent means of the offence, but corrected herself so far as to ask instead, "*Why* did you tell him who did them?"

"Really," said her victim, with just pique, "I saw no reason why I shouldn't. You gave me no charges on that point, and I gave the matter no reflection. I seized the first

chance that offered to sell them for you." He looked hurt and vexed; perhaps he had made his little romance about serving this very pretty young lady in her trouble and need.

Helen would not consider his kindness; in her own vexation, she continued to treat him *de haut en bas*. "I can't allow him to keep my vases," she said. "You must send for them."

"The vases were on sale," returned the proprietor, "and I sold them in good faith. I can't ask them back."

"*I* will ask them back," said Helen, grandly. "Good-morning." When she put her hand on the bell-pull at Mrs. Hewitt's, she remembered that the shop-man had not given her the money for her vases, and that she had again left him without her address. This was some satisfaction, but it was not enough; she would not rest till she had her vases back again, and had broken them into a thousand pieces.

But she found that the first thing she must do was to write to the people who had sold them, and apologize for the strange return she had made for the interest they had taken in her, recognizing the justice of their position and the absurdity of her own. It was not an easy note to write, but she contrived it at last, and that gave her courage to think how she should get her vases back from Mr. Trufitt, who had bought them, and had certainly a right to keep them. She knew why he had bought them, and this enraged her, but it did not help her; she felt that it would be putting herself in an asking attitude, however imperiously she demanded them again. If he yielded, it would be in grace to her; and he might refuse—very likely he would refuse. She had not decided in her own mind what she should do in this event, when she received a reply from Messrs. Pout & Lumley, inclosing Mr. Trufitt's money for her vases, less their commission. Messrs. Pout & Lumley regretted that their Mr. Lumley had not clearly understood Miss Harkness's wishes in regard to the vases she had left with them; but finding themselves unable to ask their return from the gentleman who purchased them, they had no course open to them but to send her the money for them.

Helen saw that she must have written her address at the top of her letter of apology, and that she must have seemed to them to have repented of her magnificent behavior on another ground, and to have tacitly asked for the money.

She broke into a laugh at the hopeless complication.

"Really," she mused, "I don't know whether I'd better be put into the Home for Little Wanderers or into the Insane Hospital;" and for the present there seemed no safety but in entire inaction. She was so much abashed at the result of her yesterday's work, that she remained with Messrs. Pout & Lumley's letter in her hand, wondering when she should have courage to go out again and renew her attempt to see Mr. Hibbard. At first, she thought she would write to him; but there seemed something fatal about her writing to people on business, and she hesitated. It was impossible to use this money of Mr. Trufitt's; she was quite clear as to that; and, with various little expenses, her money had dwindled to less than three dollars since her interview with Mrs. Sullivan. She let the morning slip away in her irresolution, and then she decided to put the whole affair off till the next day. She felt a comfort in the decision, merely as a decision, and she began to enjoy something like the peace of mind which moral strength brings. Perhaps the weather had something to do with her willingness to postpone any duty that must take her out of doors; it was a day that would scarcely have invited her to an errand of pleasure. For almost a week the weather had been relenting; and the warmth of yesterday had brought a tinge of life to the bare slopes of the Common, where for three months past the monumental dumpings of the icy streets had dismally accumulated; and along the base of these heaps a thin adventurous verdure showed itself, like that hardy vegetation which skirts the snow-line on the Alps. As Helen had walked across the planking on her way to Mr. Hibbard's office, she had heard a bluebird in the blue soft air high through the naked boughs of the elms, making querulous inquiry for the spring; and there had seemed a vernal respite even in the exasperation of the English sparrows. The frozen year, in fact, was awaking to consciousness, with secret pangs of resuscitation that now declared themselves in an easterly storm of peculiar spitefulness, driving against the umbrellas which Helen saw ascending the narrow hill-side street in gusts that were filled from moment to moment with sleet and rain and snow.

In the little grate in her room the anthracite had thrown off its first gaseous malice, and now lay a core of brownish-red under a soft, lurid blur of flame; and she stood before it thinking to herself that, rather than go out in that weather, she would spend some of Mr. Trufitt's money, as she called it, and smiling faintly at the demoralization which had succeeded her heroics, when some one rapped at her door. She turned away from the fire, where she had stood smoothing the front of her dress in the warmth, with a

dreamy eye on the storm outside, and opened the door rather resentfully. Mrs. Hewitt was there with a card in her hand, which she had apparently preferred to bring in person, rather than send up by the general house-work girl. Before she gave Helen the card, she said, with a studied indifference of manner that might well have invited confidence:

"I heard him askin' for you, and I showed him into the parlor on the second floor, till I could find out whether you wanted to see company."

Mrs. Hewitt made her own inferences from the flush and then the pallor with which Helen received the card; and while Helen stood staring at it, she added suggestively, "Seemed to have some kind of a passel, or, something 't he brought with him in the carriage."

"Oh!" said Helen, as if this idle detail had clinched the matter, "then, will you tell him, please, that I'll be down in a minute."

She hastily made a woman's imperceptible changes of hair and ribbon, and then descended to the parlor, with her line of behavior distinctly drawn in her mind. After a first impulse to refuse to see her visitor, and then a full recognition of the stupidity of such a thing, she saw that she must be frankly cordial. Mrs. Hewitt had hospitably put a match to the soft-coal fire laid in the grate, and it was now lustily snapping in the chilly air of the parlor; but Lord Rainford was not standing before it. He stood with his back to the door, with his hat in his hand and his overcoat on, looking out into the storm, whose national peculiarities might well have interested him. He turned when Helen came in, and she greeted him with a welcome which she felt must have the same effect of being newly kindled as the fire in the grate. He did not seem to notice this, and began a huddled and confused explanation of his presence, as if it ought to be accounted for and justified upon special grounds. Helen pulled the wrap she had flung on tightly around her, and concealing the little shiver that the cold air struck through her, asked him to sit down.

"The fact is," he said, "that I was anxious to put this little parcel into your own hands, Miss Harkness, and to make sure that it had reached you in safety." He gave her the package he had been holding, and then offered to relieve her of it.

"Oh, thank you," said Helen, ignoring it as well as she could, while refusing to give it up. She had gathered from the fact that Lord Rainford would not have felt authorized to present himself to her at that moment, if he had not this commission from the Rays; that the Rays had sent her the parcel by him; and she began to unravel the maze, in which he was involving them both, by that clew. There had been something in what he said about London, and Nice, and Rome, and Alexandria; but whether he had been with her friends at any or all of these points, she had not made out.

"Where did you see the Rays last?" she asked. "Were the Butlers with them? or—"

Lord Rainford laughed. "Why, the fact is," he exclaimed, "I haven't seen them at all! They made no stop in England, through some change of plans."

"Yes, I know," said Helen.

"And later, I gave up my winter in Egypt. I found that I couldn't go up the Nile, and get back in time—in time for the visit I had intended to make to America; and—and I had decided to come to America, and—so I came!"

"Yes," said Helen, a little dazed still. She added, to gain time for reflection rather than to seek information, "And you are fond of the Atlantic in the middle of March?"

"It wasn't so bad. We'd a very good passage. I found myself so well here, last year, that I've been impatient ever since to come back."

"I'm glad America agrees with you," returned Helen, vaguely.

"Why, I'm not here for my health, exactly," said Lord Rainford. "I'd some other objects, and Mr. Ray asked me to bring the little box from his wife for you."

"Oh, yes, I understand! They sent it to you from Egypt."

"Precisely. I assure you, it wasn't an easy matter to get it through your custom-house unopened."

"How *did* you manage? By bribery and corruption?"

"No. I wont say I wasn't tempted to try it. But I don't altogether like that sort of thing even in countries where they naturally expect it; and I couldn't feel that the inspector whose hands I fell into did quite expect it. I told him that it contained a present from one lady to another, and that I would rather deliver it unopened, if he could trust me to come back and pay the duty in case it proved to be anything subject to duty. I gave him my card and address, and I did go so far as to offer to deposit a sum of money with him as surety."

"How very, very kind of you," cried Helen, beginning to be charmed.

"Oh, not at all," said Lord Rainford, coloring a little. "I merely mentioned it because it led up to something that interested me. He looked at my card, and then he looked at me, and said, 'That it wasn't necessary between *gentlemen!*'"

Helen laughed at the man's diverting assumption of a community of feeling with Lord Rainford. "You must have been edified," she said, "with such an early example of American equality."

Lord Rainford looked rather mystified and a little troubled. "I don't know. I rather liked it, I believe," he said, tentatively; as one does who has not been taken in quite the way he expected.

"You are easily pleased," said Helen; and he seemed still more perplexed.

But as if he set these speeches down finally to some ironical intention in her, he went on: "He said I could 'take the box along,' and then he looked at the address on it, and said, 'Oh, 't's all right! I know Miss Harkness.'"

"Who in the world could it have been?" wondered Helen. "I never dreamt that I had a friend at court—or the custom-house."

Lord Rainford took out his pocket-book, and, to do this, he had to unbutton his overcoat. "Wont you lay off your coat?" asked Helen. "I believe we shall not freeze to death here, now. The fire is really making an impression."

"Thank you," he said, obeying. "He gave me *his* card. I have it here somewhere. Ah, here it is!"

Helen received it and gazed at the name. "No," she said, returning it with a shake of the head, "it doesn't throw any light on my acquaintance, and I don't exactly understand it."

"Perhaps it was some other lady of the same name."

"Perhaps. But I haven't asked you yet when you arrived; and that ought to have been the first question."

He seemed willing to evade it; but he said gravely that he had arrived that morning. "The fact is," he added, "I had them send the luggage to the hotel, and I—took the liberty of driving directly here."

"Why, this *is* zeal in stewardship!" cried Helen. She felt a girl's thrill of pleasure in it. To see Lord Rainford was like meeting an old friend. She had parted from the Rays and Butlers long since he had; but his coming on an errand from them seemed like news from them, and she found herself at home with him, and truly touched by his kindness. She had been too little abroad to consider whether she was behaving like an English girl under the circumstances, and she ended by behaving like an American girl. "Now, Lord Rainford," she said, "I'm going to do all I can to reward you, and if you were a woman you would feel very lavishly rewarded; I'm going to open this box at once in your presence."

"I'm sure you're very good," said Lord Rainford.

She put the box on a little table near them. "I hope it isn't the kind that opens with a screw-driver," she continued, breaking the line of barbaric seals which held the edge of the paper covering, and then coming to a second wrapper tied with an oriental cord of silk, for which she required the aid of Lord Rainford's penknife. "What a pity to break and cut such things!" she sighed.

"Why, I don't know," said the young man, not feeling the occidental strangeness to which the paper and the cord were poetry. "It's the way they put things up there. I dare say their dragoman had it done at a bazaar."

"Their dragoman! At a bazaar!" cried Helen, and now he dimly sympathized with her mood, and said—"Oh, yes, yes!" while she tore away wrapper after wrapper, vaguely fragrant of musk or sandal, and came at last to a box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl in the Persian fancy. She opened this, and found, under a note from Marian Ray, a set of gold jewelry: ear-rings, bracelets, and necklace, rich in the color of the unalloyed metal, and fascinating in their fantastic naïveté of design—as old as man, as young as childhood.

"Ah, yes," said Lord Rainford, smiling back her rapture in the trinkets. "Those goldsmiths' things. They're very pretty. And it's amusing to see those fellows work. They set up their little forge in the street before their doors, and make the things you've ordered while you're waiting."

"And the high, white house walls, and the yellow sun, and the purple shadows all round them?" cried Helen, dangling the necklace from her fingers.

"Well—ah—yes; you're quite right," said Lord Rainford. But he added, conscientiously, "There isn't much sun, you know. The street is very narrow; and I don't know about the walls being white; they're apt to be colored."

"Oh!" deeply sighed the girl, and a mist came into her eyes, as she dropped the pretty things back into their box. "Marian has certainly outdone herself," she said, shutting the lid. She re-opened it, and took out the necklace again, and one by one the bracelets and the ear-rings, and stood absently regarding them, held a little way off, with her head on one side. She was thinking of the night before her father died, when she put on that silver filigree of Robert's, and she had forgotten the young man before her. He made a little movement that recalled her to herself. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, softly. He had his hat in his hand, and she saw that he had taken up his overcoat. "Must you go? I can never thank you enough for all

the trouble you have taken." She stopped, for she had a sudden difficulty. It seemed savagely inhospitable, after what Lord Rainford had done, in the way he had done it, not to attempt some sort of return. But she felt sure he must see at a glance that she was not in her own house; the bare spectacularity of the keeping; the meager decoration of the mantel-piece and what-not; the second-hand brown plush furniture; the fire, burning on the hearth, as in a scene set for some house of virtuous poverty on the stage, must all be eloquent of a boarding-house even to unpracticed eyes; and Helen was in doubt what she ought to do under all the circumstances. She decided upon a bold, indefinite course, and asserted that they would see each other again before he left Boston.

"Thank you," he said. But he did not go. He looked vaguely round the room.

"Your umbrella?" she suggested, joining actively in the search.

"Ah, I don't think I brought one," he said, speciously.

When he was gone, Helen put on the trinkets, and found them very becoming; though, as she frankly owned to her reflection in the glass, a dark girl would have carried them off better. "That comes," she mused, "from Marian's want of feeling for color. I'm sure *she* chose them." She smiled a little superiority at the mirrored face, and then she started away from it in dismay. Of course, Lord Rainford had hesitated in that way, because he promised the customs officer to come back and pay duty on the box; and she had not offered to let him take it, and he could not ask for it. There seemed no end to this day's *contretemps*. He had not given her his address, and there was no telling, after that sort of parting, when she should see him again, if she ever saw him again. She had placed him in a cruelly embarrassing position, for he had given his card to that Mr. Kimball. The name was inspiration; she could at least go to the custom-house, and pay the duty herself, and trust to some future chance of telling Lord Rainford that she had saved his honor with Mr. Kimball. Kimball! She only wondered that she should have remembered the name.

She had no idea where the custom-house was, but she wrapped herself against the storm, and took a carriage at the nearest hack-stand. The janitor and messengers who passed her from one to another in the custom-house were of opinion that Mr. Kimball was on duty in East Boston; but the last who asserted this immediately added, "Oh, here he is now!" and called after a figure retreating down a corridor,—"Kimball! Here! You're wanted!" and Helen found herself, box in hand, confronted with her old friend, the policeman.

"Why, is it *you?*" she cried, as joyously as if she had met him in some foreign land.

"Well, I thought it must be you," he said, with the half-shy, half-jocose respect of that sort of Americans in the presence of a fashionable woman. It amuses them to see the women putting on style, as they would say; but they revere them as ladies all the same. Kimball touched his hat, and then pushed it back on his head in token of standing uncovered while they talked.

Helen could not wait till she had transacted her own business before she said, "But I thought you were a policeman!"

"Well, so I was the last time I saw you," returned Kimball. "I left the force about two months ago. Got kind of sick of it myself, and my wife was always in a stew about the danger, and bein' out so much nights, and the new collector was a friend of mine, and he gave me this place," said Kimball, briefly putting the case into Helen's hands. "That fellow behaved himself after that?"

"Oh, yes," answered Helen, knowing that Kimball meant the hackman whom he had rebuked in her behalf; "he was very civil."

"I thought I could fetch him," said Kimball. "I don't know as anything, while I was on the force, done me so much good as a chance like that now and then." He dropped his eyes suggestively to the box in Helen's hands; but he did not otherwise manifest any consciousness of it, and he left Helen to take her own time to say how glad she was to see him again and how grateful she had always been to him. When she arrived, in due course, at the box, he merely permitted himself a dry smile. "I told him I knew you"; and this time Helen understood Lord Rainford, and not the hackman. "I knew it would be all right."

"It was very kind of you, Mr. Kimball, and it's only a chance that it wasn't all wrong. Lord Rainford told me all about it, and I forgot to let him have the box to bring back to you till after he had gone, and then I hurried off with it myself, at once. I couldn't endure that you should think for a moment he hadn't kept his word."

"Of course not," said Kimball, sympathetically. "Full of diamonds?" he asked, jokingly, as he received it from her. He opened the lid, and then frowned regretfully at the trinkets. "Gold, do you suppose?"

"Oh, yes, they must be gold," said Helen. "It's a present."

"Just so. And, of course, you don't know what they cost. Well, now, I'm sorry, Miss Harkness," said Kimball, with a deep-drawn

sigh of reflection. "I guess I've got to have these things valued."

"Of course," said Helen, with a beating heart, at the bottom of which, perhaps, she accused the punctilious folly of forcing the jewels to official knowledge. She had her feminine limitations of conscience in regard to smuggling, and did not see *why* it could be wrong to bring in dutiable goods if the customs officers did not know it. She had come out of regard to Lord Rainford, and not at all from tenderness for the public revenue; and she had a sort of vague expectation that the Government would politely decline to levy any impost in recognition of her exemplary integrity.

"You just sit here," said Kimball, finding her a chair which one of the messengers had temporarily vacated, "and I'll see about it for you. I'll be back in half a minute." He was gone much longer, and then he returned with an official paper in his hand, and a fallen countenance. "Well, I done everything I could, Miss Harkness," he said, in strong disgust. He was a man who had enjoyed official consequence largely as a means of doing people unexpected favors, and was deeply mortified at the turn this affair had taken. "You've got to pay fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents on this box. I wouldn't say it to every one, and I shouldn't want it reported, but *I* think it's a regular swindle."

"Oh, no," said Helen, sweetly, but with a deep inward bitterness; and finding her pocket with that difficulty which ladies seem always to have, she found her pocket-book, and in it two dollars and a half.

"I shall have to leave the box with you, and come again," she said. After resolving to borrow Mr. Trufitt's money for the payment of possible but improbable duties, she had come away and left it at home in the letter inclosing it.

"No, take the box along," said Kimball, measurably consoled at this unexpected turn. "It's just the way with *my* wife. Never knows how much money she takes with her, and comes back with her bank-bills balled up into little balls like gun-wads, and her silver layin' round all over the bottom of her bag—what there is to *lay* round. *Never* gets home 'th more than sixty-two and a half cents. Don't you fret, Miss Harkness; *I'll* make it all right, and you can make it all right with *me*, *any* time."

He would not listen to Helen's protests, but forced the box back into her hands, and walked along the corridor to the vestibule with her, largely waiving each return of her self-reproach and gratitude, and at the door resolutely changing the subject as he took a card from his waistcoat-pocket.

"Lord *Rainford!* Curious chap. *Lord* Rainford! Don't know as I ever saw many lords before," he said, with Yankee caution. "Don't know as I ever saw *any*," he added, with Yankee conscientiousness. He pondered the card with a sarcastic smile, as if amused that any fellow-creature should seriously call himself a lord, and then broke out in a sort of repentance: "Well, he's a *gentleman*, I *guess*. Had his declaration made out fair and square, and opened up all his traps, first off, like a man. *Forced* 'em onto your notice, as you may say. No hangin' back about *him*. Well!" he added, after a final inspection of the card, "it *wa'n't* quite regular, as you may say, to let him take the box along without openin' it; but a man has *some* discretion, I suppose; and—well, the fact is, I took a fancy to the fellow. Seemed kind of *human*, after all."

"Oh, Mr. Kimball," cried Helen, deeply enjoying the inspector's condescension, but with a sudden superficial terror at the thought that she had not Lord Rainford's address, and should not know how to inform him that his word had been kept for him, "let me see his card, please!"

"Why, certainly, take it along," said Kimball. "Or, I don't know," he added, sheepishly, "I thought my wife might like to see it—kind of a novelty, you know."

"Oh, thank you! I don't want to keep it," said Helen, returning it after a swift glance. "I merely wanted to look at it. Thank you ever so much!"

When she reached home she wrote two letters—one to Kimball, inclosing the money he had lent her; and another to Lord Rainford, telling him what she had done. She felt finally that the whole affair was very funny, and she suffered herself to run into a sprightly little account of her adventure, which she tore up. She wrote it all out fully in the letter to Robert, to which she gave up the whole afternoon; but to Lord Rainford she merely said that she thought he would have been amused at Mr. Kimball's remarks.

XIII.

THE next day, Lord Rainford came to acknowledge her note in person, and he excused himself for coming rather early on the ground of an intolerable impatience to know what Mr. Kimball had said.

"Oh, did I promise to tell you?" asked Helen, not well remembering just what she had written.

"No, I can't say that you did," he said, with a candor which she began to see was unfailing. "But I thought, perhaps, you might."

"I'm not sure about that. But I was thinking that if you were disappointed when you were here before not to find any of us aggressively American, you might be consoled by studying Mr. Kimball; he's so absolutely and wholly American, that he takes every other condition of things as a sort of joke."

"Ah, yes," said Lord Rainford, "I understand. I think I observed something of the sort in that class of people. But I didn't meet it in — society." He looked at her inquiringly, as if he spoke under correction.

Helen laughed. "Oh, society has all been to Europe, and has lost the old American point of view — or thinks it has."

"Thinks it has?" he repeated, with interest.

"Why, I mean that, with all that acquiescence which you found so monotonous, there wasn't one of those people — except a very few sophisticated instances — who looked at you at all as people in European society would. You were hopelessly improbable to them, no matter how hard they tried to realize you, as a — nobleman. Excuse me!" cried Helen, "I *didn't* intend to be personal!"

"Oh, not at all, not at all. It's very interesting, I'm sure. It's quite a new view of the matter. And *you* ——"

"Now *you* are personal!"

"No, no, I don't mean that. Or, yes, perhaps I did."

"Well, then, even I, — although I am able to lecture so clearly and dispassionately about it, — I'm not sure that I am able to take the social state of Europe seriously either."

"Really? I didn't find you such deeply dyed democrats."

"We're not — in our opinions; you found that out; nor in our practice, I suppose. But in our traditions and — I've been talking so bookishly already ——"

"Oh, it's quite what they told me to expect in Boston!"

"Then you *wont* mind my saying — in our *environment*," said Helen, with a laugh, "we are. For instance, — and now I'm going to be horribly personal, — so long as we supposed that Mr. Ray had introduced you as *Mr.* Rainford, you were real enough; but as soon as we found that you were Lord Rainford, you vanished back into the stage-plays and story-books."

"Oh, I'm very sorry," he said, with an accent of so much earnestness that she laughed again, and now with a mischievous pleasure which he must have perceived, for he added, more lightly, "It's really very uncomfortable, you know, to be going about as a fictitious character."

"You can't keep it, and *we* can't," said Helen. "But I suppose if you were to live here a very long while, and were to be very, *very* good, we might begin to believe a little in your probability."

They talked of other matters, and she let her visitor go, with an uneasy misgiving which haunted her throughout the morning, and still lingered about her when Clara Kingsbury came later in the afternoon to beg her to lunch with her the next day.

"I know you've not been going out, but this will be an errand of charity. Last night, I picked up, of all things in the world, a live lord, and before I knew it I had asked him to lunch with me, and he had accepted. I suppose that lords are lunched very much like other mortals — if lords *are* mortal; — but really, when he told me that he had met you, I was ready to weep on the first person's neck for joy. You *do* know him, don't you: Lord Rainford, whom you met last fall at the Butlers?"

"Oh, yes," said Helen, "he brought me a message from them yesterday."

"How very odd!" cried Miss Kingsbury. "I wonder he didn't mention meeting you yesterday."

"He didn't mention going to lunch with you to-morrow," said Helen, defensively, betraying the fact that she had seen him since.

Miss Kingsbury ignored it. "Then it must be his English reticence. How droll they *are!* I should think it would worry them to keep things on their minds the way they do. You *must* let me send the coupé for you! Lord Rainford, and Miss Harkness for the first time in many months, as the play-bills say: really, for a lunch in Lent ——"

"Oh! I think you must excuse me, Clara," Helen began. "You know, I *can't* meet people."

"I quite understand, dear," said Miss Kingsbury. "There are not going to be *people*, or I should not have ventured to ask you. There are only to be Professor and Mrs. Fraser: Lord Rainford wanted especially to talk over Aztec antiquities with him, and I promised to get him to come. But I must have some other young lady besides myself; I can't let it be all Aztecs and antiquities. You must come to keep me in countenance, sitting up there behind the tea-pot like a — a — teocalli."

Helen laughed, and Clara immediately kissed her. If it were to be such a mild little affair, she felt that she could certainly go; she could see how Clara would hate to seem to have paired herself off with Lord Rainford,

and she said, "Well, Clara, I will go; but I believe that, so far as Lord Rainford is concerned, I shall go as an act of penance. He was here this morning again."

"Oh!" popped out of Miss Kingsbury's mouth.

"And I'm afraid I said something inhospitable to him—something, at any rate, that I'd like to do away the impression of."

"Oh! *do* tell me what it was, Helen, dear! I'm always saying such *hideous* things to people!"

Helen explained, and Miss Kingsbury silently reflected. "I suppose my joking about it annoyed him."

"What *did* he say?" pleaded Miss Kingsbury.

"He said it was very uncomfortable going about as a fictitious character."

"But you didn't *make* him a fictitious character, Helen!"

"No; but I can see how he might misunderstand——"

"They're very sensitive," assented Miss Kingsbury, with a sigh. "Really," she continued more briskly, "for people who have gone tramping about the world ever since they could walk—and they began to walk *very* early—and crushing other people's feelings quite into the mire, they're *extraordinarily* sensitive. One would think that they had always behaved themselves with the utmost delicacy and consideration, instead of scolding and criticising and advising wherever they went."

"Yes," said Helen. "But all that doesn't excuse *me*, if I said too much."

"Well, then," said Miss Kingsbury, "come and take some of it back; or all. Tell him that the British aristocracy is the one only solid and saving fact of the universe! Goodbye, dear! Don't worry about it. I dare say he was delighted!"

Helen was afterward sorry that they had not dressed a little more. She was necessarily in mourning, and Lord Rainford was dipped in the gloom of her crape, and of three black silks—Mrs. Fraser's best black silk, Miss Kingsbury's Vermont aunt's only black silk, and the black silk which Miss Kingsbury herself wore, in some mistaken ideal of simplicity. Helen longed to laugh, but remained unnaturally quiet.

Perhaps the black silks were too much for the Aztecs. Lord Rainford had the Englishman's stiffness, and Professor Fraser had the Professor's stiffness; they seemed unable to get upon common ground, or to find each other's point of view. They became very polite and deferential, and ended by openly making nothing of each other. The Frasers were obliged to go early, and Helen shortly afterward made a movement toward departure.

Miss Kingsbury laid imploring hands on her. "*Don't* go!" she tragically breathed. "Stay, and try to save the pieces!" and Helen magnanimously remained; under the circumstances, it would have been inhuman to go. She brightened at Miss Kingsbury's imploring appeal; she became funny, and they had a gay afternoon. When she said at last that now she really *must* go, she was scared to find that it was half-past four. She hurried on her sack and bonnet and rubbers, and when she came down-stairs, Lord Rainford, of whom she had deliberately taken leave, was there, hospitably followed out of the drawing-room by Miss Kingsbury.

"I forgive your not taking the coupé," she said subtly, seizing Helen's hand for a grateful pressure at parting.

"I much prefer to walk, I assure you," said Helen, "after being mewed up in the house all day yesterday. Good-bye."

Miss Kingsbury's man opened the door, and Lord Rainford stood aside for Helen to pass out. But he hurried quickly after her.

"If you're walking, Miss Harkness," he said, with an obvious effort to continue the light strain in which they had been laughing and talking, "I really wish you'd let me walk with you."

"Why, certainly," said Helen. "I shall be very glad."

But they walked away together rather soberly, as people do after a merry time indoors. There was a constraint on them both which Helen had to make a little effort to break. Whatever caused it on his part, on hers it was remotely vexation that she had allowed the afternoon to slip away without going to see Mr. Hibbard about her money. She must wait again till the morning.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that you found Professor Fraser rather an unsatisfactory Aztec."

"Oh, no. Not at all. He's extremely well informed, I dare say. But we approach the subject from very different points. He is interested mainly in the pottery, as the remains of an arrested indigenous civilization; and I, as an amateur Egyptologist, was rather hoping to—ah—hear something new about the monuments—the architectural evidences. But the ground has been pretty thoroughly traversed in Mexico, and we can only look for fresh results now in Yucatan and Central America."

He rattled off the statement without apparent interest in the matter and with something of present impatience. The effect was

to make Helen laugh a little, at which he seemed grateful.

"I suppose you have come over to look up the ground for yourself," she began; but he hastily interrupted.

"No, I can't say I came for that, exactly. I can't say I came for that. I should like extremely to see those things for myself; but I didn't come for that."

Helen was amused at his scrupulous insistance on the point, and had a mischievous temptation to ask him just why he *had* come, then; but she contented herself with saying, "I always wonder that English people care to come to America at all. I'm afraid that if we had Germany and Italy at our back-door, we shouldn't care to cross the Atlantic for a run to Colorado and back."

"The Continent is rather an old story with us, you know. Of course, the towns are a good deal alike, here, after you leave Boston, and there is nothing to see in the usual sight-seeing way; but the conditions are all new, and they're interesting; yes, they're interesting. But I can't say exactly ——"

Helen felt a nervous inability to let him define, as he clearly intended, that it was not exactly the new conditions either that had brought him to America, and she turned a smiling face from the anguish of sincerity that was urging him on, and looked about her with the hope that something in their surroundings would suggest escape for them both.

"I suppose," she said, "that you know Boston very well by this time?"

"No, I don't know it very well," replied Lord Rainford. "But I believe I know something about this quarter of it. This is where your principal people live—professional people, and large merchants?"

"All sorts of people live everywhere, now," said Helen, with a little touch of her superiority; "and I can't say that Beacon Street is any better than Commonwealth Avenue. Papa was in the India trade," she continued, "and we lived just here in Beacon Steps." She remembered what Captain Butler had said of the India trade and its splendor, and she had a tender filial pride in speaking of it.

Lord Rainford had not caught the word. "In trade?" he repeated.

"His business was with Indian products of all sorts," Helen explained.

"Ah, yes," said Lord Rainford. He walked on in a silence which Helen did not heed particularly. He must have been pondering the complications of American society, through which he was walking about the most exclusive quarter of Boston with the daughter of a person who had bartered beads and whisky to the aborigines for peltries. "Really," he said, at last, "I didn't suppose there were enough of them left in this region to make it worth any one's while. But perhaps he carried on the business at a distance—in the West?"

They came to an involuntary pause together, in which they stared at each other. "What—*do* you mean?" cried Helen.

"Upon my word, I don't know whether I ought to say," returned Lord Rainford.

"You didn't—you *didn't* suppose," Helen continued, "that papa traded with *our* Indians?" Lord Rainford's silence confessed his guilt, and she added, with a severity which she could not mitigate, "Papa's business was with India; he sent out ships to Calcutta!"

"Oh—oh!" said her companion. "I beg your pardon."

Helen made a polite response, and began to talk of other things; but in her heart she was aware of not pardoning him in the least; and she had an unworthy satisfaction in leaving him in evident distress when they parted.

The next morning, at the earliest permissible hour, Mrs. Hewitt brought her his card, with a confidential impressiveness that provoked Helen almost to the point of asking Mrs. Hewitt to say that Miss Harkness was not well, and begged to be excused; but she repented of the intention before it was formed, and went down to receive her guest.

She received him coldly, and his manner confessed the chill by an awkward constraint in the commonplaces that passed before he broke out abruptly with, "I know I've vexed you, Miss Harkness, and I'm very unhappy about it. I'm not ready,—I don't suppose I've any tact at all,—but it would grieve me to think that I had misunderstood you yesterday in a way to annoy you."

"Oh, don't speak of it!" cried Helen, with the generosity which his frankness evoked. "There was never anything of it, and now it's *all* gone." She began to laugh at the droll side of his blunder, and she said, "I was afraid that I must have seemed very rude the other day, in openly reducing you to a fairy prince."

"No, I rather liked that," said Lord Rainford. "It interested me, and it explained some things. I'm sure people get on better in the end by being frank."

"Oh," said Helen, "there's nothing like frankness"; and, at the same moment, she felt herself in an intricate and inextricable coil of reservations.

"I think the Americans particularly like it," he suggested.

"We expect it," said Helen, with a subtlety which he missed.

He went on to say, with open joy in the restoration of their good understanding:

"The distinctions you make in regard to different kinds of trade rather puzzle me. I don't see why cotton-spinning should be any better than shoe-manufacturing, but I'm told it is."

"Why, certainly," said Helen.

"But I don't *see* the 'certainly!'" he protested with a laugh.

"Oh, but it is!" explained Helen.

"Ah," he returned, with the air of desisting, "it's my defective education, I suppose. But if people go into trade at all, I don't see why they shouldn't go into one thing as well as another. It appears all the same to — us."

The little word slipped out; and neither of them thought of it at the time. He went away, happy in having made his peace; she parted from him with sufficient cordiality, and as soon as he was gone this word, by which he had unconsciously distinguished between them and classed her, began to rankle and to sting. When it came to herself, she had the national inability to accept classification, which seems such a right and wise arrangement to Europeans, and which some Americans uphold — till it comes to themselves.

She could not get rid of her resentment by asking herself what Lord Rainford's opinions and prejudices were to her, and resolving not to see him if he came again; and she was so hot with it, when she went out in the afternoon to Mr. Hibbard's office at last, that she must have seemed, to the clerk who told her he was not in, to have some matter of personal question with the delinquent lawyer.

She stopped a moment on her way home at the window of a picture-store, attracted by some jars of imitation faïence, and she went in to ask something about them; the sight of them suddenly revived her belief that she could still do something of the kind, and spare herself the shame of encroaching upon her capital.

A gentleman turned round from looking at them on the inside of the window, and she confronted Lord Rainford.

"Ah, Miss Harkness!" he said. "Was it you who were spell-bound outside there by these disagreeable shams?"

His words struck her new hopes dead.

"They *are* ghastly," she said, with society hardness. Then Miss Root's words came involuntarily to her lips, "I pity the poor wretch that expects to live by painting and selling them."

That door, she felt, was forever closed against her, even if she starved on the outside. The shock brought the tears into her eyes behind her veil, and she remained staring at the fictitious faïence without seeing it.

"Frankly, now," said Lord Rainford, "don't you think that all effort in that direction is misdirected, and that the world was better before people set about prettifying it so much?"

"Frankly," said Helen, hysterically, "I don't believe I like frankness as much as you do."

He laughed.

"If you have ever decorated pottery, Miss Harkness, I take it all back."

"Oh, it isn't a question of that," said Helen, breathlessly. "It's a question of what else the poor girl, who probably did the things, shall turn to if she stops doing them."

She had a kind of dire satisfaction in dramatizing her own desperation; and the satisfaction was not diminished by the fact that these ideas had come into her head since she had denounced frankness, to which they had no relation whatever. She had meant — if she meant anything by that denunciation — to punish him for the tone of his talk in the morning. She had not forgotten his patrician *us*. But the talk was now far from that, and he had not been punished.

"Ah," he said, with feeling that she respected in spite of her resentment, "I should be sorry if I seemed indifferent to that side of the question. It was only that I hadn't thought of it."

"I didn't mean that," she returned, with an aimlessness from which she thought to escape by asking, "Is there anything upstairs?"

"Yes," he said; "a very beautiful picture — I fancy a very American picture which I wish you'd interpret for me a little."

They mounted the thickly carpeted stairs to the pretty little gallery, where there was a gentleman with his hat off, after our fashion in picture-galleries, and two suburban ladies, with a multiplicity of small paper parcels, in awe-stricken whisper; but they all presently went out, and left her alone with Lord Rainford before the painting.

A yellow light fell rich into an open space in the primeval New England forest, and revealed the tragedy of an arrest for witchcraft, — an old woman haled away in the distance by the officers, with her withered arms flung upward in prayer or imprecation; and in the foreground a beautiful young girl cowering at the door of the cabin, from which her mother has just been torn. The picture was an intense expression of the pathos of the fact, which seemed as wholly unrelated to canvas

or pigment, in the painter's poetic treatment, as if it were his perfect dream of what he had meant to do.

"Yes!" said Helen, with a deep sigh of the impassioned admiration with which a Boston girl devotes her being for the moment to the book or picture she likes.

"One of your Boston painters?" asked the Englishman.

"*The* one," answered Helen, and she launched out in a fury of praise, while he continued attentive to her rather than to her words.

"I suppose you can't understand how it afflicts me," he said finally, "to find any of the errors and sufferings of Europe repeated here, where the race seemed to have such a fair new beginning."

Helen laughed as people do at mysterious grievances. "Why, no; as far as such things are historical, I believe we're rather proud of them. They do something to satisfy the taste for the picturesque, though after all they're such a mere morsel that we land in Europe perfectly ravenous."

"If they were all historical, I shouldn't mind," said the young man. "It's finding our current superstitions accepted here that surprises and disappoints me."

"You don't mean to tell me that you find any imperfections — domestic or foreign — in us *now?*"

"Ah, you get behind my joking depth very soon," he protested. "I told you once that I was a serious person."

"I didn't believe you could be serious about it!"

"I was, I assure you. I suppose it was my habit of taking things very seriously that put me at odds with matters at home, and that puts me at odds with matters here, where I once fancied that I might be rather more of the regular order."

"I don't understand," said Helen; and being curious, and being fatigued, she dropped into one of the chairs that the suburban ladies had vacated.

"I mean that this morning I was trying to express the feeling which has made me a sort of white crow among my own people, and which doesn't seem even credible here. I was very far indeed from wishing to imply disrespect for any sort of usefulness — which is the only thing I really respect in the world. Did you understand me to do so?"

"Not exactly that," said Helen, with a reserve which he must have seen was as yet inexpugnable.

"I dare say it was one of the misfortunes of my being a sickly boy, bred at home, apart from other boys, and indulging himself in all sorts of fancies,— but I used to imagine that in America our distinctions — criterions — didn't exist. When I began to know Americans, at home as well as here, it seemed to me that they were often more subservient — more eager to get on with people of rank — than Englishmen, even. I confess it puzzled me, and you're the only American — if you'll excuse my being so personal, as you say — who has at all explained to me. I can see now how they may have a romantic — an historical — interest in knowing such people, and that they are not merely tuft-hunters in the ordinary sense."

Helen could not tell whether he was speaking in irony or in earnest; she dropped the glance she was lifting to his face, in a little fear of him.

"But I believe I care more for the American ideal than most Americans; and I have been vexed that I should have said something this morning that I saw put me further than ever in the wrong with you. I assure you that I am very far from thinking better of myself for belonging to an order of things that I believe to be founded and perpetuated in ignorance and injustice. I would really rather have been one of the Pilgrims who came over in the *May-Blossom* ——"

"*Flower*," said Helen, helplessly correcting him.

"*Flower* — I beg your pardon — than one of the robbers who came over with the Conqueror!"

He seemed to think this a prodigious tribute; but Helen could not even make a murmur of grateful acceptance. Those radical ideas, in which he expected her to sympathize, were ridiculous to her; she had always heard them laughed at, and she could not imagine how an Englishman of rank could entertain them, though she had heard that such Englishmen sometimes did, for awhile; to hear him talking in that way of his own order made him seem not so much unnatural as impossible; it was so unexpected from him that she felt a little afraid, as if he were not quite in his right mind; but she had so far a compassion for his mania that she could not find it in her heart to tell him that he had totally misconceived her, and he went on to explain further:

"And I was merely trying to say that I thought it odd, in the society where you are all commoners together ——"

"Commoners!" cried Helen, in astonished recognition of the fact.

"That there should be any such distinctions as ours," he continued, without heeding this effort in her. "I'll go further, and say that I thought it preposterous; and the other

day, when I fell into that unaccountable blunder in regard to the India trade, I assure you I had no such feeling as you—as you—might have supposed. If I venture to speak of something that Mr. Ray let drop in one of his letters"—he added, after a little embarrassed pause—"about your determination to trust to yourself and your own efforts rather than accept any sort of dependence, it's because I wish to tell you how much I revere—and—and—honor it. It only endeared you to me the more, Miss Harkness!" he cried, while she began to look about her with a wild hope of escape. "It was for your sake that I came back!"

They were quite alone, and if it were to come to this, it might as well have come to it here as anywhere else. Helen realized the fact with a superficial satisfaction following her superficial terror of the publicity of the place.

"Ever since I first saw you——"

"Oh, don't say any more! Indeed, you mustn't! Didn't the Rays—didn't they tell you——"

"I haven't seen them. Before I went home, I knew that your father's circumstances—— But I beg you to do me at least the kindness to believe that it made no difference at all. God knows, I never considered the circumstances or made them an instant's question."

"You are very kind, Lord Rainford; generous, but——"

"No. It pleased me to think you had nothing. I would rather have found you as I have than in the best house in your town——"

Helen tried to interpose again, but he would not let her speak.

"All that I understood from Ray only made me the more impatient to tell you that I love you for what you are—for your courage, your sincerity, your truth to yourself; and if you think that your having——"

"Oh, it isn't that at all!" cried Helen, piteously, compassionately. To a girl who had never dreamt of being loved for anything but herself, and in her quality of well-born and well-bred American could not imagine herself less than the equal of princes, Lord Rainford's impassioned misconceptions contained as many offences as could have been put into as many words; but she forgave them all, to the pain that she saw that she must inflict. He had misunderstood everything; all her assumptions of equality, on his own plane, had been thrown away upon him; she had only been his equal as he ordained it and condescended to her level. But she could not be angry with him, since she was to crush him with the word she must speak. She had never forgiven herself for her reckless behavior the first time they met; and now he must have taken all her kind sufferance, all her hospitable good-will of the past week—which she had shown in atonement—as invitation for him to hope, even to expect. She hung her head, but she must stop him at once, and "Oh, Lord Rainford," she murmured, "I'm engaged!"

He turned very white.

"I beg your pardon," he said, simply and quietly.

"I've been very greatly to blame from the beginning; I see it now, and I ought to have seen it before. But that first day, when I met you, I was very unhappy—I hardly knew what I did; I'm afraid I didn't care. I had driven away the dearest friend I had by my foolishness, and he had left me, hating me. It made me desperate. But it all came right very soon again; and it's he—— It's cruel of me to be telling you this; but I want you to believe that I do value your regard, and that since you've been here this time I've only tried to do what I could to remove that first impression, and to—to—to— You *must* forgive me!"

"Oh, yes," said the young man, with a bewildered look.

"I *do* see how true and good you are, and I—— Any girl might be proud and glad, if she were not bound."

"Good-bye," said Lord Rainford, abruptly. She took his hand in a clinging, pitying pressure; she would have liked to detain him, and say something more, to add these futilities with which women vainly seek to soften the blow they deal a man whom they value, but do not love. But the useless words would not come to her lips, and she must let him go without them.

XIV.

HELEN hurried home, and ran up to her room. She had thought she wanted to hide; but now she found that she wanted to walk, to run, to fly, to get into the open air again, to escape from herself somehow. She was frantic with the nervous access of which, now that Lord Rainford was gone, she had fallen the prey. She was pulling on her gloves, as she rushed down-stairs, and she almost ran over the servant, who was coming up with a card in her hand. She stopped short, and the girl gave her the card.

"For *me!*" she cried in wild exasperation. "I can't see anybody! Say that I'm going out. I can't see *any* one!"

A little old gentleman, with his overcoat on, and his hat in his hand, who must have overheard her, came out of the reception-

room, and stood between the foot of the stairs and the street-door.

"I wish to see you, Miss Harkness, on very important business."

"I can't see you now. I can't see *any* one! I don't know you, sir! Why do you come to me?" she demanded indignantly, and quivering with impatience.

"My name is Everton. I bought your father's house when it was sold last fall at auction, and I came to see you in regard to some circumstances connected with that purchase."

"I don't know anything about the circumstances," cried Helen. "You must wait till Captain Butler gets home."

"I was sure," said Mr. Everton, with insinuation that arrested her in spite of herself, "that you knew nothing of the circumstances, and from what I knew of your father, I felt certain that his daughter would like to know of them."

"Please tell me what you mean," said Helen, and with a glance at the gaping servant-girl, she pushed open the reception-room door. Mr. Everton politely refused to enter first, and he softly closed the door when they were both within.

"It is simply this, Miss Harkness," said Mr. Everton, who had a small, hard neatness of speech, curiously corresponding to his small, hard neatness of person. "I have reason to believe—in fact, I have evidence—that I was the victim of a fraud on the part of the auctioneer; and that I was induced to outbid, by five or six thousand dollars, bids that were cried by the auctioneer, but that had never been made at all."

"I don't understand," faltered Helen.

Mr. Everton explained, but she shook her head.

"This is all a mystery to me. Why don't you wait till Captain Butler returns? Why do you come to me?" She suddenly added: "Or, no! I am *glad* you came to me. I can't suffer any doubt to rest in your mind for an instant: if you have been wronged, that's quite enough. Thank you for coming." She rose with a splendor which seemed to increase her stature and diminish Mr. Everton's. "I was just going out, and if you will come with me, I will go at once to Mr. Hibbard's office with you. He has charge of my affairs in Captain Butler's absence. If there has been any mistake, I am sure that he will have it corrected immediately."

She started out with Mr. Everton at her side, and swept haughtily on for several squares. Then she found herself trembling, and "I wish you would call a carriage, please," she said, faintly.

When they arrived at Mr. Hibbard's office, Mr. Everton allowed her to pay for the carriage he had shared with her. She could not quell her excitement when she entered the lawyer's private room with him. "Mr. Hibbard," she began, in a key which she knew sounded hysterical, and which she despised, but was helpless to control, "Mr. Everton thinks that he was cheated in the purchase of our house; and I wish you to hear his story, please, and if it is so, I wish him to be righted, no matter what it costs."

"Sit down," said the lawyer. He placed a chair for Helen, and allowed Mr. Everton to find one for himself, and then waited for him to begin. Mr. Everton was not embarrassed. He behaved like a man secure of his right, and told his story over again, straightforwardly and clearly. Mr. Hibbard smiled so lightly and carelessly at the end, that Helen felt at once that it must be all rubbish, and that it would be perfectly easy for him to undeceive Mr. Everton.

"Why didn't you come to me directly with this story, Mr. Everton?" asked the lawyer.

"I don't know, Mr. Hibbard," returned the old man, keenly, "that I'm obliged to account to you for my motives. I don't know but that I should have preferred to communicate with you through my lawyer, if it had not been for this young lady, who felt sure that you would see justice done."

The lawyer smiled at an assertion which was evidently not made to weigh with him. "*You* ought to know by this time, Mr. Everton, that justice is an affair of the courts, and that lawyers look after their clients' interests."

"I don't want you to look after mine at the expense of justice, Mr. Hibbard," said Helen, nervously, pulling herself back to the point from which she had lapsed at Mr. Hibbard's smile.

"We will try to do what is right," said the lawyer, in a way that made her feel rather silly. "But we wont do anything rashly because two romantic young people have decided that it is right without consulting any one else."

If Mr. Hibbard expected Mr. Everton to enjoy this joke, he was mistaken. "I am quite willing," said the old gentleman, grimly, "to leave the affair to the courts."

"If I hadn't your word for that, Mr. Everton," returned the lawyer briskly, "I should doubt your willingness to do anything of the kind."

"Why?"

"Because you know as well as I do that you have no case, that all your suspicions and impressions, and conjectures and hearsay, wouldn't amount to *that* in court." The

lawyer snapped his fingers. "You know very well that you went to Miss Harkness to fortify yourself at the expense of the weakness you hoped to find in her, and that you have done an irregular and ungentlemanly thing in annoying her with this matter. I am sorry to say it to so old a man as you. Did you expect to extort money from her? Probably you were surprised that she chose to consult me at all. Miss Harkness, I advise you to go home, and think no more about this matter. There's nothing of it!"

The lawyer rose, as if to end the interview; but Mr. Everton remained seated, looking through the papers of a long pocket-book he had taken from his coat and unfolded upon his knee, and Helen remained seated, too, fascinated by the old man's quiet self-possession.

"I have something here to show you," he said tranquilly, offering the lawyer the paper which he had found. "And I wish you to understand," he added, "that I am not here to be instructed as to the conduct of a gentleman, or to account for my conduct in any way. I prefer that you should not attempt to account for my possession of this paper; and if you ask me any questions in regard to it, I shall not answer them. It is sufficient for you to consider whether it is worth while for you to go into court against it. I was willing, and am still so, to spare the scandal attending such an affair in court, but I am determined to have the sum out of which I have been defrauded."

The lawyer was reading without apparent attention to what Mr. Everton was saying; but when he had gone through the paper again, he turned to Helen and said, reluctantly: "Miss Harkness, it's my duty to tell you what this paper is; it's a confession from the auctioneer that he did invent a series of bids by which he ran the price of the house up from thirty to thirty-five thousand dollars. I haven't the slightest idea that the case, if brought into court, would be decided in Mr. Everton's favor on any such evidence as this; in fact, I think it would not be easy to bring the case into court at all. He hasn't obtained the paper for any such purpose. He has obtained it with a view of frightening you into the payment of a sum—I don't know what figure he has fixed on in his mind—to keep the matter still. Now, I advise you not to pay anything to keep it still—not a cent." He folded up the paper and handed it back to Mr. Everton, who put it into his pocket-book again.

"Will you let me see it, please?" said Helen, gently. He gave her the paper, and she read it, and then restored it to him. After awhile she said: "I am trying to think what papa would have done. Wasn't Captain Butler at the auction?—wouldn't he have suspected, if anything had gone wrong?"

"Yes, certainly," said the lawyer.

"And if he had had any misgivings——"

"He would have come to me with them, and I should have told him not to pay the slightest attention to them," said Mr. Hibbard, promptly. "My dear Miss Harkness, the whole thing is preposterous. That fellow Mortimer is a scamp, but he isn't such a scamp as he professes to be. If Mr. Everton will excuse my frankness, I will say that I believe this is purely a financial transaction between himself and Mortimer. The fellow had heard of Mr. Everton's suspicions; and when he wanted money very badly, he went to him and sold out—for a sum which Mr. Everton's delicacy would prevent him from naming, but probably something handsome, though Mortimer has been going to the dogs lately, and he may have sold out cheap."

Mr. Everton, having folded up his paper and put it back into his pocket-book, and restored that to his breast-pocket, rose, and buttoned his coat over it. "I'm sorry, Miss Harkness," he said, "that you haven't a better adviser. I can't expect you to act independent of him, and that's your misfortune. I knew your father, and he was a very honest man. Good-morning."

"He was too honest," cried the lawyer, "to make any difficulty about paying you your cut-throat usury."

"My loan came at a time, Miss Harkness, when your father could get money nowhere else, and it saved him from bankruptcy. Good afternoon."

He took no notice of the lawyer in quitting the room, and when he was gone, the latter broke out with, "I hope he will press this to an issue! I think I could give him something to think of, if I could get a chance at him in open court. The old scoundrel, to come to *you* with this thing! But he knew better than to come to me *first*. I wonder he dared to come at all! Miss Harkness, don't be troubled about it; there's nothing of it, I assure you; nothing that need give you a moment's anxiety as to the result. You may be absolutely certain that this is the end of the whole affair; he would never dare go into court with that paper in the world. It was given to him, you may rest satisfied, for the sole purpose of extorting money from us privately, and with the agreement—which Mortimer would know how to make perfectly safe for himself—that it was never to be used in any public or legal way. Mr. Everton has made his attempt, and has failed; that's all. You'll hear no more of it."

"Is it true," asked Helen, gently, and with an entire absence of the lawyer's resentful

excitement, "that he lent papa money when he could get it nowhere else?"

"In any ordinarily disastrous time your father could always have got money, Miss Harkness. But the time that Everton alluded to was one when it could be got only of usurers like himself. He made your father pay three or four times what any man with a Christian conscience would have asked for it."

"And did it save papa from bankruptcy?"

"Everybody was in difficulties at that time; and ——"

"Do you think," pursued Helen, as if it were a branch of the same inquiry, "that he really supposes the auctioneer cheated?"

"Very likely he had his suspicions. He's full of all sorts of suspicions. I dare say he suspects that you and I were in collusion in regard to this matter, and prepared for him if he should ever come upon such an errand."

"Oh!" murmured Helen.

"Why should you worry yourself about it, Miss Harkness? As it was, he bought the house at a ruinously low figure, and it's worth now a third more than he paid for it six months ago."

"But you don't think it is possible the auctioneer could have done such a thing?"

"Oh, possible—yes, but extremely improbable."

"It makes me unhappy, very unhappy," said Helen. "I can't bear to have any doubt about it. It seems a kind of stain on papa's memory."

"Bless my soul, my dear young lady!" cried the lawyer, "what has it to do with your father's memory?"

"Everything, if I don't see the wrong righted."

"But if there hasn't been any wrong?"

"Ah, that's the worst; we can't find out! Mr. Hibbard, you never heard any one else express any misgivings about the sale?" The lawyer shifted a little in his chair, and betrayed a fleeting uneasiness, which he tried to hide—with a laugh. Helen was instantly upon him: "Oh, who *was* it?"

"I haven't admitted that it was anybody."

"But it was! You *must* tell me!"

"There's no reason why I shouldn't. It was as innocent a person as yourself: it was Captain Butler!"

"Captain Butler!"

"And I can tell you, for your entire satisfaction, I hope, that he went to the auctioneer and laid his doubt before him, and the auctioneer solemnly assured him that the bids were all *bona fide*, just as he now solemnly assures Mr. Everton that they were fictitious. But Captain Butler was not so shrewd as Mr. Everton—he didn't make the auctioneer put himself in writing."

Helen pulled her veil over her face. "And is—is there no way of solving the doubt?" she made out to ask.

"There is no doubt to solve, in *my* mind," said Mr. Hibbard. "I advised Captain Butler to dismiss the matter altogether, as I now advise you. I tell you that you've heard the last of Mr. Everton in this connection."

Helen did not answer. But presently she said: "Mr. Hibbard, I was going to come to you for some money. I understood from Captain Butler that you had charge of what was left for me, and that I could get it of you whenever I wanted it."

"Yes, certainly."

"In such sums as I like?"

The lawyer laughed. "In any sums short of the amount of Mr. Everton's claim."

Helen was daunted to find herself unmasked; but she only put on the bolder front. "But if I wish to pay that claim?"

"Then I should intervene, and say the claim did not exist."

"But if the money is mine?" she urged.

"If you insisted upon taking up all your money, I should, as Captain Butler's friend and as the old friend of your father, refuse to let you have it, unless you explicitly promised me that you would not give it to Mr. Everton. For it would literally be giving it to him."

"And if I said that you had no right to refuse it? If I told you that I was of age, and that I was determined to have it without conditions?"

"Then I should make bold to defy you at any risk till I had laid the whole matter before Captain Butler, and heard from him in reply. Now, my dear Miss Harkness," said the lawyer, "I know just how you feel about this matter; and I want you to believe that if I thought it was just, I should not only be willing to have you pay Mr. Everton's claim, but should urge you to pay it, even if it beggared you."

"Would it—would it take *all* the money?" faltered Helen.

"Yes, all. But it isn't to be thought of; the whole thing's in the air; it's preposterous." The lawyer went carefully and judicially into the whole case, and clearly explained the points and principles to Helen, who listened silently and to all appearance with conviction. At the end, he asked cheerfully, as he prepared to write a check, "And now, how much money shall I let you have to-day?"

"None!" said Helen. "I couldn't bear to touch it. I know that you feel as you say, and it seems as if you must be right. But if I

spent a cent of that money I could never be happy again unless I knew absolutely that there was nothing in this claim."

The lawyer smiled despairingly. "But you never *can* know absolutely!"

"Then I will never touch the money."

"Really, really," cried the lawyer, "this is too bad. Do you want me to give you this money to throw into the street? I honestly believe that the first man who picked it up there would have as much right to it as Mr. Everton."

"Yes, but nobody *knows*," said Helen, rising. "I'm sorry to give you all this trouble, and take up your time; and I wish that I needn't seem so obstinate and unreasonable; but indeed, indeed I can't help it."

"Confound the old rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Hibbard. "I wish I'd indulged myself in kicking him out of doors. Miss Harkness, I'll inquire into this matter, and in the meantime I'll write to Captain Butler. Do you think that I can do more?"

"No."

"And now I shall be glad to give you any money on account."

"I can't take any," said Helen; "it would be quite the same thing. I never could pay it back, and if it turned out that it belonged to him, I should be either a beggar or a thief."

The lawyer gave a roar of expostulation. "But if you are out of money what will you do?"

"I have a little yet. Captain Butler supplied me with money before he went away, and I have still some of it left." This was true. She had been using what she called Mr. Trufitt's money, and she had a dollar and seventy-five cents left of the sum that Captain Butler had made her believe was hers.

The lawyer, on his part, forbore to explain that the money Captain Butler gave her must have been in anticipation of interest on the five thousand dollars he held for her. He only said, "But you will accept a loan from me?"

"No; I shouldn't feel that I was making any sacrifice then."

"But why, under heaven, *should* you make a sacrifice?" demanded the business man of the girl.

"I must — to feel true to myself," she answered; and something like this absurdity she repeated in answer to all his prayers and reasons, and went away empty-handed at the end.

(To be continued.)

THE LEGEND OF PADRE JOSÉ.

In the beautiful city of Monterey, close beside the old Franciscan convent, there stands a single stately palm, larger and more perfect in its growth than any other palm that you will find in all the country for miles around. It grows upon an odd corner of waste land — that very likely was the convent garden a couple of hundred years or so ago — and behind it, across the broad sweep of the tree-clad valley, the blue Sierra raises its jagged crest against the bluer sky.

Instinctively you know, as you look at this beautiful palm — with its waving, feathery branches reared high toward heaven, and its deep-set roots drawing strength from the ground that the good fathers long ago made holy by their prayers — that it has a story of some sort to tell; that a meaning attaches to its presence beside the convent wall; that it came there, back in the misty past, by no mere idle chance. But among the gentlefolk of Monterey, you will ask in vain for this solitary palm's story. Culture and refinement somehow are at war with the sweet traditions which modestly, along quiet ways, come down to us from times of old. And so, if you would know the story you must seek it among the humble dwellers in the town: the *cargadores*, who carry heavy loads of other people's goods upon their shoulders; the *serenos*, who watch over the safety of the city in the still, dark hours of night; the patient *leñadores*, who bring in wood, loaded upon yet more patient *burros*, from the mountains near at hand, or other of the children of toil: for all of these, knowing not of books, and busying themselves not with the serious thoughts and concerns which vex the souls of their betters, are learned in legendary lore. In these simple, trustful minds, illuminating them with a light that brightens the dark places of weary lives, the old stories live on through the centuries; passing from lip to heart, from heart to lip, and so to heart again, yet gaining always a more mellow beauty with the passing years. Therefore, it must be among the lowly folk of Monterey that you search for the story of the stately palm; and if your search be well sped, you will hear told, in the gracious Spanish of Mexico — which is richer and softer, even than is the rich, soft Spanish of Spain — this legend of the Padre José.

Padre José was not bred to the Church from his youth. He was the son of the gallant soldier Don Diego de Vargas, and his profession was that of his father: the sword. When Don Diego was ordered up into the rebellious northern country—back in the year 1692 this was, before the father of the oldest man now living was born—Don José went also. And this although the day was named for the wedding, and the Doña Ana de Oñate, most beautiful of all the maidens in the realm of New Spain, was waiting to be his bride. As all the world knows, there was hard fighting during that campaign. For a dozen years the revolted Pueblos had stood out against their Spanish masters, and even Don Diego, with all his gallantry, and with all his soldierly skill, could not in a moment conquer them. There were battles at Santa Cruz de la Cañada, at San Yldefonso, at Taos; even under the very walls of Santa Fe. But the campaign ended, and Don Diego drew his forces southward again for rest while the winter lasted, and yet the Spaniards were not conquerors. It was about the blessed Christmas season—the *noche buena*—that the sad news came down to Doña Ana, in the city of Mexico, that in one of these battles her lover had been slain. And so, no joyfulness being left in life, she entered the stern order of the Capuchinas. Passing into and so beyond the grave—as was that order's wont—she to the world was dead.

Through that new year, and through great part of the next, Don Diego battled with the Pueblos; and finally, having subdued them, he came gallantly home; and, a strange thing! with him came Don José, alive and well! Being taken prisoner in the fight on the *mesa* before San Yldefonso, he had been carried off into the mountains of the Sangre de Cristo and there held for near two whole years. His was a dreary home-coming, for his promised bride was wedded to the holy church, and so was lost to him utterly. There was no light of hope left for him in the world at all. Terrible was Don José's raging agony. At last, in his fierce despair, he cursed the holy church for severing him from his love. But God was merciful to this sinner, and, instead of consuming him in a moment in wrathful flame, sent to him a messenger of peace. That night the blessed Saint Francis appeared to him in a vision and told him that his dread sin would be pardoned and even, in the end, rest from his fierce sorrow would be given him, if he would devote his life to God's service in saving heathen souls. Therefore, Don José entered the order of the Franciscans. Nor did he, as is the wont of those who enter the religious life, change his name. As José, he said, he had sinned; and as José he would work out, in deeds meet for repentance, his full forgiveness. And as José is a name most holy, and most beloved in the church, there was none to cavil.

Because there were few heathen thereabouts, but more because he felt that he could be stronger in his faith and work if widely separated from his dead yet living love, Padre José asked to be sent out from the City of Mexico into some far corner of the land. And so it fell out that Padre José was sent to make his home in the old Franciscan convent here in the city of Monterey. Even in the first year of his service many were the wandering souls that his love and gentleness and great compassion brought safe to shelter in the good care of God.

Yet for a long while there was only sorrow in the heart of Padre José. His good works gladdened others, but himself they made not glad; for always rose up between him and happiness the memory of his lost love. His was a gentle, clinging nature—albeit a most gallant one, as his brave deeds of arms time and again had shown—and the need for a personal love was strong within him. There was a holy comfort in his love of the good God, and in his love of working for His dear sake; but this touched only the spiritual side of his nature, and left his human longing for something real, that he might tend and cherish, and, if need be, spend his life for, all unsatisfied. While this blank in his being remained unfilled there was nothing to check the return of his love to the dear one who had passed from him into the bosom of the church; of whom, even to think, as the poor padre but too well knew, was deadly sin. So his soul was wrenched and torn within him by this ever-recurring conflict between his holy duty and his human love.

Therefore it came to pass that the kind God, seeing how loyally the Padre José strove to do his duty, and how bitter hard that duty was to do, one day took pity upon him and lightened his heavy load.

Beneath the hot sun that beats down so fiercely here in the long summer time, making the air one quivering cloud of scorching heat, Padre José came slowly across the valley toward the town. He came from the little chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe, over on the first of the foot-hills; and his heart was heavy, for few, and careless of its meaning, were the Indians who had come to his celebration of the mass. The distance from the chapel to the convent is but a mile—a trifling walk on one of the cool, crisp, October-like days which serve for winter here in Monterey.

But beneath that summer sun even a strong man would have grown faint and weary—if he had not fallen outright by the way. The strength of Padre José was given so largely to the service of God that but little remained for his own needs; and so, midway in his weary walk, coming to a place where a tangle of mesquites cast a warm shadow—that yet, in contrast with the fiery sunshine, was refreshingly cool—he thankfully cast himself down upon the ground for rest.

Close beside where he sat was a field just cleared for planting, and along the newly made *acequia* the brown water was moving slowly, and was giving great solace to the thirsty land. It is thought by some that the large field set about with *palmas*, on the slope below the chapel of Guadalupe, is the very field beside which Padre José rested that day. Whether this be truth—as it well may be—or only a fancy, we may not know; but it surely is true that while the Padre sat there resting he saw lying in the dust of the wayside, where it had been carelessly tossed when plucked up from the ground, a little palm-tree scarce a span long—a thin, green shoot, rudely wrested from the place where it had begun its innocent, joyous life, and thus cast forth to die. At first the Padre, worn by the heat and by the sorrow of his heart, thought not at all of this poor little palm on which his eyes rested idly. And when, presently, he perceived its presence, and understood its evil plight, there came for it no compassion into his heart. He even, for a little space, felt a cruel pleasure in watching it lie shriveling there in the scorching sunshine, while he sat resting in the shade—so hard and bitter was his mood.

But such wicked feelings as these could not long find harbor in the Padre's breast. Soon a sense of great shame, and of horror at his own sinfulness, came over him; and he rose up, praying that he might be forgiven, and that he might, with God's good help, save the little palm's life. Through the blistering sunshine—forgetful that his hood had fallen back from off his tonsured head—he carried the sorrowful little tree to the *acequia* and plunged it into the refreshment of the slow-moving brown water; and held it there, tenderly, until the pitiful limpness vanished from the tiny leaves and there was something of firmness in the pale green stem. And he felt that this mourning thing, now made joyful, was offering its thanks to him. Then, in some soft moss that he found beneath the grove of mesquites, well wet, so that a grateful dampness might be had for the rest of the hot walk, he enwrapped it lovingly—and so set off once more for the town. Not until he sat resting in his still, cool cell, the little palm meanwhile having been planted in rich, moist earth in the convent garden, and carefully shaded from the sun until its strength should come again, did Padre José realize that in lightening the troubles of this poor, forsaken tree he had for a brief space wholly ceased to feel the weight of his own. And as he prayed there, in the shady stillness of his cell, the thought came into his heart that God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, had sent him this little palm that he might have something to love. Being yet upon his knees, he prayed from out the depths of his simple, truthful soul that this good gift might indeed be his, and that the little palm might live.

And the palm did live. From day to day, from week to week, as Padre José tended it lovingly and faithfully, praying the while for its well-being with the same trusting faith that he was wont to pray for the saving of heathen souls, it grew and flourished; and it rejoiced in the strength of its regained life with a visible gladness that was reflected into and that gladdened his own sorrowing heart. When the weariness of his labor rested heavily upon him; when a dark despondency seized him and the thought weighed upon his soul that his work among the heathen was in vain, and that should he die no one would have been the better for his life or would be the worse for his death—then stealing in upon this darkness of sorrow would come the sweet consciousness that the palm lived and loved him and depended upon him. And the other, the human love that so wrenched and tormented him, and that could not, in its very nature, be cast out of his being, was tempered and chastened by this purer love. When, in the early morning, and again in the evening's dusk, he came to his palm and ministered to its wants—giving it draughts of sweet water, heaping rich earth about its roots, pruning away its too-luxuriant leaves so that its life might be concentrated and strengthened for a more vigorous growth—the memory of his early, passionate love would come back to him: but comfortingly, being purified. And as he went about his holy work by day, the thought of the little tree that loved him and that waited for his return at night, upheld and strengthened him.

The palm, for its part, repaid the care that Padre José gave it by growing as never palm grew before. Its slim stem became thick and sturdy; its gracious leaves spread out in a feathery crest, and everywhere upon it were the signs of a rich, abundant life.

So the months slipped silently away, and were lost in the depths of the passing years,

and the palm shot up and became a strong, beautiful tree; and because of its existence there came to be, if not happiness, at least a refreshing love that bred peace in the heart of Padre José. And so was fulfilled the promise that God made to him, speaking by the blessed St. Francis in the vision.

Thus more than a score of years passed on. Through all this time the Padre José gave of his strength freely in his holy work, and many heathen souls were saved which, but for his zealous labor surely would have been lost. His palm long since had outgrown his care for it, and now, in its turn, cared for him—even as his sturdy son, being come to man's estate, might have cared for him had it pleased Heaven to satisfy his human love. It was a noble tree now; and against its foot he had made a seat, where he would come in the early morning, and again as the sun went down, for rest and comforting. And the palm, swaying a little in the evening breeze, would press its trunk against him lovingly, and soft whisperings of its thankfulness for the life that he had given it would come down to him from its rustling, feathery leaves. When he was sad, thinking of the weariness of life and of all the sorrow that there was therein, the palm-leaves rustled to him mournfully in echo of the mourning that was in his heart. Yet, imperceptibly, the tone of their murmurings would change, bringing into his heart more and more of brightness.

At other times, when the memory of his lost love on earth would come back to him and fill him with a dreary sadness, the palm would whisper of its own love and faithfulness. It would tell of its bitter sorrow as it lay in the scorching sunshine by the wayside where he found it cast out to die, and of its joy when his hands gave it water to drink and shielded it in the cool, damp moss, and gave it, too, there in the convent garden, a safe refuge where it might rejoice in its new-found life.

But it came to pass, at the end of many years, that a pestilence fell upon the city—a deadly fever that rose up from the earth and that caused many to die; such a fever as never before was known, and, mercifully, never since has been known here in Monterey. In every house was the shadow of death. The fathers of the convent were instant in good works among the sick; and even, that they might have more time to save the living, they forebore for a season to say masses for the dead. Only each morning and each night the townsfolk in whom was left strength to walk, came to the church of St. Francis, and there, together with the good fathers, sent up their prayers that the pestilence might be stayed.

And when the deaths grew many, and there was sore need for yet more nurses for the sick, the convent of the *Capuchinas* opened its doors, and the holy nuns came forth and gave their aid. (The Holy Father gave them grace and fullest absolution when, in the after years, their prayer for pardon went to Rome.) The blessed presence and sweet gentleness of these saintly nuns brought comfort into many a stricken house in that most dreary time. But—such was the division of their work among the sick—the *Franciscanos* and the Capuchinas rarely met.

Faithful was Padre José in caring for the sick, and in consoling in the name of the blessed saints those whose sickness was even unto death. Almost his only rest was the little space, morning and evening, when he sat beneath his palm. And being, after his many years of zealous labor, but a frail man, and going thus constantly into those places where the pestilence was at its worst, the time came when he himself felt that the fever had him in its hold; and his heart was gladdened, for he knew that now his rest would come.

Close upon the evening of the third day, feeling then that his release was near, he asked that they would carry him out beyond the convent walls into the garden, and place him in the seat beneath his palm, and leave him there.

Beautiful is the evening in Monterey. When the sun has sunk beyond the crest of the noble Mitra, a great burst of red and golden glory leaps up into the sky and for a long time hangs quivering there above the mountains. Clouds of gorgeous coloring float beyond the Sierra and outline its somber, jagged ridge against their rich splendor; and through the clefts between the peaks, broad rays of light shoot out across the valley, and bathe the farther mountains in a liquid flame. And even more beautiful, or, perhaps, only differently beautiful, is the time, a little after this, when the glorious magnificence has vanished from the sky, and in its place have come subdued, delicious colorings—echoes of the splendor that has passed away.

And Padre José, sitting beneath his palm, with the fever quite gone from him—for it had done its work—thanked God in his heart that this most perfect earthly beauty should be his last sight of earth. It was a fit prelude, as he whispered to the palm—his head resting, as for years he had been wont as he sat there to rest it, against the palm's loving trunk—for the sight yet more beautiful, being heavenly, that would be his so soon. Dreamily he whispered his thankfulness for all that the palm had been to him; for all its constant tenderness and love through these long

years. Then the cool evening wind, which sweeps down from the mountains at the end of the hot days, and brings with it a most delectable refreshment, passed softly through the palm leaves, and made again the old, sweet story of the palm-tree's gratitude and love. And, possessing none of the selfishness that goes with, if, indeed, it be not the very essence of, all human love, the palm-tree murmured its own joyfulness that the time had come when the one whom it loved so truly would cease to be acquainted with sorrow, and would know only the perfect happiness of an endless, holy peace.

Then the Padre whispered again, or it may be that this thought was framed only in his heart, his longing to see the Doña Ana yet once more before his eyes forever closed to things of earth. And, lo! as this longing rested upon his soul, there came to the open gate of the convent garden—being led thither, surely, by God's good grace—a holy nun; and, looking on her face, the Padre José knew that for the little time of life yet left to him the love that he had lost was found!

So she sat beside him, beneath the palm, stroking his cold hand lovingly; yet with a love chastened by long suffering of love's lack, and now sanctified because it welled out anew toward one upon whom rested visibly the hand of death. Together they talked of the long years which, in their severed lives, would have been dead years but for the life that had come to each from a living love of God; and as they talked, Padre José came to know that in all this dreary time she had not been afar from him, but near at hand—watching over him as an angel might have watched, and rejoicing in the fair perfection of his holy work. For she had prayed that she might be sent to where he was; and her prayer had been granted through a firm confidence in her loyal faith to the higher love which she had professed in taking upon her her holy vows.

Slowly the splendor of the sky and mountains faded into the mellow half-tints and subtle blendings of delicate colorings through which the gracious sunlight passes before it is lost in the dull dusk of night. As she cherished it between her own warm hands the hand of Padre José grew yet more cold; and she knew how little was left to him of life.

Presently, as the light grew fainter and fainter, and as the spirit of Padre José grew less and less a thing of earth, so near to heaven had it come, there sounded through the stillness of the evening air the ringing of the angelus: a low, tremulous ringing, for the ringer in the tower was worn with much toil and watching, and scarce had strength left in him to sound the call to prayer. There was a wailing melancholy, yet a deep tenderness in the faint ringing of this sweet bell, as though it mourned—yet with a great compassion, in which was hope.

And as its dying tones vibrated softly through the dusky air, there went a shivering rustle through the branches of the deserted palm, there came a thrill of mortal agony into a lonely woman's heart—for the spirit of Padre José, leaving poor, earthly love behind it, and leaving behind it harsh earthly toil and care, had passed hence into the perfect love of heaven, into the perfect and eternal rest.

HEREIN is seen a mystery of the natures of man and woman. The man, to banish his love, had sought to place the woman afar from him; but the woman, not less resolutely determined that her love should be crushed, knew that she best could crush it when near the man.

Thomas A. Janvier.

A BREATHING TIME.

HERE is a breathing time, and rest for a little season;
Here have I drained deep draughts out of the springs of life;
Here, as of old, while still unacquainted with toil and faintness,
Stretched are my veins with strength, fearless my heart and at peace.
I have come back from the crowd, the blinding strife, and the tumult,
Pain and the shadow of pain, sorrow in silence endured:
Fighting at last I have fallen, and sought the breast of the Mother,—
Quite cast down I have crept close to the broad sweet earth.
Lo, out of failure triumph! Renewed the wavering courage,
Tense the unstrung nerves, steadfast the faltering knees!
Weary no more, nor faint, nor grieved at heart, nor despairing,
Hushed in the earth's green lap, lulled to slumber and dreams.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

EARLY LETTERS OF EMERSON.

BEFORE me lie four letters. They are clear as print, but brown and brittle with many reverent unfoldings. They were written sixty years ago, by a youth who had just been graduated from Harvard College, and they betray something of that loneliness and dreariness which follows shortly upon chipping the shell of a new phase of existence. The youth addresses, in a sort of playful envy, a classmate who has gone directly from the studies of Harvard to the studies of Andover. The first letter bears the date of the writer's death, April 27th; but the year is 1822. It is written in Boston.

MY DEAR LORD W * * *: A tall cousin of mine (Mr. Shepard) hath informed me that you have lately descended upon them at Andover to learn their good ways—from the miserable school of heterodoxy at Cambridge. Now I determined forthwith to write to my right scholarly classmate, for several distinct reasons:—to congratulate you upon your singular exemption from the general misery of your compeers, who have rushed into the tutor's desks of every Minerva's temple in the country; then to claim the honour of corresponding with one scholar in the land,—and to enjoin it upon you, as a primal duty, to write a letter from your seat of science, to a desponding school-master. I am delighted to hear there is such a profound studying of German and Hebrew, Parkhurst and Jahn, and such other names as the memory aches to think of, on foot at Andover. Meantime Unitarianism will not hide her honours; as many hard names are taken, and as much theological mischief is planned at Cambridge as at Andover. By the time this generation gets upon the stage, if the controversy will not have ceased, it will run such a tide that we shall hardly be able to speak to one another, and there will be a Guelf and Ghibeline quarrel, which cannot tell where the differences lie. * * * I have a high respect for Professor Stuart, but have never seen him. I want you to write me a description of his mind, body, and outward estate. The good people abroad, who are Calvinists up to the chin, do not treat him well. He watches upon their outposts, and receives all the weapons of the enemy, and those within the pale, his brethren of Connecticut, accuse him of apostacy. They should know, that the opposite party humbly judge that if they lose him they lose all, and that any party can boast few such redeeming Palladiums.

What are you studying beside Bibles? Do you let suns and moons, eclipses and comets pass without calculation or account? Is there not time for trigonometry, no, not for a logarithm? Or, if all these are forgotten, I hope you have not sacrificed Johnson and Burke, Shakspeare and Scott altogether. Books are not so numerous at Andover, but that you will want the Cambridge library, which, by the way, grows rich rapidly, and bids fair to load its shelves to the breaking point, under the care of such an eloquent beggar as Professor Cogswell. He has already won away to the library most of the splendid European books in Boston, and obliged Mr. Thorndike to cover the Ebeling library, which he presented. But whatever may be your pursuits, your designs, or your advantages, this is to remind you that I expect a very literary letter which may unfold them all to my admiration. You can form no conception how much one grovelling in the city needs the excitement and impulse of literary example. The sight of broad, vellum-bound quartos, the very mention of Greek and German names, the glimpse of a dusty, tugging scholar will wake you up to emulation for a month.

You will excuse the liberty I have taken, in addressing myself to you unasked, to solicit a correspondence, but I am aweary of myself * * *. I suppose you may know opportunities to send to Frye, if not, pray drop a letter into the Post Office, the first time you pass by it, to

Your friend and classmate,
R. WALDO EMERSON.

In this pleasant, little, limpid, sometimes plaintive, ripple of phrases,—occasionally sophomoric, one sees no sign of the magnificent swell, the

"Full-fed river, winding slow,"

of his later speech. In the course of his next letter, he speaks with eager, boyish enthusiasm of a charming new writer, a novelist, Walter Scott. He was preëmpting a new field in literature at that time, for before it, fond as one might be of vivid pictures of social life, one could find few novels tolerable to a sound head and a clean heart. And yet the

austere, *triste* life of ancient New England created a great craving for some sort of stimulant. Happy they who found it in thought, instead of wine!

BOSTON, July 27, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR: I am glad to hear I have a letter from you, which, with true collegiate negligence, my brother has kept carefully for me at Cambridge this fortnight. Of course, I cannot answer it, nor can I tell whether, in the delicate eye of the law, I can yet be construed into a debtor in correspondence; but as a tall cousin aforesaid is again on the wing to academic bowers, I am quite willing to advance the payment of a letter upon the security of my brother's word.—I have this moment finished the first volume of "Fortunes of Nigel," which I fear is excluded from your reading catalogue, because it is so unfortunate as to bear the name of a *novel*. But if masterly, unrivalled genius add any weight to the invitation for a scholar to step out of his Greek and Hebrew circle of sad enchantments, that he may pluck such flowers of taste and fancy as never bloomed before, to deck his strength withal,—why then he may read Scott, and particularly the latter novels.

In this book there is nothing akin to any novels of another man. There is no unskilful crowding of incident,—indeed there is very little incident at all; the interest is maintained by the very elevated and animating and yet perfectly natural tone of the conversation which is kept up. The youngest observer of human society recognizes circumstances corresponding entirely with the records of his own mind; and in all the strangeness and remoteness of the scenes and persons, I have twenty times borne witness to the sagacity of observations which I had many times felt to be true without ever having expressed them. Our sternest scholars must admire the genius of this unrivalled seer whose fruitful invention already surpasses the "One Thousand and One Tales" of Arabian Entertainment. Next to Shakspeare, he will stand highest with posterity, and there is but one consideration that should lead me to give unhesitating preference to the dramatist, and that is, the circumstance named in some review or other, that Shakspeare stands alone in this: that all his characters, each being perfect and original, are utterly distinct from one another: that when he had exhausted art upon Hamlet, upon Othello, upon Jaques, that character is thrown off at once and hinted at in no other play whatever.* But in Scott, we commonly complain of a new representation of the same persons; and in Byron we always complain. Perhaps it is wasting your time to trouble you with my lucubrations about novels and poetical idolatry. But at the moment, I have it more at heart than aught else; and if, when you read this, you be stooping to some musty folio which suffered under the types a century ago, you will oblige me by transferring your solemn thoughts thereupon to paper for me; yea, if it be a *dictionary*, if it be anything earthly but mathematics.

I doubt not you deplored the loss which Cambridge and the community sustained in the death of the Professor [Frisbie]. And I need not tell you how much you lost in being absent from the Eulogy, which equalled Mr. Norton's other productions. It is a happy lot, "*laudari a laudato viro*," and never probably was praise more sincere or true. If the eulogy had defects, we did not find them out, and the critics, with you or elsewhere, must wait till it comes from the press,—and then remember that it was written in *two days* by a man who submits his writings always to Horace's rule of 'nine years.' It will cost the corporation no little trouble to find a successor to the vacant chair, for boast as we will of our literary society, there is nobody here with a claim to the place. Is there any man in your schools of prophets competent to the office?

The North Am. Review, which came out yesterday, is a very fine number. The article on Mirabeau is the best, but I do not know its author. The long piece in it on ancient and modern poetry by one of your scholars, Marsh, I have not yet read, but have been told it was very good. Cushing reviewed Webster; and Everett, "Bracebridge Hall." In American books we feel quite proud of "Europe" (Alex. Everett's), "The Spy," and "N. England Tale." Add to this, Mr. Tudor's new work, "Life of James Otis," not yet published, but of which much is expected from the known talents of the author. Self-complacent America will lift her head yet higher in the pride of literature, when she sees the English press anxiously claiming "Europe" as the work of some Englishman. But I may as well stop from telling old news.

Have you any very bright stars which shall be lighted in your church? Your classes are so large as certainly to contain one or two magnates. But I have been disappointed in general, when I have heard young candidates preach at Park street. Why? Are there faults in the instruction? or shall I venture the wicked question whether it is impossible for minds of a certain order to submit to certain systems? But milord frowns

* Falstaff is continued professedly under the same name. The *Fools* are necessarily the same.

—and with reason— "And finds *within*, denial of the tale."

* * * * * *

R. Waldo Emerson.

It seems hardly right to let all the world in to observe the mind of Emerson in this confidential morning undress, as it were. But Charlotte Bronté says: "The real refinement of a nature appears most genuinely in the disclosures made *en dishabille*." How generous and impersonal are all the comments of this young student! How purely mental the objects of his interest and enthusiasm! "It is a happy lot *laudari a laudato viro*," says the wistful, shy youth. Who ever lived to taste this "happy lot" more deeply? Emerson, when thirty years old, made a reverent pilgrimage to Carlyle. The cynical oracle used afterward to speak of the young American as dawning upon him like an angel—a supernal vision. Here in Washington Charles Sumner, America's bravest and most ideal statesman, died after living to see "ideas that got mobbed out of lecture-rooms come back to sit throned in the Capitol." It is remembered that as the strong heart was panting out its last beats in agony, some one named Emerson. The dulling ear caught the sound, the paling lips murmured: "Tell him I love him; tell him I revere him!"

The next letter opens with a yearning curiosity toward a star destined to rule greatly in his life—Plato.

Boston, 21 November, 1822.

I have had it in contemplation for some time to try my pen in French and send you a Gallic epistle; but I am so indolent this evening that I must write Kings' English. My first question regards Plato. For the love of Athens, I pray you tell me what golden thoughts you have culled from the oracle of so many centuries? Have you found the source of heresies and the models of all bad creeds? And chiefly have you found that "etherial imagination," which all books ascribe to Plato, and which of all his excellencies I am the least willing to take upon trust. I confide in your scholarly character, that you spurn translations and read the Greek. From my very limited knowledge of the philosopher, I should judge that, of all the ancients, he is most a citizen of the world, that is, soared above his time and judged of men and things *then*, as a speculative man does to-day. One difficulty always meets me there, to wit, how to distinguish Socrates from his disciple. When a man writes a biography of Socrates, he ransacks Plato as if he were another Boswell. But when Plato is the hero of the tale, poor Socrates becomes a theoretic personage, yea, the mere mouth of his disciple. Now these contradictions it is incumbent upon your learning to reconcile, and I shall expect your solution with impatience. If Plato be the thing I have imagined him to be, namely, a philosophy not too profound for easy comprehension, mixed and softened with a proportion of imagination and poetry—enough to adapt it to an idle eye and a vacant hour —why, in that case nothing but his Greek should appall me. By and by the gods may grant your aspiring correspondent some few more nerves of perseverance, and a few more mercurial drops of activity. Some winter day shall perhaps cool down the superfluous heats of imagination, and leave room for sterner elements to grow, if such there be. And perhaps, my lord, some summer day shall thaw down the frosty coat, which, men complain, conceals your faculties and buries the "light" of the world in an icy napkin. You will excuse my wicked pen, who, I find, is not to be trusted with ink.

Does Blackstone still march along side of Rosenmüller? I had rather hear from you the fruits of your studies than your complaints of the parties, which, I suppose, is a necessary consequence of living in a theological school.

I have hardly traveled far enough in Demosthenes to boast of much acquaintance with the best eloquence of the world. I promise myself great satisfaction hereafter in repaying tit for tat, and transmitting a sheet worthy of the Scoliast on the orator, to return your strictures upon Plato. So much castle building for our sublime correspondence. I have read one very useful book of late, which you will like, I know, Stewart's Second Dissertation. It saves you a world of reading by laying open the history of moral and intellectual philosophy since the Revival of Letters, exposing the rise and fall of successive theories, and the amount of each man's addition to the common stock. It is a beautiful and instructive abridgement of the thousand volumes of Locke, Leibnitz, Voltaire, Bayle, Kant, and the rest,—by a man "amply qualified for the task." The next books in order upon my table are Hume and Gibbon's Miscellanies. I shall be on the high road to ruin shortly with such companions, but I cannot help admiring the genius and novelty of the one, and the greatness and profound learning of the other, maugre the scepticism and abominable sneers of both. If you read Hume, you have to *think;* and Gibbon wakes you up from slumber, to wish yourself a scholar, and resolve to be one. And with regard to the danger, if you have not yet grounded yourself in your faith, still our New

England education sets all our prejudices in arms against them, and we are not likely to be buffeted. Therefore I think them both very good books to read. Gibbon values himself upon knowing thoroughly whatever he touches, and this, it seems to me, is the prime virtue of an historian.

When time shall suffer me to go to the schools and open the Divinity folios, I hope to come into your neighborhood. But am not sure with regard to the propriety of one who thinks himself an Unitarian — asking the bounty of Andover. I believe that although laws and charters may favour my coming, the *spirit* of the same would not; nor would it be construed as strict honour and good faith, to come and steal from their armoury, the weapons which I intended to wield, certainly not *for*, and perhaps against them. Besides, I apprehend, the spirit of the community being somewhat against heresy, that I should hardly be favourably eyed by my fellow-students. You would oblige me much by solving my doubts on this topic.

I have almost filled my page and think it high time to dismiss this scrawl from

Your friend and classmate,

R. Waldo Emerson.

This letter shows the development of that bee-like quality of his mind, that ever more and more distilled the honey only, from all books and all persons and all events. One had to be careful, indeed, how one over-filled one's third page, when envelopes were uninvented: the letters must be neatly folded and infolded, and sealed; the address written upon the blank fourth page.

The fourth letter contains the sole allusions of the four, to anything feminine.

Boston, Jan. 29, 1823.

If I am not mistaken, I am your debtor on the epistolary account, and intend to pay you in current money, though I cannot in your own Roman coin [referring to a preceding Latin letter]. I dislike cordially an exact correspondence which makes it binding on the conscience of the receiver of a letter, to write his answer by the next post. I rather choose to claim the liberty of writing when I am in the humour, and in what dialect of the nations I will. If to write twice without waiting for an answer, please my despotic whims, I shall write twice; or if I should let my pen rot a whole year unwet, I should feel no qualms. Claiming so large a charter for myself, I must needs allow the same to those who honour me with their epistles, and if my lord would not always wait for my tardy letter, but would sometimes vouchsafe a gratuitous sheet, I should be exceedingly grateful. Thus much for preamble. You will find the "N. A. Review" impregnated from title-page to Finis with Everett's spirit. I never saw one so exclusively his own. I am sorry I do not yet know the different authors, to give you the list, but presume he must have written at least half the book. Von Haunier's "Constantinople" and Humboldt's travels I know to be his. The tragedy piece is probably his brother's. Beyond the new book I can have little to say. For what can be expected from an unlucky apprentice at the trade of Dionysius, who writes to a dweller amid folios, libraries, and professors? You hold in your hand the keys of all the Past, whilst I can only deal out the crumbs of to-day's gossip. I covet your lofty contemplations, your "*ruinas ecclesiæ*" and plans, no doubt, for adamantine foundations of a new temple. I hope persecution does not, indeed, light his fires in your college halls, but lying Rumour has a hard story to tell about the brotherly love of your professors. If there be iniquity, heaven keep the hands of the *Rabbi* clean from its pollution.

I have heard it stated that the case is deemed of extensive interest, because upon its result hangs the question whether a man can be dismissed from an elective office upon such a charge as incompetency, when such incompetency existed at the time of his election. If you decide it the wrong way, many a poor professor must take up his bed and walk. Besides, the same decision would affect the church, and a frivolous charge of incompetency would oust half the clergy of the land. Our Andover college of Cardinals, who look after the Ecclesiastical State, must beware of giving facilities to the divorce of Pastor and Church any more than of Husband and Wife; because an evil closely analogous would speedily accrue to the community, since it would destroy that mutual obligation to keep the peace with each other which the Necessity of their union imposes. Moreover, a decision of the consistory against the professor would infringe somewhat upon the old rule, that, as it takes two to make, so it takes two to break a bargain.

How do the studies of your class and closet flourish? The only objection that I can think of, at this moment, to your mode of study is, that you all live double; at Cambridge a graduate can get a room alone. This, no doubt, appears an indifferent matter to yourself, with most abstracted and silent habits; but to a butterfly personage like myself, who cannot help thinking upon the thousand things which flit about me, entire solitude is an immense advantage. I put on faith in the

maxim, "magna civitas, magna solitudo; I should substitute *multitudo*." A man in a million, or in ten, or in two, is but a common, equal man; whereas a man, alone, is a very important person; is in his thoughts, lord of the past, and hope of the future; commands the spirits of earth, air and heaven with a calm majesty exclusively known to solitude. There is an unlucky consciousness of which I can never divest myself that there is a breathing being in the room, and this cramps the pen that it cannot scamper freely over my page, or carries away mine eye from the lines of my book, and I feel very strongly persuaded that the success wherewith I study Divinity depends essentially upon this circumstance.

Do the Naiads who protect my mineral spring in your woods, resign their charge to Jack Frost? I presume you hardly frequent their rustic temple at this season. If when you revisit the woods, you should, perchance, descry the sylvan spirit peeping over her urn, you must present my poetical devotions to the red water lady, and promise my return to the same. I have just seen my tall cousin from your halls who promises to take my letter. He carries likewise a new "Christian Disciple." I know two or three of the authors. After this number, it passes into other hands. Please to read the first article and I will tell you who the writer is. I learn that Dr. Bigelow reviews Nuttall in the N. A. Review, and Mr. Hale (Editor of the D. Advertiser) reviewed Morse's Geography. I am in haste and cannot wait to finish my page.

Respectfully your friend and classmate,
R. Waldo Emerson.

He to whom these letters address their frank admiration, and their shy appeal for sympathy, lived most of his life in the obscurity of country parsonages. April 27, 1882, sixty years from the day the first letter was written, he who called himself "a desponding schoolmaster," "weary of myself," lay dying—his pillow watched and wept and blest by reverent thousands.

Mary S. Withington.

WASHINGTON ON THE EVE OF THE WAR.

During the summer and autumn of 1860, I was in Washington, supervising the preparation of maps of the reconnaissances which had been made by the Scientific Commission under my orders during the years 1857–58–59; and at the same time preparing my report on the operations of the Commission. It was my desire to preface the report by a history of all previous surveys and explorations of the western coast of North America. I had access to the large and valuable library of the late General Peter Force, probably the most complete collection of rare works on American history that then existed. General Force was a sergeant of volunteers for the defense of the capital at the time of its invasion by the British in 1813. He had been from that time forward attached to the militia organization of the District of Columbia, and had passed through every grade from sergeant to major-general, thus arriving at the highest grade known in the corps in which he had been enrolled fifty years before. He showed me a copy of a bill which the Secretary of War had prepared, abolishing all existing laws regarding the District of Columbia militia and volunteers and providing for a new organization. He said that the bill would no doubt pass the two houses of Congress, and that meantime all the old organizations had been abandoned excepting a few companies, and these were awaiting the advantages of the new law to reorganize on the new basis. He then requested me to aid him in organizing his new division. I willingly consented, and began to study the matter with reference to the distribution of the volunteer organizations between the two divisions, the arrangement of the rolls of the militiamen, etc. The country at this time (Dec. 1860) was in a curious and alarming condition: one State (South Carolina) had already passed an ordinance of secession from the Union and other States were preparing to follow her lead.

The only regular troops near the capital of the country were three hundred or four hundred marines at the marine barracks, and perhaps a hundred enlisted men of ordnance at the Washington arsenal. The old militia system had been abandoned (without being legally abolished), and Congress had passed no law establishing a new one. The only armed volunteer organizations in the District of Columbia were: One company of riflemen at Georgetown (the Potomac Light Infantry), one company of riflemen in Washington (the National Rifles), a skeleton battalion of in-

fantry (the Washington Light Infantry) of about one hundred and sixty men, and another small organization called the National Guard Battalion.

It was evident that, on its assembling in December, Congress would have far different work to consider than the organization of the District of Columbia militia; and also that it would not be the policy of the President, at the very outset of the session, in the delicate position of affairs, to propose the military organization of the federal district. It was also evident that, should he be so disposed, the Senators and Representatives of the Southern States would oppose and denounce the project.

What force, then, would the Government have at its disposal in the federal district for the simple maintenance of order in case of need? Evidently but a handful; and as to calling thither promptly any regular troops, that was out of the question, since they had already all been distributed by the Southern sympathizers to the distant frontiers of the Indian country,—Texas, Utah, New Mexico, Oregon, and Washington Territory,—and winter was rapidly approaching. It must be remembered that in those days there were no railways reaching out into those distant regions, and months would have been necessary to concentrate at Washington, in that season, a force of three thousand regular troops. Even had President Buchanan been desirous of bringing troops to the capital, the feverish condition of the public mind would, as the executive believed, have been badly affected by any movement of the kind, and the approaching crisis might have been precipitated.

I saw at once that the only force which could be readily made of service was a volunteer force raised from among the well disposed men of the District, and that this must be organized, if at all, under the old law of 1799.

By careful consultation with gentlemen well acquainted with the various classes of Washington society, I canvassed the District to learn what proportion of the able-bodied population could be counted on to sustain the Government should it need support from armed and organized citizens.

All who knew Washington in the days of December, 1860, know what thoughts reigned in the minds of all thinking men. Whatever their daily occupations, they went about them with their thoughts always bent on the possible disasters of the near future: some wishing to see the Union destroyed, and laboring night and day to that end; others straining their minds to discover how it might be saved and the civil war, which seemed imminent, might be averted.

On the 31st of December, 1860, Lieutenant-General Scott, commander-in-chief of the army (who had his head-quarters in New York), was in Washington. The President, at last thoroughly alarmed at the results of continued concessions to secession, had called him for consultation on the situation.

On the evening of that day I went to pay my respects to my old commander, and was received by him at Wormley's hotel. I found the General alone at the dinner-table, just finishing his evening meal. He chatted pleasantly with me for a few minutes, recalling past service in the Mexican war, etc.; and when the occasion presented itself, I remarked that I was glad to see him in good spirits, for that proved to me that he took a more cheerful view of the state of public affairs than he had on his arrival — more cheerful than those who resided in Washington had dared to take during the past few days.

"Yes, my young friend," said the General, "I feel more cheerful about the affairs of the country than I did this morning; for I believe that a safer policy than has hitherto been followed will now be adopted. The policy of entire conciliation, which has so far been pursued, would soon have led to ruin. We are now in such a state that a policy of pure force would precipitate a crisis for which we are not prepared. A mixed policy of force and conciliation is now necessary, and I believe it will be adopted and carried out." He then looked at his watch, rose, and said: "I must be with the President in a quarter of an hour," and ordered his carriage. He walked up and down the dining-room, but suddenly stopped and faced me, saying: "How is the feeling in the District of Columbia? What proportion of the population would sustain the Government by force, if necessary?"

I replied:

"General, it is my belief that two-thirds of the fighting stock of this population would sustain the Government in defending itself, if called upon. But they are uncertain as to what can be done or what the Government desires to have done, and they have no rallying point."

The General walked the room again in silence. The carriage came to the door, and I accompanied him toward it. As he was leaving the room, he turned suddenly, looked me in the face, placed his hand on my shoulder, and said:

"These people have no rallying point. Make yourself that rallying point!"

The next day I was commissioned by the President colonel in the staff and Inspector-General of the District of Columbia. I was mustered into the service of the United States from the 2d day of January, 1861, on the

special requisition of the General-in-Chief, and thus became the first one of the million citizens called into the military service of the Government to defend it against secession.

I immediately entered upon my duties, commencing by inspections in detail of the existing organizations of volunteers. The Potomac Light Infantry company, of Georgetown, I found fairly drilled, well armed, and, from careful information, it seemed to me certain that the majority of its members could be depended upon in case of need, but not all of them.

On the 2d of January, I met, at the entrance of the Metropolitan Hotel, Captain Schaeffer, of the "National Rifles" of Washington, and I spoke to him about his company, which was remarkable for its accurate and rapid drill and full ranks. Schaeffer had been a lieutenant in the First Regiment of United States Artillery, and was an excellent drill-master.

He had evidently not yet heard of my appointment as Inspector-General, and he replied to my complimentary remarks on his company:

"Yes, it is a good company, and I suppose I shall soon have to lead it to the banks of the Susquehanna!"

"Why so?" I asked.

"Why! To guard the frontier of Maryland and help to keep the Yankees from coming down to coerce the South!"

I said to him quietly that I thought it very imprudent in him, an employé of the Department of the Interior and captain of a company of District of Columbia volunteers, to use such expressions. He replied that most of his men were Marylanders, and would have to defend Maryland. I told him that he would soon learn that he had been imprudent, and advised him to think more seriously of his position, but did not inform him of my appointment, which he would be certain to learn the following morning from the newspapers.

It must be admitted that this was not a very cheerful beginning.

On inspecting the "National Rifles," I found that Schaeffer had more than one hundred men on his rolls, and was almost daily adding to the number, and that he had a full supply of rifles with two hundred rounds of ball cartridges, two mountain howitzers with harness and carriages, a supply of sabers and of revolvers and ammunition, all drawn from the United States arsenal. I went to the Chief of Ordnance, to learn how it was that this company of riflemen happened to be so unusually armed; and I found at the Ordnance office that an order had been given by the late Secretary of War (Floyd) directing the Chief of Ordnance to cause to be issued to Captain Schaeffer "all the ordnance and ordnance stores that he might require for his company!" I ascertained also that Floyd had nominated Captain Schaeffer to the President for the commission of Major in the District of Columbia militia, and that the commission had already been sent to the President for his signature.

I immediately presented the matter to the new Secretary of War (Holt), and procured from him two orders: One, an order to the Chief of Ordnance to issue no arms to any militia or volunteers in the District of Columbia unless the requisition should be countersigned by the Inspector-General; the other, an order that all commissions issued to officers of the District of Columbia should be sent to the Inspector-General for delivery.

An office was assigned me in the War Department, convenient to the army-registers and near the Secretary of War, who kindly gave orders that I should at all times be admitted to his cabinet without waiting, and room was made for me in the office of Major-General Weightman, the senior major-general of the District, where each day I passed several hours to confer with him, and to be able promptly to obtain his authority for any necessary order to the District forces.

The Washington Light Infantry organization and the National Guard were old volunteers composed of Washington people, and were almost to a man faithful to the Government. Of their officers, Major-General Weightman, though aged, and Major-General Force, aged and infirm, were active, and true as steel; Brigadier-Generals Bacon and Carrington were young, active, and true. Brigadier-General Ould, who took no part in the preparations of the winter, joined the Confederates as soon as Virginia passed her ordinance of secession, and his known sentiments precluded consultation with him.

Having thus studied the ground, and taken the first necessary steps toward security, I commenced the work of providing a force of volunteers. I addressed individual letters to some forty well-known and esteemed gentlemen of the District, informing each one that it would be agreeable to the Government should he in his neighborhood raise and organize a company of volunteers for the preservation of order in the District. To some of these letters I received no replies. To some I received replies courteously declining the service. To some I received letters sarcastically declining. But to many I received replies enthusiastically accepting the service and promising to raise companies of good men.

Each week thenceforth, until the middle of February, brought to my office the rolls of several new companies formed, so that in about six weeks thirty-three companies of infantry and riflemen and two troops of cavalry were on the lists of the District volunteer force; and all had been uniformed, equipped, and put under frequent drill.

The Northern Liberties fire companies brought their quota; the Lafayette Hose Company was prompt to enrol; the masons, the carpenters, the stone-cutters, and the painters, the German turners responded: each corporation formed its companies, and drilled industriously. Petty rivalries disappeared, and each company strove to excel the others in drill and discipline. While the newly organized companies thus strove to perfect themselves, the older organizations resumed their drills and filled their ranks with good recruits.

The National Rifles company (Captain Schaeffer's) was carefully observed, and it was found that its ranks received constant accessions, including the most openly declared secessionists and even members of Congress from the States proposing to secede. This company was very frequently drilled in its armory, and its recruits were drilled nearly every night.

Having, as Inspector-General, a secret service force at my disposition, I placed a detective in the company, and had regular reports of the proceedings of its captain. He was evidently pushing for an independent command of infantry, artillery and cavalry, having his rifles, cannon, sabers, and revolvers stored in his armory. He also began to prepare for action, ordering his men to take their rifles and equipments home with them, with a supply of ammunition, so that even should his armory be occupied, they could assemble on short notice, ready for action. Meantime, his commission as major was signed by the President and sent to me.

I reported these matters to General Scott, who ordered me to watch these proceedings carefully, and to be ready to suppress any attempt at violence; but to avoid, if possible, any shock, for, said he, "We are now in such a state that a dog-fight might cause the gutters of the capital to run with blood."

While the volunteer force for the support of the Government was organizing, another force with exactly the opposite purpose was in course of formation. I learned that the great hall over Beach's livery stable was nightly filled with men, who were actively drilled. Doctor B——, of well known secession tendencies, was the moving spirit of these men, and he was assisted by other citizens of high standing, among whom was a connection of the Governor of Virginia. The numbers of these occupants of Beach's hall increased rapidly, and I found it well to have a skillful New York detective officer, who had been placed at my disposition, enrolled among them. These men called themselves "National Volunteers," and openly discussed, in their meetings, the seizure of the national capital at the proper moment. They drilled industriously, and had regular business meetings, full reports of which were regularly laid before me every following morning by "the New York member." In the meeting at which the uniform to be adopted was discussed, the vote was for gray Kentucky jeans, with the Maryland button. A cautious member suggested that they must remember that, in order to procure arms, it would be "necessary to get the requisition signed by 'Old Stone,' and if he saw that they had adopted the Maryland button, and not that of the United States, he might suspect them and refuse the issue of arms!" Doctor B—— supported the idea of the Maryland button, and said that, if Stone refused the arms, his connection, the Governor of Virginia, would see them furnished, etc. These gentlemen probably little thought that a full report of their remarks would be read the next morning by "Old Stone" to the General-in-Chief.

The procuring of arms was a difficult matter for them, for it required the election of officers, the regular enrolling of the men, the certificate of elections, and the muster-rolls, all to be reported to the Inspector-General. The matter was long discussed by them, and it was finally arranged that, out of the three hundred and sixty men in their midst, a pretended company should be organized, officers elected, and the demand for arms made. This project was carried out, and *my* member brought to me early the next morning the report of the proceedings, informing me that Doctor B—— had been elected captain, and would call on the Inspector-General for arms. Sure enough, Doctor B—— presented himself in my office and informed me that he had raised a company of volunteers, and desired an order for arms. He produced a certificate of election in due form. I received him courteously, and informed him that I could not give an order for arms without having a muster-roll of his men, proving that a full one hundred had signed the rolls. It was, of course, very desirable to have the names of men holding their known sentiments and nursing such projects as were known to be theirs.

He returned, I think, on the following day,

with a muster-roll in due form, containing the names of one hundred men. This was all that I wanted. I looked him full in the face, smiled, and locked the muster-roll in a drawer of my desk, saying:

"Doctor B——, I am very happy to have obtained this list, and I wish you good morning."

The gallant doctor evidently understood me. He smiled, bowed, and left the office, to which he never returned. He subsequently proved the sincerity of his principles by abandoning his pleasant home in Washington, his large and valuable property, and giving his earnest service to the Confederate cause. The "National Volunteer" organization broke up without further trouble.

Next came the turn of Captain Schaeffer. He entered my office one day with the air of an injured man, holding in his hand a requisition for arms and ammunition, and saying, that, on presenting it at the Ordnance office, he had been informed that no arms could be issued to him without my approval. I informed him that that was certainly so, and that the order of the Secretary of War was general. I told him that he had already in his possession more rifles than were required for a company and that he could have no more. He then said, sulkily, that he could easily, with his company, *take* the arms he wanted.

I asked him, Where? and he replied:

"You have only four soldiers guarding the Columbian armory, where there are plenty of arms, and those four men could not prevent my taking them."

"Ah!" I replied, "In what part of the armory are those arms kept?" He said they were on the upper floor, which was true.

"Well," said I, "you seem to be well informed. If you think it best, just try taking the arms by force. I assure you that if you do you shall be fired on by one hundred and fifty soldiers as you come out of the armory."

The fact was, that only two enlisted men of ordnance were on duty at the Columbian armory, so feeble was the military force at the time. But Barry's battery had just arrived at the Washington arsenal, and on my application General Scott had ordered the company of sappers and miners at West Point to come to Washington to guard the Columbian armory; but they had not yet arrived. The precautions taken in ordering them were thus clearly proved advisable.

The time had evidently come to disarm Captain Schaeffer; and when he reached his office after leaving mine, he found there an order directing him to deposit in the Columbian armory, before sunset on that day, the two howitzers with their carriages which he had in his possession, as well as the sabers and revolvers, as these weapons formed no part of the proper armament of a company of riflemen. He was taken by surprise, and had not time to call together men enough to resist; so that nothing was left to him but to comply with the order. He obeyed it, well knowing that if he did not I was prepared to take the guns from his armory by means of other troops.

Having obeyed, he presented himself again in my office, and before he had time to speak I informed him that I had a commission of major for his name. He was much pleased, and said: "Yes, I heard that I had been appointed." I then handed him a slip of paper on which I had written out the form of oath which the old law required to be taken by officers, that law never having been repealed, and said to him:

"Here is the form of oath you are to take. You will find a justice of the peace on the next floor. Please qualify, sign the form in duplicate, and bring both to me. One will be filed with your letter of acceptance, the other will be filed in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court of the District."

He took the paper with a sober look, and stood near my table several minutes looking at the form of oath and turning the paper in his hand, while I, apparently very busy with my papers, was observing him closely. I then said:

"Ah, Schaeffer, have you already taken the oath?"

"No," said he.

"Well, please be quick about it, as I have no time to spare."

He hesitated, and said slowly:

"In ordinary times I would not mind taking it, but in these times ——"

"Ah!" said I, "you decline to accept your commission of major. Very well!" and I returned his commission to the drawer and locked it in.

"Oh, no," said Schaeffer, "I want the commission."

"But, sir, you cannot have it. Do you suppose that, in these times, which are not, as you say, 'ordinary times,' I would think of delivering a commission of field-officer to a man who hesitates about taking the oath of office? Do you think that the Government of the United States is stupid enough to allow a man to march armed men about the federal district under its authority, when that man hesitates to take the simple oath of office? No, sir, you cannot have this commission; and more than that, I now inform you that you hold no office in the District of Columbia volunteers."

"Yes, I do; I am captain, and have my commission as such, signed by the President and delivered to me by the Major-General."

"I am aware that such a paper was delivered to you, but you failed legally to accept it."

"I wrote a letter of acceptance to the Adjutant-General, and forwarded it through the Major-General."

"Yes, I am aware that you did; but I know also that you failed to inclose in that letter, according to law, the form of oath required to accompany all letters of acceptance, and on the register of the War Department, while the issuance of your commission is recorded, the acceptance is not recorded. You have never legally accepted your commission, and it is now too late. The oath of a man who hesitates to take it will not now be accepted."

So Captain Schaeffer left the "National Rifles," and with him left the secession members of the company. I induced quite a number of true men to join its ranks; a new election was ordered, and a strong, loyal man (Lieutenant Smead of the U. S. artillery) was elected its captain. Smead was then on duty in the office of the Coast Survey, and I easily procured from the War Department permission for him to accept the position.

If my information was correct, the plan had been formed for seizing the public departments at the proper moment and obtaining possession of the seals of the Government. Schaeffer's part, with the battalion he was to form, was to take possession of the Treasury Department for the benefit of the new provisional government. Whatever may have been the project, it was effectually foiled. With the breaking up of the "National Volunteers"; with the transformation of the secession company of "National Rifles" into a thoroughly faithful and admirably drilled company ready for the service of the Government; with the arrival from West Point of the company of sappers and miners, and, later, the arrival of the Military Academy battery under Griffin; and with the formation in the district of thirty new companies of infantry and riflemen from among the good citizens of Washington and Georgetown the face of things in the national capital had much changed before the fourth of March, 1861.

I must now go back a little in time, to mention one fact which will show in how weak and dangerous a condition our Government was in the latter part of January and the early part of February, 1861. The invitations which I had issued for the raising of companies of volunteers had, as already stated, been enthusiastically responded to, and companies were rapidly organized. The preparatory drills were carried on every night, and I soon found that the men were sufficiently advanced to receive their arms. I began to approve the requisitions for arms; but to my great astonishment, the captains who first received the orders came back to me, stating that the Ordnance Department refused to issue any arms! On referring to the Ordnance office, I was informed by the Chief of Ordnance that he had received, the day before, an order not to issue any arms to the District of Columbia troops, and that this order had come from the President!

I went immediately to the Secretary of War (Mr. Holt) and informed him of the state of affairs, telling him at the same time that I did not feel disposed to be employed in child's play, organizing troops which could not be armed, and that unless the order in question should be immediately revoked there was no use for me in my place and that I must at once resign. Mr. Holt told me that I was perfectly right; that unless the order should be revoked there was no use in my holding my place, and he added, with a smile, "and I will also say, Colonel, there will be no use in my holding my place any longer. Go to the President, Colonel, and talk to him as you have talked to me."

I went to the White House, and was received by Mr. Buchanan. I found him sitting at his writing-table, in his dressing-gown, looking wearied and worried.

I opened at once the subject of arms, and stated the necessity of immediate issue, as the refusal of arms would not only stop the instruction of the volunteers, which they needed sadly, but would make them lose all confidence in the Government and break up the organizations. I closed by saying that, while I begged his pardon for saying it, in case he declined to revoke his order I must ask him to accept my resignation at once.

Mr. Buchanan was evidently in distress of mind, and said:

"Colonel, I gave that order acting on the advice of the District Attorney, Mr. Robert Ould."

I replied:

"Then, Mr. President, the District Attorney has advised your Excellency very badly."

"But, Colonel, the District Attorney is an old resident of Washington, and he knows all the little jealousies which exist here. He tells me that you have organized a company from the Northern Liberties fire company."

"Not only one, but two excellent companies in the Northern Liberties, your Excellency."

"And then, the District Attorney tells me

you have organized another company from among the members of the Lafayette Hose Company."

"Yes, your Excellency, another excellent company."

"And the District Attorney tells me, Colonel, that there is a strong feeling of enmity between those fire companies and, if arms are put in their hands, there will be danger of bloodshed in the city."

"Will your Excellency excuse me if I say that the District Attorney talks nonsense or worse to you? If the Northern Liberties and the Lafayette Hose men wish to fight, can they not procure hundreds of arms in the shops along the avenue? Be assured, Mr. President, that the people of this District are thinking now of other things than old ward feuds. They are thinking whether or not the Government of the United States is to allow itself to crumble out of existence by its own weakness. And I believe that the District Attorney knows that as well as I do. If the companies of volunteers are not armed, they will disband, and the Government will have nothing to protect it in case of even a little disturbance. Is it not better for the public peace, your Excellency, even if the bloody feud exists (which I believe is forgotten in a greater question),—is it not better to have these men organized and under the discipline of the Government?"

The President hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I don't know that you are not right, Colonel; but you must take the responsibility on you that no bloodshed results from arming these men."

I willingly accepted this responsibility. The prohibitory order was revoked. My companies received their arms. They made good use of them learning the manual of arms in a surprisingly short time. Later, they made good use of them in sustaining the Government which had furnished them against the faction which soon became the public enemy, including Mr. Robert Ould, who, following his convictions, no doubt as honestly as I was following mine, gave his earnest services to his State against the federal Government.

I think that the country has never properly appreciated the services of those District of Columbia volunteers. It certainly has not appreciated the difficulties surmounted in their organization. Those volunteers were citizens of the federal District, and therefore had not at the time, nor have they ever since had, the powerful stimulant of a State feeling, nor the powerful support of a State government, a State's pride, a State press to set forth and make much of their services. They did their duty quietly, and they did it well and faithfully. Although not mustered into the service and placed on pay until after the fatal day when the flag was fired upon, for the first time, at Sumter, yet they rendered great service before that time in giving confidence to those citizens of the District who were faithful to the Government, in giving confidence to members of the national legislature, and in giving confidence also to the President in the knowledge that there was at least a small force at its disposition ready to respond at any moment to his call. It should also be remembered of them, that the first troops mustered into the service were sixteen companies of these volunteers; and that, during the dark days when Washington was cut off from communication with the North, when railway bridges were burned and tracks torn up, when the Potomac was blockaded, these troops were the only reliance of the Government for guarding the public departments, for preserving order and for holding the bridges and other outposts; that these were the troops which recovered possession of the railway from Washington to Annapolis Junction and made practicable the re-opening of communications. They also formed the advance guard of the force which first crossed the Potomac into Virginia, and captured the city of Alexandria.

These were the troops which insured the regular inauguration on the steps of the capitol of the constitutionally elected President. I firmly believe that without them Mr. Lincoln would never have been inaugurated. I believe that tumults would have been created, during which he would have been killed, and that we should have found ourselves engaged in a struggle, without preparation, and without a recognized head at the capital. In this I may be mistaken, of course, as any other man may be mistaken; but it was then my opinion, when I had many sources of information at my command, and it remains my opinion now, when, after the lapse of twenty years and a somewhat large experience, I look back in cool blood upon those days of political madness.

One day, after the official declaration of the election of Mr. Lincoln, my duties called me to the House of Representatives; and while standing in the lobby waiting for the member with whom I had business, I conversed with a distinguished officer from New York. We were leaning against the sill of a window which overlooked the steps of the capitol, where the President-elect usually stands to take the oath of office. The gentleman grew excited as we discussed the elec-

tion of Mr. Lincoln, and pointing to the portico he exclaimed:

"He shall never be inaugurated on those steps!"

"Mr. Lincoln," I replied, "has been constitutionally elected President of the United States. You may be sure that, if he lives until the 4th day of March, he will be inaugurated on those steps."

As I spoke, I noticed for the first time how perfectly the wings of the capitol flanked the steps in question; and on the morning of the 4th of March I saw to it that each window of the two wings was occupied by two riflemen.

I received daily numerous communications from various parts of the country, informing me of plots to prevent the arrival of the President-elect at the capital. These warnings came from St. Louis, from Chicago, from Cincinnati, from Pittsburg, from New York, from Philadelphia, and, especially, from Baltimore. Every morning I reported to General Scott on the occurrences of the night and the information received by the morning's mail; and every evening I rendered an account of the day's work and received instructions for the night. General Scott also received numerous warnings of danger to the President-elect, which he would give me to study and compare. Many of the communications were anonymous and vague. But on the other hand many were from calm and wise men, one of whom became, shortly afterward, a cabinet minister; one was a railway president, another a distinguished ex-Governor of a State, etc., etc. In every case where the indications were distinct, they were followed up to learn if real danger existed.

So many clear indications pointed to Baltimore, that three good detectives of the New New York police force were constantly employed there. These men reported frequently to me, and their statements were constantly compared with the information received from independent sources.

Doubtless, Mr. Lincoln, at his home in Springfield, received many and contradictory reports from the capital, for he took his own way of obtaining information. One night, between eleven o'clock and midnight, while I was busy in my study over the papers of the day and evening, a card was brought me, bearing the name "Mr. Leonard Swett," and upon it was written, in the well-known hand of General Scott, "Colonel Stone, Inspector-General, may converse freely with Mr. Swett." I gave orders for his admission, and a tall gentleman of marked features entered my room. At first I thought that Mr. Lincoln himself was present, so much, at first glance, did Mr. Swett's face resemble the portraits I had seen of Mr. Lincoln, and so nearly did his height correspond with that attributed to the President-elect. But I quickly found that the gentleman's card bore his true name, and that Mr. Swett had come directly from Mr. Lincoln, having his full confidence, to see for him the state of affairs in Washington, and report back to him in person.

Mr. Swett remained several days in the capital, had frequent and long conversations with General Scott and myself (and I suppose also with many others), and with me visited the armories of some of the volunteer companies. As he drove with me to the railway station on the evening of his departure, Mr. Swett said:

"Mr. Lincoln, and in fact everybody almost, is ignorant of the vast amount of careful work which has been done here this winter, by General Scott and yourself, to insure the existence of the Government and to render certain and safe the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. He will be very grateful to both."

I replied, with more sincerity than tact:

"Mr. Lincoln has no cause to be grateful to me. I was opposed to his election, and believed in advance that it would bring on what is evidently coming, a fearful war. The work which I have done has not been done for him, and he need feel under no obligations to me. I have done my best toward saving the Government of the country and to insure the regular inauguration of the constitutionally elected President, on the 4th of next month."

As President Lincoln approached the capital, it became certain that desperate attempts would be made to prevent his arriving there. To be thoroughly informed as to what might be expected in Baltimore, I directed a detective to be constantly near the chief of police and to keep up relations with him; while two others were instructed to watch independent and without the knowledge of the chief of police. The officer who was near the chief of police reported regularly, until near the last, that there was no danger in Baltimore; but the others discovered a band of desperate men plotting for the destruction of Mr. Lincoln during his passage through the city, and by affiliating with them, these detectives got at the details of the plot.

Mr. Lincoln passed through Baltimore in advance of the time announced for the journey (in accordance with advice given by me to Mr. Seward and which was carried by Mr. Frederick Seward to Mr. Lincoln), and arrived safely at Washington on the morning of the day he was to have passed through Baltimore. But the plotting to prevent his inauguration continued; and there was only

too good reason to fear that an attempt would be made against his life during the passage of the inaugural procession from Willard's hotel, where Mr. Lincoln lodged, to the capitol.

On the afternoon of the 3rd of March, General Scott held a conference at his headquarters, there being present his staff, General Sumner, and myself, and then was arranged the programme of the procession. President Buchanan was to drive to Willard's hotel, and call upon the President-elect. The two were to ride in the same carriage, between double files of a squadron of the District of Columbia cavalry. The company of sappers and miners were to march in front of the Presidential carriage, and the infantry and riflemen of the District of Columbia were to follow it. Riflemen in squads were to be placed on the roofs of certain commanding houses which I had selected, along Pennsylvania avenue, with orders to watch the windows on the opposite side and to fire upon them in case any attempt should be made to fire from those windows on the Presidential carriage. The small force of regular cavalry which had arrived was to guard the side-street crossings of Pennsylvania avenue, and to move from one to another during the passage of the procession. A battalion of District of Columbia troops were to be placed near the steps of the Capitol, and riflemen in the windows of the wings of the Capitol. On the arrival of the Presidential party at the Capitol, the troops were to be stationed so as to return in the same order after the ceremony.

To illustrate the state of uncertainty in which we were at that time concerning men, I may here state that the Lieutenant-Colonel, military secretary of the General-in-chief, who that afternoon recorded the conclusions of the General in conference, and who afterward wrote out for me the instructions regarding the disposition of troops, resigned his commission that very night, and departed for the South, where he joined the Confederate army.

During the night of the 3d of March, notice was brought me that an attempt would be made to blow up the platform on which the President would stand to take the oath of office. I immediately placed men under the steps, and at daybreak a trusted battalion of District troops (if I remember rightly, it was the National Guard, under Colonel Tait) formed in a semicircle at the foot of the great stairway, and prevented all entrance from without. When the crowd began to assemble in front of the portico, a large number of policemen in plain clothes were scattered through the mass to observe closely, to place themselves near any individual who might act suspiciously, and to strike down any hand which might raise a weapon.

At the appointed hour, Mr. Buchanan was escorted to Willard's hotel, which he entered. There I found a number of mounted "marshals of the day," and posted them around the carriage, within the cavalry guard. The two Presidents were saluted by the troops as they came out of the hotel and took their places in the carriage. The procession started. During the march to the Capitol I rode near the carriage, and by an apparently clumsy use of my spurs managed to keep the horses of the cavalry in an uneasy state, so that it would have been very difficult for even a very good rifle shot to get an aim at one of the inmates of the carriage between the dancing horses.

After the inaugural ceremony, the President and the ex-President were escorted in the same order to the White House. Arrived there, Mr. Buchanan walked to the door with Mr. Lincoln, and there bade him welcome to the House and good morning. The infantry escort formed in line from the gate of the White House to the house of Mr. Ould, whither Mr. Buchanan drove, and the cavalry escorted his carriage. The infantry line presented arms to the ex-President as he passed, and the cavalry escort saluted as he left the carriage and entered the house. Mr. Buchanan turned on the steps, gracefully acknowledged the salute, and disappeared. The District of Columbia volunteers had given to President Lincoln his first military salute and to Mr. Buchanan his last.

Charles P. Stone.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

College Presidents and the Power of Appointment.

A COLLEGE president is a purely American institution; no officer having the same name or functions is found in European universities. In Germany, a *rector magnificus*, who is the presiding officer in the faculty and the official representative of the university on all public occasions, is elected annually by his colleagues in the academical senate; but he has no control over the latter, nor, in fact, any recognized powers which do not also belong to every other full professor. He is therefore not a president in the American sense, having more limited functions and responsibility. A nearer equivalent to our presidential office is that of the curator of the German university—a resident Government officer, who looks after the financial affairs of the institution, and has a general supervision over all its departments. He has, however, in reality small power, but reports all cases requiring interference to the minister of public instruction and worship (*cultusminister*), who governs the university through his agency. The curator is, moreover, not a member of the faculty, and has nothing to do with any kind of teaching. He is purely an administrative officer, and exerts his power by means of his influence with the Government, to which he stands approximately in the same relation as an American college president does to the board of trustees. In other respects, however, the differences of the two systems are more striking than their points of resemblance.

Nominally, a college president is usually the representative of the governing body of the institution, and holds office only so long as his administration and general policy are acceptable to the board of trustees. As a matter of fact, however, the president, if he be an able and energetic man, governs the board, which, as a rule, registers his will, appoints his candidates for professorships, and in all except the financial management leaves his hands free. A man with a definite purpose, and the power to defend it, has always an advantage over thirty or forty men with mere general impressions on the subject of education, but with no previous training which enables them to form sound and definite conclusions. In the matter of appointments, the president has again the advantage, in being better able to judge of the standing and scholarly reputation of every applicant in the special departments, and, if he distrusts his own judgment, he knows better where to turn to obtain reliable information; while among the lawyers, merchants, and clergymen constituting the board of trustees, the number is small of those capable of forming an opinion as to the merit of a chemist, physicist, or philologist. It therefore follows that, whenever the trustees undertake to consult their own preferences, disregarding the president's recommendation, they usually make a mistake; and, as every one knows, mistakes in appointments are the most serious ones that the governing boards of educational institutions can make, and are, moreover, very hard to remedy. It is such a common thing, for men who have no special claim to scholarship themselves, to undervalue the difficulties of acquiring it; and in consequence, a very lax notion is apt to prevail that, if the candidate for this or that professorship has hitherto devoted his time to something else, he can easily "catch up" and make himself proficient in a new department, if he only sets earnestly about it. It is this baneful idea which produces so many bad appointments in the faculties of many colleges, and which makes the scholarship of the average college graduate so unsatisfactory as it generally is. The tendency toward specialization in modern life is so great that no man (unless he be a genius of rare caliber) can make himself really prominent in any science or department of knowledge for which he has not trained himself from a comparatively early age by long and serious study; and even a relative proficiency, which would enable him to give elementary instruction, is not acquired by a year of "cramming" or unsystematic preparation, such as a man is forced to adopt who accepts a professorship the requirements of which are beyond his actual attainments at the time of appointment.

We have said that the president of a college is, as a rule, better qualified for the task of selecting a faculty than the trustees in whom the right of appointment is actually vested. But even a president is far from possessing the intellectual equipment necessary for so difficult a task. No one man, however able and learned, can possibly have a sufficient insight into all the branches of knowledge which have to be represented in a college faculty to determine the relative proficiency of the many applicants who present themselves for any vacancy in the body of instructors. If he has made a specialty of philosophy, or philology, or history, he is apt to have but the vaguest notions about the sciences, and is scarcely competent to judge concerning the acquirements of competing scientists. It is in order to supplement this inevitable limitation in the judgment of any individual, however learned, that the German Government, although reserving for itself the final decision, practically vests the power of appointment in the academic senate, of which all the full or ordinary professors of the university are members. When a vacancy occurs, the names of the various candidates are discussed, and specialists in the same department are invited to express their opinions freely. If the decision rested with these specialists,—who may be rivals in the same field and not above a little professional jealousy,—the wisdom of this method might well be questioned; but, in the first place, every branch of knowledge is so numerously represented at a German university, that the jealousy of any one man would have but small influence; and secondly, the faculty at large, and especially the professors of kindred sciences, exercise a wholesome restraint upon any one who would allow personal

feelings to bias his judgment. The generous rivalry between the various German universities makes every academic senate anxious to strengthen itself by the acquisition of the most distinguished names in every science, because the reputation of the university, by which alone students are attracted, depends solely upon this one consideration—the strength of its faculty. It is a very frequent occurrence that a single man of great repute brings a sudden rush of students to a comparatively obscure university; and as these students must pursue several studies, and pay direct fees to the professors whose lectures they attend, it is obvious that all are benefited by the distinction of a new colleague. It may therefore be asserted that the general sense of any considerable body of scholars in a question of appointment, after a free discussion, is apt to be as near an approximation toward the absolute right as we can ever hope to arrive at. The German Government, at all events, recognizes this fact, first, in its consultation of the academical senate; and secondly, in its acceptance of its preference. The custom is for the senate to send to the minister of public instruction three names, accompanying each with a recommendation specifying the qualifications of each nominee for the office. The rector also, in behalf of the senate, respectfully indicates who is its first choice, and as a rule the Government acts upon this advice. There is no law binding the minister in this matter, but practically a well-established precedent is as good as a law.

In France, where much more laxness and favoritism prevail in state appointments, a similar system is now in vogue. If a vacancy occurs in the Collége de France, the Government refers the names of all the candidates to the class in L'Institut de France comprising the specialists in this or that particular science. A graduated list is also prepared by the faculty of the college, and if its recommendation coincides with that of the Institute, the appointment is forthwith made; in case of a divergence of views, tradition limits the minister to a choice between the two or three candidates who have been placed among the first upon the lists of the two learned bodies. This method has resulted in bringing together in the faculty of the Collége de France unquestionably the most eminent scientists and scholars whom the country possesses; and it is the general opinion, among men who are competent to judge, that the classes in the Institute as well as the faculty of the college have fulfilled their function admirably, and have usually named the worthiest candidate.

The conclusion deducible from the experience both of Germany and France thus points in the same direction, viz.: nomination of professors, not by a board of business men, but by a board of scholars. This plan was long ago adopted at Yale, but, so far as we know, has not had a fair trial in any other American university. And yet the faculties of the larger American colleges comprise many distinguished scholars, whose vote for a new colleague would certainly be more weighty and more intelligent than that of an equal number of clergymen, lawyers, and retired millionaires. Would any one contend that the collective faculty of Harvard College would not be more competent to judge of the relative qualifications of a dozen candidates for a professorship than the corporation, assisted by President Eliot? What the corporation, in nine cases out of ten, would probably do, would be to register its approval of the president's choice; and that a president, be he never so able, cannot in every instance be equally competent to choose, we have already shown. The experiment is therefore worthy of a more general trial, to give the faculty the right of nomination, while the board of trustees might still retain the right of appointment. As matters now stand, there may be good reason to fear that the latter (priding themselves on their practical sense and crediting the faculty with a slight deficiency in this direction) would not duly heed the recommendations of the former. But some weight the faculty's nomination would certainly carry, especially when accompanied by explicit reasons for its choice; and, in the course of time, the proposed innovation could not fail to have a marked effect in doing away with much unworthy favoritism, and elevating the standard of scholarship in our institutions of learning.

It might be urged, as an objection to our plan, that American colleges are not intended to foster independent scientific research, like the German universities, but are merely training-schools for young men in the ordinary branches of knowledge. "We have no need of professors," it might be said, "such as Draper, Marsh, and Whitney, who lead the vanguard of knowledge, each in his own specialty; and the kind of men we do need,—men who are fairly well-versed in various sciences and languages, and are capable of imparting what they know,—a president and a board of trustees are fully capable of selecting without the aid of any learned body." It is of course difficult to answer those who take this position; but we are very confident that, among the friends of our great universities, there is scarcely one who would avow such an opinion. It is a generally admitted fact that we have outgrown, or are daily outgrowing, the old English college system, in conformity to which our older universities were modeled. Harvard to-day resembles Berlin more than it does Oxford; Cornell and Johns Hopkins are fashioned rather after German prototypes; and Yale every year makes generous concessions to the scientific spirit of the age. If this evolution toward higher and more useful forms is to continue, the demand for eminent specialists in professors' chairs will be increased rather than diminished; and the professor of the old-fashioned type, who took to teaching as a *pis aller*, because he saw small chance of success in the law or the ministry, will have to limit his aspirations to grammar-schools and seminaries. It is as a means of facilitating this development that we have recommended giving the faculties a consultative voice in appointments. We are far from expecting, from the adoption of the measure, any sudden and radical change in the character of the teaching body in our institutions of learning. That, however, in the great majority of cases it would exert a gradual and wholesome influence in the right direction seems scarcely to admit of doubt.

The experience of the medical schools that have tried the experiment with questionable success need not discourage any one. Professional jealousies are apt to influence medical men to an extent which is rarely observed among scholars, and their continual rivalries frequently vitiate their judgments of each other, and

make them more willing to recognize the merits of an inferior than those of an equal. Under such circumstances, it is scarcely strange that their selection of colleagues should, in many instances, have been an unfortunate one. College professors are rarely placed in such direct antagonism to each other, and there are good reasons for believing that they would show themselves capable of a comparatively unbiased choice.

The Real Basis of Party Harmony.

A GREAT deal has been said of late about the importance of harmonizing the Republican party. The party was defeated last year in several States where it had been accustomed to win, and disastrously so in the State of New York; and this defeat was undoubtedly due to the dissensions in the party ranks. Meanwhile, the near approach of a Presidential election renders it of vital importance to the party leaders and those who live by politics to have their party in a condition to win, and this is impossible unless the differences that exist within it can be in some way removed. These differences are in part of a factional character, and it seems to be the factional quarrels alone that the politicians are concerned about. The remarks that have appeared on the subject in the newspapers, and the various plans that have been proposed for securing the harmony desired, all have reference to these factional differences, and it seems to be thought that if these can be removed, the union of the party will be effectually secured.

It has been proposed, therefore, that here in New York, where the dissensions in the party have been most bitter and their effects most disastrous, the party committees and associations shall be re-organized so as to admit the leaders of both factions, and that a convention of leading Republicans shall be held in the early summer to devise all necessary means for bringing the factional contest to an end. This plan for securing harmony seems to satisfy the organs of both the opposing groups, and it may be put in practice before this reaches our readers; and if it results as its authors believe it will, we may expect ere long to see Stalwarts and Half-breeds, Grant men and Blaine men, and all the other factions into which the party is now divided sitting together in harmony around the council table.

But meanwhile, the party leaders, amid all their efforts for harmony, have neglected to present any system of principles for their party to support. We beg, therefore, to remind them that, without such a system of principles to serve as a bond of union and a motive to action, no real harmony can be secured or would be desirable if it could be secured. The only use of a party is to be the exponent of some principle; and if a party cannot agree as to what principles it will advocate, it has no sufficient reason to exist, and must inevitably dissolve as soon as important questions arise and demand solution. A party, in the proper sense of the term, is a body of men who do agree in their political principles, and who combine in order the more effectually to carry them into practice. Unless, therefore, the Republican leaders can present a system of principles on which their followers will unite, their party will go to pieces at last, in spite of all efforts to save it; while, on the other hand, if harmony of views can be secured, mere factional differences will give little trouble.

Now it is notorious that, at the present time, the party has no principles at all, and it is hard to see what principle or what policy can be found on which its members can agree. The questions of most immediate importance in our public affairs to-day are those relating to the tariff, the civil service, and the government of corporations; and on all these questions the most diverse opinions prevail within the party ranks. On the subject of the tariff, the disagreement is as wide as it can be; for the party contains men of all grades of opinion, from extreme protectionists to extreme free-traders, so that it cannot take a decisive stand upon this question without alienating a large portion of its members. In regard to civil service reform, there is not much disagreement among the rank and file; and if the party leaders would take up this reform in earnest and make it a party measure, it would serve, for a time at least, as a real bond of union. But, unfortunately, on this question the leaders themselves are in disagreement with their followers; and even if they should suddenly change their attitude and become advocates of reform, most people, we fear, would doubt the genuineness of their conversion. These considerations show how difficult is the task of harmonizing the Republican party, and how futile is the attempt to do so by merely healing factional discords.

It must be remarked also that the Democratic party is in much the same predicament as its rival, and for the same reason — disagreement on matters of principle. Last year (rather prematurely, as it would appear from late events) it was announced amid general jollification that all differences in the Democratic ranks had been healed, and that Tammanyites and Tildenites, who had so long been at variance, would hereafter work together in harmony. But now the party has struck a rock in the shape of the tariff question, and is in imminent danger of shipwreck; the divergence of views that has been developed being quite as great as that existing among the Republicans. This experience of the Democrats ought to serve as a warning to the Republican leaders and to politicians generally, that the only sufficient bond of union in political affairs is devotion to a common principle, and that if they wish to win success they must get their principles first and their party afterwards.

Meanwhile, the people do not care whether either party is harmonized; they care only to have their government well conducted and its abuses reformed; and if neither of the existing parties will do this work, they will readily provide a new one that will. What we specially need in our public affairs is a party of progress and reform — a party that will not sit lazily down, content with its past achievements, as the Republicans have of late been doing, nor resist important reforms, as the Democrats have too often done; but which will be ready at all times, wherever abuses exist or injustice is committed, to act with energy in the work of reform. The Republican party has done good work of this sort in years past, and if it will continue to do so the people will sustain it; if not, it must soon pass away to make room for some other organization which will better serve the interests of a progressive civilization.

The Greatest Need of the Working Class.

It would seem that the working classes, in their endeavor to improve their lot in life, have largely misdirected their efforts, by seeking too exclusively to increase their income instead of trying to get more happiness out of the income they now receive. For a generation past, the workingmen of all civilized countries have striven by every means they could devise to raise their wages, in the evident belief that wages could be raised even in opposition to economic forces and natural laws, and in the further belief that a sufficient increase in their income was the one thing needful to make them happy. In these endeavors, too, they have had the sympathy, and, so far as possible, the assistance of their friends in the higher ranks of society; and so exclusively have the efforts of both been turned in this direction that the "labor question" has come to be almost synonymous with the question of raising wages.

Now it is certainly desirable that the incomes of the mass of men should be increased wherever an increase is possible, and it is specially desirable in the case of manual laborers, whose present incomes are so small. But it is clear to all instructed minds that the machinery of trades-unions and strikes, and schemes for state aid to industry, and all the other devices that have been proposed to increase the laborer's earnings can do comparatively little toward accomplishing their purpose, and the history of the past thirty years shows very clearly that they have done but little.

The trades-unions, indeed, by organizing the workingmen and enabling them to act in concert, have made the class more influential and more respected by other classes; and this result is worth something in times like these, when associated action is becoming essential in all departments of affairs, and when isolated effort is in general of little avail. But if we ask ourselves what the unions have done toward raising the rate of wages, we must acknowledge that, if they had accomplished nothing except in this direction, they would hardly be able to justify their existence.

Some friends of the workingmen, especially professed economists, seeing that any considerable increase in their wages was not to be looked for, save as a result of the general advance in civilization and their own self-improvement, have urged their adoption of the coöperative system as the best means of increasing their income and improving their condition. Unfortunately, however, the result of most of the experiments in productive coöperation has not been such as to raise high hopes of accomplishing much during the present generation in this direction, for only a few of them have been markedly successful.

But still it is urged that the way to increase the laborer's happiness is to increase his pecuniary means, and some persons even talk as if the increase of means was in itself the chief happiness to be desired. So the laborers are told that they must save as much as possible of their earnings and thus obtain an addition to their income from invested capital. Now every man ought to save something for unprosperous seasons and for old age; but the amount that a workingman can save is small, and the interest it will yield is but a trifle, and unless he has the mercantile talent, so as to engage in business for himself, there is no good reason why he should deny himself all the comforts of life in order to accumulate this little capital. Capital is only a means to an end; and if a man is to spend his whole life in accumulating the means without ever enjoying the end, what is the good of the means?

It seems to us that what the workingmen most need, for the present at least, is to learn better how to use the income they now receive. Of course, if a man only earns enough to furnish himself and family with the bare necessaries of life, he can do little toward improving his lot till he has more pecuniary means. But many workingmen earn more than enough for the necessaries of life, and are able to procure some of the comforts and even luxuries also. But in choosing the kind of comforts and luxuries they will enjoy, the mass of workingmen are apt to show little wisdom; and it is here that the greatest improvement in their affairs is to be looked for. They are apt, especially the more ignorant of them, to prefer the coarser pleasures to the more refined, and the transient to the enduring; and it seems to us that by the choice of higher and more enduring pleasures, and by greater wisdom in using the means they have to secure such pleasures, their happiness can be best promoted.

What are the purposes to which workingmen apply their surplus means? Many of them, it is true, save something for investment, and many also in this country purchase a cottage to be their home, and to secure such a home is one of the best uses to which their money can be put. But if we consider the pleasures that workingmen generally choose, when they have the means to procure them and the time to enjoy them, we shall find few among them that any person of refinement would enjoy, while we shall find some that are positively hurtful and pernicious. In the first place, we know what enormous sums many of them spend for liquors and tobacco, things which, even when moderately used, yield but a transient pleasure and no real benefit at all. Not that all workingmen are addicted to dram-drinking, as has sometimes been charged; on the contrary, most of our native American laborers are temperate in this respect, and the ranks of the total abstainers have been mainly recruited from this class. But among the foreigners who have settled in this country the habit of drinking, even to excess, is widely prevalent; and we cannot see that men who indulge in this habit are entitled to much sympathy in case they find their income insufficient, after supplying them with grog, to purchase the ordinary comforts of life.

Again, the amusements of the working classes are often of a low and even vulgar kind; and one of the greatest improvements in their life would be the adoption of some more refined enjoyments in place of the vulgar shows, the trifling sports, and the insipid reading in which they now indulge. It is true that, in this respect, the whole American people need refining and elevating, and not the working classes alone, for many of our richest men show little more ability to amuse themselves in a refined and sensible way than the workingmen do. But the rich can, in a pecuniary sense, better afford to throw away money on unrefined amusements and vulgar display than workingmen can, for their means are sufficient to admit of some waste; whereas the workingmen, if they are to get the greatest possible happiness out of the means they have, must studiously avoid all expenditure for things

of no value, or they will have nothing to spend for those finer pleasures which are so much better and more enduring. There has been of late years, we are glad to say, a considerable advance in this respect among the workingmen, as seen especially in their increased attention to music, art, and to the cultivation of flowers; but a vast deal more remains to be done to raise the amusements and recreations of the laboring class to the standard required by a cultivated taste.

But the most important source of happiness of a cheap yet elevated kind is to be found in reading, affording as it does both amusement and instruction; and whoever can lead workingmen to a better practice in this regard will render them an inestimable service. A taste for reading, indeed, is even now rapidly spreading among the better portion of the working class, and this is in itself an encouraging sign; but the reading is often so low in quality, so little able to amuse or to instruct, that the benefit obtained from it is but trifling in comparison with what it ought to be. Workingmen read the newspapers, and thus become familiar, to a certain extent, with the course of affairs throughout the world; but the quality of the newspapers they often read shows at once the poorness of their literary taste and the meagerness of their information. Besides the newspapers, their principal reading is fiction, and this rarely of the best; while of the vast stores of information, historical, biographical, scientific, and other kinds, which English literature contains, their knowledge is in general of the most meager sort. Yet the majority of working people have abundant time and energy for the prosecution of such reading, and only need to form a taste for it in order to obtain a pleasure of the noblest kind.

Finally, the working classes can secure a great addition to their present enjoyments by cultivating among themselves a more refined society and gentler manners. There has been already a noticeable improvement in this respect among our native workingmen especially, and the manners of many of them will now compare favorably with those of the business classes; though it must be added that the manners of the business classes themselves admit of no little improvement. But among a certain portion of the working class, very abundant in the city of New York, manners seem to be an unknown art, while society, in any proper sense of the term, would appear to be an impossibility. Yet there is no good reason why the manners of working people should not be refined and agreeable; and with better manners and the wider information and quickened intelligence that would come by better and more extended reading, the working people might do much to improve their social surroundings.

We have thus noted some of the ways in which working people can, if they will, obtain a far higher order of happiness than they now enjoy, with little or no increase of expense. Some of the pleasures which the rich man enjoys are and must remain beyond their reach; the spacious halls, the costly furnishings, the expensive journeys and other pleasures which only wealth can afford, can never be theirs, and it is vain to sigh for the unattainable. But the pleasure and improvement that come from reading can be cheaply obtained by means of circulating libraries; many refined amusements cost little more than vulgar ones do, while the pleasure that comes from good manners and good society can be had without any expense at all. When we compare the life of an ordinary mechanic with that of a country clergyman who earns but little more; when we see the latter with his books, his universal interests, and his refined society; the former with few books, and those not of the best, with his vulgar amusements, and his unsatisfying society, it seems too obvious to need pointing out that what the working classes most need is not to get more money, but to learn how to get more happiness by means of the money they now have.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Study of Sea-sickness.

When a landsman perambulates the hurricane deck during his first few days at sea, his feet come down upon the deck with a force and emphasis quite in contrast with the quiet glide of an experienced seaman. This stamping upon the deck means that, in addition to the five senses commonly known, there is also a muscular sense, which is one of the most important of them all. Through the influence of this sense, as one walks under accustomed conditions, he directs the muscles engaged in walking in a manner almost automatic, and the nervous supply to the muscles engaged in the act of locomotion is quite exactly proportioned to the amount of muscular force demanded. But if the conditions are unfamiliar; if, for instance, the surface beneath the feet rises and falls in an irregular and quite unexpected manner, there is too much nervous stimulus applied to one group of muscles and too little to another, and hence the muscular contractions are too great in one direction and too little in another. First, then, one foot comes down with an excessive muscular impulse, against a rising deck; then, the muscular sense giving alarm, an insufficient impulse is given to the other, which is now approaching a receding surface, and it fails to reach the deck by the muscular action of stepping, and the weight of the body coming upon that side, forces the foot down by gravitation; hence, one step is a stamp and the other a fall. All this is perplexing and disappointing to the nerves engaged in the act of locomotion, and the nervous centers which control the muscular impulses are irritated and exhausted.

Every one remembers having in the darkness made muscular preparation to step up or down where no step existed, and how this disappointed muscular action was accompanied by both mental and physical perturbation; how the face was flushed, the heart palpitated, and the breath came rapidly. This, on a different scale, is what happens at almost every step to the novice on the steamer's deck. It is not remarkable that such a series of little nervous shocks should react upon the nervous centers, and induce disturbance of circulation or revulsion of the digestive organs.

While the function of locomotion is by no means the

most important one in inducing the nervous disturbance of sea-sickness, it is an important element, especially during the first few days of ship life. This fact may be verified by any one susceptible to sea-sickness who will leave the deck or saloon, where walking or sitting may be accompanied with little inconvenience, and pass along one of the narrow passages leading between the rows of state-rooms. One who can traverse the deck with courageous defiance of sea-sickness, will, in the narrow passage, often turn pale, and experience a most unpleasant weakening of the knees. The reason is that, in making one's way along the narrow passage, there is an earnest endeavor to keep the body in uniform relation to the sides of the passage. On deck, however, the steps are directed in devious ways, and the body sways freely from side to side. Hence, on deck there is much less restraint and tension, and therefore fewer muscular disappointments.

But it is known that one may sit quietly in a steamer chair or lie in a state-room and still experience all the horrors of *nausea marina*. Another source of nervous perplexity, then, of no small consequence, will be found in the inclination to breathe synchronously with the swing of the vessel. We are all familiar with the instinctive act of making long and full inspirations and expirations as one rises and falls in a swing. If the ship's motions were only in one direction, and if they were uniform in time, they would produce in one sitting on the deck, or reclining in a berth, the same agreeable effect as the swinging of a hammock on shore; but unfortunately there are too many elements of disturbance in the rhythm of the ship's movements to react in such an agreeable manner.

It is not during the storm, when mountain waves lift the prow of the vessel now high in the air, and now plunge it as though it were steered for the ocean's bed, that sea-sickness most prevails. It is the chopping sea after the storm that conquers the stomach of even the weather-worn sea-farer. One may look across the deck of a ship from side to side, and beyond to the horizon, in such a way as to mark the motion of the vessel as it rolls. Perhaps it will be found that with each roll the ship's side rises and falls through a space of ten or more feet, yet the motion is so agreeable that no one on board is sick, and none but those who are watching even think that there is a roll. But if, an hour later, the ship has entered a chop sea, caused by a change of wind or a current, the ship's roll may be less than half what it was before, but more than half the people on board are thinking of their stomachs. The unenviable notoriety of the English Channel, as a region where the stoutest knees tremble and the ruddiest faces grow pale, arises not from any superiority in the height of waves, but from their unequal character. When the ship rolls regularly, once in so many seconds, the people breathe regularly; but when the ship's motions lose uniformity, the irregularity in performing the function would be a sufficient cause for general nervous disturbance.

Many years ago, Dr. Darwin, in stating his views of sea-sickness, declared that disturbance of the visual function was the cause of the trouble. His opponents, however, met him with the statement that a blind person could be sea-sick, and as Dr. Darwin could not gainsay the fact, his theory was not considered sound, and it practically dropped out of sight. There was, nevertheless, more truth in Darwin's view than his opponents were willing to concede. He was correct in his opinion that visual disturbance could produce sea-sickness. But as comparatively little attention had at that time been directed to the muscular adjustments of the eyes, it did not occur to him that muscular confusion in adjusting the eyes, or other organs, would bring about the nervous reactions which he was considering.

When the eyes are directed to an object they are automatically adjusted, not only in their focus individually, but in their relations to each other, so that the most perfect image may be obtained, not only in each eye, but in corresponding parts of the retinæ of the two eyes; thus not only is each eye adjusted to the object, but a stereoscopic effect is produced. These various adjustments are performed through the instrumentality of a series of muscular contractions, and hence the act of looking at an object is an exceedingly complicated one, bringing into play many muscles and nerves. When one is upon the solid land and changes his gaze from one object to another, the adjustment is completed in harmony with the movements of all the other muscles of the body, and with the experience of the individual. The adjustments are, in an emphatic degree, automatic; and if the changes are not too sudden or unusual, the sensation is agreeable. On shipboard, however, the relation of objects to the eyes is constantly changing. If the changes were uniform, the ocular muscles and nerves would soon accustom themselves to the new state of things, and act regularly and with ease. Owing, however, to the constantly varying relations of things at sea, this complicated system of muscles is in an unceasing state of perplexity. Many persons will experience a sensation of discomfort, and even nausea, when looking at a curtain or scenic fixture at a theater if a current of air causes either to fluctuate in an unsteady or unexpected way.

It is this perplexity of ocular muscles which renders the state-room the most unpleasant part of the ship to the sea-sick subject. On deck or in the large saloons, the eyes, being directed to distant objects, are adjusted with comparative ease. In the state-room, however, all objects are seen at close range, and the acts of accommodation, and of corresponding movements of the eyes, must be sharply and quickly performed. Hence, in the act of dressing, when one looks at articles of wardrobe, at buttons and other small things, and especially when one looks in the little state-room mirror, the head swims, the face loses color, and nausea quickly supervenes.

No other examples need be adduced to show that sea-sickness is a direct result of muscular disappointments and nervous perplexities, arising from the unaccustomed efforts to regulate certain functions with respect to the novel and extremely unsettled state of things on the ship.

Accepting this proposition, we are in position to inquire what can be done to mitigate or prevent the evil. Sea-sickness, probably, can never be abolished; but it is not unreasonable to expect that its effect and duration can be greatly modified. In considering preventives, attention should be first directed to general conditions and precautions. From what has already been said, it is evident that sea travelers are subjected to very unusual demands upon their nervous energies. Hence, advantage should be taken of every circum-

stance calculated to increase the nervous power, and everything tending to depress it should be strictly avoided. Abundance of oxygen in the lungs, a cheerful state of mind, and sufficient physical exercise, all tend to an increase of nervous power; while a vitiated atmosphere, a despondent state of mind, and the use of improper foods or the improper use of drugs, tend to depress the nervous forces. No drug will prevent sea-sickness, except so far as it acts by blunting or destroying nervous susceptibilities. Most people who cross the ocean do it in the hope of renewing and increasing their store of nervous energies. Nothing could be more illogical than to commence this process by depressing the nervous functions by the use of stupefying drugs. It may, under extreme circumstances, be better to use a medicine for temporary relief than to suffer from excessive nausea, or from those other forms of sea-sickness, headache, dyspepsia, or diarrhea; and it is proper that one should be provided with a small quantity of bromide of ammonium, which is the most effectual means of temporary relief to nausea or headache, and with such medicine as may be needed to arrest serious disturbance of the digestive organs. These should be used only as occasion absolutely demands, and not as preventives.

Again, the diet on shipboard should correspond as nearly as possible with what the individual has been accustomed to at home. Many persons take wine on shipboard as a preventive of sea-sickness. If one is accustomed to wine at dinner when on shore, the fact of being on the ship is not a reason for changing the habit; but if one is at home an abstainer, he would be much better off without wine on the voyage than with it. Champagne is extremely liable to induce dyspepsia at sea, and is often mischievous in its influence. The same may be said of lemons and of other acids which are sometimes recommended.

Another precept which should be earnestly impressed upon every person who goes to sea is, that no one, merely on account of sea-sickness, should keep the state-room during the day. No matter how severe the illness induced by the vessel, the traveler should leave the stifling air of the state-room, and inhale the fresh breeze upon the deck, if the weather permits; or, at least, in bad weather, enjoy such freedom of breathing and of movement as may be obtained in the saloons.

In regard to the function of locomotion, the sooner the muscular sense of the feet and legs is educated the better. The mental and muscular exhilaration incidental to walking, running, or dancing upon the deck, will more than compensate for the disturbance caused by the difficulties of locomotion at first experienced. The most deplorably sea-sick individual can leave the steamer chair long enough to take a run from one end of the ship to the other, and the excursion will repay the effort, which should be renewed at least every hour or two of the most disconsolate day of the voyage. But in short trips, as in crossing the English Channel, the more completely the locomotive faculties are suspended, the less disagreeable will it be for the individual.

Strict attention should be directed to the state of the respiration. Many a threatened sickness may be averted by drawing a few deep, full inspirations at regular and rather rapid intervals. One who is overtaken by sea-sickness, while lying quietly in the berth in the darkness of night, may be quite sure that he or she is breathing in the same unsteady manner in which the ship is moved upon the water. If the sufferer, at the first premonition of sickness, would rouse sufficiently to attend properly and earnestly to the breathing process, it is probable that the nausea would pass away as suddenly as it came. Under all circumstances, then, the breathing should be strictly dissociated from the motions of the ship. By attention to this precept for a short time, varying from one to three or four days in different individuals, the respiratory acts will become quite independent of external influences, and will be carried on in the accustomed and regular manner, without further thought on the part of the traveler.

It would seem less easy to regulate the function of vision at sea, yet much may be accomplished in this direction, and as in the case of breathing, after some attention during the early part of a voyage, the function will be managed without an effort of will. When on deck, the view should be directed to the distant sea. When reclining in the steamer chair, one should look at the clouds, or the horizon, and in walking the gaze should not be fixed upon the objects passed. In conversation, the eyes should not be directed to the face of the person conversed with. In the state-room, the eyes may be directed indifferently about the place, and while dressing and undressing they may be closed, except when it is necessary to find an article wanted. The greatest difficulty will be experienced at the tables in the dining saloon. The popular idea that the almost universal desertion of the tables during two or three of the early days of the voyage is owing to the odor of food, is largely a mistake. The great source of trouble is, that at the table one looks at plates and dishes intently, and for a considerable time, at very short range. The act of seeing, under the circumstances, demands, for perfect vision, that all the muscles of the eyes shall be on the alert, and at this short range the greatest tension is demanded. The perpetual changing of relative distances from the eyes of the articles upon the table, renders each new adjustment unsatisfactory as soon as it is made. But the function of adjustment may be so suspended that objects will be seen only in the most vague and indistinct manner. By thus suspending the faculty of accommodation at table, one may go through a meal scarcely seeing any object with greater clearness of vision than is absolutely necessary for finding the articles needed.

It is supposed that young children are less susceptible than grown persons to nausea at sea. An explanation is found in the fact that there exists in them a much higher degree of muscular adaptability and flexibility of tissues. Especially in children is the function of accommodation of the eyes accomplished with far greater ease than in adults. On the other hand, aged persons enjoy comparative immunity from sea-sickness, though in this respect they are less fortunate than children. In the old, the function of accommodation of the eyes is usually so completely suspended that they make less effort in that direction, and hence experience fewer disappointments from that cause. Those persons who have weak or disproportioned ocular muscles may find greater trouble in managing the accommodation of the eyes than others, and in those

cases the susceptibility to sea-sickness may be greater than usual, and may continue even after considerable experience at sea. On the contrary, if the muscular insufficiencies are so great that it is impossible for the eyes to act together, there may be little irritation arising from the visual function.

Sea-sickness, then, is the result of reflex irritations arising from little surprises to the muscles, and shocks to the nerves engaged in performing certain important functions,—notably of locomotion, respiration, and vision,—and when the groups of muscles thus engaged are once educated to the surrounding circumstances, the nervous revulsions are not experienced. Proper attention to the exercise of these functions may so far mitigate the trouble as to make it rather an inconvenience than a distressing illness. Let it be distinctly understood that medicines can only prevent sea-sickness by inducing nervous insensibility, and that such a stupefying process is directly opposed to the object of the voyage when this is undertaken for the promotion of health. Every article of diet likely to disturb the digestive organs should be avoided, and an abundant supply of oxygen should be inhaled. The feet should be educated, the respiration regulated, and the vision restricted. If close attention is given to these directions, little fear of serious sickness need be apprehended; and a voyage which might otherwise be remembered with the most disagreeable associations may be rendered a season of almost uninterrupted enjoyment

George T. Stevens.

Free Trade with Canada.

It seems to me strange that the question of an American zollverein was not brought prominently before the Tariff Commission. The people of the United States have been so educated to a belief in protection that it would be folly for any political party to work seriously for free trade or a tariff for revenue only, but a change might, perhaps, be made which, while seemingly a concession to the free-traders, would in reality strengthen the protective character of the tariff. A protective tariff should be a discriminating tariff, so arranged as to shut off the competition of strong manufacturing nations, while encouraging trade with countries likely to afford a market for manufactured products. The United States have nothing to fear from the competition of Canada or Mexico, and free trade with them would give American manufactures a greatly extended field. American capitalists are now interesting themselves in the development of Mexico, and a great deal of attention has been paid, of late, to the resources of that country; but the prevailing feeling with regard to Canada is one of indifference, occasioned by ignorance of its resources.

To the average American, the name of Canada calls to mind a narrow strip of inhospitable country lying to the north-east of the United States, and inhabited by an unprogressive people. It is now, in fact, the name for the whole of British North America, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—a territory almost as large as the whole of Europe, rich in minerals, and possessing the finest fisheries and the largest area of land adapted to the production of first-class wheat in the world. The most fertile part of Canada lies in the north-west, although the crop reports for 1882 show a higher yield of wheat per acre in Ontario than in any of the American states. Over the whole of the Canadian north-west territory, formerly known as the Hudson Bay territory, from the American boundary, line forty-nine, to latitude sixty degrees, the same flora prevails, and there is little difference in the climate, although it becomes warmer toward the west on account of the Chinook breezes which come through the passes of the Rockies and cause a rise of sixty degrees in the temperature in a few hours. The valley of the Peace river, twelve hundred miles north-west of Winnipeg, is said to have a finer climate than Manitoba. In explanation of this uniformity of temperature in such a wide range of latitude, Professor Macoun says: "It was long ago asserted as a principle by geologists, that land in quantity situated to the southward of latitude forty degrees north, very materially raises the temperature of lands lying to the north of such parallel." He gives meteorological tables showing that there is almost no variation in the temperature between forty-nine and sixty degrees, and that the climate compares favorably with that of European countries in the same latitudes.

Almost the whole of this vast territory will yield from twenty-eight to forty bushels of wheat per acre. United States Consul Taylor, who has made a study of the Canadian north-west for years, has gained for himself the nickname of Saskatchewan Taylor, on account of his praises of the section of country bordering on the Saskatchewan river. He says three-fourths of the wheat producing area of North America lies within the Dominion of Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway is being pushed through to British Columbia with an energy almost unparalleled in railway construction; and during the last three years, Manitoba has been filling up with settlers almost as rapidly as the Western States did in their most progressive days. Already a prosperous trade has grown up between this part of Canada and the cities of the eastern provinces, Winnipeg alone purchasing $12,000,000 worth of goods from them last year. As Manitoba and the north-west territory become thickly settled, and the wonderful resources of Canada's most western province, British Columbia, are developed, this trade will grow to enormous proportions. At present, most of the settlers are Canadians and Europeans, but the time will come when the stream of migrants from the Eastern States will be diverted to this region, and then, unless free trade prevails, the United States will experience what Canada did during the rapid development of the Western States,—a loss of population without any compensating advantages in the way of trade, while eastern Canada will be built up by the trade of the north-west.

But remove the tariff wall between the two countries, and the bulk of this trade may be secured by the United States, for settled Ontario is separated from Manitoba by a stretch of one thousand miles of rocky country, enormously rich in minerals and timber, but almost useless for agricultural purposes, while the territory of the United States is well settled to the borders of Manitoba. Chicago is many miles nearer to Winnipeg than Toronto, and St. Paul and Minneapolis are nearer still. These cities could control most

of the north-west trade, if the tariff were abolished, and the cities of the Eastern States could compete on equal terms with those of eastern Canada.

Of course, this would not prove advantageous to eastern Canada, whose growth would be greatly retarded. The effect it would have upon the north-west is not so apparent, but it would certainly strike a blow at the future greatness of Winnipeg, Manitoba's chief city, which has in four years grown from a straggling village to a flourishing modern city with a population of about 30,000. So long as the protective tariff is maintained, and the Canadian Pacific Railway does the carrying trade for the north-west, Winnipeg will be the gate-way of western Canada, and, controlling the trade of the largest wheat producing area in the world, will become a second Chicago. Already some of the manufacturers of Ontario, to save the expense of carriage, have started factories there, and others will doubtless follow suit. With free trade between the two countries, Winnipeg would have few if any advantages over St. Paul and Minneapolis as the distributing center of the north-west, and would be exposed to competition not only with them but with Chicago.

Appearances would indicate that Canadians are strongly imbued with the protection idea, as at the last two elections, when it was made the issue, the conservatives favoring and the reformers opposing it, a large majority of the former were elected. But many of those who voted for protection did so merely with a view to forcing the United States, by retaliation, to entertain the idea of reciprocity. Americans could rely upon the full support of the reformers, with a liberal sprinkling of conservatives, in negotiations for free trade; and, as many of the conservative members were elected by small majorities, a slight change in public sentiment might make a great change in parliamentary representation. The conservatives themselves could consistently favor an American zollverein, for many of their leaders and newspapers expressed themselves in favor of actual free trade, but opposed the one-sided policy that would confer upon Americans favors which they refused to Canadians. But that was before the north-west trade had developed; and as the policy of the present Government is to build up trade between the provinces, they might with reason object to a measure that would divert trade to the United States. The Canadian customs act of 1879, now in force, provides for the admission of natural products free of duty whenever the United States are willing to reciprocate; and the people of Montreal favor the abolition of the duty on grain in any event, as a great part of the grain export trade of the Western States is lost to the city, it is claimed, on account of the bonding system.

Watson Griffin.

A Novel Suggestion Concerning Prisoners.

A PLAN which is believed to be new, and which appears to have great merit, has been proposed for the reformation of prison discipline. It has been proposed * that prisoners shall be paid for the labor which they perform; that, so far as may be, there shall be no restriction of the industries or honest occupations which prisoners may follow; that they shall be allowed to engage in trades and industries on their own account, and that they shall even be permitted to traffic with the outside world so far as may be compatible with insurance against escape and the commission of frauds or other unlawful practices, and that all prisoners shall be entirely dependent upon their industry for their living and comfort except in cases of sickness or other disability; that they shall support themselves by their labor, be entitled to the savings of their labor, and grow rich or remain poor by their labor; in fine, that true individual liberty be not only taught but enforced when the State by the sequestration of criminals has put it out of their power to be a present danger to society. It is proposed to teach criminals, by experience, the true meaning of liberty; to impress upon the past enemies of order the habits of thought and action which it is desired they shall acquire, by giving them a practical experience of the value to the individual of harmonious society.

Whenever society undertakes to punish offenders, it acts purely and simply for its protection. The idea of offense has its origin in the idea of danger, and even in the days when punishments were most cruel and brutal, protection was, as it ever must be, the ultimate purpose—else why have supposed offenders always been selected for punishment? Short of killing, sequestration is the most sure and obvious means society has of protecting itself from offenders, and as the humanizing influence of civilization extends itself, it is not unlikely that the mildest method of producing any desired result will always be the one employed. For our present purpose we may say that, with few possible exceptions, sequestration is so far as it is necessary and therefore so far as it is right or desirable for society to go in its dealing with individuals. Liberty, however, is so highly prized that society condemns the securement in all cases of perpetual protection by means of perpetual imprisonment, and hopes by the application of other measures to induce criminals to change their ways. The question, then, is, How shall the State deal with the criminal during the term of sequestration which it sees fit to impose, in order that the effects of that sequestration shall be as good and permanent as possible? How shall society treat those whom it has imprisoned for acting in a way it thinks injurious to its interests, so that they may come to think as society thinks upon the matter? What is the most efficacious way of making the bad see that it is for their interest to be good, of counteracting the effect of the first downward step of those who have yielded to temptation, of raising from wretchedness those who are more unfortunate than vicious; who are criminals, because, perhaps, they were almost born criminals and into whose hearts the warm light of sympathy and human affection has never entered, or may only have been seen at the most, with the agony of despair, beyond their reach?

Is the mind enlarged or the nature softened by the deep brand of social stigma? Does the constant reminder given by the surroundings and the treatment of a condition of alienation from the world, without any evidence of kindness, sympathy, or human love from the world, tend to make the imprisoned criminal love the world? Where criminals are kept together in

* See two articles on Prison Reform in the Newport (R. I.) "Daily News," April 18 and April 20, 1883.

large numbers, each bearing the same iniquitous stigma, all being constantly made to feel that they and the world are at odds, is it natural that the sympathy among them in their common degradation should grow less; that the fraternity of wrong should be diminished, or that they should learn to love the power which holds them? Does unrewarding, undiscriminating, repressive and absolute slavery, upon a herding system, prepare the individual for a proper use of freedom? Is the habit of temperance in thought and action, and of regard for the rights of others, to be learned amid surroundings which are violent in their manifestations, and in which the natural rights of man are disregarded? In fine, is not experience alone the means of producing conviction upon the minds of the great majority of men? Must not the presentation of a theory be enforced by the demonstration of its truth before men will accept it, and does not the history of the world show that moral truth, which, in this case at least, means expediency, is only to be discovered and accepted as such by the demonstration of experience? Is not, then, that plan of conversion for criminals the best which will give to them a practical experience, which most of them have never had, of the ways in which men may live honestly and happily? If the exercise of true liberty be that which society wishes the criminal to learn, is it unreasonable to propose that he shall be taught the value of liberty by enforcing upon him an experience thereof? Or is a proper understanding of liberty more likely to be learned by adding to imprisonment all the incidents of slavery!

Let criminals learn the value of social order by giving them interests in prison, which will demonstrate to them the value of social order. If they may earn money they will probably be no slower than other mortals in discovering that the best way of keeping money is not by encouraging theft, robbery, and social confusion. If those criminals who, for great crimes, have been given long terms of imprisonment, have the opportunity, they will not be unlikely to avail themselves of it to make the lack of total freedom as bearable as possible by increasing their worldly possessions. They, then, the greater criminals, may become the strongest converts to social order, and may use their influence for its encouragement with those whose terms of imprisonment are shorter, and who will perhaps be a part of the world into which they themselves will one day go with their accumulated property. It seems hardly too much to hope that the ranks of crime may thus be attacked from within, and the axe laid at the root of the tree.

Charles Acton Ives.

A Piece of History Worth Writing.

If ever an author can be criticised for not making a different book from that which he professes the intention to make, Mr. Lewis Rosenthal may be suspected of having laid himself open to such a criticism in the second edition of his thorough and readable volume, "America and France," recently published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. He has proposed to himself to exhibit the influence which the revolt of the British colonies of America in 1776, and the popular government which they founded, exerted upon France during the remaining years of that century. His volume consists of a very exhaustive citation of facts and opinions drawn from the literature of that period. By stopping at this point he, unfortunately, not only fails to achieve the result at which, from the title of the book, we infer that he aimed, but he achieves exactly the opposite result. We infer that he wished to show, what undoubtedly can be shown, that France owns a large share of whatever liberalizing and popularizing influence her political institutions have experienced, since the accession of Louis XVI., to the establishment of popular sovereignty in America, and to her own part in bringing that result about. By stopping, however, as he does, at the downfall of Robespierre, Mr. Rosenthal establishes, if anything, precisely the contrary result. Balancing our accounts with France at the close of the eighteenth century, it would appear that all France got from us as the fruit of French contributions to our independence, was not popular sovereignty, not constitutional liberty, not peace, power, and prosperity, but fifteen years of Bonapartist ruffianism, terminating in a restoration of Bourbonism with seven other spirits of despotism worse than the first. What reflecting man who saw Louis XVIII. escorted through the streets of Paris by the allied armies, in 1814, if he had been compelled to judge by the events that were passed or passing, and had been forbidden to forecast the future, would not have been forced to the conclusion that, so far as France was concerned, the influence of American independence "was evil, and for evil only good!"

But I take it for granted that that is not Mr. Rosenthal's theory of American influence upon France. But if it is not, his book is incomplete. To judge the influence of the political experiment made in the United States in the eighteenth century upon France, by what it developed in France within that century, would be as illogical as to measure the influence of Christianity upon the world in the fifteenth century by the accession of the Borgias to the pontifical throne, or in the sixteenth century by the incorporation of the Society of Jesus. In fact, the influence of American political operations in the eighteenth century upon France have only become palpable and well defined since the War for the Union of 1861–5. Till then, our republic was generally regarded by Europeans as an experiment which would be soon overtaken by the disasters which had in turn overtaken all the so-called republics of antiquity.

The result of that struggle completely changed the opinions of thinking men of all parties upon that point, and it would be no exaggeration to say that no constitution in Europe was, at the close, what it was when the war commenced. Since then the prejudices of the privileged classes, and of the disciples of the doctrines of Divine Right and of Passive Obedience, have been constantly weakening, while the faith of the people of Europe in man's right to share in the government which he pays for with his treasure, and is expected to defend with his blood, has been constantly and rapidly strengthening. The extinction of Bonapartism and the formation of a government of the people, by the people, for the people, in France within five years after the triumph of the Constitution in the United States, in 1865, was more directly the fruit or logical consequence of American Independence than the French Revolution of '89 was; while the latter and

its disastrous sequence were more directly the outcome of an inevitable reaction against despotism in church and state, the credit of which is usually ascribed to the encyclopedists or the *philosophes*, as it is the fashion to call them in France.

Hence we say, with the highest appreciation of what Mr. Rosenthal has already done, that his work is incomplete. He has not yet achieved what the title of his book justified us in expecting of him. However, "a work well begun is half done," and this is well begun. He evidently is fond of his subject; he is not afraid of labor; and he knows how such work should be done. We therefore call upon him to prosecute his theme. Let him show how the death of Lincoln produced an emotion in France never manifested at the decease of any European sovereign. Let him show how promptly, after the news of General Lee's surrender, in 1865, the French Army moved precipitately out of Mexico, deserting the "chromo" emperor it had planted there; how the blow thus given to Napoleon's prestige in France compelled him to a transaction with the opposition, and to concede to their importunities a free press and parliamentary government; how this concession compelled him, in order to divert the attention of the press and the tribune from the past and to prevent too close a scrutiny of his own title to the crown he wore, to plunge headlong into a war with the first military power in Europe, and within a twelvemonth to exchange his palace for a prison; how, during that war, the diplomatic concerns of her powerful antagonist were confided to the Minister of the United States in Paris, as the only one of the nations whose authority was sure to be respected; how, upon the downfall of the empire, a popular government was organized in France upon the Jeffersonian model, which has lasted already longer than the average governments of France for the last two hundred years, and which has to-day as good a prospect of longevity as any government in the world.

With these facts, and others like them, of scarcely less critical significance which abound, Mr. Rosenthal, with his thoroughness of research, his judgment in selection, and skill in presentation, will demonstrate as he claims to have already but has not yet demonstrated, "that the people of the United States may feel justified in the belief that they have fulfilled the great law of compensation, and have amply repaid the debt of gratitude which they owed the French nation for services rendered in the War of Independence."

* † *

Woodman's Portrait of John Brown.*

NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS, October 30, 1882.

EDITOR CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just received yours of the 24th ultimo. My portrait of John Brown was painted at the suggestion of Colonel A. G. Hawes, of San Francisco, who was with Brown in the Ossawatomie fight. Colonel Hawes told me that no good portrait of Brown existed; that the ones with the beard did not look like him, and that those without were characterless. On my way east from California, I visited the Historical Society Rooms here in search of information relating to likenesses of Brown, and the Secretary, Judge Adams, showed me the pictures of Brown in his possession; but they made no impression upon me until he finally produced from a long neglected drawer an old photograph which had been sent, among other effects of Governor Thayer, to the society from Boston. Using this as a basis upon which to build, I added to it every essential point of likeness in the others, and produced the portrait from which the photograph was taken which you now have in your possession,—aided by my memory of Brown, with whom I once held a very animated conversation in the hallway of Cooper Institute years ago, when I was not much more than a boy. * * * * *

Truly yours,

Selden J. Woodman.

KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

TOPEKA, KANSAS, October 31, 1882.

EDITOR CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: The photograph which Mr. Woodman used as the principal basis for his portrait of John Brown was procured by the Kansas Historical Society with the collection of the materials of Kansas History made up by Dr. Thomas H. Webb, of Boston, who was the Secretary of the Kansas Emigrant Aid Company, which was organized through the action of Hon. Eli Thayer, of Worcester. That company was very influential in promoting emigration to Kansas throughout the Territorial period. Captain John Brown, Jr., when visiting the rooms of the State Historical Society three years ago, remarked to me that the photograph was an excellent likeness of his father. I saw Captain Brown in 1856, when he was shaven, and this picture is the only one of many which I have seen that recalls his features to my memory. I regard Mr. Woodman's portrait as an excellent and characteristic likeness of Captain John Brown as I saw him.

F. G. Adams,
Secretary.

DANVERS, 8 mo., 16, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Thy portrait of John Brown is by far the best I have ever seen. It is the *man* — not only the physical man, but his inner self also. It is him at his best and truest.

Thanking thee for the picture, I am

Very truly thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

To Selden J. Woodman.

I have seen Mr. Woodman's portrait of my husband. I think it a very good likeness of him, and the more I see it, the more I like it.

Mrs. John Brown.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, November 15, 1882.

DU MAURIER'S DRAWINGS. We wish to state that while we were indebted to the publishers of "Punch" for the right to reproduce certain drawings by Mr. du Maurier in our May number, the drawings themselves are the property of the artist, and were by him kindly lent to us for reëngraving.— ED.

* See frontispiece.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To John Burroughs.

(After reading "Signs and Seasons" in the March CENTURY.)

THE genial John Burroughs is racking his brain
For a token that spring-time is coming again.
"*Quod primum?*" he queries; and I am the man, sir,
Can give him an incontrovertible answer.
The very first thing in the coming of spring,
Ere crows or musquitoes are out on the wing:
My little white mare
Is shedding her hair.

Ere *Alnus incana* hath opened a scale
Of her staminate catkins' impervious mail;
Ere sweetness doth trickle from *Acer saccharinum*,
My whiskers are grisly with pony's white hair in 'em.
My coat-sleeve will show it; my beaver also;
And neighbors and patrons will each of them know
My little white mare
Is shedding her hair.

Take notice this season, O genial John B.,
You'll find, as I tell you, as sure as can be,
That, ere the *Hepatica* opens a calyx,—
Ere *Populus*, *Corylus*, *Betula*, *Salix*,
Or *Carex* has blossomed, or grasshopper thawed,
Or button-ball bursted, or *Corvus* has cawed,
Your little white mare
Will be shedding her hair.

F. Blanchard.

Picking Berries.

'TWAS in the season of the year
When clustering fruit bedecks the bramble
That gallant Paul and Laura fair
Set out upon a pleasant ramble.

They went in search of berries red,
And Paul seemed somewhat melancholy,
But dainty Laura tossed her head,
With lightsome laughter blithe and jolly.

At last they reached the destined place
Where brambles grew in wild profusion,
And lo! Paul's melancholy face
Put on a look of deep confusion;

But Laura laughed in roguish glee,
With lips that rivaled ripest cherries,
And, while Paul loitered doubtfully,
She calmly went on picking berries.

At last Paul, dawdling at his task,
With face as grave as prebendary's,
Said, "Laura, dear, I'd like to ask"—
But Laura went on picking berries.

Poor Paul stood still and twirled his hat,
His stammering tongue played queer vagaries,
Then said, "I'd like to tell you that——"
But Laura went on picking berries.

"I long have loved you," murmured he,
"With love that never, never varies."
"In that case, don't you think," said she,
"You'd better help me pick the berries?"

Stanley Wood.

Caught.

OVER the lattice there clambered a vine,
Its tendrils in arabesques tenderly clung
To the cool slender bars in the shade of the pine,
That sheltered us there where the song-sparrows sung.

As sweet as a rose in the pale pink and blue
Of her thin fleecy robe, with a bud in her hair,
As fair as a tropic bloom fresh with the dew,
She mused by my side in the cool morning air.

How did it happen? I really don't know,
Her lips were like rosebuds—sore tempted, I fell;—
"*Oh, nobody saw us!*"—I started to go,
When a wee voice,—"*I seen 'oo, an' I'm doin' to tell!*"

Harold Van Santvoord.

Culture.

THE village maid, whose gentle heart
I won, those golden summer days,
Brought up in simple country ways
With store of all housewifely art,
Had little learning else to boast:
A year or two of school at most.

I knew it. Yet within her eyes,
Up-raised in loving trust to mine,
What wealth of promise seemed to shine!
What glorious possibilities!
"When my sweet girl and I are wed,
I'll cultivate her mind," I said.

We tried it in the honeymoon.
I planned a "course" of history,
Art, literature, and poetry
Combined; and every afternoon
I read to her, and gave her "talks"
On science in our evening walks.

And she—ah! when can I forget
Her look of measureless content,
Her love-lit eyes so gravely bent
Upon my face! And yet—and yet—
I sometimes felt a haunting doubt
If she knew what 'twas all about.

For oftentimes, in lightsome mood,
She'd murmur something sweet and low
That was not always *à propos:*
Her judgments, too, were often crude,
And her remarks on Locke and Kant
Were painfully irrelevant.

Somehow I can't escape a sense
Of failure: though to-day her face
Still keeps its tender, listening grace,
Its subtile, fine intelligence
(She'd look the same were I to speak
In Sanskrit or Homeric Greek!)—

I think I'll have to give it up.
I'll have to bear it, that is all!—
The first, the only drop of gall
In joy's divine, o'erflowing cup,
The one grand failure of my life!—
I cannot "cultivate" my wife!

Robertson Trowbridge.

Bits of Midsummer Metaphysics.

THESE suggestions as to the essence of a few metaphysical units are believed to be very suitable for members of summer schools of philosophy, and for all searchers after truth. They depend for their significancy on the words themselves as related to the appreciative intuitivism of the reader:

Art is the joyous externalizing of inwardness.
Beauty is the joyful internalization of outwardness.
Poetry is the hampered soul leaping at verity.
Truth is the so-ness of the as-it-were.
Right is the awful yes-ness of the over-soul meditating on the how-ness of the thing.
Society is the heterogeneous, buying peace with homogeneity.
A *Thing* is simply an is-ness. *Matter* is is-ness possessed of somewhat-ness. *Mind* is am-ness.
Philosophy is the mind trying to find out its own little game.

G. F. S.

"Too Too."

THE phrase "Too too," as an intensified adverb, is common in old literature. Witness Hamlet's "too, too solid flesh," and Dekker uses it perhaps a hundred times. But I never saw "too too" standing by itself without an adjective except in one place. That phrase, which sounds so new to us, occurs in one of the oldest English plays, "A new Enterlude called Thersytes," 1537—black-letter quarto—thus:

"It is too too, mother, the pastime and good cheer,
That we shall see and have when that we come there."
(Dodsley's Old Plays. Vol. I., p. 423.)

Our modern slang crops up unexpectedly in my old reading. In Dekker's Sabromastix (1603), I find "We'd let all slide."

A. A. Adee.

At Last.

SHE tips to-and-fro in the old rocking-chair,
Her forehead is wrinkled, and white is her hair,
While her grandchildren romp in a turbulent throng
She reads the fond words of a tender love-song.

That love-song was writ her one sunshiny day
When her heart was as light as the breezes in May,
When her figure was graceful, her cheek like a rose,
And never were spectacles perched on her nose.

The lover that wrote her that sonnet, alas,
Has peacefully slept 'neath the long tangled grass
For years—and the words of his eloquent lay
"Miss Violet" reads for the first time to-day.

You ask why that poem thus lingered unseen?
He had sent it that time to a great magazine,
And the publishing man let the musical waif
Unprinted remain fifty years in the safe.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Little Tee-Hee.

IT was over the sea, in the land of tea,
By the beautiful river they call Yang Tse,
To which an additional name they hang
Making the river Yang Tse Kiang,
A baby was born in a Chinese town;
But a look of scorn and a terrible frown

O'er the face of the father was seen to curl,
When he learned that his baby was only a girl.

Now the father, whose name was Hang U. High,
Was the last of the race of the great I. Ligh,
The father of Chinese history.
He was very proud of his pedigree,
And even declared that his lineage ran
In a line direct to the very first man.
His greatest ambition was now to see
Another limb on his family tree,
A boy who could finally step in his place,
Down the race-course of time to continue his race;

But alas for his hopes! "Chug um whirl! Chug um whirl!"
He muttered, which means "It's a girl! It's a girl!"
And he angrily hissed: "Clack whang bog lound!"
Which means in their language "It must be drowned!"

Though the mother, in words that sound imprudent,
Insipidly pleaded: "Oh, Hang U. *I* wouldn't!"
He sternly answered, "Clack whang bo quid!"
Which means in their language "It must be did!"
So he called his servant and said: "Ar Chang,
Go drown that thing in the river Kiang."
Then turned away, with an angry glare,
To smoke his pipe in the open air.

But the good Ar Chang had a tender heart.
He saw it was hard for the mother to part
From her little girl, yet, strange to tell,
The sorrow that on his heart-strings fell
Affected the strings of his purse as well.
Still he couldn't think what in the world to do,
And he stood in agony clutching his queue

And pulling it downward until he drew
His eyes clear up to the top of his head,
Till they looked like long diagonal gashes
Stretched over his forehead and fringed with lashes,
Then, letting them down — "I have it!" he said.
But the rest that he said I will tell to thee
In the very words it was told to me
By that honest, efficient, and noble Chinee
Who charged me two prices for my "washee":
He said: "I got girl-ee same old like this,
Got too much-ee girl-ee; my wife-ee no miss
One girl-ee. Ar Chang save-ee yo' girl-ee life,
I take-ee *yo'* girl-ee light home to my wife,
I dlown-ee *my* girl-ee in liver Kiang!
You give-ee much money to poo' Ar Chang!"
Then gratitude stole down the beautiful slants
Of the mother's long eyes, and she gave such a glance
Of approval, he cried, "I would rather be Chang,
And serve such a generous mistress, than Hang!"

He carried Tee-Hee to his own little hut,
Where the floors were of dirt and the frescoes of soot,
And he said to his wife: "I have swapped for Tee-Hee.
We must dlown-ee our girl-ee in liver Yang Tse,—
And our mistless she give-ee much money to we!"
"I will go," answered she, "and wrap Minnee Ting Loo
In Tee-Hee's little mantle and bring her to you,"
And then, with a smile of approval, withdrew.

Now it chanced Mrs. Chang had the masculine art
Of "playing it low" and concealing her heart,
In short, of enacting a duplicate part.
For, expecting the time when her husband would say: —
"We are poor; we'll put Minnee Ting out of the way,"
She had built a rag baby with marvelous skill,
Placed a spring here and there for the sake of the wriggle,
Supplied its small chest with a bladder and quill,
So that touch it who would the rag baby would giggle;
Just the size of Ting Loo, — she had measured and weighed it, —
And now, with the skill she had learned when she made it,
She pinned on the cloak past all hope of undoing,
And, bearing it so as to start it to cooing,
Right into the arms of her husband she laid it.
Thus Chang bore it down toward the river Kiang,
But happened, in passing the vigilant Hang,
To stumble, which caused it to kick and to coo,
Till Hang cried: "Away! I'll accompany you.
I never can rest till it's safe in the water,
Lest the mother has bribed you to rescue my daughter."
Then quick in the pitiless river they threw
What to Hang was Tee-Hee and to Chang was Ting Loo.

Each day, while the notable Hang U. High
Was reading the books of the great I. Ligh,
His wife stole away to the hut of Ar Chang,
While Chang acted spy o'er the motions of Hang.

But Chang never dreamed as he watched by the wall
To give warning if Hang at his hovel should call,
That *his* dear little wife from its hiding-place drew
The only original Minnee Ting Loo,
Nor supposed, as he stretched to its limit each limb
To peep at his master, that out of the dim
Of his hovel two mothers kept watch upon *him*.
And it never occurred to Hang U. High,
As he studied the books of the great I. Ligh,
That, instead of retrenching on Little Tee-Hee
By drowning the child in the river Yang Tse,
His lucre provided provisions for three.

W. W. Fink.

Alphonse Daudet.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. AUGUST, 1883. No. 4.

BOB WHITE, THE GAME BIRD OF AMERICA.

OF all the game birds of America, none is better appreciated by the sportsman than little Bob White. He may be found from southern Maine and Canada to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the high central plains, and he is known by various names. In the North and East, he is called Quail; in the South and West, he is Partridge; while everywhere, he is known as Bob White. Let us then call him as he calls himself, and we will not be berated for our ignorance of natural history. In fact, he is neither quail nor partridge; but, to our mind he seems more akin to the latter than to the former of his European cousins. The quail of Europe is a smaller and more dumpy bird than our little friend. His flesh is dark and loaded with fat. His plumage is dull and his aspect plebeian. He does not form into coveys, but flocks at the periods of his migrations, when he flies at night, and in the company of countless numbers, during the month of April crosses the Mediterranean to the European shores and islands, returning to Africa in the autumn.* He is a polygamous, pugnacious, selfish little Arab, and lacks entirely that gallant bearing and affectionate nature which are marked characteristics of the American bird. A wretched husband, he abandons his wives and young to their fate at the waning of the honeymoon; and his selfish manners are inherited by his chicks, who "are hardly full grown when they separate, or, if kept together, fight obstinately, and their quarrels are terminated only by their common destruction." It belies both the appearance and character of Bob White to call him after such a mean-looking, disreputable bird as the European quail.

The common European gray-partridge differs somewhat in form from our bird, which in this particular resembles more closely the red-legged partridge of Europe; but what is said of the habits of Bob White applies equally well to the European partridge. The latter weighs twice as much as Bob White, but he has not Bob's sturdy, rapid, and often long-continued flight. Like our bird, his flesh is white; he forms into coveys; is monogamous, and keeps with his wife and brood till the following spring. He is not migratory or nocturnal in his habits. His wings are similar in form to those of our bird, having the third quill-feather the longest, which is a characteristic of the partridges, and distinguishes them from the quails, which have the first quill-feather the longest.

It is true that Bob White is sometimes partly migratory in his habits. It is said that he has "a running season" in October, when, joining a pack, he leaves the region of his birth and travels on foot in a southerly and easterly direction till he reaches the borders of streams and bays, where he may remain till November, when he returns to his former haunts. During his travels it would be useless to hunt him, for he then runs with great rapidity before the dog and will not take wing.

* "The quails assemble at the approach of autumn, to cross the Black Sea over to the southern coast: the order of this emigration is invariable: toward the end of August the quails, in a body, choose one of those fine days when the wind, blowing from the north at sunset, promises them a fine night; they take their departure about seven in the evening, and finish a journey of fifty leagues by break of day,—a wonderful distance for a short-winged bird, and that is generally fat and sluggish of flight."

"Such prodigious quantities have appeared on the western coasts of the kingdom of Naples, in the vicinity of Nettuno, that *one hundred thousand* have in one day been taken, within the space of four or five miles."—*Daniel's "Rural Sports."*

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The European partridge and Bob White differ in their call-notes and in their longevity. Daniel, in his superb "Rural Sports," London, 1812, states: "It is said the partridge, if unmolested, lives from fifteen to seventeen years; others dispute this computation, and maintain that they live seven years, and give over laying in the sixth, and are in full vigor when two years old." Dr. Elisha T. Lewis, in his "American Sportsman," Philadelphia, 1857, says that the average duration of Bob White's life is three to five years; but neither of these authors states how these facts were ascertained. Our distinguished ornithologist, Dr. Coues, classes Bob White among the partridges, and says:

"Our partridges [viz. Bob White, the Mountain, Valley, and Massena quails, etc.] may be distinguished among American *Gallinæ*, by the foregoing characters, but not from those of the Old World; and it is highly improbable that, as a group, they are separable from all the forms of the latter by any decided peculiarities. I find that the principal supposed character, namely, a toothing of the under mandible, is very faintly indicated in some forms, and entirely wanting in others. Pending final issue, however, it is expedient to re-organize the group, so strictly limited geographically, if not otherwise. * * * In habits, they agree more or less completely with the well known Bob White: Head completely feathered, and usually crested, the crest frequently assuming a remarkable shape, nasal fosse not filled with feathers; the nostrils covered with a naked scale; tarsi and toes naked, the latter scarcely or not fringed."

If, however, many of our friends should persist—as they certainly will—in calling Bob White a quail, then they should call a brood of these birds *a bevy;* while *a covey* should designate a brood, if they call him a Virginia partridge. The plumage differs so much with latitude, that some naturalists have made out three species: the *Ortyx. Virginianus*, the *O. Floridanus*, and the *O. Texanus.* The male of the *Floridanus* is about the size of the female *Virginianus.* Its bill is longer and jet black; its colors are darker and its black markings are heavier. The *Texanus* is of the size of the *Floridanus;* the colors are paler, the prevailing shade being rather gray than brown; upper part much variegated with tawny. Sometimes he dons a coat which is nearly white. One of these little colorless birds is shown in the engraving on page 486. He was shot in the month of November, by Mr. Charles Hallock, near Berlin, in Worcester County, Maryland.

If, after a day of successful shooting over a considerable area, the sportsman will count the number of cock and hen birds which have fallen to his aim, he will find the former always outnumbering the latter. The exact ratio I do not know. I have but once separated them; then, in a bag of forty, I found twenty-four cocks to sixteen hens. According to the European naturalist, Ray, the European

"BOB WHITE!"

partridge hatches one-third more males than females.

The average weight of Bob White varies considerably with the nature of his feeding-ground, the weather preceding the time when he is shot, and the age of the bird. Probably six and three-quarter ounces is a fair average weight. In Southern Maryland, I have shot a few cock-birds which weighed eight ounces and one-quarter, and one even as high in weight as eight ounces and three-quarters. Fifty birds shot in the middle of North Carolina, last December, averaged seven ounces. Those birds were cocks and hens, old and young, just as they came to bag in the field. Mr. Frank Schley says: "I have often killed a bag of birds along the Monocacy and Potomac bottoms in Maryland, in the month of December, that would average eight ounces." Dr. Lewis, in his "American Sportsman," gives a record of ten braces of birds shot in the neighborhood of Mount Holly, New Jersey, that averaged eight ounces.

PARTRIDGES (PERDIX CINEREA), MALE AND FEMALE.

While the woodcock and Wilson snipe are fated to disappear as civilization robs them of their restricted feeding-grounds, Bob White, if protected by the enforcement of judicious game laws, will thrive in the midst of cultivated lands, and will continue to test the gamecraft and marksmanship of future generations. He is destined to remain the game-bird of America, and he is worthy of it; for there is none more impetuous in his flight, none that has such extended range in his feeding-grounds and coverts, none that de-

WHITE BOB WHITE.

mands of the gunner more knowledge of his habits in order to find him, and none that tests so well the training of a dog and the eye and nerve of the sportsman. We should be thankful that he, with the black-bass, will be spared in the relentless action of that artificial selection which is slowly but surely taking from us the woodcock, the snipe, the grouse, and the wild trout.

Unlike the grouse and the European quail, our little American is a faithful husband and devoted father. To find Bob in Mormon practices is rare. Should he, however, discover that his gallant bearing and spruce attire have made him doubly beloved, he will show impartial devotion to his two spouses. From a fence-rail overhead, with his two wives on their nests, not two feet apart, he will gladden both their little hearts with his love-song. But he is naturally a monogamist. He selects his mate and makes his courtship in the spring, soon after the snow and frost have gone, when the willows have turned yellow, while the frogs are piping in the marsh, and the Wilson snipe is drumming above the meadows. If the wintry storm should come back, the mates will re-assemble in a covey and keep each other warm o' nights and huddle on the sunny slopes during the day.

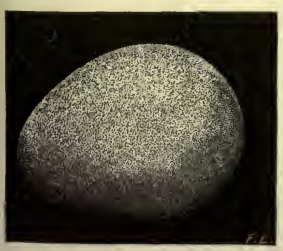
In the month of May they build their simple nest, formed of a slight depression in the ground lined with dried leaves and soft grasses. This nest may be found under a tussock of grass, beneath a small bush, in the brier-grown corner of a worm-fence, at the foot of an old stump, alongside a log, or often in the open fields of wheat or clover. The nest is sometimes closed above with stubble mingled with the grass tussock or briers, and provided with a side entrance; but the nest is as often found open above as closed.

In this nest the hen-bird lays from one dozen to two dozen eggs of a pure, brilliant white. While the hen is laying and during her time of nesting, the cock is the happiest of husbands. Filled with joy and pride, he sits on the low bough of a neighboring tree, or perches on the fence-rail quite near his spouse, whom he never wearies of telling that he is "Bob White —your Bob White," in such a brilliant, happy

voice that the farmer stops his work to listen to him.

In from three to four weeks the little downy young leave the egg, and even with pieces of egg-shell yet sticking on their backs they go off with their parents to be taught to search for food. They feed on the seeds of various grasses, weeds, and cereals, and on berries; and they return a hundred-fold the bounty of their landlord, by destroying for his benefit not only countless numbers of destructive insects, but quantities of weed-seed, one to two gills of which the adult birds can stow away in their little crops during a day's feeding.

BOB WHITE AND EUROPEAN QUAIL. (COTURNIX COMMUNIS.)



BOB WHITE EGG (FULL SIZE).

If rain should come on, or the cold wind blow, the mother calls her younglings under her wings, where they nestle safe from the chilling storm. When night comes on, she and her spouse take their little ones to some place removed from the thicket, where prowl the fox and the weasel. Soon after being hatched, the young, in running, assist themselves with their tiny wings, and when two weeks old they take wing with a flutter that is very amusing to those familiar with the startling whir of the old birds. When too large to gather under the mother they take their flight at night-fall, from the stubble or grain field where they have been feeding, and thus, breaking the scent, drop down in a compact cloud into some open space under a bush or tussock, and cozily huddling up to one another, form a little circle with their heads outward. Thus nestled, they see on all sides, and can spring at a moment from their bed to evade any foe that may steal on them in the night or at the early dawn. If the ground be covered with snow or hoar frost, or the weather be wet or blustering, they may remain huddled together all day, or may not venture to feed till late in the forenoon. But if they are greeted with the sunrise and good weather, they cheep a good-morning to one another in soft, cheerful voices, and go at once to their feeding-grounds, where they regale themselves on the wheat of the stubbles, the buckwheat, the seeds of grasses, and the rag-weed, and on the berries of the haw, the gum, and the chicken-grape. About ten or eleven o'clock they retire to the sunny side of a covert, and they do not venture forth again till three or four in the afternoon, when they again seek their food till sundown and bed-time.

In October and November, the sportsman often "springs" coveys containing birds too small to be shot; sometimes half the covey will be in this condition, the other half full-grown birds. This fact may be accounted for thus: The eggs and the young are often destroyed by the wet and cold of the early summer, or by beasts and birds of prey. If this calamity should overtake them, the hen again goes to laying, and this second brood is retarded by the time lost between the first and second nestings. When birds of two sizes are found in the same covey, it seems to show that the parents have raised two broods; and this, I think, happens oftener to the south than to the north of the James River,—the summer of our middle and and northern States being generally too short for the raising of two broods. Baird says: "They have two broods in a season, the second in August"; while Audubon states that "in Texas, the Floridas, and as far eastward as the neighborhood of Charleston, in South Carolina, it breeds twice in the year, first in May, and again in September."

AT DAWN.

The cock-bird shares with the hen the duties and restraints of incubation. If his spouse should desire another brood, he will take charge of the half-grown young while she makes her second nesting. When the second brood appears, it runs with the first, and they form together one happy family, and remain with their parents till the following spring, in the pairing season, when the old family ties are severed.

The devotion of the parents to their unfledged young, and the real affection which the members of a family have for one another up to the time of their separation in the spring, have been so touchingly described by two of the most gifted of our writers on field sports, that I must here quote them; especially as the writings of W. P. Hawes ("J. Cypress, Jr.") are now rarely met with. He says:

"If you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent's love, startle a family of young quails and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run, and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken, and wounded, and yet have just strength to tumble along, until she has drawn you, fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children, and the hopes of her young heart; and then she will mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you had not seen before, like a close-shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen, now! Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes, quickly and clearly poured out? She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now 'Bob White!' nor 'Ah! Bob White!' That is her husband's love-call, or his trumpet-blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them 'Peep! peep! peep!' at the welcome voice of their mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again."

The following is by Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forrester"):

"Unlike the young broods of the woodcock, which are mute, save the twitter with which they rise, the bevies of quail appear to be attached to each other by tender affection. If dispersed by accidental causes, either in the pursuit of their food, or from being flushed by some casual intruder, so soon as their first alarm has passed over, they begin calling to each other with a small, plaintive note, quite different from the amorous whistle of the male bird, and from their merry, day-break cheeping, and each one running toward the sound, and repeating it at intervals, they soon collect themselves together into one happy little family.

"If, however, the ruthless sportsman has been

CALIFORNIA VALLEY PARTRIDGE OR QUAIL. (LOPHORTYX CALIFORNICUS.)

among them with his well-trained setter and unerring gun, so that death has sorely thinned their numbers, they will protract their little call for their lost comrades even to night-fall; and in such cases — I know not if it be fancy on my part — there has often seemed to me to be an unusual degree of melancholy in their wailing whistle.

"Once this struck me especially. I had found a small bevy of thirteen birds in an orchard, close to the house in which I was passing a portion of the autumn, and in a very few minutes killed twelve of them, for they lay hard in the tedded clover, and it was perfectly open shooting. The thirteenth and last bird, rising with two others which I killed right and left, flew but a short distance and dropped among some sumacs in the corner of a rail fence. I could have shot him certainly enough, but some undefined feeling induced me to call my dog to heel, and spare his little life; yet afterward I almost regretted what I certainly intended at the time for mercy. For day after day, so long as I remained in the country, I heard his sad call from morn till dewy eve, crying for his departed friends, and full, apparently, of memory, which is, alas! but too often another name for sorrow.

"It is a singular proof how strong is the passion for the chase and the love of pursuit implanted by nature in the heart of man, that however much, when not influenced by the direct heat of sport, we deprecate the killing of these little birds, and pity the individual sufferers, the moment the dog points and the bevy springs, or the propitious morning promises good sport, all the compunction is forgotten in the eagerness and emulation which are natural to our race."

Bob White schools the wing-shot as severely as the wily trout tries the angler. Like the trout, he has habits which we must be acquainted with in order to find him. If the weather be fair, start early, for the birds will be on their feeding-grounds at sunrise, and will be found in the fields of stubble, or in the midst of the rag-weed, and along the brier-fringed ditches; and do not forget the field of buckwheat, for they are especially fond of it. About ten or eleven they will cease feeding, and will seek the sunny side of some covert near a stream, where they will quench their thirst after their morning meal. Here they will dust and preen themselves, and take their noonday siesta. The birds will generally remain here till three or four hours after mid-

EUROPEAN RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE. (CACCABIS RUFA.)

day, and closely huddled as they are. they are difficult for the dog to find.

The sportsman, if wise, will now follow the example of the birds, and seeking the quiet of some sheltered sunny nook, will take his lunch and rest himself and his dogs. How well we remember that pleasant spring side, with the dogs stretched before us to catch the warm rays of the sun, their eyes furtively glancing at us, waiting for their share of the lunch; the fragrant cigar, with pleasant jokes at our bad shots and untimely tumble, the generous admiration of our companions' skill, and talk about the wonderful working of the dogs.

If the weather is very dry, do not seek the birds on the uplands, for Bob White, though no hydropathist, likes the vicinity of water. But if your hunt occurs after a rainy spell, go to the upland stubble-fields, and work your dogs along the border of the driest and sunniest of the coverts.

If it is windy and cold, the birds will be found in covert along the sunny lee slopes of the valleys, in the tall rag-weed and briers of the hollows, and on the sunny borders of the woods and hedge-rows. They will not now lie well to the dog, and when flushed will go like bullets into the deepest thickets. Should you hope to prevent this by getting them in between you and the dogs, you may often be mistaken, for in all likelihood they will spring over your head like sparks from under a blacksmith's hammer. The shooting is now difficult, for you will have to turn rapidly on your heel as the bird passes over you, and drop your aim just *under* him while he is only momentarily in sight.

If you had a fair day yesterday, but after a long spell of wet weather, and you returned home last night in a clear, cold, quiet air, you may expect to see the sunshine of to-morrow sparkling in the hoar frost which covers the ground and all the herbage. Tarry at home till the sun has nearly melted the ice off the meadows, for you will get nothing but wet legs by tramping the fields while the ground is iced and while the birds are yet huddled and have not spread their scent.

When the dogs are seeking the coveys, let them range widely. When they stand the covey, do not exhaust yourself with haste in reaching them, but approach leisurely and quietly. When the covey springs be very quick, but very, *very* steady, and do not fire till you are sure of your aim. Remember that it is your left arm and wrist that direct your gun; so grasp it well forward on the fore-end, and not near the breech, as some do. You will thus be able to give your gun that quick and firm motion which is indispensable to skill in "snap-shooting"; and all shooting at Bob White is of that character.

If it is your first shot of the season, and you are not gifted with a very steady nerve, you will do well to charge your gun with but one cartridge. By doing so, it is probable that a bird will drop to your first shot. If you had had two shots, you might have been too anxious for two birds, and thus have lost both. After two or three successes with a single barrel, try "a double" over the next point.

Always flush the birds yourself, for a dog "hied on" to flush may do so of his own accord when you are out of gunshot. At the springing of the covey, the dog must "down charge," or "drop to shot," and in either case hold his charge till ordered to "hold up" or to "seek dead." If he "break shot," he will often cause you great vexation in the loss of shots by his flushing birds which did not spring with their fellows, but which now get up in rapid succession, and before you have had time to reload. But a good retriever has his greatest pleasure in fetching a dead bird, and the intense satisfaction this act gives to him often causes him to lose his head and rush in on the report of the gun. The dropping to shot and retaining charge is one of

the prime requisites in a dog, and is as difficult to teach a good retriever as it is essential to the true enjoyment of sport.

If the dog is unsteady and apt to "break shot," do not load if you have fired only one barrel, for in so doing other birds may rise just as you have opened your gun or are handling a cartridge.

After the covey has been scattered give your dog but little range. Keep your eye well on him as you approach the ground where you or your gillie has marked the birds. Be ready, if he be rash when he "winds" the birds, to chide him, in a voice just sufficient to be heard. *Steady, there! Toho!*

Above all things, do not get excited and gain in voice as you lose in temper. Take it leisurely, be quiet and cool, if you would enjoy the sport and kill cleanly. By all means, train your dog, if possible, to hunt without shouting to him. A short, quick whistle should call his attention. Then give him the order he waits for by waves of the hand: forward, for "on"; a wave to the right or left, as you may desire him to quarter; while the upraised arm, with the palm of your hand toward him, should bring him to "toho." Or, two short whistles may be often better for the same order, while one much prolonged should bring him "to heel."

A dog that with head well up winds his birds and is stanch on a covey, that will drop to shot and retain his charge till ordered to retrieve, and will receive and obey your orders from the whistle and the motions of your arm and hand, is a dog indeed. Such dogs exist. Should you shoot over such a one, make a note of him as having the education which your next puppy shall receive. You may never possess such a dog; but if a true sportsman, you will ever endeavor to have one like him.

After the covey has been flushed and shot at and the birds have been well scattered, the real enjoyment in Bob White shooting begins. One may now have single and double shots over all kinds of ground and at birds taking every conceivable direction of flight. But often, the best of markers will be baffled in finding the birds whose flight he has carefully noted after the springing of the covey. The following incident is typical of the experience of all sportsmen: A large covey was once flushed and shot at, three birds falling to our fire. My friend and I watched the other birds as they flew across a swale, where we sprung them, and we saw them sail with extended wings over a large field on the valley slope, into which they dropped after a few flutters of their wings. There could be no doubt as to the whereabouts of the birds, because the whole field, from its inclination to our line of sight, was in full view, and was quite an open sedge field with its surface sparsely studded with stunted pines. On our approach to the field, the dogs quartered it, but they did not come to a stand. One dog flushed a bird on which he came suddenly, and he at once "charged." We found the dogs useless, and calling them to "heel," we walked slowly into the sedge. When we were about in the center of the field, the birds began to rise successively and singly in all directions; in front, on our side, and sometimes behind us, giving us delightful shots. Similar experiences recurring so often have made some sportsmen suppose that Bob White has a voluntary power of retaining his scent, and thus in time of danger eludes the dogs. But this well known occurrence can be explained otherwise. Often when the frightened birds alight, they do not run but instantly crouch with their wings closely pressed against their bodies, so as to squeeze themselves into the smallest compass. This act, no doubt, causes a diminution in the emission of their effluvia. But if the birds have run after alighting, the dogs will surely find them, provided they do not run rapidly and to great distances; in which case the dogs are baffled by the multiplicity of scents; and especially will this be so if the dog gets on the trail of a bird which doubles like a hare on its track.

This baffling of a dog on ground containing a recently scattered covey shows that time should be allowed for the birds to recover from their confusion and to begin to run together, before you "hie on" the dogs to find them. If you are familiar with the country and can remember the landmarks, the proper method is to flush two or three coveys, and then begin to hunt the scattered birds of the respective coveys in the order in which you flushed them.

To become a successful shot at Bob White, the sportsman should bear in mind that Bob, immediately after he has sprung, flies with a velocity which probably exceeds that of any other bird; and also that, unless fairly hit, he can carry off a large number of pellets. When a covey springs, it rises at a considerable angle with the ground. Hence, in shooting at a bird in a flushed covey, the sportsman of unsteady nerve and sluggish muscles is apt to undershoot, the bird rising with such velocity that by the time the gunner has brought his gun into position the bird has passed above his line of sight. As a rule, I think that about one second generally elapses between the instant of springing of the bird and the moment of fire. This interval gives the bird time to gain a moderately horizontal line of flight, and allows the sportsman to get a fair aim.

MRS. BOB WHITE AND FAMILY.

In shooting at an incoming bird, let him be out of sight and just below the rib of your gun at the moment of firing. At a bird going overhead, wait till he has passed well over; then shoot under him. At straight-away shots hold a little high, so that you just catch a glimpse of the bird over your barrels.

In shooting at cross shots, it should be understood that the velocity of an ounce of No. 8 shot driven with three drams of powder is near to 900 feet per second. In that second a Bob White, if under full headway, will go 88 feet, if we estimate the velocity of his flight so low as only a mile a minute. If he is flying directly across your line of sight and thirty yards off, the shot will take one-tenth of a second to reach that distance, and in one-tenth of a second the bird has gone over eight and eight-tenths feet. So, if we should fire a snap-shot directly at a cross-flying bird thirty yards distant, the center of the cloud of shot would fall about nine feet behind him, and he would pass by unscathed. To kill him "clean," you must hold nine feet ahead of him. To some sportsmen, nine feet may seem a great distance to "hold ahead" on a cross-flying bird thirty yards away, but not to those who have noticed attentively the relations of the line of their aim to the position of the bird *at the very moment they hear the report of their gun.* Also, estimations of distances in the air beside a small and quickly moving object are very unreliable, and often when the sportsman thinks he has fired only one foot ahead of a bird he has really held ahead three feet. Let some one suspend horizontally in the air an unfamiliar object that must be distant from fence rails and other things whose dimensions you know, and then guess its length. You will, after a few trials, be satisfied that the estimation of actual lengths at thirty yards is very loose guess-work.

Bob White is a tough and hardy little fellow, and the true sportsman, always a humane man, will remember this and endeavor to kill him outright. This can be done only by hitting him fairly with the center of the charge. Often a bird will fly two or three hundred yards though mortally wounded. It is the duty of all sportsmen to watch carefully the flight of the birds he has shot at, and his experience of the nature of their flight will tell him if the bird has been struck. If he concludes that he has been, then it is his bounden

duty to bring that bird to bag, and that right quickly.

The extraordinary vitality of this vigorous bird was once forcibly impressed on me. A covey was flushed at about one hundred yards from the edge of a wood. Only a few of the birds flew to the woods. One of them, going at a tremendous velocity, crossed my position at a distance of about forty yards. Holding my gun at what I judged was the proper distance ahead of him, I fired. This was the only shot fired at the birds making for the wood.

"Sam," said I to our negro gillie, "I think I hit that bird."

"No, sah," said Sam; "I tink not, sah. He's a-gwine to whah he forgit he lef' suffin, sah!".

Sam is a good marker, and has carefully watched the flight of hundreds of birds shot at. Yet I could not entirely satisfy myself that the bird was not fairly hit, though he kept straight on in his vigorous flight. A sprained foot prevented rapid walking, and my companion entered the wood, with the dogs, before me. As I struck the edge of the woods I heard the report of his gun, and after proceeding about one hundred yards I heard a second shot, and in another instant a bird tumbled through the air and fell about a dozen feet in advance of me. I called out:

"I have them both!"

"Both what?" said he. "I only shot one bird, and the other flew away from your direction and I missed him clean."

The bird my friend shot lay with his head toward me; the other, a large cock, lay on his back with his bill pointing toward the other bird, and not more than a foot from him. Both birds were warm. The large cock was the one I had fired at. He was struck fairly in the head and chest, and yet he had pitched into the woods and gone altogether nearly two hundred yards before he succumbed to his death-wounds. But for the remarkable circumstances which led to the finding of this bird, I should never have surely known that I had shot him.

Rules for shooting are of value, and directions founded on theory may serve to inform the beginner why he misses and thus show him the way to improvement in his marksmanship; but no matter how well we may know *how* the shooting should be done, *to do it* is an art which can be attained only by the assiduous cultivation and development of certain peculiar natural gifts.

A beginner who, out of three shots can bring one Bob White to bag, need not be discouraged or ashamed; with sufficient practice, he may one day kill one out of two birds fired at. The sportsman who does not select his shots (and no man really a sportsman *can* do that), but takes his chances in the open and in covert on all birds which offer a probability of success to his skill, and who, the season through, brings to his bag three out of five birds fired at, is an accomplished sportsman. If he can make three successful shots out of four, he is a phenomenal marksman.

Last season, I shot with the best wing-shot I ever hunted with. At my request, this gentleman, Mr. H. K. B. Davis, of Philadelphia, has written for me the following statement; which, coming from one who has had such unusual opportunities in hunting Bob White, in North Carolina, cannot fail to be of interest to all sportsmen:

"I find, on referring to my record containing the number of coveys found and the number of birds killed, that the average is but little over three birds brought to bag from each covey flushed. When it is remembered that the usual number of birds found in a covey runs from ten to eighteen, it will give some idea of the difficulties to be overcome, and the large proportion of birds that escape even with good shooting, as the same record shows that seventy-three out of every hundred birds shot at were brought to bag. This record, extending over four years and running up into the thousands of birds killed, gives very reliable data to base calculations upon.

"The dogs I hunted with I have every reason to believe are above the average in speed, endurance, and scenting powers; so there is only one conclusion to arrive at, and that is that these birds are exceedingly difficult both to find and to kill.

"There are many opinions as to the proper method of shooting on the wing. Some hold that 'snap-shooting' is the only way to shoot successfully. Snap-shooting is generally understood to consist in putting the gun to the shoulder and firing the instant it is in position; making the allowance to the right, left, under, or above, as the case may require, before raising the gun; just as you point your finger, instinctively, to any object without having to sight along it. Others are just as sure that no one ever shot decently unless he followed the bird with the sight on the gun and covered it before firing. Some, again, insist that you must swing your gun along with the course of the bird after pulling the trigger. In my opinion, every one who has shot very much acquires a style peculiar to himself, and depending on his temperament and the kinds of birds he has had the most practice on.

"It may be well to give a few hints as to the necessary allowance to be made in taking aim at a bird flying so rapidly as Bob White. The most difficult shot is a bird coming directly toward you, and flying about twenty feet above the ground. I have been quite successful in this shot, by holding directly at the bird until he is within range, and then, just as I touch the trigger, I raise the muzzle of the gun about six inches. I would only advise trying this shot where there is more than one bird, and you want to use the second barrel. When there is only one incoming bird, wait until he passes over you, and then by shooting under him, more or less, according to the speed and elevation at which he is flying, you will be pretty sure to kill.

"In cross shots, at thirty yards and over, hold above the line of flight and from six to nine feet ahead of the bird. This may seem entirely too much, but I have frequently shot Bob White when flying parallel

to a rail-fence, when I aimed the full length of the rail ahead of him, this being nearly twelve feet."

The shooting of Bob White demands such quick action in handling the gun, and such long tramps to discover his retreats, that I would advise light guns for his pursuit. A pound more in weight will be felt in the afternoon of a long day's hunt, and the rapidity and ease with which a light and short gun can be handled, makes it very efficient in snap-shooting in covert. A twelve-gauge seven-pound gun, of twenty-eight-inch barrels, carrying one ounce of No. 8 shot and three drams of powder, or a sixteen-gauge of six pounds weight and twenty-six-inch barrels, charged with seventh-eighths of an ounce of shot and two and three-quarter drams of powder, is to my liking in this most enjoyable of field sports; in which occupation may next season find you, my sportsman reader, when,

"Full of the expected sport, your heart beats high
As, with impatient steps, you haste to reach
The stubbles where the scattered grain affords
A sweet repast to the yet heedless game.
Near yonder hedge-row where high grass and ferns
The secret hollow shade, your pointers stand.
How beautiful they look! With outstretched tails,
With heads immovable and eyes fast fixed,
One fore-leg raised and bent, the other firm,
Advanced forward, presses on the ground."

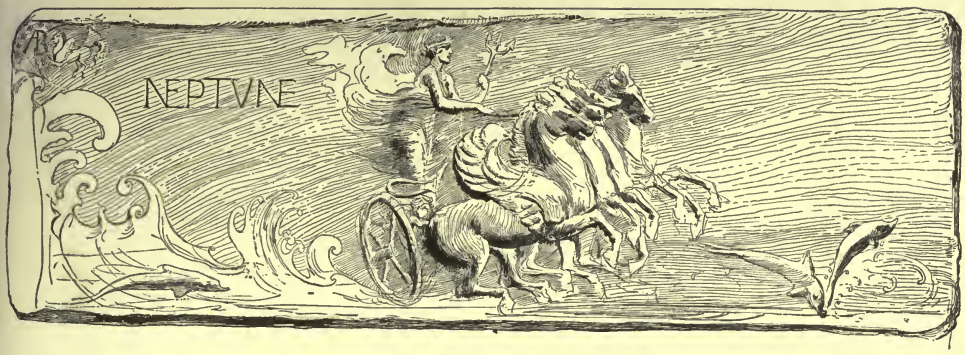
Alfred M. Mayer.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Blow on, fierce tempest, blow!
Pour down thy drenching rain,
Flash thy red lightning's glow,
O'er trembling land and main,—
I, but an humble lily of the field,
Resistless to thy swinging furies yield,
Let without pause or stay
All bonds and fetters burst,
Wild winds and torrents sway,
Wreak on my head their worst!

What though they snap and drown
Blossom and branch and root,
Wither and blast far down
Fair bud and tender shoot,—
From my crushed, broken heart may still rise up,
Like incense from a shivered golden cup,
A last faint breath to Heaven,
Left without star or sun,—
He took what He had given,
Thy will, my God, be done!

Stuart Sterne.



SONGS OF THE SEA.

THE STORMY PETREL.

When fierce along his ocean-path
The North wind rushes in his wrath,
And down the vast, insatiate wave
The great ship shudders to her grave,
Whence is it that thy tiny form
Exults, and challenges the storm?

Oh, not for thee the bloom-sweet gales
Of orchards, or in thymy vales
The bee's low hum: the rush and roar
Of breakers on some savage shore,
Or organ-winds through sea-caves blown,
Are harmonies for thee alone!

Man's argosies are swept to naught;
Yet o'er the havoc, tempest-wrought,
Companion of the wandering sea,
Tumult and Death but toy with thee,
And cheer thee in thy lonely flight,
Making our horror thy delight!

Oh, would, strange bird, I too could sweep
Unharmed along life's angry deep,
Nor heed the lowering clouds that roll
And darken round the struggling soul—
Like thee could soar, and breast, elate,
The mists of doubt, the storms of fate!

Henry S. Cornwell.

THE SEA-KING.

From out his castle on the sand
He led his tawny-bearded band
In stormy bark from land to land.

The red dawn was his goodly sign:
He set his face to sleet and brine,
And quaffed the blast like ruddy wine;

And often felt the swirling gale
Beat, like some giant thresher's flail,
Upon his battered coat of mail;

Or sacked, at times, some windy town,
And from the pastures, parched and brown,
He drove the scurrying cattle down;

And kissed the maids, and stole the bell
From off the church below the fell,
And drowned the priest within the well.

And he had seen, on frosty nights,
Strange, whirling forms and elfin sights,
In twilight land, by Northern Lights;

Or, sailing on by windless shoal,
Had heard, by night, the song of troll
Within some cavern-haunted knoll.

Off Iceland, too, the sudden rush
Of waters falling, in a hush
He heard the ice-fields grind and crush.

His prow the sheeny south seas clove;
Warm, spicèd winds from lemon-grove
And heated thicket round him drove.

The storm-blast was his deity;
His lover was the fitful sea;
The wailing winds his melody.

By rocky scaur and beachy head
He followed where his fancy led,
And down the rainy waters fled;

And left the peopled towns behind,
And gave his days and nights to find
What lay beyond the western wind.

L. Frank Tooker.

THE ROCK IN THE SEA.

They say that yonder rock once towered
Upon a wide and grassy plain,
Lord of the land, until the sea
Usurped his green domain:
Yet now remembering the fair scene
Where once he reigned without endeavor,
The great rock in the ocean stands
And battles with the waves forever.

How oft, O rock, must visit thee
Sweet visions of the ancient calm
All amorous with birds and bees,
And odorous with balm!
Ah me, the terrors of the time
When the grim, wrinkled sea advances,
And winds and waves with direful cries
Arouse thee from thy happy trances!

To no soft tryst they waken thee,
No sunny scene of perfect rest,
But to the raging sea's vanguard
Thundering against thy breast:
No singing birds are round thee, now,
But the wild winds, the roaring surges,
And gladly would they hurl thee down
And mock thee in eternal dirges.

But be it thine to conquer them;
And may thy firm-enduring form
Still frown upon the hurricane,
Still grandly front the storm:
And while the tall ships come and go,
And come and go the generations,
May thy proud presence yet remain
A wonder unto all the nations.

Sometime, perchance, O lonely rock,
Thou mayest regain thine ancient seat,
Mayest see once more the meadow shine,
And hear the pasture bleat:
But ah, methinks even then thy breast
Would stir and yearn with fond emotion,
To meet once more in glorious war
The roaring cohorts of the ocean.

Let me, like thee, thou noble rock,
Pluck honor from the seas of time;
Where Providence doth place my feet
There let me stand sublime:
O life, 'tis very sweet to lie
Upon thy shores without endeavor,
But sweeter far to breast thy storms
And battle with thy waves forever.

Henry Ames Blood.

SEA-PICTURES.

I. MORNING.

The morning sun has pierced the mist,
And beach and cliff and ocean kissed.
Blue as the lapis-lazuli
The sea reflects the azure sky.
In the salt healthy breeze I stand
Upon the solid floor of sand.
Along the untrodden shore are seen
Fresh tufts of weed, maroon and green;
And ruffled kelp with stranded sticks
And shells and stones and sea-moss mix.
The low black rocks forever wet
Lie tangled in their pulpy net.
The shy sand-pipers fly and light:
The swallows circle out of sight:
And on the horizon blue, afar
Each white sail glimmers like a star.
Old Ocean smiles as though amid
His leagues of brine no treachery hid.
And safe upon the sandy marge,
By stranded boat and floating barge,
Gay children leap and laugh and run,
Browned by the salt air and the sun.

II. EVENING.

Now thickening twilight presses down
Upon the harbor and the town;
And all around a misty pall
Of dull gray cloud hangs over all.
The huddling fishing-sloops lie safe;
While far away the breakers chafe.
And now the landsman's straining eye
Mingles the gray sea and the sky.
Far out upon the darkening deep
The white ghosts of the ocean leap.
Boon-Island light, a lonely star,
Is flashing o'er the waves afar.
Upon the beach the sea rolls in
In never-ending foam and din;
And all along the craggy shore
Resounds one long continuous roar.
We turn away to hail each gleam
Where lamps from cottage windows stream.
For sad and solemn is the moan
Of ocean when the day has flown,
And borne on dusky wings, the night
Wraps in a shroud the dying light.

Christopher P. Cranch.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

I.

"THE novel of manners grows thick in England, and there are many reasons for it. In the first place, it was born there, and a plant always flourishes in its own country." So wrote M. Taine, the French critic, many years ago. But those were the years of Dickens and Thackeray (as a prelude to a study of the latter of whom the remark was made); and the branch of literature mentioned by M. Taine has no longer, in the soil of our English-speaking genius, so strong a vitality. The French may bear the palm to-day in the representation of manners by the aid of fiction. Formerly, it was possible to oppose Balzac and Madame Sand to Dickens and Thackeray; but at present we have no one, either in England or in America, to oppose to Alphonse Daudet. The appearance of a new novel by this admirable genius is to my mind the most delightful literary event that can occur just now; in other words, Alphonse Daudet is at the head of his profession. I say of his profession advisedly, for he belongs to our modern class of trained men of letters; he is not an occasional or a desultory poet; he is a novelist to his finger-tips—a soldier in the great army of constant producers. But such as he is, he is a master of his art, and I may as well say, definitely, that if I attempt to sketch in a few pages his literary countenance, it will be found that the portrait is from the hand of an admirer. We, most of us, feel that among the artists of our day certain talents have more to say to us and others less; we have our favorites and we have our objects of indifference. I have always had a sympathy for the author of the "Lettres de mon Moulin"; I began to read his novels with a prejudice in their favor. This prejudice sprang from the Letters aforesaid, which do not constitute a novel, but a volume of the lightest and briefest tales. They had, to my mind, an extraordinary charm; they put me quite on the side of Alphonse Daudet, whatever he might do in the future. One of the first things he did was to publish the history of "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné." It is true that this work did not give me the pleasure that some of its successors have done, and though it has been crowned by the French Academy I still think it rather less rich than "Les Rois en Exil" and "Numa Roumestan." But I liked it better on a second reading than on a first; it contains some delightful things. After that came "Jack" and "Le Nabab," and the two novels I have just mentioned, and that curious and interesting tale of "L'Évangéliste," which appeared a few months since, and which proves that the author's genius, though on the whole he has pressed it hard, is still nervous, fresh and young. Each of these things has been better than the last, with the exception, perhaps, of "L'Évangéliste," which, to my taste, is not superior to "Numa Roumestan." "Numa Roumestan" is a masterpiece; it is really a perfect work; it has no fault, no weakness. It is a compact and harmonious whole. Daudet's other works have had their inequalities, their anomalies, certain places where, if you tapped them, they sounded hollow. His danger has always been a perceptible tendency to the factitious; sometimes he has fallen into the trap laid for him by a taste for superficial effects. In "Fromont Jeune," for instance, it seems to me difficult to care much for the horrid little heroine herself, carefully as she is studied. She has been studied, but she has not been caught, for she is not interesting (even for a *coquine*, as the French say), not even human. She is a mechanical doll, with nothing for the imagination to take hold of. She is one more proof of the fact that it is difficult to give the air of consistency to vanity and depravity, though the portraiture of the vicious side of life would seem, from the pictorial point of view, to offer such attractions. The reader's quarrel with Sidonie Chèbe is not that she is bad, but that she is not *felt*, as the æsthetic people say. In "Jack" the hollow spot, as I have called it, is the episode of Doctor Rivals and his daughter Cécile, which reminds us of the weaker parts of Dickens. It is, perhaps, because to us readers of English speech the figure of the young girl, in a French novel, is almost always wanting in reality—seems to be thin and conventional; in any case, poor Jack's love-affair, at the end of the book, does not produce the illusion of the rest of his touching history. In "Le Nabab" this artificial element is very considerable; it centers about the figure of Paul de Géry, and embraces the whole group of M. Joyeuse and his blooming daughters, with their pretty attitudes—taking in also the very shadowy André Maranne, so touchingly re-united to his mother, who had lived for ten years with an Irish doctor to whom she

was not married. In "Les Rois en Exil," Tom Lévis and the diabolical Séphora seem to me purely fanciful creations, without any relation to reality. They are the weak part of the book. They are very clever, very picturesque, and the comedian Tom is described with immense spirit, an art which speaks volumes as to a certain sort of Parisian initiation. But if this artistic and malignant couple are very clever sketching, they are not really humanity. Ruffians and rascals have a certain moral nature, as well as the better-behaved; but in the case I have mentioned M. Daudet fails to put his finger upon it. The same with Madame Autheman, the evil genius of poor Éline Ebsen, in the "L'Évangéliste." She seems to me terribly, almost grotesquely, hollow. She is an elaborate portrait of a fanatic of Protestantism, a bigot to the point of monstrosity, cold-blooded, implacable, cruel. The figure is painted with Alphonse Daudet's inimitable art; no one that handles the pen to-day is such a pictorial artist as he. But Madame Autheman strikes me as quite automatic; psychologically she is a blank. One does not see the operation of her character. She must have had a soul, and a very curious one. It was a great opportunity for a piece of spiritual portraiture; but we know nothing about Madame Autheman's soul, and I think we fail to believe in her. I should go so far as to say that we get little more of an inside view, as the phrase is, of Éline Ebsen; we are not shown the spiritual steps by which she went over to the enemy—vividly, admirably, as the outward signs and consequences of this disaster are depicted. The logic of the matter is absent in both cases, and it takes all the magic of the author's legerdemain to prevent us from missing it. These things, however, are exceptions, and the tissue of each of his novels is, for all the rest, really pure gold. No one has such grace, such lightness and brilliancy of execution; it is a fascination to see him at work. The beauty of "Numa Roumestan" is that it has no hollow places; the logic and the image melt everywhere into one. Émile Zola, criticising the work in a very friendly spirit, speaks of the episode of Hortense Le Quesnoy and the Provençal *tambourinaire* as a false note, and declares that it wounds his sense of delicacy. Valmajour is a peasant of the south of France; he is young, handsome, picturesque, and a master of the rustic fife and tambourine—instruments that are much appreciated in his part of the country. Mademoiselle Le Quesnoy, living in Paris, daughter of a distinguished member of the French judiciary—"*le premier magistrat de France*"—young, charming, imaginative, romantic, marked out for a malady of the chest, and with a certain innocent perversity of mind, sees him play before an applauding crowd in the old Roman arena at Nîmes, and forthwith conceives a secret, a singular, but not, under the circumstances, an absolutely unnatural passion for him. He comes up to Paris to seek his fortune at the "variety" theaters, where his feeble and primitive music quite fails to excite enthusiasm. The young girl, reckless and impulsive, and full of sympathy with his mortification, writes him in three words (upon one of her little photographs) an assurance of her devotion; and this innocent missive, falling soon into the hands of his rapacious and exasperated sister (a wonderful figure, one of the most living that has ever come from Daudet's pen), becomes a source of infinite alarm to the family of Mademoiselle Le Quesnoy, who see her compromised, calumniated and blackmailed, and finally of complete humiliation to poor Hortense herself, now fallen into a rapid consumption and cured of her foolish infatuation by a nearer view of the vain and ignorant Valmajour. An agent of the family recovers the photograph (by the aid of ten thousand francs), and the young girl, with the bitter taste of her disappointment still in her soul, dies in her flower. This little story, as I say, is very shocking to M. Zola, who cites it as an example of the folly of a departure from consistent realism. What is observed, says M. Zola, on the whole very justly, is strong; what is invented is always weak, especially what is invented to please the ladies. "See in this case," he writes, "all the misery of invented episodes. This love of Hortense, with which the author has doubtless wished to give the impression of something touching, produces a discomfort, as if it were a violation of nature. It is therefore the pages written for the ladies that are repulsive—even to a man accustomed to the saddest dissections of the human corpse." I am not of M. Zola's opinion—delightful as it would be to be of that opinion when M. Zola's sense of propriety is ruffled. The incident of Hortense and Valmajour is not (to my sense) a blot upon "Numa Roumestan"; on the contrary, it is perfectly conceivable, and it is treated with admirable delicacy. "This romantic stuff," says M. Zola, elsewhere, "is as painful as a pollution. That a young girl should lose her head over a tenor, that may be explained, for she loves the operatic personage in the interpreter. She has before her a young man sharpened and refined by life, elegant, having at least certain appearances of talent and intelligence. But this tambourinist, with his drum and penny-whistle, this village dandy, a poor devil who doesn't even know how to speak!

No, life has not such cruelties as that, I protest, I who certainly, as a general thing, am not accustomed to give ground before human aberrations!" This objection was worth making; but I should look at the matter in another way. It seems to me much more natural that a girl of the temper and breeding that M. Daudet has described should take a momentary fancy to a prepossessing young rustic, bronzed by the sun of Provence (even if it be conceded that his soul was vulgar), than that she should fasten her affections upon a "lyric artist," suspected of pomatum and paint and illuminated by the footlights. These are points which it is vain to discuss, however, both because they are delicate and because they are details. I have come so far simply from a desire to justify my high admiration of "Numa Roumestan." But Émile Zola, again, has expressed this feeling more felicitously than I can hope to do. "This, moreover, is a very slight blemish in a work which I regard as one of those, of all Daudet's productions, that is most personal to himself. He has put his whole nature into it, helped by his southern temperament, having only to make large draughts upon his most intimate recollections and sensations. I do not think that he has hitherto reached such an intensity either of irony or of geniality. * * * Happy the books which arrive in this way, at the hour of the complete maturity of a talent! They are simply the widest unfolding of an artist's nature; they have in happy equilibrium the qualities of observation and the qualities of style. For Alphonse Daudet 'Numa Roumestan' will mark this interfusion of a temperament and a subject that are made for each other, the perfect plenitude of a work which the writer exactly fills."

II.

As I say, however, these are details, and I have touched them prematurely. Alphonse Daudet is a charmer, and the effect of his brilliant, friendly, indefinable genius is to make it difficult, in speaking of him, to take things in their order or follow a plan. In writing of him some time ago, in another place, I so far lost my head as to remark, with levity, that he was "a great little novelist." The diminutive epithet then, I must now say, was nothing more than a term of endearment, the result of an irresistible impulse to express a sense of personal fondness. This kind of feeling is difficult to utter in English, and the utterance of it, so far as this is possible, is not thought consistent with the dignity of a critic. If we were talking French, nothing would be simpler than to say that Alphonse Daudet is adorable, and have done with it. But this resource is denied me, and I must arrive at my meaning by a series of circumlocutions. I am not able even to say that he is very "personal"; that epithet, so valuable in the vocabulary of French literary criticism, has, when applied to the talent of an artist, a meaning different from the sense in which we use it. "A novelist so personal and so penetrating," says Émile Zola, speaking of the author of "Numa Roumestan." That phrase, in English, means nothing in particular; so that I must add to it, that the charm of Daudet's talent comes from its being charged to an extraordinary degree with his temperament, his feelings, his instincts, his natural qualities. This, of course, is a charm, in a style, only when nature has been generous. To Alphonse Daudet she has been exceptionally so; she has placed in his hand an instrument of many chords. A delicate, nervous organization, active and indefatigable in spite of its delicacy, and familiar with emotion of almost every kind, equally acquainted with pleasure and with pain; a light, quick, joyous, yet ironical, imagination, a faculty of seeing images, making images, at every turn, of conceiving everything in the visible form, in the plastic spirit; an extraordinary sensibility to all the impressions of life, and a faculty of language which is in perfect harmony with his wonderful fineness of perception — these are some of the qualities of which he is the happy possessor and which make his equipment for the work he has undertaken exceedingly rich. There are others besides; but enumerations are ponderous, and we should avoid that danger in speaking of a genius whose lightness of touch never belies itself. His elder brother, who has not his talent, has written a little book about him in which the word *modernité* perpetually occurs. M. Ernest Daudet, in "Mon Frère et Moi," insists upon his possession of the qualities expressed by this barbarous substantive, which is so indispensable to the new school. Alphonse Daudet is, in truth, very modern; he has all the newly-developed perceptions. Nothing speaks so much to his imagination as the latest and most composite things, the refinements of current civilization, the most delicate shades of the actual. It is scarcely too much to say that (especially in the Parisian race) modern manners, modern nerves, modern wealth and modern improvements, have engendered a new sense, a sense not easily named nor classified, but recognizable in all the most characteristic productions of contemporary art. It is partly physical, partly moral, and the shortest way to describe it is to say that it is a more analytic

consideration of the appearance of things. It is known by its tendency to resolve its discoveries into pictorial form. It sees the connection between feelings and external conditions, and it expresses such relations as they have not been expressed hitherto. It deserves to win victories, because it has opened its eyes well to the fact that the magic of the arts of representation lies in their appeal to the associations awakened by things. It traces these associations into the most unlighted corners of our being, into the most devious paths of experience. The appearance of things is constantly more complicated, as the world grows older, and it needs a more and more patient art to divide it into its parts. Of this art, Alphonse Daudet has a wonderfully large allowance, and that is why I say that he is peculiarly modern. It is very true that his manner is not the manner of patience—though he must always have had a great deal of that virtue in the preparation of his work. The new school of fiction in France is based very much on the taking of notes; the library of the great Flaubert, of the brothers de Goncourt, of Émile Zola, and of the writer of whom I speak, must have been in a large measure a library of memorandum-books. This, of course, only puts the patience back a stage or two. In composition, Daudet proceeds by quick, instantaneous vision, by the happiest divination, by catching the idea as it suddenly springs up before him with a whirr of wings. What he mainly sees is the great surface of life and the parts that lie near the surface. But life is, immensely, a matter of surface, and if our emotions, in general, are interesting, the *form* of those emotions has the merit of being more definite. Like most French imaginative writers (judged, at least, from the English standpoint), he is much less concerned with the moral, the metaphysical world than with the sensible. We proceed usually from the former to the latter, while the French reverse the process. They are uncomfortable in the presence of abstractions, and lose no time in reducing them to the concrete. But even the concrete, for them, is a field for poetry; which brings me to the fact that the delightful thing in Daudet's talent is the inveterate poetical touch. This is what mainly distinguishes him from the other lights of the realistic school—modifies so completely in his case the hardness of consistent realism. There is something very hard, very dry, in Flaubert, in Edmond de Goncourt, in the robust Zola; but there is something very soft in Alphonse Daudet. "Benevolent nature," says Zola, "has placed him at that exquisite point where poetry ends and reality begins." That is happily said; Daudet's great characteristic is this mixture of the sense of the real with the sense of the beautiful. His imagination is constantly at play with his theme; it has a horror of the literal, the limited; it sees an object in all its intermingled relations—on its sentimental, its pathetic, its comical, its pictorial side. Flaubert, in whom Alphonse Daudet would probably recognize to a certain degree a literary paternity, is far from being a simple realist; but he was destitute of this sense of the beautiful, destitute of facility and grace. He had, to take its place, a sense of the strange, the grotesque, to which "Salammbo," the "Tentation de Saint-Antoine," his indescribable posthumous novel of "Bouvard et Pécuchet," abundantly testify. The talent of the brothers Goncourt strikes us as a talent that was associated originally with a sense of beauty; but we receive an impression that this feeling has been perverted and polluted. It has ceased to be natural and free; it has become morbid, and, as the French say, *raffiné;* it has turned mainly to curiosity and mannerism. And these two authors are capable, during a whole book (as in "Germinie Lacerteux" or "La Fille Élisa"), of escaping from its influence altogether. No one would probably ever think of accusing Émile Zola of having a perception of the beautiful. He has an illimitable, and at times a very valuable, sense of the ugly, of the unclean; but when he "goes in," as the phrase is, for the poetic aspect of things, as in "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," he is apt to have terrible misadventures.

III.

It is for the expressive talents that we feel an affection, and Daudet is eminently expressive. His manner is the manner of talk, and if the talk is sincere, that makes a writer touch us. Daudet expresses many things; but he most frequently expresses himself—his own temper in the presence of life, his own feeling on a thousand occasions. This personal note is especially to be observed in his earlier productions—in the "Lettres de mon Moulin," the "Contes du Lundi," "Le Petit Chose"; it is also very present in the series of prefaces which he has undertaken to supply to the octavo edition of his works (very handsome, save that Alphonse Daudet should never be in octavo!). In these prefaces he gives the history of each successive book—relates the circumstances under which it was written. These things are ingeniously told, but what I am chiefly conscious of in regard to them is that Alphonse Daudet must express himself. His brother informs us that he is writing his Memoirs, and this will have been another

opportunity for expression. Ernest Daudet, as well (as I have mentioned), has attempted to express him. "Mon Frère et Moi" is one of those productions which it is difficult for an English reader to judge in fairness; it is so much more confidential than we, in public, ever venture to be. The French have, on all occasions, the courage of their emotion, and M. Ernest Daudet's leading emotion is a boundless admiration for his junior. He lays it before us very frankly and gracefully — not, on the whole, indiscreetly; and I have no quarrel whatever with his volume, for it contains a considerable amount of information on a very interesting subject. Indirectly, indeed, as well as directly, it helps us to a knowledge of his brother. Alphonse Daudet was born in Provence; he comes of an expansive, a confidential race. His style is impregnated with the southern sunshine, and his talent has the sweetness of a fruit that has grown in the warm open air. He has the advantage of being a Provençal converted, as it were — of having a southern temperament and a northern reason. We know what he thinks of the southern temperament — "Numa Roumestan" is a vivid exposition of that. "*Gau de carriero, doulou d'oustau*," as the Provençal has it; "*joie de rue, douleur de maison* — joy in the street and pain in the house" — that proverb, says Alphonse Daudet, describes and formulates a whole race. It has given him the subject of an admirable story, in which he has depicted with equal force and tenderness the amiable weaknesses, the mingled violence and levity, of the children of the clime of the fig and olive. He has put before us, above all, their mania for speech, their irrepressible garrulity, the qualities that, with them, render all passion, all purpose, inordinately vocal. Himself a complete "*produit du Midi*," like the *famille* Mèfre in "Numa Roumestan," he has achieved the feat of becoming objective to his own vision, getting outside of his ingredients and judging them. This he has done by the aid of his Parisianized conscience, his exquisite taste, and that finer wisdom which resides in the artist, from whatever soil he springs. Successfully as he has done it, however, he has not done it so well but that he too does not show a little of the exaggerated color, the superabundant statement, the restless movement of his compatriots. He is nothing if not demonstrative; he is always in a state of feeling; he has not a very definite ideal of reserve. It must be added that he is a man of genius, and that genius never spends its capital; that he is an artist, and that an artist always has a certain method and order. But it remains characteristic of his origin that the author of "Numa Roumestan," one of the happiest and most pointed of satires, should have about him the aroma of some of the qualities satirized. There are passages in his tales and in his prefaces that are genuine "*produits du Midi*," and his brother's account of him could only have been written by a Provençal brother.

To be *personnel* to that point, transparent, effusive, gushing, to give one's self away in one's books, has never been, and will never be, the ideal of us of English speech; but that does not prevent our enjoying immensely, when we meet it, a happy example of this alien spirit. For myself, I am free to confess, half my affection for Alphonse Daudet comes from the fact that he writes in a way in which I would not write even if I could. There are certain kinds of feeling and observation, certain impressions and ideas, to which we are unwilling to give a voice and yet are equally unwilling to suppress altogether. In these matters Alphonse Daudet renders us a great service; he expresses such things on our behalf. I may add that he usually does it much better than the cleverest of us could do even if we were to try. I have said that he is a Provençal converted, and I should do him a great injustice if I did not dwell upon his conversion. His brother relates the circumstances under which he came up to Paris, at the age of twenty (in a threadbare overcoat and a pair of india-rubbers), to seek his literary fortune. His beginnings were difficult, his childhood had been hard, he was familiar with poverty and disaster. He had no adventitious aid to success — his whole fortune consisted in his exquisite organization. But Paris was to be, artistically, a mine of wealth to him, and of all the anxious and eager young spirits who on the battle-field of uncarpeted *cinquièmes* have laid siege to the indifferent city, none can have felt more deeply conscious of the mission to take possession of it. Alphonse Daudet, at the present hour, is in complete possession of Paris; he knows it, loves it, uses it; he has assimilated it to its last particle. He has made of it a Paris of his own — a Paris like a vast crisp water-color, one of the water-colors of the school of Fortuny. The French have a great advantage in the fact that they admire their capital very much as if it were a foreign city. Most of their artists, their men of letters, have come up from the provinces, and well as they may learn to know the metropolis, it never ceases to be a spectacle, a wonder, a fascination for them. This comes partly from the intrinsic brilliancy and interest of the place, partly from the poverty of provincial life, and partly from the degree to which the faculty of appreciation is developed in Frenchmen of the

class of which I speak. To Daudet, at any rate, the familiar aspects of Paris are endlessly pictorial, and part of the charm of his novels (for those who share his relish for that huge flower of civilization) is in the way he recalls it, evokes it, suddenly presents it, in parts or as a whole, to our senses. The light, the sky, the feeling of the air, the odors of the streets, the look of certain vistas, the silvery, muddy Seine, the cool, gray tone of color, the physiognomy of particular quarters, the whole Parisian expression, meet you suddenly in his pages and remind you again and again that if he paints with a pen he writes with a brush. I remember that when I read "Le Nabab" and "Les Rois en Exil" for the first time, I said to myself that this was the *article de Paris* in supreme perfection, and that no reader could understand such productions who had not had a copious experience of the scene. It is certain, at any rate, that those books have their full value only for minds more or less Parisianized; half their meaning, their magic, their subtlety of intention, is liable to be lost. It may be said that this is a great limitation—that the works of the best novelists may be understood by all the world. There is something in that; but I know not, all the same, whether the fact I indicate be a great limitation. It is certainly a very positive quality. Daudet has caught the tone of a particular development of manners; he applies it with the lightest, surest hand, and his picture shines and lives. The most generalized representation of life cannot do more than that. I shrink very much from speaking of systems, in relation to such a genius as this; I should incline to believe that Daudet's system is simply to be as vivid as he can. Émile Zola has a system—at least, he says so; but I do not remember, on the part of the author of "Numa Roumestan," the smallest technical profession of faith. Nevertheless, he has taken a line, as we say, and his line is to sail as close as possible to the actual. The life of Paris being his subject, his attempt, most frequently, is to put his finger upon known examples; so that he has been accused of portraying individuals instead of portraying types. There are few of his figures to which the name of some celebrity of the day has not been attached. The Nabob is François Bravay; the Duc de Mora is the Duc de Morny. The Irish Doctor Jenkins is an English physician who flourished in Paris from such a year to such another; people are still living (wonderful to say) who took his little pills *à base arsénicale*. Félicia Ruys is Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt; Constance Crenmitz is Madame Taglioni; the Queen of Illyria is the Queen of Naples; the Prince of Axel is the Prince of Orange; Tom Lévis is an English house-agent (*not* in the Rue Royale, but hard by); Élysée Méraut is a well-known journalist, and Doctor Bouchereau a well-known surgeon. Such is the key, we are told, to these ingenious mystifications, and to many others which I have not the space to mention. It matters little, to my mind, whether in each case the cap fits the supposed model; for nothing is more evident than that Alphonse Daudet has proposed to himself to represent not only the people but the persons of his time. The conspicuity of certain individuals has added to the force with which they speak to his imagination. His taste is for salient figures, and he has said to himself that there is no greater proof of being salient than being known. The temptation to "put people into a book" is a temptation of which every writer of fiction knows something, and I hold that to succumb to it is not only legitimate but inevitable. Putting people into books is what the novelist lives upon; the only question in the matter is a question of taste; the operation must be judged by the manner in which it is performed. Daudet has been accused of doing the thing too boldly, and I believe that two or three of his portraits have provoked a protest. He is charged with ingratitude for having produced an effigy of the Duke of Morny, who had been his benefactor and employed him as a secretary. Such a matter as this is between M. Daudet and his conscience, and I am far from pretending to pronounce upon it. The uninitiated reader can only say that the portrait is a very kindly one—such a portrait as (it may be imagined) the Duc de Morny would not be displeased to have inspired. It may fairly be conceded, however, that Daudet is much more an observer than an inventor. The invented parts of his tales, like the loves of Jack and of Paul de Géry and the machinations of Madame Autheman (the theological vampire of "L'Évangéliste," to whom I shall return for a moment), are the vague, the ineffective, as well as the romantic parts. (I remember that, in reading "Le Nabab," it was not very easy to keep Paul de Géry and André Maranne apart.) It is the real—the transmuted real—that he gives us best; the fruit of an observation that is never colorless nor dry. His brightness and gayety are always there, even when the subject is dusky and painful. They are part of his spirit—part of his way of seeing things. "L'Évangéliste" is the saddest story conceivable; but it is lighted, throughout, by the author's irrepressibly humorous view of the conditions in which its successive elements present themselves, and by the extraordinary vivacity with which, in his hands, narration and description

proceed. His humor is of the finest; it is needless to say that it is never violent nor vulgar. It is a part of the high spirits—the animal spirits, I should say, if the phrase had not an association of coarseness—that accompany the temperament of his race; and it is stimulated by the perpetual entertainment which so keen a visual faculty naturally finds in the spectacle of life, even while encountering there a multitude of distressing things. Daudet's gayety is a part of his poetry, and his poetry is a part of everything he touches. There is little enough gayety in the subject of "Jack," and yet the whole story is told with a smile. To complete the charm of the thing, the smile is full of feeling. Here and there he has given great liberty to his humor, and the result is a delightful piece of drollery. "Les Aventures Prodigieuses de Tartarin de Tarascon" contains all his high spirits; it is one of his few stories in which laughter and tears are not intermingled. This little tale, which is one of his first, is, like "Numa Roumestan," a satire on a southern foible. Tartarin de Tarascon is an excellent man who inhabits the old town on the Rhone, over which the palace of the good King René keeps guard; he has not a fault in the world except an imagination too vivid. He is liable to visions, to hallucinations; the desire that a thing shall happen speedily resolves itself into the belief that the thing will happen—then that it is happening—then that it *has* happened. Tartarin accordingly presents himself to the world (and to himself) as a gentleman to whom all events are familiar; his experience blooms with the flowers of his ambition. The coveted thing for a man of his romantic mold is that he shall be the bravest of the brave, and he passes his life in a series of heroic exploits, in which, as you listen to him, it is impossible not to believe. He passes over from Marseilles to Algiers, where his adventures deepen to a climax, and where he has a desperate flirtation with the principal ornament of the harem of a noble Arab. The lady proves, at the end, to be a horribly improper little Frenchwoman, and poor Tartarin, abused and disabused, returns to Tarascon to meditate on what might have been. Nothing could be more charming than the light comicality of the sketch, which fills a small volume. This is the most joyous, the most completely diverting of all Daudet's tales; but the same element, in an infinitely subtler form, runs through the others. The essence of it is the wish to please, and this brings me back to the point to which I intended to return. The wish to please is the quality by which Daudet touches his readers most; it is this that elicits from them that tender interest, that confession that they are charmed, of which I spoke at the beginning of these remarks. It gives a brightness and sweetness to his manner, in spite of the fact that he describes all sorts of painful and odious things. This contradiction is a part of his originality. He has no pretension to being simple, he is perfectly conscious of being complex, and in nothing is he more modern than in this expressive and sympathetic smile—the smile of the artist, the skeptic, the man of the world—with which he shows us the miseries and cruelties of life. It is singular that we should like him for that—and doubtless many people do not, or think they do not. What they really dislike, I believe, is the things he relates, which are often most lamentable.

IV.

THE first of these were slight and simple, and for the most part cheerful; little anecdotes and legends of Provence; impressions of an artist's holidays in that strange, bare, lovely land, and of wanderings further afield, in Corsica and Algeria; sketches of Paris during the siege; incidents of the invasion, the advent of the Prussian rule in other parts of the country. In all these things there is *la note émue*, as the French have it, the smile which is only a more synthetic sign of being touched at the heart. And then such grace of form, such lightness of touch, such suppleness of observation! Some of the chapters of the "Lettres de mon Moulin" are such perfect vignettes that the brief treatment of small subjects might well have seemed, at first, Alphonse Daudet's appointed work. He had almost invented a manner, and it was impossible to do better than he what the French call the *pièce*, or even the passage. Glimpses, reminiscences, accidents, he rendered them with the brilliancy of a violinist improvising on a sudden hint. The "Lettres de mon Moulin," moreover, are impregnated with the light, with the fragrance of a Provençal summer; the rosemary and thyme are in the air as we read, the white rocks and the gray foliage stretch away to an horizon of hills—the Alpilles, the little Alps—on which color is as iridescent as the breast of a dove. The Provence of Alphonse Daudet is a delightful land; even when the mistral blows there it has a music in its whistle. Émile Zola has protested against this; he, too, is of Provençal race, he passed his youth in the old Languedoc, and he intimates that his fanciful friend throws too much sweetness into the picture. It is beyond contradiction that Daudet, like Tartarin de Tarascon and Numa Roumestan, exaggerates a little; he sees with great intensity and is very sensitive to agreeable impressions.

"Le Petit Chose," his first long story, reads to-day like the attempt of a beginner, and of a beginner who had read and enjoyed Dickens. I risk this allusion to the author of "Copperfield" in spite of a conviction that Alphonse Daudet must be tired of hearing that he imitates him. It is not imitation; there is nothing so gross as imitation in the length and breadth of Daudet's work; but it is conscious sympathy, for there is plenty of that. There are pages in his tales which seem to say to us that at one moment of his life Dickens had been a revelation to him — pages more particularly in "Le Petit Chose," in "Fromont Jeune," and in "Jack." The heroine of the first of these works (a very shadowy personage) is never mentioned but as the "black eyes"; some one else is always spoken of as the *dame de grand mérite;* the heroine's father, who keeps a flourishing china-shop, never opens his mouth without saying "*C'est le cas de le dire.*" These are harmless, they are, indeed, sometimes very happy, Dickensisms. We make no crime of them to M. Daudet, who must have felt as intelligently as he has felt everything else the fascinating form of the English novelist's drollery. "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" is a study of life in the old quarter of the Marais, the Paris of the seventeenth century, whose stately *hôtels* have been invaded by the innumerable activities of modern trade. When I say a study, I use the word with all those restrictions with which it must be applied to a genius who is truthful without being literal, and who has a pair of butterfly's wings attached to the back of his observation. If sub-titles were the fashion to-day, the right one for "Fromont Jeune" would be — "or the Dangers of Partnership." The action takes place for the most part in a manufactory of wall-papers, and the persons in whom the author seeks to interest us are engaged in this useful industry. There are delightful things in the book, but, as I intimated at the beginning of these remarks, there are considerable inequalities. The pages that made M. Daudet's fortune — for it was with "Fromont Jeune" that his fortune began — are those which relate to the history of M. Delobelle, the superannuated tragedian, his long-suffering wife, and his adorable lame daughter, who makes butterflies and humming-birds for ladies' headdresses. This eccentric and pathetic household was an immense hit, and Daudet has never been happier than in the details of the group. Delobelle himself, who has not had an engagement for ten years and who never will have one again, but who holds none the less that it is his duty not to leave the stage, "not to renounce the theater," though his platonic passion is paid for by the weary eyesight of his wife and daughter, who sit up half the night attaching little bead-eyes to little stuffed animals — the blooming and sonorous Delobelle, ferociously selfish and fantastically vain, under the genial forms of melodrama, is a beautiful representation of a vulgarly factitious nature. The book revealed a painter; all the descriptive passages, the pictorial touches, had the truest felicity. No one better than Daudet gives what we call the feeling of a place. The story illustrates, among other things, the fact that a pretty little woman who is consumed with the lowest form of vanity and unimpeded in her operations by the possession of a heart, may inflict an unlimited amount of injury upon people about her if she only have the opportunity. The case is well demonstrated, and Sidonie Chèbe is an elaborate study of flimsiness; her papery quality, as I may call it, her rustling dryness, are effectively rendered. But I think there is a limit to the interest which the English-speaking reader of French novels can take to-day in the adventures of a lady who leads the life of Madame Sidonie. In the first place, he has met her again and again — he knows exactly what she will do and say in every situation; and in the second, there always seems to him to be in her vices, her disorders, an element of the conventional. There is a receipt among French novelists for making little high-heeled devils. However this may be, he has at least a feeling that at night all cats are gray and that the particular *nuance* of depravity of a woman whose nature has the shallowness of a sanded floor is not a very fruitful object of consideration. Daudet has expended much ingenuity in endeavoring to hit the particular *nuance* of Sidonie; he has wished to make her a type — the type of the daughter of small unsuccessful shopkeepers (narrow-minded and self-complacent to imbecility), whose corruption comes from the examples, temptations, opportunities of a great city, as well as from her own poor blood and the infection of the meanest circumstances. But there is something too arid in such specifications. The early chapters of "Jack" are admirable; the later ones suffer a little, I think, from the story being drawn out too much, like an accordion when it wishes to be plaintive. Jack is a kind of younger brother of the Petit Chose, though he takes the troubles of life rather more stoutly than that delicate and diminutive hero; a poor boy with a doting and disreputable mother, whose tenderness is surpassed by her frivolity and who sacrifices her son to the fantastic egotism of an unsuccessful man of letters, with whom she passes

several years of her life. She is another study of flimsiness—she is another *nuance;* but she is a more apprehensible figure than Sidonie Chèbe—she is, indeed, a very admirable portrait. The success of the book, however, is the figure of her lover—that is, of her tyrant and bully, the unrecognized genius aforesaid, author of "Le Fils de Faust," an uncirculated dramatic poem in the manner of Goethe, and center of a little group of *ratés*—a collection of dead-beats, as we say to-day, as pretentious, as impotent, as envious and as bilious as himself. He conceives a violent hatred of the offspring of his amiable companion, and the subject of "Jack" is the persecution of the boy by this monstrous charlatan. This persecution is triumphantly successful; the youthful hero dies on the threshold of manhood, broken down by his tribulations and miseries (he has been thrown upon the world to earn his bread, and among other things seeks a livelihood as a stoker on an Atlantic steamer). Jack has been taken young, and though his nature is gentle and tender, his circumstances succeed in degrading him. He is reduced at the end to a kind of bewildered brutishness. The story is simply a history of continuous suffering, elaborately, expansively told, and I am afraid that Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who, in writing lately about "Modern Fiction,"* complains of the abuse of pathetic effects in that form of composition, would find little to commend in this brilliant photography of pain. Mr. Warner's complaint is eminently just, and the fault of "Jack" is certainly the abuse of pathos. Mr. Warner does not mention Alphonse Daudet by name, but it is safe to assume that in his reflections upon the perversity of those writers who will not make a novel as comfortable as one's stockings or as pretty as a Christmas card, he was thinking of the author of so many uncompromising *dénouements*. It is true that this probability is diminished by the fact that when he remarks that surely "the main object in the novel is to entertain," he appears to imply that the writers who furnish his text are faithless to this duty. It is possible he would not have made that implication if he had had in mind the productions of a story-teller who has the great peculiarity of being "amusing," as the old-fashioned critics say, even when he touches the source of tears. The word entertaining has two or three shades of meaning; but in whatever sense it is used I may say, in parenthesis, that I do not agree with Mr. Warner's description of the main object of the novel. I should put the case differently; I should say that the main object of the novel is to represent life. I cannot understand any other motive for combining imaginary incidents, and I do not perceive any other measure of the value of such combinations. The *effect* of a novel—the effect of any work of art—is to entertain; but that is a very different thing. The success of a work of art, to my mind, may be measured by the degree to which it produces a certain illusion; that illusion makes it appear to us for the time that we have lived another life—that we have had a miraculous enlargement of experience. The greater the art, the greater the miracle, and the more certain also the fact that we have been entertained—in the best meaning of that word, at least, which signifies that we have been living at the expense of some one else. I am perfectly aware that to say the object of a novel is to represent life does not bring the question to a point so fine as to be uncomfortable for any one. It is of the greatest importance that there should be a very free appreciation of such a question, and the definition I have hinted at gives plenty of scope for that. For, after all, may not people differ infinitely as to what constitutes life—what constitutes representation? Some people, for instance, hold that Miss Austen deals with life, that Miss Austen represents. Others attribute these accomplishments to the brilliant "Ouida." Some people find that illusion, that enlargement of experience, that miracle of living at the expense of others, of which I have spoken, in the novels of Alexandre Dumas. Others revel in them in the pages of Mr. Howells.

* In the "Atlantic Monthly," for April, 1883.

V.

M. DAUDET'S unfortunate Jack, at any rate, lives altogether at his own cost—that of his poor little juvenile constitution and of his innocent affections and aspirations. He is sent to the horrible Gymnase Moronval, where he has no beguiling works of fiction to read. The Gymnase Moronval is a Dotheboys' Hall in a Parisian "Passage"—a very special class of academy. Nothing could be more ingenious than Daudet's picture of this horrible institution, with its bankrupt and exasperated proprietors, the greasy penitentiary of a group of unremunerative children whose parents and guardians have found it convenient to forget them. The episode of the wretched little hereditary monarch of an African tribe who has been placed there for a royal education, and who, livid with cold, short rations and rough usage, and with his teeth chattering, with a sense of dishonor steals away and wanders in the streets of Paris, and then, recaptured and ferociously punished, sur-

renders his little dusky soul in the pestilential dormitory of the establishment — all this part of the tale is a masterpiece of vivid description. We seem to assist at the terrible soirées where the *ratés* exhibit their talents (M. Moronval is of course a *raté*) and where the wife of the principal, a very small woman with a very big head and a very high forehead, expounds the wonderful *Méthode-Décostère* (invented by herself and designated by her maiden name) for pronouncing the French tongue with elegance. My criticism of this portion of the book, and indeed of much of the rest of it, would be that the pathetic element is too intentional, too *voulu*, as the French say. And I am not sure that the reader enters into the author's reason for making Charlotte, Jack's mother, a woman of the class that we don't specify in American magazines. She is a good-natured idiot, but her good nature is unfortunately not consecutive, and she consents at the instigation of the diabolical d'Argenton, to her child's being brought up like a pauper. D'Argenton, like Delobelle, is a study of egotism pushed to the grotesque; but the portrait is still more complete, and some of the details are inimitable. As regards the infatuated Charlotte, who sacrifices her child to the malignity of her lover, I repeat, that certain of the features of her character appear to me a mistake, judged in relation to the effect that the author wishes to produce. He wishes to show us all that the boy loses in being disinherited — if I may use that term with respect to a situation in which there is nothing to inherit. But his loss is not great when we consider that his mother had, after all, very little to give him. She had divested herself of important properties. Bernard Jansoulet, in "Le Nabab," is not, like the two most successful figures that Daudet has previously created, a representation of full-blown selfishness. The unhappy nabob is generous to a fault; he is the most good-natured and accommodating of men, and if he has made use of all sorts of means to build up his enormous fortune, he knows an equal number of ways of spending it. This voluminous tale had an immense success; it seemed to show that Daudet had found his manner, a manner that was perfectly new and remarkably ingenious. As I have said, it held up the mirror to contemporary history, and attempted to complete for us, by supplementary revelations, those images which are projected by the modern newspaper and the photographic album. "Les Rois en Exil" is an historical novel of this pattern, in which the process is still more thoroughly applied. In these two works Daudet enlarged his canvas surprisingly, and showed his ability to deal with a multitude of figures.

The distance traversed artistically from the little anecdotes of the "Lettres de mon Moulin" to the complex narrative of "Le Nabab" and its successor are like the transformation — often so rapid — of a slim and charming young girl into a blooming and accomplished woman of the world. The author's style had taken on bone and muscle and become conscious of treasures of nervous agility. I have left myself no space to speak of these things in detail, and it was not part of my purpose to examine Daudet's novels piece by piece; but I may say that it is the items, the particular touches, that make the value of writing of this kind. I am not concerned to defend the process, the system, so far as there is a system; but I cannot open either "Le Nabab" or "Les Rois en Exil," cannot rest my eyes upon a page, without being charmed by the brilliancy of execution. It is difficult to give an idea, by any general terms, of Daudet's style — a style which defies convention, tradition, homogeneity, prudence, and sometimes even syntax, gathers up every patch of color, every colloquial note, that will help to illustrate, and moves eagerly, lightly, triumphantly along, like a clever woman in the costume of an eclectic age. There is nothing classic in this mode of expression; it is not the old-fashioned drawing in black and white. It never rests, never is satisfied, never leaves the idea sitting half-draped, like Patience on a monument; it is always panting, straining, fluttering, trying to add a little more, to produce the effect which shall make the reader see with his eyes, or rather with those marvelous eyes of Alphonse Daudet. "Le Nabab" is full of episodes which are above all pages of execution, triumphs of *rendu*, as the French say, in that ingenious vocabulary in which they express the technicalities of art. The author has drawn up a list of the great Parisian occasions and painted the portrait — or given a summary — of each of them. The opening day at the Salon, a funeral at Père-la-Chaise, a debate in the Chamber of Deputies, the *première* of a new play at a favorite theater, furnish him with as many opportunities for his gymnastics of observation. I should like to say how rich and entertaining I think the figure of Jansoulet, the robust and good-natured son of his own works (originally a dock-porter at Marseilles), who, after amassing a fabulous number of millions in selling European luxuries on commission to the Bey of Tunis, comes to Paris to try to make his social fortune, as he has already made his financial, and after being a nine-days' wonder, a public joke, and the victim of his boundless hospitality; after being flattered by charlatans, rifled by advent-

urers, belabored by newspapers, and "exploited" to the last penny of his coffers and the last pulsation of his vanity by every one who comes near him, dies of apoplexy in his box at the theater, while the public hoots him for being unseated for electoral frauds in the Chamber of Deputies, where for a single mocking hour he has tasted the sweetness of political life. I should like to say, too, that however much or however little the Duc de Mora may resemble the Duc de Morny, the character depicted by Daudet is a wonderful study of that modern passion, the love of "good form." The chapter that relates the death of the Duke, and describes the tumult, the confusion of his palace, the sudden extinction of the rapacious interests that cluster about him and to which the collapse of his splendid security comes as the first breath of a revolution — this chapter is famous, and gives the fullest measure of what Daudet can do when he fairly warms to his work. "Les Rois en Exil," however, has a greater perfection. It is simpler, more equal, and it contains much more of the beautiful. In "Le Nabab" there are various lacunæ and a certain want of logic; it is not a sustained narrative, but a series of almost diabolically clever pictures. But the other book has more largeness of line — a fine tragic movement which deepens and presses to the catastrophe. Daudet had observed that several dispossessed monarchs had taken up their residence in the French capital — some of them waiting and plotting for a restoration and chafing under their disgrace; others indifferent, resigned, relieved, eager to console themselves with the pleasures of Paris. It occurred to him to suppose a drama in which these exalted personages should be the actors, and which, unlike either of his former productions, should have a pure and noble heroine. He was conscious of a dauntless little imagination, the idea of making kings and queens talk among themselves had no terror for him; he had faith in his good taste, in his exquisite powers of divination. The success is worthy of the spirit — the gallant artistic spirit — in which it was invoked. "Les Rois en Exil" is a masterly production. He has had, it is true, to simplify his subject a good deal to make it practicable; the court of the king and queen of Illyria, in the suburb of Saint-Mandé, is a little too much like a court in a fairy-tale. But the amiable depravity of Christian, in whom conviction, resolution, attention, are hopelessly dead, and whose one desire is to enjoy Paris with the impunity of a young man about town; the proud, serious, concentrated nature of Frederica, who believes ardently in her royal function and lives with her eyes fixed on the crown, which she regards as a symbol of duty; both of these conceptions do M. Daudet the utmost honor, and prove that he is capable of handling great situations — situations which have a depth of their own, and do not depend for their interest on amusing occasions. It takes, perhaps, some courage to say so, but the feelings, the passions, the view of life, of royal personages, differ essentially from those of common mortals; their education, their companions, their traditions, their exceptional position, take sufficient care of that. Alphonse Daudet has embraced the difference; and I scarcely know, in the last few years, a straighter flight of imagination. The history of the Queen of Illyria is a tragedy. Her husband sells his birthright for a few million of francs and rolls himself in the Parisian gutter; her child perishes from poverty of blood; she herself dries up in her despair. There is nothing finer in all Daudet than the pages at the end of the book, which describe her visits to the great physician Bouchereau, when she takes her poor half-blind child by the hand and (wishing an opinion unbiased by the knowledge of her rank) goes to sit in his waiting-room like one of the vulgar multitude. Wonderful are the delicacy, the verity, the tenderness of these pages; I always point to them to justify my predilection. But I must stop pointing. I will not say more of "Numa Roumestan" than I have already said; for it is better to pass so happy a work by than to speak of it inadequately. I will only repeat that I delight in "Numa Roumestan." Alphonse Daudet's last book is a novelty at the time I write; "L'Évangéliste" has been before the public but a month or two at the moment of writing. I will say but little of it, partly because my opportunity is already over, and partly because I have found that, for a fair judgment of one of Daudet's works, the book should be read a second time, after a certain interval has elapsed. This interval has not brought round my second perusal of "L'Évangéliste." My first suggests that, with all the author's present mastery of his resources, the book has a grave defect. It is not that the story is painful; that is a defect only when the sources of this element are not, as I may say, well founded. It treats of a young girl (a Danish Protestant) who is turned to stone by a Medusa of Calvinism, the somber and fanatical wife of a great Protestant banker. Madame Autheman persuades Éline Ebsen to wash her hands of her poor old mother, with whom, up to this moment, she has lived in the closest affection, and go forth into strange countries to stir up the wicked to conversion. The excellent Madame Ebsen, bewildered, heart-broken, desperate, terrified at

the imagined penalties of her denunciation of the rich and powerful bigot (so that she leaves her habitation and hides in a household of small mechanics to escape from them —one of the best episodes in the book), protests, struggles, goes down on her knees in vain; then, at last, stupefied and annihilated, desists, looks for the last time at her inexorable, impenetrable daughter, who has hard texts on her lips and no recognition in her eye, and who lets her pass away, without an embrace, forever. The incident in itself is perfectly conceivable; many well-meaning persons have held human relationships cheap in the face of a religious call. But Daudet's weakness has been simply a want of acquaintance with his subject. Proposing to himself to describe a particular phase of French Protestantism, he has "got up" certain of his facts with commendable zeal; but he has not felt nor understood the matter, has looked at it solely from the outside, sought to make it above all things grotesque and extravagant. Into these excesses it doubtless frequently falls; but there is a general human verity which regulates even the most stubborn wills, the most perverted lives; and of this saving principle the author, in the quest of striking pictures, has rather lost his grasp. His pictures are striking, as a matter of course; but to us readers of Protestant race, familiar with the large, free, salubrious life which the children of that faith have carried with them over the globe, there is almost a kind of drollery in these over-ingenious pictures of the Protestant temperament. The fact is that M. Daudet has not, (to my belief) any natural understanding of the religious passion; he has a quick perception of many things, but that province of the human mind cannot be quickly perceived; experience, there, is the only explorer. Madame Autheman is not a real bigot; she is simply a dusky effigy, she is undemonstrated. Éline Ebsen is not a victim, inasmuch as she is but half alive, and victims are victims only in virtue of being thoroughly sentient. I do not easily perceive her spiritual joints. All the human part of the book, however, has the author's habitual felicity; and the reader of these remarks knows what I hold that to be. It may seem to him, indeed, that in making the concession I made just above — in saying that Alphonse Daudet's insight fails him when he approaches the question of spiritual things — I partly take back some of the admiration I have expressed for him. For that amounts, after all, to saying that he has no high imagination, and, as a consequence, no philosophy. It is very true, I am afraid, that he has but little philosophy. There are certain things he does not conceive — certain forms that never appear to him. Imaginative writers of the first order always give us an impression that they have a kind of ideal. I should be at a loss what to say about Daudet's ideal. "And yet you have praised him so much," I fancy I hear it urged; "you have praised him as if he were one of the very first." All that is very true, and yet I take nothing back. Determinations of rank are a delicate matter, and it is sufficient priority for an author that one likes him immensely. Daudet is bright, vivid, tender; he has an intense artistic life. And then he is so free. For the spirit that moves slowly, going carefully from point to point, the sight of that freedom is delightful.

Henry James.

A ROSE.

Too-perfect rose, thy heavy breath has power
To wake a dim, an unexplained regret:
Art body to the soul of some deep hour
That all my seasons have not yielded yet?

But if it be so — Hour, too-perfect Hour,
Ah, blow not full, though all the yearning days
Should tremble bud-like! since the wind must shower
Thine unreturning grace along the ways.

Helen Gray Cone.

POEMS.

QUALITY.

TAKE, ere the bee hath sipped,
The courtly, maiden-lipped,
And dewy oleander,
And breathe, and dream, and wander.
But ah! take not another,
Lest fragrance fragrance smother.

What all your wreathéd wine,
If what I taste of mine
Be pure? The Burgund sun
Reflects as warm in one
Flame-kindled drop as 'twere
The vintage of a year.

Stranger, thy passing word
My leaping heart hath heard;
Its tone makes strangeness end—
This hour thou art my friend;
And could not dearer be,
Loved an eternity.

Beauty, or joy, or mirth—
Of all that's best on earth,
One is a thousand worth.

TO-MORROW.

ONE walks secure in wisdom-guarded ways
That lead to peaceful nights through happy days—
Health, fame, friends, children, and a gentle wife,
All Youth can covet or Experience praise,
And Use withal to crown the ease of life.
Ah, thirsting for another day,
How dread the fear
If he but knew the danger near!

Another, with some old inheritance
Of Fate, unmitigated yet by Chance,—
Condemned by those he loves, with no appeal
To his own fearful heart, that ever pants
For newer circlings of the cruel Wheel!
Ah, thirsting for another day,
What need of fear,
If he but knew the help that's near?

Robert Underwood Johnson.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MISSION INDIANS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE old laws of the Kingdom of the Indies are interesting reading, especially those portions of them relating to Indians. A certain fine and chivalrous quality of honor toward the helpless, and tenderness toward the dependent, runs all through their quaint and cumbrous paragraphs.

It is not until one studies these laws, in connection with the history of the confusions and revolutions of the secularization period, and of the American conquest of California, that it becomes possible to understand how the California Mission Indians could have been left so absolutely unprotected, as they were, in the matter of ownership of the lands they had cultivated for sixty years.

"We command," said the Spanish king, "that the sale, grant, and composition of lands be executed with such attention that the Indians be left in possession of the full amount of lands belonging to them, either singly or in communities, together with their rivers and waters; and the lands which they shall have drained or otherwise improved, whereby they may by their own industry have rendered them fertile, are reserved, in the first place, and can in no case be sold or aliened. And the judges who have been sent thither shall specify what Indians they may have found on the land, and what lands they shall have left in possession of each of the elders of tribes, caciques, governors, or communities."

Grazing estates for cattle are ordered to be located "apart from the fields and villages of the Indians." The king's command is that no such estates shall be granted "in any parts or place where any damage can accrue to the Indians." Every grant of land must be made "without prejudice to the Indians"; and "such as may have been granted to their prejudice and injury" must be "restored to whomever they by right shall belong."

"In order to avoid the inconveniences and damages resulting from the sale or gift to Spaniards of tracts of land to the prejudice of Indians, upon the suspicious testimony of witnesses," the king orders that all sales and gifts are to be made before the attorneys of the royal audiencias, and "always with an eye to the benefit of the Indians"; and "the king's solicitors are to be protectors of the Indians and plead for them." "After distributing to the Indians what they may justly want to cultivate, sow, and raise cattle, confirming to them what they now hold, and granting what they may want besides, all the remaining land may be reserved to us," says the old decree, "clear of any incumbrance, for the purpose of being given as rewards, or disposed of according to our pleasure."

In those days everything in New Spain was thus ordered by royal decrees. Nobody had grants of land in the sense in which we use the word. When the friars wished to reward an industrious and capable Indian, and test his capacity to take care of himself and family, by giving him a little farm of his own, all they had to do, or did, was to mark off the portion of land, put the Indian on it and tell him it was his. There would appear to have been little more formality than this in the establishing of the Indian pueblos which were formed in the beginning of the secularization period. Governor Figueroa, in an address in 1834, speaks of three of these, San Juan Capistrano, San Dieguito, and Las Flores, says that they are flourishing, and that the comparison between the condition of these Indians and that of the Spanish townsmen in the same region is altogether in favor of the Indians.

On November 16, 1835, eighty-one "desafiliados"—as the ex-neophytes of missions were called—of the San Luis Rey mission settled themselves in the San Pasqual valley, which was an appanage of that mission. These Indian communities appear to have had no documents to show their right, either as communities or individuals, to the land on which they had settled. At any rate, they had nothing which amounted to a protection, or stood in the way of settlers who coveted their lands. It is years since the last trace of the pueblos Las Flores and San Dieguito disappeared, and the San Pasqual valley is entirely taken up by white settlers, chiefly on preëmption claims. San Juan Capistrano is the only one of the four where are to be found any Indians' homes. If those who had banded themselves together, and had been set off into pueblos, had no recognizable or defensible title, how much more helpless and defenceless were individuals, or small communities without any such semblance of pueblo organization!

Most of the original Mexican grants included tracts of land on which Indians were living, sometimes large villages of them. In many of these grants, in accordance with the old Spanish law or custom, was incorporated a clause protecting the Indians. They were to be left undisturbed in their homes: the portion of the grant occupied by them did not belong to the grantee in any such sense as to entitle him to eject them. The land on which they were living, and the land they were cultivating at the time of the grant, belonged to them as long as they pleased to occupy it. In many of the grants, the boundaries of the Indians' reserved portion of the property were carefully marked off; and the instances were rare in which Mexican grantees disturbed or in any way interfered with Indians living on their estates. There was no reason why they should. There was plenty of land and to spare, and it was simply a convenience and an advantage to have the skilled and docile Indian laborer on the ground.

But when the easy-going, generous improvident Mexican needed or desired to sell his grant, and the sharp American was on hand to buy it, then was brought to light the helplessness of the Indians' position. What cared the sharp American for that sentimental clause, "without injury to the Indians"? Not a farthing. Why should he? His government, before him, had decided that all the lands belonging to the old missions, excepting the small portions technically held as church property, and therefore "out of commerce," were government lands. None of the Indians living on those lands at the time of the American possession were held to have any right—not even "color of right"—to them. That they and their ancestors had been cultivating them for three-quarters of a century made no difference. Americans wishing to preëmpt claims on any of these so-called government lands did not regard the presence, on them, of Indian families or communities as any more of a barrier than the presence of so many coyotes or foxes. They would not hesitate to certify to the Land Office that such lands were "unoccupied." Still less, then, need the purchaser of tracts covered by old Mexican grants hold himself bound to regard the poor cumberers of the ground, who, having no legal right whatever, had been all their years living on the tolerance of a silly, good-hearted Mexican proprietor. The American wanted every rod of his land, every drop of water on it; his schemes were boundless; his greed insatiable; he had no use for Indians. His plan did not embrace them and could not enlarge itself to take them in. They must go. This is, in brief, the summing up of the way in which has come about the present pitiable state of the California Mission Indians.

In 1852, a report in regard to these Indians was made to the Interior Department by the Hon. B. D. Wilson, of Los Angeles. It is an admirable paper, clear and exhaustive. Mr. Wilson was an old Californian, had known the Indians well, and had been eye-witness to much of the cruelty and injustice done them. He says: "In the fall of the missions, accomplished by private cupidity and political ambition, philanthropy laments the failure of one of the grandest experiments ever made for the elevation of this unfortunate race." He estimates that there were at that time in the counties of Tulare, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and San Diego, over fifteen thousand Indians who had been connected with the missions in those counties. They were classified as the Tulareños, Cahuillas, San Luiseños, and Diegueños, the latter two being practically one nation, speaking one language, and being more generally Christianized than the others. They furnished, Mr. Wilson says, "the majority of the laborers, mechanics, and servants of San Diego and Los Angeles counties." They all spoke the Spanish language, and a not inconsiderable number could read and write it. They had built all the houses in the country, had taught the whites how to make brick, mud mortar, how to use asphalt on roofs; they understood irrigation, were good herders, reapers, etc. They were paid only half the wages paid to whites; and being immoderate gamblers, often gambled away on Saturday night and Sunday all they had earned in the week. At that time in Los Angeles nearly every other house in town was a grog-shop for Indians. In the San Pasqual valley there were twenty white vagabonds, all rum-sellers, squatted at one time around the Indian pueblo. The Los Angeles ayuntamiento had passed an edict declaring that "all Indians without masters"—significant phrase—must live outside the town limits; also, that all Indians who could not show papers from the alcalde of the pueblo in which they lived should be treated as "horse thieves and enemies."

On Sunday nights, the squares and streets of Los Angeles were often to be seen full of Indians lying about helpless in every stage of intoxication. They were picked up by scores, unconscious, carried to jail, locked up, and early Monday morning hired out to the highest bidders at the jail gates. Horrible outrages were committed on Indian women and children. In some instances, the Indians armed to avenge these and were themselves killed.

OLD MISSION INDIAN, AND ADOBE RUINS OF MISSIONS. SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

These are a few out of hundreds of similar items to be gathered from the newspaper records of the time. Conditions such as these could have but one outcome. Twenty years later, when another special report on the condition of the California Mission Indians was asked for by the Government, not over five thousand Indians remained to be reported on. Vice and cruelty had reaped large harvests each year. Many of the rich valleys which at the time of Mr. Wilson's report had been under cultivation by Indians were now filled by white settlers, the Indians all gone, no one could tell where. In some instances, whole villages of them had been driven off at once by fraudulently procured and fraudulently enforced claims. One of the most heart-rending of these cases was that of the Temecula Indians.

The Temecula valley lies in the north-east corner of San Diego County. It is watered by two streams and has a good soil. The Southern California Railroad now crosses it. It was an appanage of the San Luis Rey Mission, and the two hundred Indians who were living there were the children and grandchildren of San Luis Rey neophytes. The greater part of the valley was under cultivation. They had cattle, horses, sheep. In 1865, a "special agent" of the United States Government held a grand Indian convention there. Eighteen villages were represented, and the numbers of inhabitants, stock, vineyards, orchards were reported. The Indians were greatly elated at this evidence of the Government's good intentions toward them. They set up a tall liberty-pole, and bringing forth a United States flag, which they had kept carefully hidden away ever since the beginning of the civil war, they flung it out to the winds in token of their loyalty. "It is astonishing," says one of the San Diego newspapers of the day, "that these Indians have behaved so well, considering the pernicious teachings they have had from the secessionists in our midst."

There was already anxiety in the minds of the Temecula Indians as to their title to their lands. All that was in existence to show that

NEW GRAVE-YARD AT RINCON.

they had any, was the protecting clause in an old Mexican grant. To be sure, the man was still alive who had assisted in marking off the boundaries of their part of this original Temecula grant; but his testimony could establish nothing beyond the letter of the clause as it stood. They earnestly implored the agent to lay the case before the Interior Department. Whether he did or not I do not know, but this is the sequel: On April 15, 1869, an action was brought in the District Court in San Francisco, by five men, against "Andrew Johnson, Thaddeus Stevens, Horace Greeley, and one thousand Indians and other parties whose names are unknown." It was "a bill to quit title," an "action to recover possession of certain real estate bounded thus and thus." It included the Temecula valley. It was based on grants made by Governor Micheltorena in 1844. The defendants cited were to appear in court within twenty days.

The Indians appealed to the Catholic bishop to help them. He wrote to one of the judges an imploring letter, saying, "Can you not do something to save these poor Indians from being driven out?" But the scheme had been too skillfully plotted. There was no way — or, at any rate, no way was found — of protecting the Indians. The day came when a sheriff, bringing a posse of men and a warrant which could not be legally resisted, arrived to eject the Indian families from their houses and drive them out of the valley. The Indians' first impulse was as determined as it could have been if they had been white, to resist the outrage. But, on being reasoned with by friends, who sadly and with shame explained to them that, by thus resisting, they would simply make it the duty of the sheriff to eject them by force, and, if necessary, shoot down any who opposed the executing of his warrant, they submitted. But they refused to lift hand to the moving. They sat down, men and women, on the ground, and looked on, some wailing and weeping, some dogged and silent, while the sheriff and his men took out of the neat little adobe houses their small stores of furniture, clothes, and food, and piled them on wagons to be carried — where? — anywhere the exiles chose, so long as they did not chance to choose a piece of any white man's land.

A Mexican woman is now living in that Temecula valley who told me the story of this moving. The facts I had learned before from records of one sort and another. But standing on the spot, looking at the ruins of the little adobe houses, and the walled grave-yard full of graves, and hearing this woman tell how she kept her doors and windows shut, and could not bear to look out while the deed was being done, I realized forcibly how different a thing is history seen from history written and read.

INDIAN CARTS AND HOUSES. RINCON MISSION.

It took three days to move them. Procession after procession, with cries and tears, walked slowly behind the wagons carrying their household goods. They took the tule roofs off the little houses, and carried them along. They could be used again. Some of these Indians, wishing to stay as near as possible to their old home, settled in a small valley, only three miles and a half away to the south. It was a dreary, hot little valley, bare, with low, rocky buttes cropping out on either side, and with scanty growths of bushes; there was not a drop of water in it. Here the exiles went to work again; built their huts of reeds and straw; set up a booth of boughs for the priest, when he came, to say mass in; and a rude wooden cross to consecrate their new grave-yard on a stony hill-side. They put their huts on barren knolls here and there, where nothing could grow. On the tillable land they planted wheat or barley or orchards—some patches not ten feet square, the largest not over three or four acres. They hollowed out the base of one of the rocky buttes, sunk a well there, and found water.

I think none of us who saw this little refugee village will ever forget it. The whole place was a series of pictures: and knowing its history, we found in each low roof and paling the dignity of heroic achievement. Near many of the huts stood great round baskets woven of twigs, reaching half way up to the eaves, and looking like huge birds'-nests. These were their granaries, holding acorns and wheat. Women with red pottery jars on their heads, and on their backs, were going to and from the well; old men were creeping about, bent over, carrying loads of fagots that would have seemed heavy for a donkey; aged women sitting on the ground were diligently plaiting baskets, too busy, or too old, to give more than a passing look at us. A group of women was

OLD SQUAW WEAVING BASKETS.

at work washing wool in great stone bowls, probably hundreds of years old. The interiors of some of the houses were exquisitely neat and orderly, with touching attempts at adornment,—pretty baskets and shelves hanging on the walls, and over the beds canopies of bright calico. On some of the beds, the sheets and pillow-cases were trimmed with wide hand-wrought lace made by the Indian women themselves. This is one of their arts which date back to the mission days. Some of the lace is beautiful and fine and of patterns like the old church laces. It was pitiful to see the poor creatures in almost every one of the hovels bringing out a yard or two of their lace to sell, and there was hardly a house which had not the lace-maker's frame hanging on the wall with an unfinished piece of lace stretched in it. The making of this lace requires much time and patience. It is done by first drawing out all the lengthwise threads of a piece of fine linen or cotton; then the threads which are left are sewed over and over into an endless variety of intricate patterns. Sometimes the whole design is done in solid button-hole stitch, or solid figures are filled in on an open network made of the threads.

The baskets were finely woven, of good shapes, and excellent decorative patterns in brown and black on yellow or white.

Every face, except those of the very young, was sad beyond description. They were stamped indelibly by generations of suffering, immovable distrust also underlying the sor-

PACKING WATER UP THE MOUNTAIN.

row. It was hard to make them smile. To all our expressions of good-will and interest they seemed indifferent, and received in silence the money we paid them for baskets and lace.

The word Temecula is an Indian word, signifying grief or mourning. It seems to have had a strangely prophetic fitness for the valley to which it was given.

While I am writing these lines, the news comes, that, by an executive order of the President, the little valley in which these Indians took refuge has been set apart for them as a reservation. No doubt they know how much executive orders creating Indian reservations are worth. There have been several such made and revoked in California within their memories. The San Pasqual valley was at one time set apart by executive order as a reservation for Indians. This was in 1870. There were then living in the valley between two and three hundred Indians; some of them had been members of the original pueblo established there in 1835.

The comments of the California newspapers on this executive order are amusing, or would be if they did not record such tragedy. It was followed by an outburst of virtuous indignation all along the coast. One paper said:

INDIAN INTERIOR. RINCON.

"The iniquity of this scheme is made manifest when we state the fact that the Indians of that part of the State are Mission Indians who are settled in villages and engaged in farming like the white settlers." * * * "It would be gross injustice to the Indians themselves as well as to the white settlers in San Pasqual." * * * "These Indians are as fixed in their habitations as the whites, and have fruit-trees, buildings, and other valuable improvements to make them contented and comfortable. Until within the past two or three years they raised more fruit than the white settlers of the southern counties. There is belonging to an Indian family there a fig-tree that is the largest in the State, covering a space sixty paces in diameter." * * * "A remonstrance signed by over five hundred citizens and indorsed by every office-holder in the county has gone on to Washington against this swindle." * * * "This act on the part of the Government is no better than highway robbery, and the persons engaged in it are too base to be called men. There is not a person in either of these valleys that will not be ruined pecuniarily if these orders are enforced."

Looking through files of newspapers of that time, I found only one that had the moral courage to uphold the measure. That paper said:

"Most of the inhabitants are now Indians who desire to be protected in their ancient possessions, and the Government is about to give them that protection, after a long delay."

One editor, having nearly exhausted the resources of invective and false statement, actually had the hardihood to say that Indians could not be induced to live on this reservation because "there are no acorn-bearing trees there, and the acorns furnish their principal food."

The congressmen and their clients were successful. The order was revoked. In less than four years, the San Pasqual Indians are heard from again. A justice of the peace, in the San Pasqual valley, writes to the district attorney to know if anything can be done to protect these Indians.

"Last year," he says, "the heart of this rancheria (village) was filed on and preëmpted. The settlers are beginning to plow up the land. The Los Angeles land office has informed the Indians that, not being citizens, they cannot retain any claim. It seems very hard," says the judge, "aside from the danger of difficulties likely to arise from it."

About this time a bill, introduced in Congress, to provide homes for the Mission Indians on the reservation plan, was reported unfavorably upon by a Senate committee, on the ground that all the Mission Indians were really American citizens. The year following the chief of the Pala Indians, being brought to the county clerk's office to register as a voter, was refused on the ground that, being an Indian, he was not a citizen. In 1850, a small band of Indians living in San Diego County were taxed to the amount of six hundred dollars, which they paid, the sheriff said, "without a murmur." The next year they refused. The sheriff wrote to the dis-

trict attorney, who replied that the tax must be paid. The Indians said they had no money. They had only bows, arrows, wigwams, and a few cattle. Finally, they were compelled to drive in enough of their cattle to pay the tax. said he, 'if I had not done it, somebody else would, for all agree that the Indian has no right to public lands.'"

This sketch of the history of the San Pasqual and Temecula bands of Indians is a

WOVEN GRANARIES.

One of the San Diego newspapers spoke of the transaction as "a small business to undertake to collect taxes from a parcel of naked Indians."

The year before these events happened a special agent, John G. Ames, had been sent out by the Government to investigate and report upon the condition of the Mission Indians. He had assured them "of the sincere desire of the Government to secure their rights and promote their interests, and of its intention to do whatever might be found practicable in this direction." He told them he had been "sent out by the Government to hear their story, to examine carefully into their condition, and to recommend such measures as seemed under the circumstances most desirable."

Mr. Ames found in the San Pasqual valley a white man who had just built for himself a good house, and claimed to have preëmpted the greater part of the Indians' village. He "had actually paid the price of the land to the register of the land office of the district, and was daily expecting the patent from Washington. He owned that it was hard to wrest from these well-disposed and industrious creatures the homes they had built up. 'But,' fair showing of what, with little variation, has been the fate of the Mission Indians all through Southern California. The combination of cruelty and unprincipled greed on the part of the American settlers, with culpable ignorance, indifference, and neglect on the part of the Government at Washington, has resulted in an aggregate of monstrous injustice, which no one can fully realize without studying the facts on the ground. In the winter of 1882, I visited this San Pasqual valley. I drove over from San Diego with the Catholic priest, who goes there three or four Sundays in a year, to hold service in a little adobe chapel built by the Indians in the days of their prosperity. This beautiful valley is from one to three miles wide, and perhaps twelve long. It is walled by high-rolling, soft-contoured hills, which are now one continuous wheat-field. There are, in sight of the chapel, a dozen or so adobe houses, many of which were built by the Indians; in all of them except one are now living the robber whites, who have driven the Indians out; only one Indian still remains in the valley. He earns a meager living for himself and family by doing day's work for the farmers who have taken his

INDIAN WOMAN.

land. The rest of the Indians are hidden away in the canyons and rifts of the near hills; wherever they can find a bit of ground to keep a horse or two and raise a little grain. They have sought the most inaccessible spots, reached often by miles of difficult trail. They have fled into secret lairs like hunted wild beasts. The Catholic priest of San Diego is much beloved by them. He has been their friend for many years. When he goes to hold service, they gather from their various hiding-places and refuges; sometimes, on a special fête day, over two hundred come. But on the day I was there, the priest being a young man who was a stranger to them, only a few were present. It was a pitiful sight. The dilapidated adobe building, empty and comfortless; the ragged poverty-stricken creatures, kneeling on the bare ground—a few Mexicans, with some gaudiness of attire, setting off the Indians' poverty still more. In front of the chapel, on a rough cross-beam supported by two forked posts, set awry in the ground, swung a bell bearing the date of 1770. It was one of the bells of the old San Diego Mission. Standing bareheaded, the priest rang it long and loud: he rang it several times, before the leisurely groups that were plainly to be seen in doorways or on road-sides bestirred themselves to make any haste to come. After the service, I had a long talk, through an interpreter, with an aged Indian, the oldest now living in the county. He is said to be considerably over a hundred, and his looks corroborate the statement. He is almost blind, and has snow-white hair, and a strange voice, a kind of shrill whisper. He says he recollects the re-

THE CALL TO SUNRISE MASS, PALA.

building of the San Diego Mission; though he was a very little boy then, he helped to carry the mud mortar. This was one hundred and three years ago. Instances of much greater longevity than this, however, are not uncommon among the California Indians. I asked if he had a good time in the mission. "Yes, yes," he said, turning his sightless eyes up to the sky; "much good time," "plenty to eat," "*atole*," "*pozzole*," "meat"; now "no meat"; "all the time to beg, beg"; "all the time hungry." His wife, who is older than he, is still living, though "her hair is not so white." She was ill, and was with relatives far away in the mountains; he lifted his hand and pointed in the direction of the place. "Much sick, much sick; she will never walk any more," he said, with deep feeling in his voice.

During the afternoon, the Indians were continually coming and going at the shop connected with the inn where we had stopped, some four miles from the valley. The keeper of the shop and inn said he always trusted them. They were "good pay." "Give them their time and they'll always pay, and if they die

their relations will pay the last cent." Some of them he would "trust any time as high as twenty dollars." When I asked him how they earned their money, he seemed to have no very distinct idea. Some of them had a little stock; they might now and then sell a horse or a cow, he said; they hired as laborers whenever they could get a chance, working at sheep-shearing in the spring and autumn, and at grape-picking in the vintage season. A few of them had a little wheat to sell; sometimes they paid him in wheat. There were not nearly so many of them, however, as there had been when he first opened his shop; not half so many, he thought. Where had they gone? He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said.

The most wretched of all the Mission Indians now, however, are not these who have been thus driven into hill fastnesses and waterless valleys to wrest a living where white men would starve. There is in their fate the climax of misery, but not of degradation. The latter cannot be reached in the wilderness. It takes the neighborhood of the white man to accomplish it. On the outskirts of the town of San Diego are to be seen, here and there, huddled groups of what, at a distance, might be taken for piles of refuse and brush, old blankets, old patches of sail-cloth, old calico, dead pine boughs, and sticks all heaped together in shapeless mounds; hollow, one perceives on coming nearer them, and high enough for human beings to creep under. These are the homes of Indians. I have seen the poorest huts of the most poverty-stricken wilds in Italy, Bavaria, Norway, and New Mexico, but never have I seen anything, in shape of shelter for human creatures, so loathsome as the kennels in which some of the San Diego Indians are living. Most of these Indians are miserable worthless beggars, drunkards of course, and worse. Even for its own sake, it would seem that the town would devise some scheme of help and redemption for such outcasts. There is a school in San Diego for the Indian children; it is supported in part by the Government, in part by charity; but work must be practically thrown away on children that are to spend eighteen hours out of the twenty-four surrounded by such filth and vice.

Coming from the study of the records of the old mission times, with the picture fresh and vivid of the tranquil industry and comfort of the Indians' lives in the mission establishments, one gazes with double grief on such a spectacle as this. Some of these Indian hovels are within a short distance of the beach where the friars first landed, in 1769, and began their work. No doubt, Father Junipero and Father Crespi, arm in arm, in ardent converse, full of glowing anticipation of the grand future results of their labors, walked again and again, up and down, on the very spot where these miserable wretches are living to-day. One cannot fancy Father Junipero's fiery soul, to whatever far sphere it may have been translated, looking down on this ruin without pangs of indignation.

There are still left in the mountain ranges of South California a few Indian villages which will probably, for some time to come, preserve their independent existence. Some of them number as many as two or three hundred inhabitants. Each has its chief, or, as he is now called, "captain." They have their own system of government of the villages; it is autocratic, but in the main it works well. In one of these villages, that of the Cahuillas, situated in the San Jacinto range, is a school whose teacher is paid by the United States Government. She is a widow with one little daughter. She has built for herself a room adjoining the school-house. In this she lives, alone with her child, in the heart of the Indian village; there is not a white person within ten miles. She says that the village is as well-ordered, quiet, and peaceable as it is possible for a village to be, and she feels far safer, surrounded by these three hundred Cahuillas, than she would feel in most of the California towns. The Cahuillas (pronounced Kaweeyahs) were one of the fiercest and most powerful of the tribes. The name signifies "master," or "powerful nation." A great number of the neophytes of the San Gabriel Mission were from this tribe; but a large proportion of them were never attached to any mission.

Their last great chief, Juan Antonio, died twenty years ago. At the time of the Mexican war, he received the title of General from General Kearny, and never afterward appeared in the villages of the whites without some fragmentary attempts at military uniform. He must have been a grand character, with all his barbarism. He ruled his band like an emperor, and never rode abroad without an escort of from twenty to thirty men. When he stopped, one of his Indians ran forward, bent down, took off his spurs, then, kneeling on all-fours, made of his back a stool, on which Juan stepped in dismounting and mounting. In 1850, an Indian of this tribe, having murdered another Indian, was taken prisoner by the civil authorities, and carried to Jurupa to be tried. Before the proceedings had begun, Juan, with a big following of armed Indians, dashed up to the court-house, strode in alone, and demanded that the prisoner be surrendered to him.

"I come not here as a child," he said. "I wish to punish my people my own way. If they deserve hanging, I will hang them. If a white man deserves hanging, let the white man hang him. I am done."

The prisoner was given up. The Indians strapped him on a horse, and rode back to their village, where, in an open grave, the body of the murdered man had been laid. Into this grave, on the top of the corpse of his victim, Juan Antonio, with his own hands, flung the murderer alive, and ordered the grave instantly filled up with earth.

There are said to have been other instances of his dealings with offenders nearly as summary and severe as this. He is described as looking like an old African lion, shaggy and fierce; but he was always cordial and affectionate in his relations with the whites. He died in 1863, of small-pox, in a terrible epidemic which carried off thousands of Indians.

This Cahuilla village is in a small valley, high up in the San Jacinto range. The Indians are very poor, but they are industrious and hard-working. The men raise stock, and go out in bands as sheep-shearers and harvesters. The women make baskets, lace, and from the fiber of the yucca plant, beautiful and durable mats, called "cocas," which are much sought after by California ranchmen as saddle-mats. The yucca fibers are soaked and beaten like flax; some are dyed brown, some bleached white, and the two woven together in a great variety of patterns.

In the San Jacinto valley, some thirty miles south of these Cahuillas, is another Indian village called Saboba. These Indians have occupied and cultivated this ground since the days of the missions. They have good adobe houses, many acres of wheat-fields, little peach and apricot orchards, irrigating ditches, and some fences. In one of the houses, I found a neatly laid wooden floor, a sewing-machine, and the walls covered with pictures cut from illustrated newspapers which had been given to them by the school teacher. There is a Government school here, numbering from twenty to thirty; the children read as well as average white children of their age, and in manners and in apparent interest in their studies, were far above the average of children in the public schools.

One of the colony schemes, so common now in California, has been formed for the opening up and settling of the San Jacinto valley. This Indian village will be in the colony's way. In fact, the colony must have its lands and its water. It is only a question of a very little time, the driving out of these Saboba families as the Temeculas and San Pasquales were driven — by force, just as truly as if at the point of the bayonet.

In one of the beautiful canyons opening on this valley is the home of Victoriano, an aged chief of the band. He is living with his daughter and grandchildren, in a comfortable adobe house at the head of the canyon. The vineyard and peach-orchard, which his father planted there, are in good bearing. His grandson, Jesus, a young man twenty years old, in the summer of 1881 plowed up and planted twenty acres of wheat. The boy also studied so faithfully in school that year — his first year at school — that he learned to read well in the "Fourth Reader"; this, in spite of his being absent six weeks in both spring and autumn with the sheep-shearing band. A letter of his, written at my request to the Secretary of the Interior, in behalf of his people, is touching in its simple dignity.

SAN JACINTO, CAL., May 29, 1882.

MR. TELLER.

DEAR SIR: At the request of my friends, I write you in regard to the land of my people.

More than one hundred years ago, my great grandfather, who was chief of his tribe, settled with his people in the San Jacinto valley. The people have always been peaceful, never caring for war, and have welcomed Americans into the valley.

Some years ago a grant of land was given to the Estudillos by the Mexican Government. The first survey did not take in any of the land claimed by the Indians; but four years ago a new survey was made taking in all the little farms, the stream of water, and the village. Upon this survey the U. S. Government gave a patent. It seems hard for us to be driven from our homes that we love as much as other people do theirs, and this danger is at our doors now, for the grant is being divided and the village and land will be assigned to some of the present owners of the grant.

And now, dear sir, after this statement of facts, I, for my people (I ask nothing for myself), appeal to you for help.

Cannot you find some way to right this great wrong done to a quiet and industrious people?

Hoping that we may have justice done us, I am

Respectfully yours,

JOSÉ JESUS CASTILLO.

He was at first unwilling to write it, fearing he should be supposed to be begging for himself, rather than for his people. His father was a Mexican, and he has hoped that on that account their family would be exempt from the fate of the village when the colony comes into the valley. But it is not probable that, in a country where water is gold, a stream of water, such as runs by Victoriano's door, will be left long in the possession of any Indian family, whatever may be its relations to rich Mexican proprietors in the neighborhood. Jesus's mother is a tall, superbly formed woman, with a clear skin; hazel nut-brown eyes that thrill one with their limpid brightness; a nose straight and strong, and a mouth like an Egyptian priestess.

She is past forty, but she is strikingly handsome still, and one does not wonder at hearing the tragedy of her early youth; when, for years, she believed herself the wife of Jesus's father, lived in his house as a wife, and the San Pasqual bands were ejected, and with far more show of legal right.

In the vicinity of the San Juan Capistrano Mission are living a few families of Indians, some of them the former neophytes of the

LAURA, SAID TO BE 102 YEARS OF AGE. BENJAMINA, 117 YEARS.

worked as a wife, and bore him his children. Her heart broke when she was sent adrift, a sadder than Hagar, with her half-disowned offspring. Money and lands did not heal the wound. Her face is dark with the sting of it to-day. When I asked her to sell me the lace-trimmed pillow-case and sheet from her bed, her cheeks flushed at first, and she looked away haughtily before replying. But, after a moment, she consented. They needed the money. She knows well that days of trouble are in store for them.

Since the writing of this paper, news has come that the long-expected blow has fallen on this Indian village. The colony scheme has been completed; the valley has been divided up; the land on which the village of Saboba stands is now the property of a San Bernardino merchant. Any day he chooses, he can eject these Indians as the Temecula mission. An old woman there, named Carmen, is a splendid specimen of the best longevity which her race and the California air can produce. We found her in bed, where she spends most of her time,—not lying, but sitting cross-legged, looking brisk and energetic, and always busy making lace. Nobody makes finer lace than hers. Yet she laughed when we asked if she could see to do such fine work without spectacles.

"Where could I get spectacles?" she said, her eyes twinkling. Then she stretched out her hand for the spectacles of our old Mexican friend who had asked her this question for us; took them, turned them over curiously, tried to look through them, shook her head and handed them back to him with a shrug and a smile. She was twenty years older than he, but her strong young eyes could not see through his glasses. He recol-

lected her well, fifty years before, an active, handsome woman, taking care of the sacristy, washing the priests' laces, mending vestments, and filling various offices of trust in the mission. A sailor from a French vessel lying in the harbor wished to marry her; but the friars would not give their consent, because the man was a drunkard and dishonest. Carmen was well disposed to him, and much flattered by his love-making. He used to write letters to her, which she brought to this Mexican boy to read. It was a droll sight to see her face, as he, now white-haired, and looking fully as old as she, reminded her of that time and of those letters, tapping her jocosely on her cheek, and saying some things I am sure he did not quite literally translate to us. She fairly colored, buried her face in her hands for a second, then laughed till she shook, and answered in voluble Spanish, of which also I suspect we did not get a full translation. She was the happiest Indian we saw; indeed, the only one who seemed really gay of heart or even content.

A few rods from the old mission church of San Gabriel, in a hut made of bundles of the tule reeds lashed to sycamore poles, as the San Gabriel Indians made them a hundred years ago, live two old Indian women, Laura and Benjamina. Laura is one hundred and two years old, Benjamina one hundred and seventeen. The record of their baptisms is still to be seen in the church books; so there can be no dispute as to their age. It seems not at all incredible, however. If I had been told that Benjamina was a three-thousand-year-old Nile mummy, resuscitated by some mysterious process, I should not have demurred much at the tale. The first time I saw them, the two were crouching over a fire on the ground, under a sort of booth porch, in front of their hovel. Laura was making a feint of grinding acorn meal in a stone bowl; Benjamina was raking the ashes, with her claw-like old fingers, for hot coals to start the fire afresh; her skin was like an elephant's, shriveled, black, hanging in folds and welts on her neck and breast and bony arms; it was not like anything human; her shrunken eyes, bright as beads, peered out from under thickets of coarse grizzled gray hair. Laura wore a white cloth band around her head, tied on with a strip of scarlet flannel; above that, a tattered black shawl, which gave her the look of an aged imp. Old baskets, old pots, old pans, old stone mortars and pestles, broken tiles and bricks, rags, straw, boxes, legless chairs, — in short, all conceivable rubbish, — were strewn about or piled up in the place, making the weirdest of backgrounds for the aged crones' figures. Inside the hut were two bedsteads and a few boxes, baskets, and nets; and drying grapes and peppers hung on the walls. A few feet away was another hut, only a trifle better than this; four generations were living in the two. Benjamina's step-daughter, aged eighty, was a fine creature. With a white band straight around her forehead close to the eyebrows and a gay plaid handkerchief thrown on above it, falling squarely each side of her face, she looked like an old Bedouin sheik.

DOVE-COTE. RINCON MISSION.

Our Mexican friend remembered Laura as she was fifty years ago. She was then, even at fifty-two, celebrated as one of the swiftest runners and best ball-players in all the San Gabriel games. She was a singer, too, in the choir. Coaxing her up on her feet, patting her shoulders, entreating and caressing her as one

would a child, he succeeded in persuading her to chant for us the Lord's Prayer and part of the litanies, as she had been wont to do it in the old days. It was a grotesque and incredible sight. The more she stirred and sang and lifted her arms, the less alive she looked. We asked the step-daughter if they were happy and wished to live. Laughing, she repeated the question to them. "Oh, yes, we wish to live forever," they replied. They were greatly terrified, the daughter said, when the railway cars first ran through San Gabriel. They thought it was the devil bringing fire to burn up the world. Their chief solace is tobacco. To beg it, Benjamina will creep about in the village by the hour, bent double over her staff, tottering at every step. They sit for the most part silent, motionless, on the ground; their knees drawn up, their hands clasped over them, their heads sunk on their breasts. In my drives in the San Gabriel valley, I often saw them sitting thus; as if they were dead. The sight had an indescribable fascination. It seemed that to be able to penetrate into the recesses of their thoughts would be to lay hold upon secrets as old as the earth.

One of the most beautiful appanages of the San Luis Rey Mission, in the time of its prosperity, was the Pala valley. It lies about twenty-five miles east of San Luis, among broken spurs of the coast range, watered by the San Luis River and also by its own little stream, the Pala Creek. It was always a favorite home of the Indians; and at the time of the secularization, over a thousand of them used to gather at the weekly mass in its chapel. Now, on the occasional visits of the San Juan Capistrano priest, to hold service there, the dilapidated little church is not half filled, and the numbers are growing smaller each year. The buildings are all in decay; the stone steps leading to the belfry have crumbled; the walls of the little grave-yard are broken in many places, the paling and the graves are thrown down. On the day we were there, a memorial service for the dead was going on in the chapel: a great square altar was draped with black, decorated with silver lace and ghastly funereal emblems; candles were burning; a row of kneeling black-shawled women were holding lighted candles in their hands; two old Indians were chanting a Latin mass from a tattered missal bound in rawhide; the whole place was full of chilly gloom, in sharp contrast to the bright valley outside, with its sunlight and silence. This mass was for the soul of an old Indian woman named Margarita, sister of Manuelito, a somewhat famous chief of several bands of the San Luiseños. Her home was at the Potrero, a mountain meadow, or pasture, as the word signifies, about ten miles from Pala, high up the mountain-side, and reached by an almost impassable road. This farm, or "saeter" it would be called in Norway, was given to Margarita by the friars, and by some exceptional good fortune she had a title, which, it is said, can be maintained by her heirs. In 1871, in a revolt of some of Manuelito's bands, Margarita was hung up by her wrists till she was near dying, but was cut down at the last minute and saved.

One of her daughters speaks a little English, and finding that we had visited Pala solely on account of our interest in the Indians, she asked us to come up to the Potrero and pass the night. She said timidly that they had plenty of beds, and would do all that they knew how to do to make us comfortable. One might be in many a dear-priced hotel less comfortably lodged and served than we were by these hospitable Indians in their mud house, floored with earth. In my bedroom were three beds, all neatly made, with lace-trimmed sheets and pillow-cases and patchwork coverlids. One small square window, with a wooden shutter was the only aperture for air, and there was no furniture except one chair and a half-dozen trunks. The Indians, like the Norwegian peasants, keep their clothes and various properties all neatly packed away in boxes or trunks. As I fell asleep, I wondered if in the morning I should see Indian heads on the pillows opposite me; the whole place was swarming with men, women, and babies, and it seemed impossible for them to spare so many beds; but, no, when I waked, there were the beds still undisturbed; a soft-eyed Indian girl was on her knees rummaging in one of the trunks; seeing me awake, she murmured a few words in Indian, which conveyed her apology as well as if I had understood them. From the very bottom of the trunk she drew out a gilt-edged china mug, darted out of the room, and came back bringing it filled with fresh water. As she set it in the chair, in which she had already put a tin pan of water and a clean coarse towel, she smiled, and made a sign that it was for my teeth. There was a thoughtfulness and delicacy in the attention which lifted it far beyond the level of its literal value. The gilt-edged mug was her most precious possession; and, in remembering water for the teeth, she had provided me with the last superfluity in the way of white man's comfort of which she could think.

The food which they gave us was a surprise; it was far better than we had found the night before in the house of an Austrian colonel's son, at Pala. Chicken, deliciously

MASS FOR THE DEAD, PALA.

cooked, with rice and chile; soda-biscuits delicately made; good milk and butter, all laid in orderly fashion, with a clean table-cloth, and clean, white stone china. When I said to our hostess that I regretted very much that they had given up their beds in my room, that they ought not to have done it, she answered me with a wave of her hand that "it was nothing; they hoped I had slept well; that they had plenty of other beds." The hospitable lie did not deceive me, for by examination I had convinced myself that the greater part of the family must have slept on the bare earth in the kitchen. They would not have taken pay for our lodging, except that they had just been forced to give so much for the mass for Margarita's soul, and it had been hard for them to raise the money. Twelve dollars the priest had charged for the mass; and in addition they had to pay for the candles, silver lace, black cloth, etc., nearly as much more. They had earnestly desired to have the mass said at the Potrero, but the priest would not come up there for less than twenty dollars, and that, Antonia said, with a sigh, they could not possibly pay. We left at six o'clock in the morning; Margarita's husband, the "capitan," riding off with us to see us safe on our way. When we had passed the worst gullies and bowlders, he whirled his horse, lifted his ragged old sombrero with the grace of a cavalier, smiled, wished us good-day and good luck, and was out of sight in a second, his little wild pony galloping up the rough trail as if it were as smooth as a race-course.

Between the Potrero and Pala are two Indian villages, the Rincon and Pauma. The Rincon is at the head of the valley, snugged up against the mountains, as its name signifies, in a "corner." Here were fences, irrigating ditches, fields of barley, wheat, hay, and peas; a little herd of horses and cows grazing, and several flocks of sheep. The men were all away sheep-shearing; the women were at work in the fields, some hoeing, some clearing out the irrigating ditches, and all the old women plaiting baskets. These Rincon Indians, we were told, had refused a school offered them by the Government; they said they would accept nothing at the hands of the Government until it gave them a title to their lands.

The most picturesque of all the Mission Indians' hiding-places which we saw was that on the Carmel River, a few miles from the San Carlos Mission. Except by help of a guide it cannot be found. A faint trail turning off from the road in the river-bottom leads down to the river's edge. You follow it into the river and across, supposing it a ford. On the opposite bank there is no trail, no sign of one. Whether it is that the Indians purposely always go ashore at different points of the bank, so as to leave no trail; or whether they so seldom go out, except on foot, that the trail has faded away, I do not know. But certainly, if we had had no guide, we

HOLY WATER FONT, PALA.

should have turned back, sure we were wrong. A few rods up from the river-bank, a stealthy narrow foot-path appeared; through willow copses, sunk in meadow grasses, across shingly bits of alder-walled beach it creeps, till it comes out in a lovely spot,— half basin, half rocky knoll,—where, tucked away in nooks and hollows are the little Indian houses, eight or ten of them, some of adobe, some of the tule reeds; small patches of corn, barley, potatoes, and hay; and each little front yard fenced in by palings, with roses, sweet-peas, poppies, and mignonette growing inside. In the first house we reached, a woman was living alone. She was so alarmed at the sight of us that she shook. There could not be a more pitiful comment on the state of perpetual distrust and alarm in which the poor creatures live, than this woman's face and behavior. We tried in vain to re-assure her; we bought all the lace she had to sell, chatted with her about it, and asked her to show us how it was made. Even then she was so terrified, that although she willingly took down her lace frame to sew a few stitches, for us to see, her hands still trembled. In another house, we found an old woman evidently past eighty, without glasses, working button-holes in fine thread. Her daughter-in-law, — a beautiful half-breed, with a still more beautiful baby in her arms,— asked the old woman, for us, how old she was. She laughed merrily at the silly question. "She never thought about it," she said; "it was written down once in a book at the Mission, but the book was lost."

There was not a man in the village. They were all away at work, farming or fishing. This little handful of people are living on land to which they have no shadow of title, and from which they may be driven any day,—these Carmel Mission lands having been rented out, by their present owner, in great dairy

farms. The parish priest of Monterey told me much of the pitiable condition of these remnants of the San Carlos Indians. He can do little or nothing for them, though their condition makes his heart ache daily. In that half foreign English, which is always so much more eloquent a language than the English-speaking peoples use, he said: "They have their homes there only by the patience of the thief. It may be that the patience do not last to-morrow." The phrase is worth preserving: it embodies so much history—history of two races.

In Mr. Wilson's report are many eloquent and strong paragraphs, bearing on the question of the Indians' right to the lands they had under cultivation at the time of the secularization. He says:

"It is not natural rights I speak of, nor merely possessory rights, but rights acquired and contracts made—acquired and made when the laws of the Indies had force here, and never assailed by any laws or executive acts since, till 1834 and 1846; and impregnable to these. * * * No past maladministration of laws can be suffered to destroy their true intent, while the victims of the maladministration live to complain, and the rewards of wrong have not been consumed."

Of Mr. Wilson's report in 1852, of Mr. Ames's report in 1873, and of the various other reports called for by the Government from time to time, nothing came, except the occasional setting off of reservations by executive orders, which, if the lands reserved were worth anything, were speedily revoked at the bidding of California politicians. There are still some reservations left, chiefly of desert and mountainous lands, which nobody wants, and on which the Indians could not live.

The last report made to the Indian Bureau by their present agent closes in the following words:

"The necessity of providing suitable lands for them in the form of one or more reservations has been pressed on the attention of the Department in my former reports; and I now, for the third and perhaps the last time, emphasize that necessity by saying that whether Government will immediately heed the pleas that have been made in behalf of these people or not, it must sooner or later deal with this question in a practical way or else see a population of over three thousand Indians become homeless wanderers in a desert region."

I have shown a few glimpses of the homes, of the industry, the patience, the long-suffering of the people who are in this immediate danger of being driven out from their last foot-holds of refuge, "homeless wanderers in a desert."

If the United States Government does not take steps to avert this danger, to give them lands and protect them in their rights, the chapter of the history of the Mission Indians will be the blackest one in the black record of our dealings with the Indian race.

It must be done speedily if at all, for there is only a small remnant left to be saved. These are in their present homes "only on the patience of the thief, and it may be that the patience do not last to-morrow."

H. H.

MUSIC IN NATURE.

FAR, far away, in fields of waving gold,
I hear the tassels' rustling symphonies,
While myriad insect orchestras unfold
Their rasping medleys in the apple-trees.

In seas of creamy clover, white and pink,
Hum tippling bees, all drowsy with perfume;
And, in the orchard, one wild bobolink
Breaks the repose of twilight's dreamy gloom.

The wind wakes solos in the somber pine,
Upon the hill-side desolate and lone;
And, in the wood, through labyrinths of vine,
Is heard the brooklet's lisping monotone—

Which mossy caverns, echoing, repeat;
While o'er my soul, in tender changes, flows—
Murmurous, melodious, and strangely sweet—
The subtle music no musician knows.

R. K. Munkittrick.

CARLYLE.

I.

In the lately published Emerson and Carlyle correspondence, there is a passage from Emerson's note-book, upon Carlyle, that may well serve to start us upon our course in this essay. "He has," says Emerson, "manly superiority rather than intellectuality"; "there is more character than intellect in every sentence." This fact, with the consequent steep inclination of all Carlyle's faculties toward personality or personal prowess, affords the master-key to him, to his life, his works, his opinions, and is a brief summary of much that I have written upon him. He was a man of vehement and overweening conceit in man. A sort of anthropological greed and hunger possessed him, an insatiable craving for strong, picturesque characters, and for contact and conflict with them. This was his ruling passion (and it amounted to a passion) all his days. He fed his soul on heroes and heroic qualities, and all his literary exploits were a search for these things. Where he found them not, where he did not come upon some trace of them in books, in society, in politics, he saw only barrenness and futility. He was an idealist who was inhospitable to ideas; he must have a man, the flavor and stimulus of ample concrete personalities. "In the country," he said, writing to his brother in 1821, "I am like an alien, a stranger and pilgrim from a far distant land." His faculties were "up in mutiny, and slaying one another for lack of fair enemies." He must to the city, to Edinburgh, and finally to London, where, thirteen years later, we find his craving as acute as ever. "Oct. 1st. This morning, think of the old primitive Edinburgh scheme of *engineership;* almost meditate for a moment resuming it *yet!* It were a method of gaining bread, of getting into contact with men, my two grand wants and prayers."

This thirst for man, for personal force, sprang from his own intense and rampant individualism. Never was a soul housed, and, in some respects, imprisoned in a more striking and original idiosyncrasy. All there is of him is Carlylean, shot through and through, as if under enormous heat and pressure, with his own concrete quality. To do the work he felt called on to do, to offset and withstand the huge, roaring, on-rushing modern world as he did, required an enormous egoism. In more senses than one do the words applied to the old prophet apply to him: "For, behold, I have made thee this day a defended city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the Kings of Juda, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land." He was a defended city, an iron pillar, and brazen wall, in the extent to which he was riveted and clinched in his own purpose and aim as well as in his attitude of opposition or hostility to the times in which he lived.

A selfish or self-seeking man he in no sense was, though it has so often been charged upon him. He was the victim of his own genius; and he made others the victims, not of his selfishness. This genius no doubt came nearer the demon of Socrates than that of any other modern man. He is under its lash and tyranny from first to last. But the watchword of his life was "*Entsagen*," renunciation, self-denial, which he learned from unself-denying Goethe. His demon did not possess him lightly, but dominated and drove him.

One would as soon accuse St. Simeon Stylites, thirty years at the top of his penitential pillar, of selfishness. Seeking his own ends, following his own demon, St. Simeon certainly was; but seeking his ease or pleasure, or animated by any unworthy, ignoble purpose, he certainly was not. No more was Carlyle; each one of whose books was a sort of pillar of penitence or martyrdom atop of which he wrought and suffered, shut away from the world, renouncing its pleasures and prizes, wrapped in deepest gloom and misery, and wrestling with all manner of real and imaginary demons and hindrances. During his last great work,—the thirteen years spent in his study at the top of his house, writing the history of Frederick,—this isolation, this incessant toil and penitential gloom was such as only religious devotees have voluntarily imposed upon themselves.

Regarded simply as a man of ideas, the possessor of a multitude of clear and shapely thoughts, Carlyle ranks below Landor or Ruskin; as philosopher, he is not on a par with Mill or Spencer; certainly not with the latter, who is mainly a systematizer and organ-

izer of ideas—a sort of intellectual clearing-house on a scale befitting the nineteenth century.

We can only come at the worth and significance of Carlyle by regarding him as a source of moral power, as a medium and exemplar of the living quality of heroes, projected into current literature and politics with the emphasis of gunpowder and torpedoes. He probably brought more original invigorating force into the world than any other man of his time. His own test of originality was sincerity, not variety or novelty of ideas. "The believing man is the original man." This test is sufficient for himself at least. He believed in certain things, accepted them, combined with them, so to speak, with a kind of chemical fierceness and inevitableness. Much heat and power are disengaged by the eagerness of the combination; probably some gas also.

He is the last man in the world to be reduced to a system, or tried by logical tests. You might as well try to bind the sea with chains. How he scoffs at your abstract idea, your philosophy of history, your rights of man, your rose-colored philanthropies, your potato gospels (vegetarianism), your "paralytic radicalism," and the like. The doctrine of Comte, or *Positivism*, he characterizes as the "miserablest phantasmal *algebraic ghost* I have yet met with among the ranks of the living!" Evolution, as an arithmetical ghost, probably, was no more acceptable to him. The real and the ideal were no more separable with him than form and substance. His vivid Dantesque imagination must see every thought, every conception, issue in deed, in practicality, in personality. In fact, nothing but man, but heroes, touched him, moved him, satisfied him. He stands for heroes and hero-worship, and for that alone. Bring him the most plausible theory, the most magnanimous idea in the world, and he is cold, indifferent, or openly insulting; but bring him a brave, strong man, or the reminiscence of any noble personal trait—sacrifice, obedience, reverence, —and every faculty within him stirred and responded. He is a doctor who would cure the patient not by medicine, but by a heroic regimen—the cold plunge and the bastinado. Dreamers and enthusiasts, with their schemes for the millennium, rushed to him for aid and comfort, and usually had the door slammed in their faces. They forgot it was a man he had advertised for, and not an idea. Indeed, if you had the blow-fly of any popular ism or reform buzzing in your bonnet, No. 5 Cheyne Row was the house above all others to be avoided. But welcome to any man with real work to do and the courage to do it; welcome to any man who stood for any real, tangible thing in his own right. "In God's name, what *art* thou? Not Nothing, sayest thou! Then, How much and what? This is the thing I would know, and even *must* soon know, such a pass am I come to!" ("Past and Present.")

Caroline Fox, in her memoirs, tells how, in 1842, Carlyle's sympathies were enlisted in behalf of a Cornish miner who had kept his place in the bottom of a shaft, above a blast the fuse of which had been prematurely lighted, and allowed his comrade to be hauled up when only one could escape at a time. He sought out the hero, who, as by miracle, had survived the explosion, and set on foot an enterprise to raise funds for the bettering of his condition. In a letter to Sterling, he said, there was help and profit in knowing that there was such a true and brave workman living, and working with him on the earth at that time. "Tell all the people," he said, "that a man of this kind ought to be hatched—that it were shameful to eat him as a breakfast egg!"

All Carlyle's sins of omission and commission grew out of this terrible predilection for the individual hero; this bent or inclination determined the whole water-shed, so to speak, of his mind; every rill and torrent swept swiftly and noisily in this one direction. It is the tragedy in Burns's life that attracts him; the morose heroism in Johnson's, the copious manliness in Scott's, the lordly and regal quality in Goethe. Emerson praised Plato to him; but the endless dialectical hair-splitting of the Greek philosopher——"how does all this concern me at all?" he said. But when he discovered that Plato hated the Athenian democracy most cordially and poured out his scorn upon it, he thought much better of him. History swiftly resolves itself into biography to him; the tide in the affairs of men ebbed and flowed in obedience to the few potent wills. We do not find him exploiting or elucidating ideas and principles, but moral qualities,—always on the scent, on the search of the heroic.

He raises aloft the standard of the individual will, the supremacy of man over events. He sees the reign of law; none see it clearer. "Eternal Law is silently present everywhere and everywhen. By Law, the Planets gyrate in their orbits; by some approach to Law, the street-cabs ply in their thoroughfares." But law is still personal will with him, the will of God. He can see nothing but individuality, but conscious will and force in the universe. He believed in a personal God. He had an inward ground of assurance of it, in his own intense personality and vivid appre-

hension of personal force and genius. He seems to have believed in a personal devil. At least, he abuses "Auld Nickie-ben" as one would hardly think of abusing an abstraction. However impractical we may regard Carlyle, he was entirely occupied with practical questions; an idealist turned loose in the actual affairs of this world and intent only on bettering them. That which so drew reformers and all ardent ideal natures to him was not the character of his conviction, but the torrid impetuosity of his belief. He had the earnestness of fanaticism, the earnestness of rebellion; the earnestness of the Long Parliament and the National Convention—the only two parliaments he praises. He did not merely see the truth and placidly state it, standing aloof and apart from it; but, as soon as his intellect had conceived a thing as true, every current of his being set swiftly in that direction; it was an outlet at once for his whole pent-up energies, and there was a flood and sometimes an inundation of Carlylean wrath and power. Coming from Goethe, with his marvelous insight and cool, uncommitted moral nature to the great Scotchman, is like coming from a dress parade to a battle, from Melanchthon to Luther. It would be far from the truth to say that Goethe was not in earnest: he was all eyes, all vision; he saw everything, but saw it for his own ends and behoof, for contemplation and enjoyment. In Carlyle, the vision is productive of pain and suffering, because his moral nature sympathizes so instantly and thoroughly with his intellectual: it is a call to battle and every faculty is enlisted. It was this that made Carlyle akin to the reformers and the fanatics and led them to expect more of him than they got. The artist element in him, and his vital hold upon the central truths of character and personal force, saved him from any such fate as overtook his friend Irving.

Carlyle owed everything to his power of will and to his unflinching adherence to principle. He was in no sense a lucky man, had no good fortune, was borne by no current, was favored and helped by no circumstance whatever. His life from the first was a steady pull against both wind and tide. He confronted all the cherished thoughts, beliefs, tendencies of his time; he spurned and insulted his age and country. No man ever before poured out such withering scorn upon his contemporaries. The opinions and practices of his times in politics, religion, and literature were as a stubbly, brambly field, to which he would fain apply the match and clean the ground for a nobler crop. He would purge and fertilize the soil by fire. His attitude was at once like that of the old prophets, one of warning and rebuking. He was refused every public place he ever aspired to—every college and editorial chair. Every man's hand was against him. He was hated by the Whigs and feared by the Tories. He was poor, proud, uncompromising, sarcastic; he was morose, dyspeptic, despondent, compassed about by dragons and all manner of evil menacing forms; in fact, the odds were fearfully against him, and yet he succeeded, and succeeded on his own terms. He fairly conquered the world—yes, and the flesh and the devil. But it was one incessant, heroic struggle and wrestle from the first. All through his youth and his early manhood, he was nerving himself for the conflict. Whenever he took counsel with himself it was to give his courage a new fillip. In his letters to his people, in his private journal, in all his meditations, he never loses the opportunity to take a new hitch upon his resolution, to screw his purpose up tighter. Not a moment's relaxation, but ceaseless vigilance and "desperate hope." In 1830, he says in his journal: "Oh, I care not for poverty, little even for disgrace, nothing at all for want of renown. But the horrible feeling is when I cease my own struggle, lose the consciousness of my own strength, and become positively quite worldly and wicked." A year later he wrote: "To it, thou *Taugenichts!* Gird thyself! stir! struggle! forward! forward! Thou art bundled up here and tied as in a sack. On, then, as in a sack race; running, not raging!" Carlyle made no terms with himself nor with others. He would not agree to keep the peace; he would be the voice of absolute conscience, of absolute justice, come what come might. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion," he once said to John Sterling. The stern, uncompromising front which he first turned to the world he never relaxed for a moment. He had his way with mankind at all times, or rather conscience had its way with him at all times in his relations with mankind. He made no selfish demands, but ideal demands. Jeffrey, seeing his attitude and his earnestness in it, despaired of him; he looked upon him as a man butting his head against a stone wall; he never dreamed that the wall would give way before the head did. It was not mere obstinacy, it was not the pride of opinion: it was the thunder of conscience, the awful voice of Sinai within him; he *dared* not do otherwise.

Like knows like; deep answers deep. It was this intense and regnant personality of Carlyle, this emphasis and specialization in the direction of man, that gave him such insight into character and such power of human portraiture. It is, perhaps, not too much to say

that in all literature there is not another such master portrait-painter, such a limner and interpreter of historical figures and physiognomies. That power of the old artists to paint or to carve a man, to body him forth, almost to recreate him, so rare in the moderns, Carlyle had in a preëminent degree. As an artist, it is his distinguishing gift, and puts him on a par with Rembrandt and Angelo, and with the antique masters of sculpture. He could put his finger upon the weak point and upon the strong point of a man as unerringly as fate. His pictures of Johnson, of Boswell, of Voltaire, of Mirabeau, what masterpieces! His portrait of Coleridge will doubtless survive all others; one fears also that poor Lamb has been stamped to last. None of Carlyle's characterizations have excited more ill-feeling than this same one of Lamb. But it was plain from the outset, that Carlyle could not like such a verbal acrobat as Lamb. He doubtless had him or his kind in view when he wrote this passage in "Past and Present": "His poor fraction of sense has to be perked into some epigrammatic shape, that it may prick into me,— perhaps (this is the commonest) to be topsy-turvied, left standing on its head, that I may remember it the better! Such grinning inanity is very sad to the soul of man. Human faces should not grin on one like masks; they should look on one like faces! I love honest laughter as I do sunlight, but not dishonest; most kinds of dancing, too, but the St. Vitus kind, not at all!"

Carlyle fairly evolves Cromwell from his inner consciousness, he does not merely depict him; he bodies him forth dramatically. "At last," says Taine, "we are face to face with Cromwell"; "I see a fact, and not an account of a fact." "I can touch the truth itself." The fame and power of "The French Revolution" rests upon the same vivid presentation of personality, the same artist grasp and portraiture of man's moral, generic nature. We are eye-witnesses of the terrible drama. Carlyle's method of writing history is foreshadowed in a paragraph in his note-book when he was but thirty-one. "An historian must write, so to speak, in *lines;* but every event is a *superficies*. Nay, if we search out its causes, a *solid*. Hence, a primary and almost incurable defect in the art of narration, which only the very best can so much as approximately remedy. N. B. I understand this myself, I have known it for years, and have written it now, with the purpose, perhaps, of writing it at large elsewhere." His historical writings are clearly attempts in this direction. They are by no means the customary linear performances, flat surface narratives. "The French Revolution" is like a transverse section, a geologist's map, rather than a topographer's. What abysses of power and meaning are laid bare!

If Carlyle had taken to the brush instead of to the pen, he would probably have left a gallery of portraits such as this century has not seen. In his letters, journals, reminiscences, etc., for him to mention a man is to describe his face, and with what graphic pen-and-ink sketches they abound. Let me extract a few of them, not the best, but of best-known men. Here is Rousseau's face, from "Heroes and Hero Worship": "A high but narrow contracted intensity in it: bony brows; deep, strait-set eyes, in which there is something bewildered-looking,—bewildered, peering with lynx-eagerness; a face full of misery, even ignoble misery, and also of the antagonism against that; something mean, plebeian there, redeemed only by *intensity:* the face of what is called a Fanatic—a sadly *contracted* Hero!" Here a glimpse of Danton: "Through whose black brows and rude, flattened face there looks a waste energy as of Hercules." Camille Desmoulins: "With the face of dingy blackguardism wondrously irradiated with genius, as if a naphtha-lamp burned in it." Through Mirabeau's "shaggy beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence, bankruptcy,—and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire, glowing fuliginous through murkiest confusions." On first meeting with John Stuart Mill, he describes him to his wife as "a slender, rather tall, and elegant youth, with small, clear, Roman-nosed face, two small, earnestly smiling eyes; modest, remarkably gifted with precision of utterance; enthusiastic, yet lucid, calm; not a great, yet distinctly a gifted and amiable youth." A London editor whom he met about the same time, he describes as "a tall, loose, lank-haired, wrinkly, wintery, vehement-looking flail of a man." He goes into the House of Commons on one of his early visits to London: "Althorp spoke, a thick, large, broad-whiskered, farmer-looking man; Hume also, a powdered, clean, burly fellow; and Wetherell, a beetle-browed, sagacious, quizzical old gentleman; then Davies, a Roman-nosed dandy," etc. He must touch off the portrait of every man he sees. De Quincey "is one of the smallest men you ever in your life beheld; but with a most gentle and sensible face, only that the teeth are destroyed by opium, and the little bit of an under lip projects like a shelf." Leigh Hunt: "dark complexion (a trace of the African, I believe); copious, clean, strong black hair; beautifully shaped head; fine, beaming, serious hazel

eyes; seriousness and intellect the main expression of the face (to our surprise at first)." One of his classmates at Edinburgh, of his name, with whom his professor often confounded himself, he describes as a "bigger boy with red hair, wild buck-teeth and scorched complexion, and the worst Latinist of all my acquaintance." His Irish journey abounds in striking portraiture. "Dr. Murray—head cropped like stubble, red-skinned face, harsh gray Irish eyes; full of fiery Irish zeal, too, and rage, which, however, he had the art to keep down under buttery vocables." "In white neckcloth, opposite side, a lean figure of sixty; wrinkly, like a washed blacksmith, in the face, yet like a gentleman, too,—elaborately washed and dressed, yet still dirty looking." A face "wrinkled into stereotype of smile or of stoical frown, you couldn't say which." In one of his letters to Emerson there is a portrait of Webster. "As a logic-fencer, advocate, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him, at first sight, against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown;* the mastiff-mouth accurately closed; I have not traced as much of *silent Berserkir rage*, that I remember of, in any other man." In writing his histories, Carlyle valued, above almost anything else, a good portrait of his hero, and searched far and wide for such. He roamed through endless picture-galleries in Germany searching for a genuine portrait of Frederick the Great, and at last, chiefly by good luck, hit upon the thing he was in quest of. "If one would buy an indisputably authentic *old shoe* of William Wallace for hundreds of pounds, and run to look at it from all ends of Scotland, what would one give for an authentic visible shadow of his face, could such, by art natural or art magic, now be had?" "Often I have found a portrait superior in real instruction to half a dozen written 'biographies,' as biographies are written;—or, rather, let me say, I have found that the portrait was a small lighted *candle* by which the biographies could for the first time be *read*, and some human interpretation be made of them."

II.

CARLYLE stands at all times, at all places, for the hero, for power of will, authority of character, adequacy and obligation of personal force. He offsets completely, and with the emphasis of a clap of thunder, the modern leveling impersonal tendencies, the "manifest destinies," the blind mass movements, the merging of the one in the many, the rule of majorities, the no-government, no-leadership, *laissez-faire* principle. Unless there was evidence of a potent, supreme, human will guiding affairs, he had no faith in the issue; unless the hero was in the saddle, and the dumb blind forces well bitted and curbed beneath him, he took no interest in the venture. The cause of the North, in the War of the Rebellion, failed to enlist him, or touch him. It was a people's war; the hand of the strong man was not conspicuous; it was a conflict of ideas, rather than of personalities; there was no central and dominating figure around which events revolved. He missed his Cromwell, his Frederick. So far as his interest was aroused at all, it was with the South, because he had heard of the Southern slave-driver; he knew Cuffee had a master, the vagabond must work, and the crack of the planter's whip upon lazy backs was sweeter music to him than the crack of antislavery rifles, behind which he recognized only a vague, misdirected philanthropy.

Carlyle was not the relic of a former period, as Taine calls him—a mastodon strayed into a world not made for him. Probably no man is ever to be regarded as such, certainly not this man. He is as much a resultant of modern democracy as Walt Whitman; the compensation for its aridness and flatness; the one signal reaction against it that has head and force enough to stand, that we are bound to respect and heed; a tremendous counterweight whose final effect is as an equalizer and distributer of power. In him is stored up such momentum upon the significance of personal worth, veracity, heroism, the inequality of men, that democracy will ever move the steadier and safer for it. The condition of the masses, of the laboring man, of the poor, occupied his thought for years. "Chartism," "Past and Present," and "Latter-Day Pamphlets" were the outcome of his wrestlings and agonizings upon these subjects. No literary man of our time has given so much serious thought to them, or uttered deeper words of warning and counsel concerning them.

I would fain get at the bottom of Carlyle's opposition to democracy, to America, and find the meaning of it—the value of it. Of course, it arises primarily from the force with which he is shot in the direction I have indicated, the direction of heroes and hero-worship; but heroes may arise under a democracy. Indeed, where so free a field and so open a way? If a man have any insight and capacity in him above the common, where else can he find so sure and prompt an investment of it

as under a democracy? Here is no privileged class, no impossible barrier, no tragedy of a Burns, or neglect of a Johnson. True, in Nature's seed-field the tares choke down the wheat; but, unfortunately, we have no human wheat that we may guard and perpetuate, and raise a crop of Cromwells to order. The hero is and must always be a seedling, a wild, unbidden growth, and the danger that he will be choked down by the tares and nettles is, perhaps, less under free institutions than under any other.

"Democracy," Carlyle says, "is, by the nature of it, a self-canceling business, and gives in the long run a net result of *zero*." And, yet, we know that in every village and community, and in the great seed-fields of Time and continental areas, where nations and races are the competitors, the democratic principle is the only vitally active and triumphing one. The great prizes are not arbitrarily distributed, but more or less according to merit; they are carried off by the ablest, the bravest, the worthiest. Might, in the last analysis, means right. The race *is* to the swift; the battle *is* to the strong.

Carlyle's political writings are full of encouraging passages on this subject, as this, for instance, from "Past and Present": "The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors; the palpablest, but, I say, at bottom the smallest. Let him shake off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet; I blame him not; I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors! Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffling, sneering, God-forgetting unfortunates as we are? It is a work for centuries, to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions; who knows if not by conflagration and despair!"

Yet, this is the American problem, the problem of all democracies — a difficult one, it is true, but perhaps not so difficult or important as Carlyle teaches; not so difficult, at least for us in this country, for it is to be, and in a measure has been, solved by education and a free ballot; not so important, because the political rulers, the law-makers and law-executors, in a free country, play but a small part in the sum-total of life there.

Let me quote a long and characteristic passage from Carlyle's "Latter-Day Pamphlets," one of dozens, illustrating his misconception of universal suffrage:

"Your ship cannot double Cape Horn by its excellent plans of voting. The ship may vote this and that, above decks and below, in the most harmonious exquisitely constitutional manner; the ship to get round Cape Horn, will find a set of conditions already voted for and fixed with adamantine rigor by the ancient Elemental Powers, who are entirely careless how you vote. If you can, by voting or without voting, ascertain these conditions, and valiantly conform to them, you will get around the Cape; if you cannot, — the ruffian Winds will blow you ever back again; the inexorable Icebergs, dumb privy-councillors from Chaos, will nudge you with most chaotic 'admonition'; you will be flung half frozen on the Patagonian cliffs, or admonished into shivers by your iceberg councillors and sent sheer down to Davy Jones, and will never get around Cape Horn at all! Unanimity on board ship; — yes, indeed, the ship's crew may be very unanimous, which doubtless, for the time being, will be very comfortable to the ship's crew and to their Phantasm Captain if they have one; but if the tack they unanimously steer upon is guiding them into the belly of the Abyss, it will not profit them much! Ships accordingly do not use the ballot-box at all; and they reject the Phantasm species of Captain. One wishes much some other Entities — since all entities lie under the same rigorous set of laws — could be brought to show as much wisdom and sense at least of self-preservation, the *first* command of nature. Phantasm Captains with unanimous votings; this is considered to be all the law and all the prophets at present."

Here is the real crushing Carlylean wit and picturesqueness of statement, but is the case of democracy, of universal suffrage fairly put? The eternal verities appear again, as they appear everywhere in our author in connection with this subject. They recur in his pages like "minute-guns," as if in deciding, by the count of heads, whether Jones or Smith should go to Parliament or to Congress was equivalent to sitting in judgment upon the law of gravitation. What the ship in doubling Cape Horn would very likely do, if it found itself officerless, would be to choose, by some method more or less approaching a count of heads, a captain, an ablest man to take command, and put the vessel through. If none were able, then indeed the case were desperate; with or without the ballot-box, the abyss would be pretty sure of a victim. In any case, there would perhaps be as little voting to annul the storms, or change the ocean currents, as there is in democracies to settle ethical or scientific principles by an appeal to universal suffrage. But Carlyle was fated to see the abyss lurking under, and the eternities presiding over, every act of life. He saw everything in fearful gigantic perspective. It is true that one cannot loosen the latchet of his shoe without bending to forces that are cosmical, siderial; but whether he bends or not, or this way or that, he passes no verdict upon them. The temporary, the expedient — all those devices and adjustments that are of the nature of scaffolding, and that enter so largely into the administration of the coarser affairs of this world,

were with Carlyle equivalent to the false, the sham, the phantasmal, and he would none of them. As the ages seem to have settled themselves, for the present and the future, in all civilized lands—and especially in America—politics is little more than scaffolding; it certainly is not the house we live in, but an appurtenance or necessity of the house. A government, in the long run, can never be better or worse than the people governed. It is but the bark of the tree, the coarse outside rind,—a kind of scaffolding, very important it may be, and yet of no account in itself. In voting for Jones for constable, am I voting for or against the unalterable laws of the universe—an act wherein the consequences of a mistake are so appalling that voting would better be dispensed with and the selection of constables be left to the evolutionary principle of the solar system?

Yet Carlyle chose his ground, and took his bearings against universal suffrage, according to certain indisputable facts. These, namely, that wise men, the wisest men, are always in a minority, generally persecuted, rejected, crucified by the majority (Did not the multitude cry out, "Crucify him, crucify him"?); that the great books are read by the few, while the foolish book, the sensational novel, is eagerly read by the ten thousand; that the most transparent humbugs, if unblushingly pushed and noisily trumpeted abroad, are sure of the notice of the masses; that the quack doctor, the quack anything, by judicious advertising, thrives while patient merit starves; that virtue, integrity, sobriety, truthfulness, etc., are less taking to the multitude, are less sure of their votes, than pretentiousness, gilded falsehood, glibness, bribery, and skillful lobbying. Broad is the road that leads to perdition, a veritable democratic highway; the road that leads in the other direction is narrow and rugged and few walk therein. "Can it be proved that, since the beginning of the world, there was ever given a universal vote in favor of the worthiest man or thing? I have always understood that true worth, in any department, was difficult to recognize; that the worthiest, if he appealed to universal suffrage, would have but a poor chance." There is no disputing these facts, and if they really bear upon the question of popular government, of a free ballot, then the ground is clean shot away from under it. The world is really governed and led by minorities, and always will be. The many, sooner or later, follow the one. We have all become abolitionists in this country, some of us much to our surprise and bewilderment; we hardly know yet how it happened; but the time was when abolitionists were hunted by the multitude. Marvelous to relate, also, civil service reform has become popular among our politicians. Something has happened; the tide has risen while we slept, or while we mocked and laughed, and away we all go on the current.

Universal suffrage as exemplified in America is productive of evils enough, it is true; but dare we say the government—municipal, state, national—is not in the long run fairly representative of the people; that our rulers and law-makers are not, on the whole, as good as we are; that Congress does not fairly embody what of virtue and wisdom there is in the country? We shall have purer and more exalted rulers when we are a purer and more exalted people. The fault is not in the suffrage: making it broader, if that were possible, or making it narrower, would not mend matters; but elevate the standard of wisdom and morality of all classes—that would mend matters.

There is probably not much difference in the aggregate popular amount of morbific virus, whether under a European monarchy or in an American democracy. The difference, to scientific estimate, is that the latter certainly does, and most intensely does, what the other abstains from, or goes against—brings all the bad stuff to the surface, where it can be seen of men, and its medication considered.

Necessity is the mother of heroes always. We cannot call them or choose them to rule over us, because in ordinary times we do not know them; they do not know themselves. "We know not what we are any more than what we shall be," says Carlyle writing on Voltaire. He leaves out of his counts entirely the competitive principle that operates everywhere in nature—in your onion-bed, as well as in political states and amid teeming populations—natural selection, the survival of the fittest. What a sorting and sifting process went on in our army during the secession war, till the real captains, the real leaders, were found; not Fredericks or Wellingtons, perhaps, but the best the land afforded. "Will the ballot-box raise the Noblest to the chief place? does any sane man deliberately believe such a thing?" Carlyle asks. But it may be the proximate way. It is not an air-line to the point, the course as the bird flies, as the idealist dreams, but the most feasible, actual road—devious, circuitous, up hill and down dale—that mankind have yet found out. If Carlyle had only suggested a better way, the way according to his survey of the ground to be passed over; but he did not. The lofty, inflexible idealist that he was, he cut his own way through life as imperiously and autocratically as a Russian czar, permitting no

swerving from a right line, and he insisted upon a like rectitude in the rest of mankind. The universe itself, he said, was a Monarchy and Hierarchy, and this is as practical a suggestion as we get from him.

America, he said, was "Anarchy *plus* a street constable," and most of the transfixing shafts aimed at this country were aimed at a man of straw of his own setting-up: he did not and could not appreciate our case. Yet he looked fondly and yearningly upon America, the country of Emerson, the country to which his own thoughts and hopes had once turned in the darkest hours of his life. What would have been the results to *him*, had he emigrated to our shores? Emigration, in the main, to the individual and to the race, means liberation; a loosening of old ties and customs, an escape from old ruts, and Carlyle would doubtless have in some measure been freed from the hags and demons that vexed his prophetic soul had he come to America.

"America's battle," he said, in 1850, "is yet to fight; and we, sorrowful though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New Spiritual Pythons, plenty of them; enormous Megatherions, as ugly as were ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight Future on America; and she will have her own agony, and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of." But he failed to recognize the real python that was threatening us in his own time, and when we were battling with it and all but "cracking our sinews," he mocked; his sardonic laugh came echoing over the waters in the "American Iliad in a nutshell." But we may love and reverence the irate Scotchman all the same. His opposition to America and to the American idea is self-cancelling. He really plays into our hands, he lays the emphasis upon the right things, upon that upon which America has staked her all. He bids up manliness, veracity, courage, earnestness, to such a pitch that they become too precious for any but free institutions where the reliance is entirely upon them. The right of the weak to be governed by the strong, of the blind to be led by those who have eyes, in no way contravenes the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

None knew better than Carlyle himself that, whoever be the ostensible potentates and law-makers, the wise do virtually rule, the natural leaders do lead. Wisdom will out: it is the one thing in this world that cannot be suppressed or annulled. There is not a parish, township, or community little or big, in this country or in England, that is not finally governed, shaped, directed, built up by what of wisdom there is in it. All the leading industries and enterprises gravitate naturally to the hands best able to control them. The wise furnish employment for the unwise, capital flows to capital hands as surely as water seeks water.

> "Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave."

There never is and never can be any goverment but by the wisest. In all nations and communities, the law of nature finally prevails. If there is no wisdom in the people there will be none in their rulers; the virtue and intelligence of the representative will not be essentially different from that of his constituents. The dependence of the foolish, the thriftless, the improvident, upon his natural master and director, for food, employment, for life itself, is just as real to-day in America as it was in the old feudal or patriarchal times. The relation between the two is not so obvious, so intimate, but it is just as vital and essential. How shall we know the wise man unless he makes himself felt or seen or heard? How shall we know the master unless he masters us? Is there any danger that the real captains will not step to the front, and that we shall not know them when they do? Shall we not know a Luther, a Cromwell, a Franklin, a Washington?

"Man," says Carlyle, "little as he may suppose it, is necessitated to obey superiors; he is a social being in virtue of this necessity; nay, he could not be gregarious otherwise; he obeys those whom he esteems better than himself, wiser, braver, and will forever obey such; and ever be ready and delighted to do it." Why all this pother, then, and this clamorous calling for a divinely appointed task-master? We have already got him in one shape or another, and never have been and never can be without him; we are the tools of stronger minds, of stronger hands than our own. If there are no heroes in our midst, no master hearts and heads, more's the pity, but there is no remedy. The soil of a country determines its crops, the character of a people determines its heroes. "Where the great mass of men is tolerably right," Carlyle again says, "all is right; where they are not right, all is wrong." Think in how many ways, through how many avenues in our times, the wise man can reach us and place himself at our head, or mold us to his liking, as orator, statesman, poet, philosopher, preacher, editor. If he has any wise thing to speak, any scheme to unfold, there is the rostrum or pulpit and crowds ready to hear him, or there is the steam power-press ready to disseminate his wisdom to

the four corners of the earth. He can set up a congress or a parliament and really make and unmake the laws, by his own fireside, in any country that has a free press. "If we will consider it, the essential truth of the matter is, every British man can now elect *himself* to Parliament without consulting the hustings at all. If there be any vote, idea, or notion in him, or any earthly or heavenly thing, cannot he take a pen and therewith autocratically pour forth the same into the ears and hearts of all people, so far as it will go?" ("Past and Present.") Or there is the pulpit everywhere waiting to be worthily filled. What may not the real hero accomplish here? "Indeed, is not this that we call spiritual guidance properly the soul of the whole, the life and eyesight of the whole?"

In more primitive times, and amid more rudely organized communities, the hero, the strong man, could step to the front and seize the leadership like the buffalo of the plains or the wild horse of the pampas; but in our time, at least among English-speaking races, he must be more or less called by the suffrage of the people. With respect, therefore, to this question of the leadership of the wisest, Carlyle seems to me like a man who denies the sun because the day is cloudy. Such light as there is is sunlight and not cloud-light; and such light of wisdom as there is in the world, by which we guide our steps, however much it may be dimmed and obstructed, is the light of the wise men in it tempered, it is true, by many potent half-rays or shadows representing other, perhaps conflicting, facts and influences (doubtless meaning something equally important), and by the capacity of the eyesight of the times to absorb true light; which latter contingency, one cannot too often repeat, is probably the main affair. The sky of every age and people is always more or less overcast; the pure rays of wisdom do not and cannot have unobstructed sway. The stupidity of men, the inefficiency of materials, and the dust and confusion of the strife that always hides the character of an age from itself, all balk and hinder it. We probably have little conception to what extent the proudest names in history were blurred and belittled to contemporary times. The soldier in battle knows little of the part his general played in the victory or in the defeat. At a sufficient distance from an age, its true lights and leaders appear; we look athwart the clouds; the temporary, the accidental, has fallen away, the dust and heat of battle are gone. We view the mountain range from a vantage-ground, and can easily pick out the highest peak. It is quite certain that had there been a seventeenth or eighteenth century Carlyle, he would not have seen the hero in Cromwell, or in Frederick, that the nineteenth century Carlyle saw in each. In any case, in any event, the dead rule us more than the living; we cannot escape the past. It is not merely by virtue of the sunlight that falls now, and the rain and dew that it brings, that we continue here; but by virtue of the sunlight of eons of past ages.

"This land of England has its conquerors, possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are these following and their representatives if you can find them: all the Heroic Souls that ever were in England, each in their degree; all the men that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a true and valiant thing in England." "Work? The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections!" In our own politics, has our first President ever ceased to be President? Does he not still sit there the stern and blameless patriot uttering counsel? Let me make a nation's dead rulers, and I care not who makes the living.

Carlyle had no faith in the inherent tendency of things to right themselves, to adjust themselves to their own proper standards; the conservative force of nature, the checks and balances by which her own order and succession is maintained; the astronomic principle by which the systems are kept in poise in the spheral harmony; the Darwinian principle according to which the organic life of the globe has been evolved, the higher and more complex forms mounting from the lower, the principle or power, name it Fate, name it Necessity, name it God, or what you will, which finally lifts a people, a race, an age, and even a community above the reach of choice, of accident, of individual will, into the region of general law. So little is life what we make it, after all; so little is the course of history, the destiny of nations, the result of any man's purpose, or direction or will, so great is Fate, so insignificant is man! The human body is made up of a vast congeries or association of minute cells, each with its own proper work and function at which it toils incessantly night and day, and thinks of nothing beyond. The shape, the size, the color of the body, its degree of health and strength, etc., no cell or series of cells decides these points; a law above and beyond the cell determines these points. The final destiny and summing up of a nation is,

perhaps, as little within the conscious will and purpose of the individual citizens. When you come to large masses, to long periods, the law of nature steps in. The day is hot or the day is cold, the spring is late or the spring is early; but the inclination of the earth's axis makes the winter and summer sure. The wind blows this way and blows that, but the great storms gyrate and travel in one general direction. There is a wind of the globe that never varies, and there is the breeze of the mountain that is never two days alike. The local hurricane moves the waters of the sea to a depth of but a few feet; but the tidal impulse goes to the bottom. Men and communities in this world are often in the position of arctic explorers, who are making great speed in a given direction, while the ice-floe beneath them is making greater speed in the opposite direction. This kind of progress has often befallen political and ecclesiastical parties in this country. Behind mood lies temperament; back of the caprice of will lies the fate of character; back of both is the bias of family; back of that the tyranny of race; still deeper the power of climate, of soil, of geology, the whole physical and moral environment. Still, we are free men only so far as we rise above these. We cannot abolish fate, but we can in a measure utilize it. The projectile force of the bullet does not annul or suspend gravity; it uses it. The floating vapor is just as true an illustration of the law of gravity as the falling avalanche.

Carlyle, I say, had sounded these depths that lie beyond the region of will and choice, beyond the sphere of man's moral accountability; but in life, in action, in conduct, no man shall take shelter here. One may summon his philosophy when he his beaten in battle, and not till then. You shall not shirk the hobbling Times to catch a ride on the sure-footed Eternities. The times are bad; very well, you are there to make them better. "The public highways ought not to be occupied by people demonstrating that motion is impossible." ("Chartism.")

III.

Caroline Fox, in her "Memoirs of Old Friends," reports a smart saying about Carlyle, current in her time, which has been current in some form or other ever since, namely, that he had a large capital of faith uninvested,—carried it about him as ready money, I suppose, working capital. It is certainly true that it was not locked up in any of the various social or religious safe deposits. He employed a vast deal of it in his daily work. It took not a little to set Cromwell up and Frederick. Indeed, it is doubtful if among his contemporaries there was a man with so active a faith—so little invested in paper securities. His religion as a present living reality went with him into every question. He did not believe that the Maker of this universe had retired from business, or that he was merely a sleeping partner in the concern. "Original sin," he says, "and such like are bad enough, I doubt not; but distilled gin, dark ignorance, stupidity, dark corn-law, bastille, and company, what are they?" For creeds, theories, philosophies, plans for reforming the world, etc., he cared nothing, he would not invest one moment in them; but the hero, the worker, the doer, justice, veracity, courage, these drew him,—in these he put his faith. What to other people were mere abstractions were urgent, pressing realities to Carlyle. Every truth or fact with him has a personal inclination, points to conduct, points to duty. He could not invest himself in creeds and formulas, but in that which yielded an instant return in force, justice, character. He has no philosophical impartiality. He has been broken up; there have been moral convulsions; the rock stands on end. Hence the vehement and precipitous character of his speech—its wonderful picturesqueness and power. The spirit of gloom and dejection that possesses him, united to such an indomitable spirit of work and helpfulness, is very noteworthy. Such courage, such faith, such unshaken adamantine belief in the essential soundness and healthfulness that lay beneath all this weltering and chaotic world of folly and evil about him, in conjunction with such pessimism and despondency, was never before seen in a man of letters. I am reminded that in this respect he was more like a root of the tree of Igdrasil than like a branch; one of the central and master roots with all which that implies, toiling and grappling in the gloom, but full of the spirit of light. How he delves and searches; how much he made live and bloom again; how he sifted the soil for the last drop of heroic blood. The fates are there, too, with water from the sacred well. He is quick, sensitive, full of tenderness and pity; yet he is savage and brutal when you oppose him or seek to wrench him from his holdings.

"The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? 'Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.' The depth of our despair measures what capability, and height of claim we have, to hope." ("Cromwell.")

Carlyle was like an unhoused soul, naked and bare to every wind that blows. He felt

the awful cosmic chill. He could not take shelter in the creed of his fathers nor in any of the opinions and beliefs of his time. He could not and did not try to fend himself against the keen edge of the terrible doubts, the awful mysteries, the abysmal questions and duties. He lived and wrought as in the visible presence of God. This was no myth to him, but a terrible reality. How the immensities open and yawn about him! He was like a man who should suddenly see his relations to the universe, both physical and moral, in gigantic perspective, and never through life lose the awe, the wonder, the fear, the revelation inspired. The veil, the illusion of the familiar, the commonplace, is torn away. The natural becomes the supernatural. Every question, every character, every duty, was seen against the immensities, like figures in the night against a background of fire, and seen as if for the first time. The siderial, the cosmical, the eternal,—we grow familiar with these or lose sight of them entirely. But Carlyle never lost sight of them; his sense of them became morbidly acute, preternaturally developed, and it was as if he saw every movement of the hand, every fall of a leaf, as an emanation of solar energy. "That haggard mood of the imagination" (his own phrase) was habitual with him. His moral nature was thrown into peaks and chasms—the strata were rent asunder. He could see only the tragical in life and in history. Events were imminent, poised like avalanches that a word might loosen. We see his friends perpetually amazed at his earnestness, the gradations in his mind were so steep; the descent from the thought to the deed was so swift and inevitable.

"Daily and hourly," he says (at the age of 38), "the world natural grows more of a world magical to me; this is as it should be. Daily, too, I see that there is no true poetry but in *reality*." "The gist of my whole way of thought," he says again, "is to raise the natural to the supernatural." To his brother John he wrote, in 1832: "I get more earnest, graver, not unhappier every day. The whole creation seems more and more divine to me, the natural more and more supernatural." His eighty-five years did not tame him at all, did not blunt his conception of the "fearfulness and wonderfulness of life." The anodyne of life acted rather as an excitant upon Carlyle, and instead of quieting or benumbing him, filled him with portentous imaginings and fresh cause for wonder. There is a danger that such a mind, if it takes to literature, will make a mess of it. But Carlyle is saved by his tremendous gripe upon reality. Do I say the ideal and the real were one with him? He made the ideal *the* real, and the only real. Whatever he touched he made tangible, actual, and vivid. Ideas are hurled like rocks, a word blisters like a branding-iron, a metaphor transfixes like a javelin. There is something in his sentences that lays hold of things, as the acids bite metals. His subtle thoughts, his marvelous wit, like the viewless gases of the chemist, combine with a force that startles the reader.

Carlyle differs from the ordinary religious enthusiast in the way he bares his bosom to the storm. His attitude is rather one of gladiatorial resignation than supplication. He makes peace with nothing, takes refuge in nothing. He flouts at happiness, at repose, at joy. "There is in man a *higher* than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." "The life of all gods figures itself to us as a sublime sadness—earnestness of infinite battle against infinite labor. Our highest religion is named the 'Worship of Sorrow.' For the Son of Man there is no noble crown, well worn or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns." His own worship is a kind of defiant admiration of Eternal Justice. He asks no quarter, and will give none. He turns upon the grim destinies a look as undismayed and as uncompromising as their own. Despair cannot crush him; he will crush it. The more it bears on, the harder he will work. The way to get rid of wretchedness is to despise it; the way to conquer the devil is to defy him; the way to gain heaven is to turn your back upon it, and be as unflinching as the gods themselves. Satan may be roasted in his own flames; Tophet may be exploded with its own sulphur. "Despicable biped!" (Teufelsdröckh is addressing himself.) "What is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet, too, and all that the devil and man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not suffer whatso it be, and as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it." This is the "Everlasting No" of Teufelsdröckh, the annihilation of self. Having thus routed Satan with his own weapons, the "Everlasting Yea" is to people his domain with fairer forms; to find your ideal in the world about you: "Thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or of that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic?" Carlyle's watchword through life, as I have said, was the German word "*Entsagen*," or renunciation. The perfect flower of

religion opens in the soul only when all self-seeking is abandoned. The divine, the heroic attitude is: "I seek not Heaven, I fear not Hell; I crave the truth alone, whithersoever it may lead." "Truth! I cried, though the heavens crush me for following her: no falsehood, though a celestial lubberland were the price of apostasy." The truth — what is the truth? Carlyle answers that which you believe with all your soul and all your might and all your strength, and are ready to face Tophet for,— that, for you, is the truth. Such a seeker was he himself. It matters little whether we agree that he found the truth or not. The law of this universe is such that where the love, the desire, is perfect and supreme, the truth is already found. That is the truth, not the letter, but the spirit; the seeker and the sought are one. Can you by searching find out God? No; but make your actions Godlike, and He is already with you. This is Carlyle's position, so far as it can be defined. He hated dogma as he hated poison. No direct or definite statement of religious belief or opinion could he tolerate. He abandoned the church for which his father designed him, because of his inexorable artistic sense; he could not endure the dogma that the church rested upon, the pedestal of clay upon which the golden image was reared. The gold he held to as do all serious souls, but the dogma of clay he quickly dropped. "Whatever becomes of us," he said, referring to this subject in a letter to a friend when he was in his twenty-third year, "never let us cease to behave like honest men."

It was this artistic sense, this refusal to name the unspeakable, to translate the emotions of the soul in the presence of the Infinite Mystery into the language of the understanding that so bewildered the elder Henry James. Carlyle was before all things an artist, though no man hated so royally the current cant and twaddle about art. He was an artist in this: he must have and would have concrete realities and identities. He said to Emerson, apropos of some visionary Emerson had sent him: "I can do nothing with vapors, but wish them *condensed*." Realities, but realities impelled by the ideal as a ship by the gale.

It may be added that Carlyle was one of those men whom the world can neither make nor break,— a meteoric rock from out the fiery heavens, bound to hit hard if not self-consumed and not looking at all for a convenient or a soft place to alight,— a blazing star in his literary expression, but in his character and purpose the most tangible and unconquerable of men.

"Thou, O World, how wilt thou secure thyself against this man? Thou canst not hire him by thy guineas; nor by thy gibbets and law penalties restrain him. He eludes thee like a Spirit. Thou canst not forward him, thou canst not hinder him. Thy penalties, thy poverties, neglects, contumelies: behold, all these are good for him."

SINCE the foregoing pages were written, the letters of Mrs. Carlyle have been given to the world, and it may be worth our while to glance briefly at the woman of whom we have heard so much, and over whose fate so much sympathy has been indulged in. No new light of consequence is thrown upon the great author himself by the publication, but the wife whom he so lauds in his "Reminiscences," and over whose memory he is so remorseful and self-accusing, stands clearly and definitely before us. Clearness and definiteness are among her most marked characteristics. She always knows her mind, can reach a decision quickly, and hits the mark every time. Carlyle said her eye could correct the plumb and square of the carpenter. The tone of the letters is as clear as a bell, not a false note in them; but, apart from the ill health of which they are the record, they reveal a terribly unhappy mind, and a sort of suppressed life like that of a plant under a stone. The stone, it will be quickly said, as has been said over and over again, was her husband; which is true, but in no sense for which he can be held responsible; every husband, intensely preoccupied, his whole heart and soul in his work, is in the same way a stone to the wife who does not glory in his preoccupation, and who has not ample and worthy outlets and occupations of her own. The wife must either find her happiness in merging her life in that of her husband's, making his aims and his successes her own, or she must have ample original resources to fall back upon. Mrs. Carlyle did not do the former and she had not the latter. She was jealous of her husband's absorption in his work; and in the menial service which she was so assiduous in rendering him,— shielding him from cocks, dogs, donkeys, parrots, pianos, servants, and all household annoyances and interruptions, mending his trowsers and making his puddings,— she found no worthy outlet for the genius that was in her. That was not her proper mission. Just what her mission was, she herself was in much doubt. She said she had a devil in her, always calling to her "'March! march!' and bursting into infernal laughter when requested to be so good as to specify whither." This was the gipsy element in her to which she confesses, and which was bound to give her trouble.

She said she had thought that in a civil war she might possibly find her work. One could almost fancy in her another Joan of Arc; easy enough, another Charlotte Corday. In any case, a childless marriage with a man whose genius overtopped her own, and whose ways were the ways of fate, was not the best lot for her. Hence, one is not surprised to find her writing to Forster: "I do think there is much truth in the Young German idea that marriage is a shockingly immoral institution, as well as what we have long known it for—an extremely disagreeable one." The fire that melts a woman's heart is not the fire that fills the prophet's soul; nor yet is it the furnace heat that smelts such mountains of crude ore as that out of which "Frederick" and "Cromwell" came.

With a will of adamant and a preoccupation like that of Hercules cleansing his stables or descending into Hades, it is certain in advance that Carlyle will prove in some respects an unsatisfactory husband and lover. He was not lacking in heart and sympathy, but he was probably deficient in, and blind to, the sentiment of the sexes; and hence his shortcomings as a husband appear to have been in those little attentions, flatteries, caresses, intimacies, etc., that a woman expects of her lover.

"In great matters," says his wife, "he is always kind and considerate; but these little attentions which we women attach so much importance to he was never in the habit of rendering to any one; his up-bringing and the severe turn of mind he has from nature had alike indisposed him toward them." Yet how the dear woman whistles to keep her courage up. "It is odd," she says, "what notions men seem to have of the scantiness of a woman's resources. They do not find it anything out of nature that they should be able to exist by themselves; but a woman must always be borne about on somebody's shoulders, and dandled and chirped to, or it is supposed she will fall into the blackest melancholy." Now, Mrs. Carlyle was intensely womanly in this; she laid great stress upon little matters, and she was famishing for the little caresses and attentions she sneered at.

Her power over men, quite depriving them of their wits for the time being, even infatuating old Sterling, and leading him to write to her in a way that angered her very much, means a good deal. It means, among other things, the possession of charms, to which Carlyle, by the nature of him, was unresponsive, and that wasted their sweetness on the desert air.

More than that, she allowed her life to be absorbed in little things. She was the victim of trifles. Her letters are mainly a record of the petty ills and annoyances of one's life. She chronicles all her tears, woman fashion, and all her tremors and hysterical spasms. She says: "It is not only a faculty with me, but a necessity of my nature, to make a great deal out of nothing." Her letters are all to be read in the light of this confession. She was a finely organized creature, and had that "preternatural intensity of sensation" (her own phrase) which so magnifies the little. The sting of a wasp nearly killed her (letter 114), and she fairly broke her heart over her husband's innocent admiration for Lady Ashburton. She says in a letter to her husband, a few weeks before her sudden death: "I don't pretend to be an ordinary man or woman; I am perfectly extraordinary, especially in the power I possess of fretting and worrying myself into one fever after another, without any cause to speak of." The dear, honest creature! Fatigue, she says, which makes a healthy human being sleepy, makes her delirious. Her lot was exceptionally severe only in the matter of ill health; in other respects, fortune was more than kind to her. She magnifies all her trials in a way worthy her husband himself, who wrote to his brother John, that getting settled in the house at Craigenputtock was a battle like that of St. George and the Dragon. Her intellectual narrowness (in this case blindness) is shown in the remark that Emerson had no ideas of his own (but mad ones) except what he had got from Carlyle.

Then, like her husband, she was not made for happiness. She is reported as saying she hated joy, and in one of her letters she says, "Happiness is but a low thing." She had no wholesome human indifference, none of that unctuous, self-complacent quality that turns aside so many of the petty ills and annoyances of this world, and that is to the human sensibilities what the oil is to the duck's back. With Mrs. Carlyle every drop penetrated, found the pores open, and her spirits are habitually bedraggled. It was a trick or vanity of both man and wife, and unworthy them both, never to acknowledge they took pleasure in anything. The wife protests that she hates letter-writing, and often wrote with the back of the pen; and yet few women have ever written such bright, readable letters. Carlyle detested lecturing, and yet those who heard him say he spoke as one inspired. Neither had any reticence upon the subject of their ills and miseries, though here, perhaps, the husband groans the louder, because he is the stronger. To suffer and be silent was not a virtue of either. Indeed, in many ways, this famous couple were much alike; too much so, one would say. They did not complement

and offset each other at enough points. Before their marriage, Carlyle wrote: "It is the earnest, affectionate, warm-hearted, enthusiastic Jane that I love. The acute, sarcastic, clear-sighted, derisive Jane I can at best but admire." Now both had just this dual nature, and you are never sure which side of the penny will turn up. The wife shows the acute and sarcastic side to the husband very often in this correspondence; as to which side he shows in his letters to her, we have Froude's testimony that he is uniformly tender and affectionate.

All the husband's ills and annoyances reappear in the wife in an exaggerated form. She is more sleepless than he is; more addicted to blue pills and morphia; more disturbed by dogs, cats, bugs, cocks, donkeys, parrots, locomotives; more used up by travel, boats, hotels, etc. When he takes snuff, she sneezes with a vengeance. His worry becomes almost distraction in her. When he is compelled to serve on a jury, she is nearly made sick; when she hears him jump out of bed at night in the room above her, unable to sleep, her heart is in her throat till he turns in again; when she makes the awful discovery that a cock and hens have suddenly appeared in the next yard, she is in torment till she has bought the owner up; in short, when the husband has indigestion, the wife has nightmare; and this through her genius for worriment; she catches it, and a spark in others becomes a flame in her. She was acute in every sense; all her maladies take an acute form; her colds and headaches are severer than those of other people, and she at last dies of some acute nervous disease — chronic in its obstinacy, but acute in its intensity.

Yet, probably, she was happier with Carlyle than she could have been with any other man. Writing to his mother, in 1837, she says of Carlyle: "Numbers of people love me often, after their fashion, far better than I deserve; but then his fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am."

The most serious want one feels in Mrs. Carlyle's relation to her husband, as already intimated, is that she did not share in any adequate measure, or apparently aspire to share, his high and heroic life, only his petty, humdrum kitchen life; she was not his companion or helpmate in the writing of his books, did not even read them all, but was jealous of his absorption in them. His tasks, he says, were no choice of hers, but fell upon her like ill-health or foul weather; and remembering her silent indifference, he reproaches himself for talking to her, night after night, of the battle of Molwitz, while he was writing "Frederick." Interest in remote persons or events, or in general questions, she had not; yet that she was the most bright and intelligent of women, these letters abundantly testify; and that she was an extremely lovable one, winning the hearts of both old and young wherever she went, and keeping them, is equally certain.

John Burroughs.

THE VOICE OF D. G. R.

From this carved chair wherein I sit to-night,
The dead man read in accents deep and strong,
Through lips that were like Chaucer's, his great song
About the Beryl and its virgin light;
And still that music lives in death's despite,
And though my pilgrimage on earth be long,
Time cannot do my memory so much wrong
As e'er to make that gracious voice take flight.
I sit here with closed eyes; the sound comes back,
With youth, and hope, and glory on its track,
A solemn organ-music of the mind;
So, when the oracular moon brings back the tide,
After long drought, the sandy channel wide
Murmurs with waves, and sings beneath the wind.

Edmund W. Gosse.

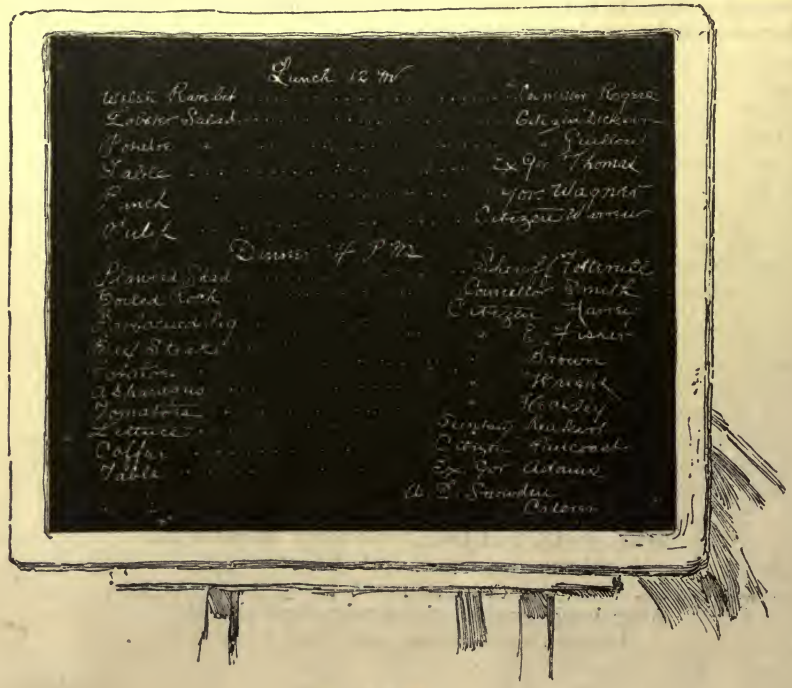
THE OLDEST CLUB IN AMERICA.

THE CLUB EMBLEM.

In early colonial days, much time and thought were bestowed in Pennsylvania upon recreation and simple and healthful social pleasures. In pursuance of this object, in May, 1732, a few of the original settlers, many of them emigrants with William Penn, met and determined to found a colony on the banks of the beautiful "Manaiung," as the Schuylkill was then called. They sought a patron in the person of William Warner, Esq., and settled on a portion of his well wooded estate, "Eaglesfield," and proceeded to fence in an acre of ground whereon to carry out their peculiar ideas. To prove that "Baron" Warner enforced his proprietary rights, the following receipt, preserved among the archives of the State, is offered:

"June 1st, 1749, received of the Honorable Thomas Stretch, Esquire, & Co., three sun perch, in full for one year's rent of the court-house lot on Schuylkill, due this present month.

"WILLIAM WARNER."



A BILL OF FARE.

SKETCHES IN CAMP.

This payment of free socage came, in time, to be attended with some ceremony. The Governor appointed a committee of three citizens, who placed the three sun perch on the large pewter dish, heavily stamped with the family coat-of-arms, which was brought to this country by William Penn and presented to the colony. Thus the rent due to the "Manor House" was presented, with great respect, to the "Baron." The colonists then proceeded to organize a form of government and to draw up a code of laws. The first of May was fixed upon as Gala Day, the beginning of the fishing and fowling season, and October 1st as Election Day, to close the official year. At the first enjoyment of their new franchise as free and independent colonists, October, 1732, they chose a governor, five members of Assembly, a sheriff, and a coroner. A secretary of state was appointed by the Governor. On such occasions rounds of beef, barbecued pig, sirloin steaks, and the products of the rod and gun were set forth, the feast closing with the social pipe. Among the early executive acts of the Colonial Governor the following official warrant was issued:

"COLONY OF SCHUYLKILL, ss.

To —— and all other Schuylkillians whom it may concern:

"Whereas, great quantities of rabbits, squirrels, pheasants, partridges, and others of the game kind, have presumed to infest the coasts and territories of Schuylkill in a wild, bold, and ungovernable manner: These are therefore to authorize and require you or any of you to make diligent search for the said rabbits, squirrels, pheasants, partridges, and others of the game kind, in all suspected places where they may be found, and bring the respective bodies of so many as you shall find before the Justices, etc., at a General Court to be held Thursday, the fourth day of October next, there to be proceeded against, as by the said Court shall be adjudged; and for your or any of your so doing, this shall be your sufficient Warrant. Witness, myself, the twenty-ninth day of September, in the twelfth year of my Government, and year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-four.

[L. S.] "THOMAS STRETCH."

Under Governor Stretch the colony prospered in its peaceful pursuits. In the year 1747, for their more convenient accommodation, they resolved to build a court-house for the meetings of the Governor, Assembly and colonists, on the slope facing the river, amid the stately walnut trees, some of which furnished the timber. As early as 1759 the Rev. Andrew Burnaby, A. M., vicar of Greenwich, England, thus writes of this aristocratic colony in his "Travels through the Middle Settlements of North America," published in London the following year:

"There is a society of sixteen ladies and as many gentlemen, called the 'Fishing Company,' which meet once a fortnight upon the Schuylkill. They have a very pleasant room erected in a romantic situation upon the banks of that river, where they generally

THE CASTLE.

A NEW MEMBER.

dine and drink tea. There are several pretty walks about it, and some wild and rugged rocks which, together with the water and fine groves that adorn the banks, form a most beautiful and picturesque scene. There are boats and fishing-tackle of all sorts, and the company divert themselves with walking, dancing, singing, conversing, going upon the water and fishing, or just as they please. The ladies wear an uniform, and appear with great ease and advantage from the neatness and simplicity of it. The first and most distinguished people of the colony are of this society, and it is very advantageous to a stranger to be introduced to it, as he thereby gets acquainted with the best and most respected company in Philadelphia."

It was found impossible to enjoy and fully protect the "right and privilege to hunt in the woods and fish in the waters of the Schuylkill," granted to the colony by the Lenape tribe, without the power to enforce the same. Accordingly, in 1760, a law was passed, entitled "An act for the support of the navy in Schuylkill."

After a long and prosperous administration of thirty-four years, Governor Stretch laid down his rod never again to command the "fishing fleet." During the Revolution, Samuel Morris, Governor of Schuylkill, became Captain of the "Philadelphia Light-Horse," the muster of which contained the names of many of the citizens of the Schuylkill Colony. This corps served with distinction in the Jersey campaigns, participated in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, was Washington's body-guard, and received his especial commendation on their discharge from service. In 1781, a committee was appointed to repair the long-abandoned court-house, the neglected navy, and dilapidated dock-yard, and put them in a state suitable for the importance of the step about to be taken by the colonists. On the 11th of October, of the following year, the Governor, Assembly, and citizens, as many as could be gathered, met in the court-house, and unanimously passed a declaration of independence and fourteen enactments providing fully for the government of the colony as a sovereign and independent State, and that the court-house was henceforth to be known as the Castle of the State in Schuylkill.

The citizens of the State quaffed many bowls of punch in toasting and foretelling its prospects; and as their lusty cheers ran through the "Baron's" wood,

> "Schuylkill heard the merry strain
> Repeated o'er and o'er again,
> Her ebbing tide bore on the air
> And echoed it to Delaware."

The death of the worthy "Baron" Warner, a few years later, freed the commonwealth of its only vestige of feudal ties. On Thursday, June 14th, 1787, George Washington was entertained at the Castle.

In 1825, "Little Schuylkill" invited General Lafayette and suite to dine in state at the Castle. The citizens, habited in white linen aprons and ample straw hats, formed in open file facing inward, near the north front entrance to the Castle. The three banners were on the right. General Lafayette and

SHELLING PEAS.

suite, and the gentlemen in attendance on him as escort deputed by the city authorities, alighted at the lines of the State. They were conducted between the open files toward the Castle by the Secretary of State; at the threshold of which Councillor Morris, in the absence of his Excellency the Governor, received Lafayette, as the guest of the State,

GOVERNOR SAMUEL MORRIS. (AFTER A BUST BY WILLIAM RUSH.)

with a cordial welcome, and presented him with a certificate of honorary membership as a duly qualified citizen. To the welcome the General promptly replied:

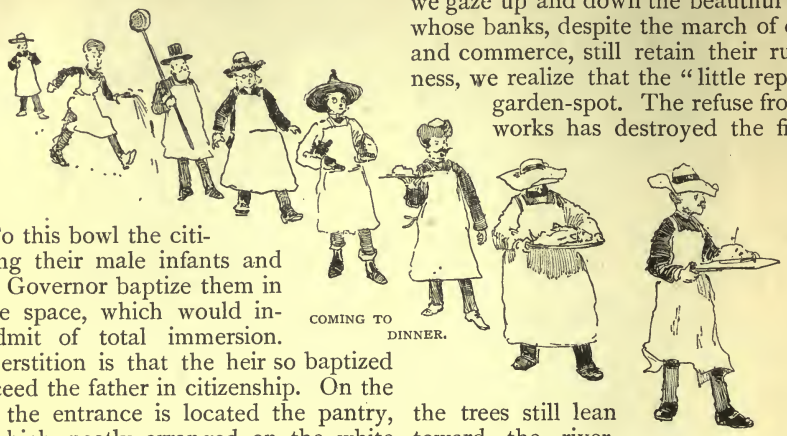
"My Dear Sir: I feel sincere pleasure in visiting your ancient institution, so pleasantly situated on the bank of your beautiful river. It is the more grateful to me as it completes my tour to all the States of the Union. About half a century ago, I first crossed your beautiful stream in times of peril; far different now are the sensations I realize in meeting my friends on so pleasant an occasion. I feel honored by your polite invitation and kind reception in your ancient and agreeable State in Schuylkill. May you long continue happy and prosperous."

The Marquis, expressing a desire as a member to do his duty, was duly invested by the Councillors with a hat and apron, and introduced to the kitchen, where he was initiated into business by attention to the turning of the beefsteaks on the gridiron. The banquet was served at four o'clock. All fared sumptuously, and the mirth was greatly enhanced by the happy witticism of Judge Richard Peters, who sang several excellent songs, to the delight of his veteran friend Lafayette.

Since that time there has been little change in the simple manners and quaint customs of the State in Schuylkill. The erection of the dam at Fairmount in 1822 for the Philadelphia Water-Works stopped the tide-water and threatened destruction to the fishing. The "Schuylkillians" with sorrow relinquished the land they had occupied for ninety years, trusted their "Castle" to the waters of the Schuylkill, and, floating it five miles down the river, located their settlement at Rambo Rock, below Grey's Ferry. Here the Castle still stands, surrounded by a wood of lofty forest trees planted by the Freemen of that date, whose descendants alone remain to enjoy the grateful shade.

As we enter the long lane, shaded by buttonwoods, on a gala day, we see at the Castle busy men in long aprons and broad-brimmed hats. In dimensions the building itself is not awe-inspiring. Over the portal you may read the date 1732. The structure is of wood, and the many coats of yellow wash, peeling from its sides, reveal the secret of its preservation. The absence of glass, the board shutters being painted in imitation of windows, tells of a primitive period, while the bare floor and whitewashed walls speak of the ancient simplicity that has been preserved. The citizens are appointed in turn to market for the kitchen and to assign the preparation of the dishes to different members. Economy is the first requisite, and a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the

cooks the second. The large bowl, out of which we ladle our famous "Fish-House Punch" with the curious wooden "dipper" that never spills, was imported and presented to the State by Captain Charles Ross, in 1812. To this bowl the citizens bring their male infants and have the Governor baptize them in its ample space, which would indeed admit of total immersion. The superstition is that the heir so baptized will succeed the father in citizenship. On the right of the entrance is located the pantry, within which, neatly arranged on the white sanded shelves, stands the china, each piece stamped with the company's emblem, a sun perch. On the immediate right, in the main or dining-hall of the Castle, stands the company's chest, in which are kept the ingredients of the punch. On two stout supports rests the "Penn Platter," already referred to in the payment of socage. To describe the objects of interest suspended on the walls, presented from time to time by visitors, would make an interesting and miscellaneous catalogue. Several of the early State papers bearing dates of the first half of the eighteenth century appear on the walls, neatly framed. Near the door leading to the piazza facing the river stands the bust of Samuel Morris, who was governor of Schuylkill for forty-six years, and to whose urbane manner and rigid simplicity the foundation of the State owes its existence and long-continued prosperity. As we gaze up and down the beautiful Schuylkill, whose banks, despite the march of civilization and commerce, still retain their rural loveliness, we realize that the "little republic" is a garden-spot. The refuse from the gas-works has destroyed the fishing, but the trees still lean toward the river, seeking the moisture rising from its surface. Lunch is served on the long wooden table, set under the protecting shade of the oaks and maples and underspread by a carpet of violets, daisies, and buttercups. Comfortably placed in the deep-seated, high-backed chairs, the guests are served with lobster salad, cold corn-beef, and Welsh rare-bit. Lunch is hardly over before the Castle bell rings out from the tower, and the Sheriff appears at the door, calling out, "Oyez! Oyez!" making proclamation in the name of the Governor, summoning all citizens to assemble in the hall of the Castle to consider affairs appertaining to the State.



COMING TO DINNER.

THE KITCHEN.

THE FIRE-PLACE.

To the deliberations of the Assembly none but citizens are admitted. Upon the adjournment of the Assembly, a busy scene presents itself in the kitchen. This building is about forty feet long by fifteen feet deep. The front wooden wall is hung on hinges, which when swung up and supported on props makes a convenient shed. The floor is bricked and shelves run round the room, on which stand every implement of the culinary art. In the center of the back wall is the huge fire-place, eight feet by six, with its roaring fire. Above and around the fire-place hang the old-fashioned gridirons and frying-pans; the latter, which have handles six feet long, are no longer in use. These belong to the "tossing" days. Before the fishing was destroyed, one or two members would sleep at the Castle the night before Gala Day, and would be up at day-break to catch the early tide and return with dozens of white perch for the day's repast. These, being duly inspected and cleaned by the Coroner, would be assigned to some citizen to cook. To insure a successful toss, great care was used in placing the perch in the pan; the largest were placed at the outer rim, the heads meeting where the handle joins the pan. The next in size succeeded, and so on until the pan was full. When the fish were thoroughly cooked on one side, the cook would announce the fact, and everybody would gather around to see the toss. Loosening the fish by a lateral movement of the pan, with a further movement only to be learned by practice, the cook would toss and turn the entire pan of fish, replacing them in the pan with the cooked side up and each fish relatively in its original position. Owing to the destruction of the fishing, the toss is now nearly a lost art. When a crowd gathers round the old pump, it is a sign that the "Coroner" is cleaning the shad for planking. This is a matter of some ceremony. The senior apprentice claims the right to hold and turn the first shad for the "Coroner," after which one of the juniors is allowed to learn the art of cleaning and splitting a shad properly. Thoroughly washed, they are laid on the draining-board, and during their drying the boards, four feet by

THE LAST TOSSER.

two, are placed before the fire to be heated. The shad are then nailed thereon with their backs to the boards, and having been properly seasoned are stood before the fire and carefully watched till done. The hour for dinner is designated by the "Caterer," and every cook is held strictly accountable if his dish is not ready. Another cook will prepare the roe sauce to accompany the shad—another specialty of this family of cooks, the like of which is never tasted save within the bounds

DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION.

of this commonwealth. On the "altar" at the end of the kitchen, on whose surface the bed of burning coals is constantly kept alive, may be seen the *pièce de résistance*, the pigs split and laid upon the gridiron and being "barbecued." Near by, a member prepares the pig sauce. Neither fork nor knife is allowed ever to penetrate the meats of these epicures; no juice must be allowed to escape; beefsteak tongs, imported from England, alone are used to turn the roasts.

Not a grain of seasoning is allowed on steaks; but cooked over wood coals quickly, constantly turned, and served the instant they are done, the full flavor comes out as the juice flows when they are carved. Outside the kitchen an equally busy scene presents itself. The lawn is studded with cabooses, over one of which a Councillor may be seen carefully skimming the water covering his twelve-pound salmon, or testing a boiling pot of potatoes, peas or asparagus. Meanwhile, the banquet table has been set in the Castle by the apprentices, critically superintended by the ex-Governor; the distance of a plate and a half for each guest has been rigidly enforced, and the glasses have been arranged with mathematical precision. The Mandarin hats have been decorated in honor of this Gala Day, and, as is the custom, a live perch swims round the suspended glass globe to announce that the fishing season has opened.

At the stroke of four, the Caterer announces to the Governor that dinner is served, all file into the Castle, and, sinking into the spacious high-backed chairs, are prepared to do justice to the novelties placed before them. On the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the State many distinguished guests were present. The Governor of Pennsylvania sat on the right of the Governor of the State in Schuylkill, and, for once, within his own commonwealth acknowledged a higher authority. The famous Beefsteak Club of London, which, since the destruction of the fishing, the State in Schuylkill closely resembles, is its junior by three years, and none other with a continuous history approaches it in antiquity. Composed of the first citizens of Philadelphia, it counts many honored names on its roll. The candidate for membership must serve a trying apprenticeship and receive the unanimous support of the limited membership of twenty-five.

Robert Adams, Jr.

AT THE MILL.

WHAT do you see, my farmer?
Gray walls of wood and of stone.
A mill-wheel turning to grind your grist,
And turning for that alone.

You hear the millstone's murmur,
The splash of the tumbling rill,
As you plod with your oxen slowly down
The sunny slopes of the hill.

The heavens are blue above you,
There's sun and shade on the road:
You touch the brindled backs of your team
And reckon the bags in the load.

You clip the heads of the daisies,
And wonder that God should need
To litter the fields with the staring blooms
Of a stubborn and worthless weed.

You're honest and true and sturdy,
Here, give me your brawny hand,—
A singer of idle songs, I greet
The farmer who tills the land.

Plod home with your grist in the gloaming;
The baby crows at the gate:
And over the hill by the pasture bars
The lowing cattle wait.

What do I see, my farmer?
The mill and the rill and the wheel.
The moss on the shingles, the mold on the stones,
And the floating mists of meal.

But the poet's vision is clearer,
Revealing the hidden things:
I see the rivulet flow to the sea
From cool, clear, woodland springs.

I see the brown fields quicken
With the green of the growing wheat,
When the swallow's a-tilt at the bending eaves,
And the breath of the morn is sweet.

I see the swaying reapers
In fields of the golden grain;
And oxen that pant in the summer sun,
Yoked to a loaded wain.

I see white sails careening
On the opal tinted seas,
When the silvery sunlight glints the waves,
That are stirred by a freshening breeze.

I see the storm-rack gather,
That blots out the evening star;
And flung in the foam of a billow's crest,
A drowned man lashed to a spar.

I see in a city's shadows,
A figure that creeps and scrawls
"Give blood, or bread," while the wine flows red,
And there's mirth in the city halls.

I see a rich man's darlings
As fresh as the rose's bloom;
And the gaunt white face of a little child
Dead, in a barren room.

Plod home with your grist, my farmer,
Nor heed how the wide world fares;
The eyes that are clearest are saddest alway,
With their burden of alien cares.

Hushed is the millstone's murmur.
The dripping wheel is still.
And over the dusky vale, I hear
The song of the Whippoorwill.

E. C. Messer.

THE legends run that in the days of Cecrops, king of Attica, the two rival deities, Neptune and Minerva, strove for the worship of the Athenians. Each claimed priority of right: Neptune, by a salt spring which his trident had opened in the rock of the Acropolis; Minerva, by pointing to the olive tree which at her voice had sprung from the soil. The gods in council decided that the latter was the earlier and more useful gift, and Minerva became the tutelary deity of the city.

Under this pleasing fable, told in various ways, is doubtless shadowed forth the endeavors of the early Athenian rulers to turn the attention of the citizens from warlike and sea-faring pursuits to the cultivation of the soil and the peaceful arts; and, on the coins of Attica before the time of Pericles, an olive branch appeared with the moon and owl. Goats were sacrificed to Minerva because they were thought to do special injury to the olive tree, and Virgil follows the popular myth in calling her "*oleæ inventrix*." There is a deeper meaning to the fable, the realization of which is still, alas! as much a dream as it was

in the days of Cecrops; but the olive branch remains the emblem of the world's hope, although the vision of the "thousand years of peace" seems still to flit before us as the centuries advance.

One can hardly imagine the Tuscan hills as having ever been without

"The mystic floating gray of olive trees,"

but Pliny assures us that the olive did not exist in Europe or on the African coast in the year of Rome 183. It was probably brought to the French Riviera by those intrepid voyagers, the Phœnicians, about B. C. 500 or 600. The ancient olives in Sicily are still called *Saraceni* in the popular dialect, thus denoting the traditions of their Asian origin.

The frequent mention of the olive in the Bible, both in a literal and figurative manner, has made it one of the most interesting trees in the world, even to those who have never seen it. We all know the difference between the "wild olive" and the "good," or cultivated "olive tree," and how the one is grafted upon the other. To this day, the wild olive grows in barren places; its trunk is crooked; its branches are short and gnarled; its fruit is scanty and bitter. The olive is still, with the Jew as with the Greek, the emblem of peace and plenty, with an added signification of holiness; and the associations of it with the last days of Jesus have made it also sacred to sorrow. There is nothing, indeed, more tenderly sad in its aspect than an olive-covered hill. As I write, I look out upon such a hill, where hundreds of these trees are swaying to the south wind that turns their leaves upward, showing an expanse of whitest gray and grayest green. As a stranger walks for the first time through a grove of these trees, which, in the brightest sunshine throw only the ghosts of flickering shadows on the turf, he is inclined to agree with Augustus Hare, in calling such a walk "one of the most melancholy things in the "world." But the eye soon becomes accustomed to and loves the chastened tone which the olives, ilexes, and cypresses impart to a landscape, finding them accord as truly with the brilliant skies and sharply defined cloud-forms of Italy, as does the intense green of English grass and trees with the pale sky and misty atmosphere of that land. The best description I have ever seen of the appearance of olive trees is that variously attributed saying, that "they look as if they grew by moonlight."

But not to linger longer on the history and associations of the olive, my special purpose is to give some account of its present culture in Italy, where it forms an important branch of agriculture and commerce.

The *Olea Europæa* is thought by Risso to be a descendant of the *Olea ferruginea*, the rusty-leaved olive of the country between the upper Indus and the Suleiman mountains bordering on Afghanistan. He mentions forty varieties. The *O. E. polymorpha*, or "*olivier pleureur*" as it is called on the French Riviera, is the variety most fruitful on the Mediterranean shores. It attains a height of thirty feet, and bears fruit on alternate years. The *O. E. pignola* and *O. E. rostrata* are also adapted for the sea-coast. In the inland valleys, the *O. E. uvaria*, so called from having its fruit in grape-like clusters, does well. The *O. E. regalis* and *O. E. corniola*, being hardier, do well on the hill-sides; and the hardiest of all are the *O. E. Præcox*, and the *O. E. atrorubens*.

Generally speaking, the olive will flourish wherever the vine does well. It will not bear a temperature below 21 degrees or 22 degrees Fahrenheit, and cannot be grown in Europe above the latitude 46 degrees, which possesses a climate nearly corresponding to that in America of latitude 40 degrees. A few hours of severe cold after rain or snow suffice to destroy the young plants and fruit. "I have seen," says Fodéré, "an olive orchard in the vicinity of Marseilles, which had brought to the owner an income of ten thousand francs in a single year, and seemed likely to do so again in the autumn of 1792, when one night the mercury went down to 10 degrees below freezing, and in the morning all hope of a harvest was gone." Many trees on the French Riviera were destroyed by the cold winters of 1788–9, 1820, and 1837.

The localities in Italy where the olive grows best are Sicily, Calabria, the Abruzzi, Puglia, Lucca, and the Riviera. The best table-oil exported to America is from the province of Lucca. The olives prepared for eating come from Spain, those of Italy being inferior for this use, although they are eaten by the lower classes. The olives of the plain yield more fruit than those of the hills, but the oil is more fatty and less delicate. A gentle slope, well sheltered from cold winds, is the most favorable situation. In moderate climates, the exposure should be to the east; in warmer ones, toward the west and north; while on the utmost northern limit only a full southern exposure will content the tree. It prefers a dry and rather stiff soil; the fat plains make it corpulent and short-lived.

The kernel of the olive requires two years to germinate naturally, but it has been found that by macerating it in a mixture of clay and cow-manure the process may be hastened

so that it will germinate the same year. The plant should remain two years in a forcing-house before being transplanted to the nursery, where it must spend from five to fourteen years before being placed in the orchard. While in the nursery the plant must be grafted, which is done in various ways fully treated of in books on olive culture, but whose details would be out of place in this sketch. In its fifth year it begins to assume the appearance of a miniature tree, being then pruned of its lateral shoots to the height necessary for the trunk, usually from four to five feet from the ground. The lower remaining branches are then tied down in the manner represented in the cut on page 557, in order that other branches may spring out at their conjunction with the trunk. There are various other methods of propagation, as by excrescences on the roots of the parent tree, by shoots, and by sprouts, and the living roots of a dead tree; but that which insures the longest life and greatest resistance of the plant to cold is its growth from the seed. An olive orchard should have the trees set at least twenty-five feet apart. They are placed in deep pits, in which has been put a layer of rags, pebbles, and potsherds; plenty of manure is put about the roots, and straw is spread on the ground about the trunk. A trench is also dug at a little distance all around the tree, to preserve it from drought.

All the authorities advise the alternating of crops of vegetables and grain in the olive orchard, it being found that when the same crop is raised year after year the olive suffers. Grain grows well in these orchards, the trees not casting sufficiently dense shadows to interfere with its ripening.

We have seen that the olive is a very slow-growing tree. When raised from seed it rarely bears fruit under fifty years, and when propagated in other ways it requires at least from twenty to twenty-five years. But, on the other hand, it lives for centuries. The monster olive at Beaulieu, near Nice, is supposed by Risso to be a thousand years old. Its trunk at four feet from the ground has a circumference of twenty-three feet, and it is said to have yielded five hundred pounds of oil in a single year. In regard to the olive trees in the "Garden of Gethsemane," Dean Stanley says:

"In spite of all the doubts that can be raised against their antiquity or the genuineness of their site, the eight aged olive-trees, if only by their manifest difference from all others on the mountain, have always struck even the most indifferent observers. They are now, indeed, less striking in the modern garden inclosure built round them by the Franciscans than when they stood free and unprotected on the rough hill-side; but they will remain, so long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the surface of the earth. Their gnarled trunks and scanty foliage will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem."

The olive blossoms in the neighborhood of Nice in April, and in Tuscany a month later. Its flowers are insignificant, of a dull, creamy white, with thick, waxy petals. The period of greatest beauty for the olive is when the fruit is ripening, and the boughs are laden with the plum-shaped berries, varying in tint from bright green to dark red and bluish purple. The picking season begins in the early autumn, the oil from unripe fruit being more piquant and better for table use than any other; but of course the yield is less copious. From November to January, according to situation and variety, the fruit ripens. It is gathered by shaking the tree, or by picking; the more care being taken, of course the better the oil. It is stored in dry rooms till a sufficient quantity is obtained for pressing. This is done by means of a mill not unlike a cider-mill worked by either horse or water power. When the olives are reduced to a pulpy mass, this is put into baskets of hemp made in a peculiar form. Ten or twelve of these are piled up together and pressure is applied. The oil thus obtained is called "virgin oil," and is of the first quality. Boiling water is then poured on the mass to facilitate the expression of the remaining oil. The refuse, or *marc* as it is called, is left to undergo a short fermentation, and then again put into the press with boiling water poured on as before. From this is obtained the first *huile de receuse*, which is of inferior, fatty quality. The residue is now thrown into a brick or stone trough filled with water, and communicating with others into which the liquid flows off as the mass is stirred and beaten with poles; and the oil rising to the surface is skimmed off. The remainder is put into caldrons and boiled with water; and a new pressure brings out what is called the second *huile de receuse*, or refuse oil, which is mixed with the first, and used for the manufacture of soap. All the different waters used in the process and in cleansing the utensils, are poured into reservoirs, and the oil called *l'enfer*, which comes to the surface clear and limpid, though useless on account of its strong taste and odor for table purposes, is the best for burning. Olive oil is still preferred to petroleum by many Italian and French families, as it gives a softer and less dazzling light. The picturesque old Etruscan lamps are still in use for carrying about the house and for lighting visitors down the stairways of houses in Florence and Rome, as well as in humble towns.

The dregs remaining in the caldron are pressed into cakes and used for heating the water in the oil mills; the kernels which were separated from the fruit in the first trough, are also sold for heating purposes, and even their ashes are useful, as they contain a good deal of potassium. The baskets are much sought after for manure, as they are saturated with oil.

The oil is preserved in great earthen jars, varnished on the inside, or in cisterns lined with cement, which are tightly closed to exclude air and light.

One hundred kilograms of olives freshly picked from trees in good condition ought to return a fifth of their weight in virgin oil.

As an article of food, oil has a most important place. The Italian workman finds bread and oil and wine an ample midday meal; if he can add thereto a salad or an onion, it is a feast. In the *cuisine* of Southern Italy, oil takes the place of butter, and is by many considered more healthful than any animal grease. "There is a curious dish," says a traveler, "which the millers' men at Mentone sometimes indulge in. It is called *brandada*, and needs an iron stomach to digest it. The foundation of the dish is salt fish, from which they remove the bones, and after boiling it to rags, stir or pound it into a paste. An assistant then slowly pours in olive-oil, while the head cook stirs. The addition of parsley and other herbs, and further stirring to complete the amalgamation of the whole, renders the *brandada* fit for the table."

The olive has lately acquired for Americans a new and practical interest from the discovery that it can be easily and profitably grown in California. Residents of California have been accustomed to consider a small bottle of "Mission oil" for their salad as a treasure; for it far surpasses in purity and sweetness any imported oil. But it is only within a few years that private owners of land in Southern California have seriously considered the question whether olive culture could be made a paying enterprise. So many possibilities cling to the broad lands and rich soil of the Golden State, that it is not wonderful if some of them have been overlooked. And, though experiments in olive-growing have been made on a small scale with good success during the last twenty years, popular interest is only now beginning to be awakened. In the first place, there was the drawback, peculiarly great to the American temperament, of the slowness of growth, and irregular productiveness of the olive in Europe. The old Tuscan saying is, "Plant a vineyard for yourself, an orange grove for your children, and an olive orchard for your grandchildren." As a people, we are not fond of looking far into the future; and besides, judging from ourselves, we are not at all sure that our grandchildren will wish to live where we do. But the olive is good enough to adapt itself to the rapidity of American demands. It matures much earlier than in Europe, and bears oftener and more plentifully. The system of propagation from cuttings, as far as can be judged at present, gives, in our rich soil, robust trees; and there is no need to employ the slow process of raising them from the seed. Five years is surely not long to wait for a fruit crop; and after that time, according to the best California authorities, the trees will yield a full, and in many cases an annual harvest. At a late meeting of the State Horticultural Society in San Francisco, it was stated that one olive farm yielded $2200 to the acre. These trees bore every year, and were situated on "adobe" hill-sides, the bottom lands being found, as in Italy, less favorable to the fruit. The variety was the "Mission olive," which has not been identified with any of the varieties now cultivated in Europe. The olive was introduced into South America in 1560, by Antonio Ribera; but the California trees sprang from seeds sent from San Blas in Mexico by Don Joseph de Galvez with his expedition to rediscover the port of Monterey. Of this expedition and of Father Junipero Serra, its spiritual head, an account was given in THE CENTURY for May, 1883. It resulted in the establishment of the San Diego mission, the parent of those of San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, and other stations, to all of which the fruits which Galvez had introduced were carried, and where they throve abundantly.

As to individual experience, olive culture has not yet become general enough to elicit many reports of progress, and it is difficult to get at the facts. The following statement is from a pamphlet on "Olive Culture," by Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara:

"My oldest orchard was planted February 21st, 1872. At four years, I gathered from some of the trees over two gallons of berries; in 1878, over thirty gallons each off a few of the best trees, the orchard then being only six years old. In 1879, the seventh year, the crop was not nearly so large. I had planted several thousand cuttings in the spring of 1873, but these trees did not give, at six years, a result equal to the first planting. The present crop (1880) is quite good—the oldest orchard now being eight years, and I think I do not overestimate, when I state that the yield of some of the best and fullest trees will be over forty gallons. Trees large enough to give this quantity of fruit, planted at a distance of twenty feet, will occupy nearly all the ground, and therefore give all the fruit that can be produced on one acre. An orchard bearing uniformly the quantity as above would give the following result: One hundred trees to the acre at forty gallons each, four thousand gallons. This would be an enormous crop, unprece-

dented, and far beyond any statistics given in European publications. The one-fourth of the quantity yearly would be a very profitable crop."

In 1879, Mr. B. B. Redding, of San Francisco, read before the Academy of Arts and Sciences an interesting paper on the olive, which was afterward published in a San Francisco paper; and from which I take the following statement (somewhat abridged) as to the places in California suitable for olive growing:

"It will be remembered that the requisites of successful and profitable cultivation are, that the mean temperature for the year must be as warm as 57 degrees 17-100. The mean for the coldest month must be as warm as 41 degrees 5-100, and at no time must the temperature fall below 14 degrees. I cannot find in any authority how high a temperature it will bear, but as it is successfully grown in Algeria and Egypt, it could hardly be injured by the highest temperatures that occur at the places mentioned in the following list:

PLACES.	*Height above the sea — in feet.*	*Mean of temperature for the year.*	*Mean of temperature for the coldest month.*	*Lowest temperature shown by thermometer in any year.*
San Diego	150	62.49	53.30	26—December, 1854
Los Angeles	257	67.69	58.95	29—December, 1876
San Jose	86	59.60	46.58	28—December, 1874
Livermore	485	61.49	49.52	28—December, 1870
Benicia	64	58.77	47.43	19—January, 1854
Vallejo	0	58.77	47.41	29—December, 1877
Fort Tejon	3240	58.03	42.05	22—December, 1855
Merced	171	63.16	48.14	28—January, 1876
Sacramento	30	60.48	46.21	28—December, 1849
Auburn	1363	60.71	45.88	27—January, 1871
Colfax	2421	60.05	45.49	26—January, 1873-4

"For the purpose of comparing the temperatures of the above named places in California with those of regions in which the produce of the olive is among the articles of the first agricultural and commercial importance, I have compiled from Blodgett's 'Climatology' the mean annual and the mean winter temperatures, as also the mean temperature of the coldest month of the following places:

PLACES.	*Mean of temperature for the year.*	*Mean of temperature for the winter.*	*Mean of temperature for the coldest months.*
Rome	60.05	46.07	45.00
Lisbon	61.04	52.05	51.04
Marseilles	58.03	45.02	43.02
Algiers	64.03	51.02	53.02
Jerusalem	62.06	49.06	47.04

One gallon of oil will fill five bottles, and the producer can sell it at $1.00 a bottle, the retail price of California oil being $1.25. At least, these are current prices in 1883. I have before me a letter from another gentleman at Santa Barbara, who has been experimenting on a large scale, and is sanguine as to the speedy returns and large profits to be had from olives. He employs mostly Italian laborers; and this suggests that the Italian emigrants to America, who drag out a miserable existence in our Northern States, for whose climate and modes of life they are totally unfitted, might, being almost all of them familiar with the work of the Italian farmer, turn their skill to profit in our Southern country, should the olive and the vine receive the attention of large land-owners. Very simple machinery may be used for expressing the oil. Mr. Cooper's press is "an old-fashioned wooden-beam one, such as is used in the New England and Middle States for making cider." He advises, however, the use of the oleomargarine press as economical. He sums up the cost of his machinery thus:

"Drier, $150; mill, $250; two presses, $500; two tanks, $200; filterers, $50; corker, tin foiler, $50; wooden building, $400. Total, $1600."

In our Southern Atlantic States, the few experiments made in olive culture have been unsuccessful. This has been attributed to the fact that the mercury occasionally falls very low, in that usually temperate region. But so it does, as we have seen, on the Mediterranean coast, where, notwithstanding, the olive is a profitable fruit. It is well known that the olive will bear a greater degree of cold than the orange; and in the province of Lucca, whence comes the best Italian oil, the orange will not grow except in sheltered spots, and with winter protection. Taking this into consideration, with the fact which we have mentioned, that the olive needs the same conditions as the vine, and it appears impossible that there should not be many parts of our sea-coast where it would flourish well. Sea air is, indirectly at least, beneficial to it.

In regard to the consumption of olive-oil in the United States, Mr. Redding says that, during the year ending June 30, 1877, there were imported 348,431 gallons, on which a duty of $232,776.75 was paid. Great Britain imports not far from 5,000,000 gallons annually. Of these importations but a small part is for the table, of course; large quantities of an inferior quality being used for machinery, and especially for the manufacture of broadcloth. That which comes to us from Europe is largely adulterated, much of it with cotton-seed oil, which is shipped from our own country to the Mediterranean for that use. And Mr. Cooper mentions that, while he was in the shipping business in New York, his firm had one telegraphic order for *one thousand tierces* of hog's lard, for the same purpose.

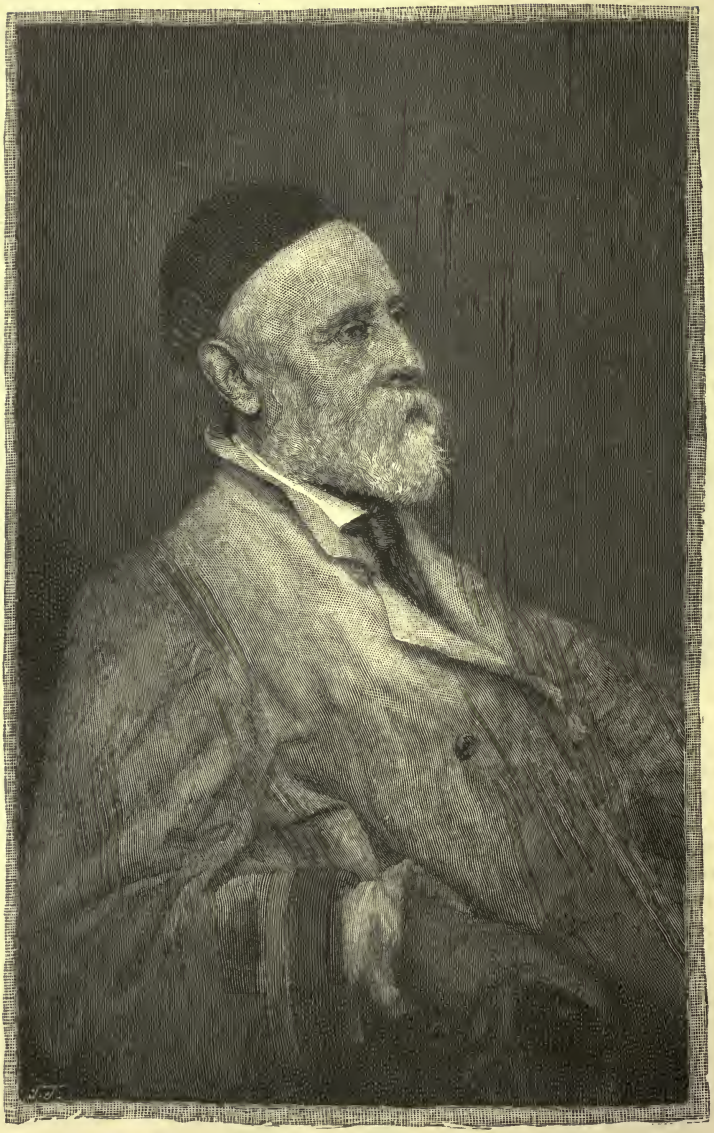
But let no one suppose that the cultivation of the olive calls for less vigilance and care than that of other fruits. On the contrary, it is peculiarly liable to the ravages of insects, and quite as dependent upon proper manuring and pruning as the strawberry or the grape. Scraping, burning, treating with sulphur, hot water, lime, petroleum, tobacco, and coal-tar, are among the preventives or remedies continually needed, and every tree should be examined at least once a month. Knowledge, experience, and *hard work* are in this, as in all other kinds of farming, the only conditions of success.

I shall be glad if this slight and imperfect sketch may help to increase in my own country the interest in a tree which has become endeared to me by many associations in my adopted home.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

IN AN OLIVE ORCHARD.

MR. WATTS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.



FREDERICK WATTS, R. A.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE BY HOLLYER.

THE recent exhibition of Mr. Watts's pictures, at the Grosvenor Gallery, in London, has given the lovers of contemporary art an opportunity such as is rarely to be obtained for passing in review the works of a great living artist. It is hardly necessary to say that so complete a collection of any man's works forms an ordeal for the painter of a very trying kind. But Mr. Watts may fairly be said to have stood the test. His pictures are remarkable, from first to last, for unity of aim and persistent nobility of sentiment. There is indeed a marked contrast of style between his earlier and later works, and a strange uneven-

ness of attainment even in those of one epoch; but a strong idiosyncrasy asserts itself throughout. Influenced as he was, at the outset of his career, by the preraphaelite movement, he never gave himself up to its extravagances, and he speedily worked out a style of his own. All painters of genius employ different methods of presenting their thoughts at different epochs of their lives, and Mr. Watts is no exception to the rule; but his changes of manner have been comparatively slight, and we are unable to trace in his work such various phases of æsthetic thought as were illustrated in the collection of Mr. Millais' works the year before. The delicacy and minuteness of Mr. Watts's earlier pictures gave way to greater breadth of effect and rapidity of execution; his coloring, at first somewhat crude, became less brilliant but richer, more harmonious and subdued, while a greater depth of feeling, a somber grandeur or melancholy, sometimes almost "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," has taken the place of the sunnier light-heartedness of youth. From the first, Mr. Watts's mind has shown a bent toward the tragic side of art, toward the abstract and ideal, and much musing on these thoughts has produced an unmistakable effect. But this effect has been gradually, not suddenly produced, and however much the later work may differ from the earlier, there has been no revolution in Mr. Watts's mind, but a similar tendency is visible throughout.

Mr. Watts's genius, like that of Mr. Browning, is not one that readily appeals to the popular appreciation. His work, at least his most characteristic work, is too full of thought to impress the crowd of sight-seers who troop through a picture gallery, led by fashion and curiosity rather than by love of art. His poetical conceptions are generally of too abstract and ideal a nature to be grasped at first sight. They are too deeply felt to arouse sympathy in the masses. To one who does not study them they will appear all but unmeaning, while only considerable attention will unveil their full significance. This is why Mr. Watts is not and cannot, in these days, be a really popular painter. The fashion of the age prescribes for art bounds which it cannot pass without forfeiting its universality. It is no longer the business of art to teach but to amuse; and if Orcagna or Michael Angelo were to live and paint again, it is doubtful whether he would not die in penury. We admire these masters of old days, because our instructors have dinned their greatness into our ears till we are fain to believe; but if the statue of Moses were to appear for the first time in next year's Academy, we should be told that his horns were ridiculous, and his beard half a yard too long. And so it is with Mr. Watts. Those who wish to be amused go away unsatisfied, and laugh at the power they cannot feel. Moreover, it must be confessed that Mr. Watts sometimes fails to make his meaning clear, and that now and then his want of humor lays him open to those who have a keen sense of the ridiculous. A painter who constantly strains his power to the utmost, who delights in facing difficulties and in scaling heights, will sometimes come dangerously near the abyss which awaits the sublime. But such a man is rather to be judged by his successes; and even where he fails, there is often more to be learned than in the triumphs of a weaker mind.

If Mr. Matthew Arnold is right in claiming for Wordsworth the first place among English poets by virtue of the purity and dignity of his moral ideas, we may surely award to Mr. Watts a somewhat similar praise. If Mr. Ruskin is right in demanding that Art shall be conscious of its moral power, and that a painting shall be finally judged by the poetical and moral grandeur of the truths that it conveys, then surely we may find in Mr. Watts's work one at least of the essential conditions of all that is noble and valuable in art. It is a mere truism to say that poetry and painting set before themselves dissimilar aims; but it is equally true that painting, like poetry, has its moral influence and its moral responsibility. The moral ideas which attract Mr. Arnold in Wordsworth are not to be confused with sermons, nor should we expect to find sermons in Mr. Watts. But a high rank is to be given to his painting, as it is to be given to the best English poetry, on account of the elevated and poetical spirit in which it treats the highest problems of the human mind. These characteristics of Mr. Watts's genius have naturally led him to devote himself mainly to two departments of pictorial art—portraits and ideals. All great painters of ideal subjects have paid considerable attention to portraiture, and Mr. Watts is no exception to the rule. Like Antæus, the portrait-painter touches mother earth whenever he paints a human face, and comes back refreshed and enriched with a new experience. The lack of such recreation, as in the truest sense it may be called, leads, as in Mr. Burne-Jones, to a monotony of form and expression and a want of humanity, for which no amount of esoteric beauty and no intensity of poetical feeling can atone. The greatest painter of ideal landscape, Turner, constantly refreshed his imagination by an intimate and faithful study of nature. So, too, the painter who attempts the expression of poetical ideas or ideal emotions, by means of the human

figure, will become narrow and vapid unless he invigorate his genius by frequent draughts from the living, thinking, suffering humanity around him. Mr. Watts is one of those painters whose two-edged activity manifests the mutual helpfulness of portrait and ideal. The varied experience of the portrait-painter supplies the material whence ideas arise, and the concentrated study which is essential to successful portraiture gives a firm hold on natural truth. On the other hand, the process of abstraction, the effort to rise above detail, which is implied in the expression of the ideal, strengthens and enlarges the mind, and enables the portrait-painter to detect at once, beneath what is trivial or conventional, the essential characteristics of the man. In Mr. Watts, we have a portrait-painter of remarkable fidelity and comprehension and a painter of ideal subjects, distinguished at once by truth and vigor of drawing and by breadth and originality of conception. His greatness in the one branch is not to be separated from his greatness in the other.

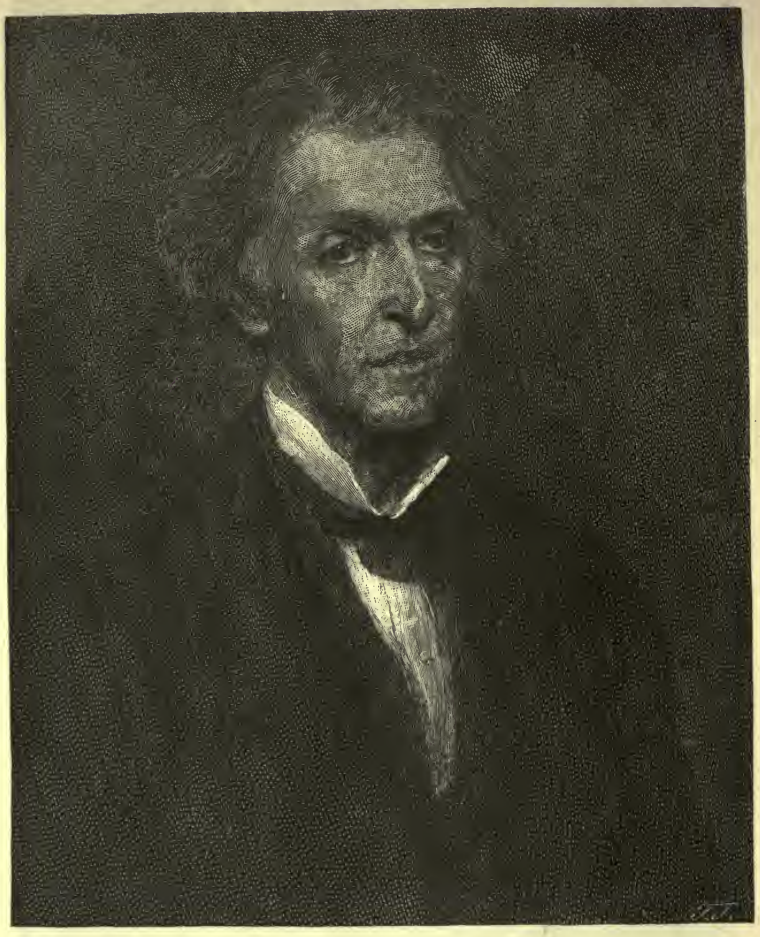
Mr. Watts's portraits vary, however, to an unusual degree in excellence. Faithful and intelligent they always are; sympathetic they not unfrequently are not. Broadly speaking, his portraits of men are superior to his portraits of women, while his portraits of children are sometimes little better than failures. His genius is of a thoughtful and somber, even melancholy kind, and expands fully only when it meets its like. Thought, action, experience, the masculine characteristics in fine, are more to his taste than feminine grace, elegance, or vivacity. For what is essential in the beauty of childhood he seems to have little sympathy. A painter of his power will always produce what is worth examination; but a comparison of the best of his children with almost any child of Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Millais, will show how far he stands, in this respect, below those painters who have made the portraiture of children a distinctive excellence of English art.

Mr. Watts's earlier portraits are characterized by great care and minuteness, and a preraphaelite attention to detail; but they are comparatively ineffective, and their color is sometimes very unpleasing. The differences of style and treatment that manifest themselves in this period show that Mr. Watts did not for some years fix upon the treatment most suitable to his mind. His great time as a portrait-painter extends about from the year 1860 to 1875. Within this period fall almost all the best of his works in this line. It would be hard, indeed, to point out a portrait of this generation more admirable in every respect than that of John Stuart Mill, so wonderfully reproduced by M. Rajon. The keen and subtle intellect of the philosopher is apparent in the clear-cut features, the deep-set eyes, the absorbed and concentrated gaze, the fine, curved nose, the straight, thin-lipped, passionless mouth. It is not a face to inspire enthusiasm, for it is too intellectual, too far above the failings and weaknesses of ordinary humanity; but it infuses profound respect, and admiration of a distant kind, as of a man who combined the highest moral courage with the rarest mental gifts. Technically, too, the picture is worthy of its subject: it is a perfect piece of work, highly finished, subdued and harmonious in color. It is fortunate indeed that Mill, who never sat for another portrait, fell into Mr. Watts's hands. Equally striking in another line is the portrait of Lord Lawrence. In Mill we have the man of thought: here we have the man of action. Mill was a creator of ideas, Lord Lawrence was a leader of men. Command is written on every feature of the face; the heavy brow, the massive chin, the broad straight nose, the fiery eye, the direct and searching gaze; while the pose of the head and the strong thick neck betray a physical power fit for a man of herculean energy and indomitable will. The portrait of the late Sir Anthony Panizzi, librarian of the British Museum, exemplifies most clearly Mr. Watts's insight into character, and his fearless love of truth. He has not flattered his subject in the least, and to many observers there would have been nothing remarkable in the plain heavy face, poring over an old book. But Mr. Watts has seen, and enables us to see, in those unattractive features, all the grandeur of concentrated thought and patient labor which make what was valuable in the man.

It would be tedious, did space permit, to go through Mr. Watts's portraits in detail, but we may remark the extraordinary number of great men whose features he has handed down to posterity. To be in the Grosvenor Gallery, last winter, was to be in the presence of much that is or has been most remarkable in this generation in science, in philosophy, in politics, in poetry, in art. Mr. Watts's subjects do not indeed, as we have already remarked, all fare equally well at his hands. Lawyers and politicians are, perhaps, the least successful. On the other hand, with what breadth of sympathy and keenness of insight has Mr. Watts depicted the thoughtful and spiritual features of Dr. Martineau; the scientific ardor of Mr. Spottiswoode; the religious benevolence of Lord Shaftesbury; the critical, almost fretful acuteness of Mr. Leslie Stephen! In one part of the room there hung a group of poets. What intensity of feeling and depth

MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM.

ENGRAVED BY MISS C. A. POWELL, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER OF THE PAINTING BY FREDERICK WATTS, R. A



REV. JAMES MARTINEAU, D. D.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER OF THE PAINTING BY FREDERICK WATTS, R. A.

of meditation are visible in the towering brow and down-drawn eyes of the Laureate! what robust and manly vigor, as of one of his own Norse heroes, in the open features of Mr. Morris! what power of thought and dignity of character in the massive profile of Mr. Browning! There, too, was a group of painters: Sir Frederick Leighton, whose Grecian beauty of feature and luxuriant hair seem to indicate the peculiarities of his genius; Mr. Calderon, whose face recalls the melancholy knight of La Mancha; the sad and secluded fancy of Mr. Burne-Jones; the artistic power and poetical enthusiasm of Mr. Watts himself.

It cannot be said that the portraits of women exhibited in this collection of last winter, beautiful as many of them are, are as successful on the whole as those of the eminent men already noticed. The color of the flesh-painting, often unpleasing in Mr. Watts's portraits, is sometimes almost repulsive in his female faces, while in the full-length pictures there is little of that easy grace and elegance which render charming every fold of a woman's robe in the hands of Reynolds or of Gainsborough. At the same time, Mr. Watts's wonderful feeling for beauty of outline shows itself, for instance, in the portrait of Miss Lindsay; while that of Mrs. Percy Wyndham is equally remarkable for dignity and statuesque repose. The latter picture was indeed one of the triumphs of the exhibition. The pose of the figure is easy, yet noble and high-bred; the coloring is rich, subdued, and harmonious; the deep greens and browns, the dull gold sunflowers on the dress, and the laurel-leaves of the background harmonize exquisitely with the dark hair and the sallow complexion of the face.

But we must not pause longer in this department of Mr. Watts's work. Nor need we linger over the few examples of animal and landscape painting exhibited in the recent collection. It is not as a painter of animals or landscape that Mr. Watts has sought to be remembered, nor is it even on his portraits that his highest fame will ultimately rest. His greatest power, that which is most original and peculiar in his genius, shows itself in his ideal and poetical compositions. It is the poetry of human life that possesses for him the highest attraction. He uses inanimate nature solely as an aid or accompaniment to the central theme. It is this all-pervading human interest, this direct expression of humanity, added to the purity and loftiness of his sentiments, that justifies us in calling Mr. Watts's pictures poetical in the highest sense. Poetical no one who examines them with the slightest attention will deny them to be, for they express in a visible form the human emotions with which poetry has to deal. The absence from the recent collection of his works of what are called *genre* pictures is no less striking than the frequency of the tragic element. Whatever else may be said of his painting, the most adverse critic will hardly find in it anything vulgar or even trivial, scarcely anything that is commonplace. It may, however, be objected that his pictures, when viewed together, produce a gloomy or depressing effect. Their pervading gloom is oppressive to a public that wishes to be amused, to take refuge for a moment in some sunny clime or some gay scene from the murkiness and insipidity of daily life. But it should be observed that the general characteristic of Mr. Watts's work is rather seriousness than sadness. The melancholy of his pictures, where it occurs, is not mere empty or languid joylessness. It is rather the melancholy that seems inseparable from higher poetic feeling. It is the melancholy of those who sympathize with suffering, or who are occupied with the insoluble but absorbing problems which human life at every turn presents to the thoughtful and sympathetic mind. There is much, too, in Mr. Watts's work that is anything but gloomy or sad. If there is anguish in the "Paolo and Francesca," or a tale of woe to be read in the crouching figure "Under a Dry Arch," there is the joy of supreme beauty in the "Daphne," sunny peace in the "Arcadia," devotion and lofty hope in the "Galahad," trust and chivalry in "Una and the Red Cross Knight," brotherly affection and generosity in the "Meeting of Jacob and Esau." Any one who regards these works attentively will be rather elevated and consoled than saddened or depressed by their contemplation. For one thing, at least, is never lacking in them that is sadly lacking in the world at large, and that is the energy of a noble thought.

It is not, indeed, always that Mr. Watts has succeeded in bringing his thought to the birth, or in giving it adequate expression. Greek poetry, for instance, is but inadequately symbolized by the recumbent figure which Mr. Watts, in one of his pictures, intends to represent it. The subject is too vast to be treated in such a way. It is, in truth, just as impossible for one figure, however pregnant with significance, to express what we mean by Greek poetry as for one man to have written the Iliad, the Pythian Odes, and the Antigone. Sometimes, again, Mr. Watts's ideas are too subtile or complicated to lend themselves properly to pictorial expression. In ideal pictures clearness and simplicity are indispensable to effect, and if the subject has to be explained at length in the catalogue, it is clear that the painter has transcended the limits of pictorial art. This is not, indeed, a common fault with Mr. Watts, for generally his pictures explain themselves; but now and then there is considerable obscurity. We may, however, safely leave fault-finding to others. It is a more pleasing task to turn to those triumphs which we can fully and heartily admire. Mr. Watts has not drawn very much from the aspects of social life around him; but where he has done so, he has handled it in the spirit of Hood or Mr. Browning, with deep sympathy for the woes of suffering humanity. The two pictures entitled "Found Drowned" might serve as illustrations of Hood's famous poem on "The Bridge of Sighs," while "The Needlewoman" breathes all the pathos of the "Song of the Shirt." The sadness of these and other pictures of the same kind shows that Mr. Watts possesses one, at least, of the essentials of a great poet—the comprehension of what is meant by pain.

Very remarkable, as illustrating another phase of his poetic mind, is the group of subjects taken from the Bible. There was not a single picture of the kind ordinarily called religious in the recent collection, but Mr. Watts has treated the Bible as a store-house of poetic imagery, as affording abundant material for lofty pictorial treatment. His subjects are taken almost exclusively from the Old Testament; and when he turns to the New, it is from the moral or poetical portions, from the Parables or the Apocalypse, that he prefers to draw his inspiration. His diploma picture, "The Death of Abel," is a very impressive composition. The dead body of the murdered man lies at his brother's feet; the fire from heaven mingles with the flames of the

LOVE AND DEATH.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER OF THE PAINTING BY FREDERICK WATTS, R. A.

altar; the ministers of divine vengeance descend upon the slayer's head; he clasps his hands to his face and flees from the hideous sight to wander an outcast in the world. Equally striking is Mr. Watts's conception of "Esau." The gaunt, uncouth being stands solitary, wrapped in his rugged mantle, in the midst of the desert that is his home. With downcast eyes and melancholy pose, he meditates sadly on the birthright bargained away and the blessing lost for ever. We feel a strange sympathy for him, as for Ishmael and others of the supplanted, a sympathy akin to that aroused by Browning's "Saul." A striking and highly poetical conception is that entitled "Watchman, what of the Night?" A white face, pale and weary with anxious waiting and suspense, looks out into the darkness. "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" The drawn lips repeat the question; but the answer—"The night is departing, the day is at hand"—has not yet come. The grandeur of thought, nobility of expression, and originality of treatment manifested in this series of Biblical and allegorical pictures, remind us of Michael Angelo more than of any other painter.

Mr. Watts's intense feeling for physical beauty shows itself in a remarkable series of studies of the female form. As we should expect from the character of his genius, the beauty that attracts him is of a severe and classic kind. We find in his women no trace of the fleshy robustness of Rubens, or the voluptuous undulations of Tintoret. In place of these qualities, we have beauty of a graver and purer type, statuesque in character, depending for its attractiveness on outline and molding rather than on richness and color. But a fair exterior is not the only, nor even the primary, object which Mr. Watts has in view. Physical beauty, however worthy of admiration in itself, is chiefly valued by him as heightening the effect of the poetical ideas which the picture is intended to convey. The lovely shoulders and swelling bosom of "Pygmalion's Wife," in all their marble coldness, at once account for the sculptor's love, and help us to imagine the intensity of that kiss that could warm so stony a being into life. The drooping form and hanging limbs of the "Psyche," with their slight and girlish grace, are full of pathetic sadness, touching resignation, and self-reproach. Her sister's jealousy has gained its end; poisoned by the breath of suspicion, love has fled, and the girl awakes to find herself alone. One feather from his wing has fallen to the floor, and as she gazes down upon it the truth begins to dawn on her that she has lost the god. But of all this group of pictures, the "Daphne," preëminent in physical beauty and poetic thought, is most characteristic of Mr. Watts's mind. The figure of the nymph, shaded but not hidden by the laurel boughs, is resplendent with combined beauty, purity, and grace. The rich warm flesh-tints, as of limbs that have basked in a southern sun, harmonize with the dark green leaves behind. Faint and weary with her flight, the girl leans against the tree, into which the indistinct outlines of her form seem to be already melting away. It is hard to say where the human life ends and the vegetable life begins. The nature-worship of the Greek religion could hardly be rendered visible in a purer and more poetical form than this.

We have reserved till now a group of pictures, in which, more than in any others, Mr. Watts's poetical genius is displayed. Each is in itself a lyric poem, in which form, color, and expression stir the sympathies and the emotions with the force of rhythmical and harmonious words. Of this group we will select four, with which to conclude our review. Some objection may be taken, in the "Orpheus and Eurydice," to the violence of the action and the treatment of the female figure. But no one can fail to appreciate the agony of Orpheus, or the awful suddenness of the blow that leaves him again bereaved. He has hardly time to turn and gaze upon her whom the power of his song has recovered from the shades, when the retribution falls upon him. In the very instant in which he breaks the divine command, the dread verdict is fulfilled. The lyre falls from his hand, the lily from hers; but before they have touched the ground, almost before he can catch her in his arms, the lifeless head drops back, the limbs hang down, and he holds in his despairing grasp only the corpse of his twice-lost love. A very different note is touched by the figure of "Sir Galahad." The youthful knight, with auburn hair and eager face, stands in an attitude of rapt adoration, as if his yearning spirit had placed the sacred object of his quest before his very eyes. His horse waits patiently behind, his hands are clasped before him, his sword hangs sheathed at his side. Glowing with rich, deep, and harmonious color, the picture breathes throughout the spirit of youthful enthusiasm, the inspiration of a great ideal. It is the Galahad of Tennyson's noble poem. "His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure." More akin in feeling to the "Orpheus and Eurydice" is the "Paolo and Francesca." No picture in the gallery is animated by a deeper and more tragic pathos than this. Mr. Watts's conception of the subject is doubly interesting when compared with those of M. Doré and of Dela-

roche, both of which have been exhibited lately in London. For poetry, purity, and taste, we do not hesitate to give Mr. Watts the palm. M. Doré shows us a vigorous drawing of a handsome, voluptuous woman, whose face is expressive rather of physical than mental pain, with no sign of death about her save a wound whose ghastly truthfulness recalls visions of the morgue. Powerful, no doubt, the picture is; but the conception is vulgar and superficial, and instead of the spiritual Francesca of whom we love to think, we have a materialistic study from the nude. In the picture by Delaroche there were at any rate no faults of taste, but the higher poetry of Mr. Watts's ideal was absent. The composition of the great French painter is full of flowing ease and grace; the lines of Francesca's figure are exquisite; but it is rather of her physical beauty that we are led to think, and we almost forget that she is dead. Turn now to Mr. Watts. It may perhaps be doubted whether Dante's oft-told tale can gain anything by pictorial rendering, whether the attempt to render visible the most touching passage in all literature will not weaken rather than increase the effect of the poet's simple words. But we cannot think that the story loses in Mr. Watts's hands. The two lovers, whose fate we know so well, float onward still clasped in that last embrace, their gray robes projected against a background of lurid smoke and flame. They are dead indeed; death is apparent in the bloodless hue, the drawn features, the eyelids livid and not fully closed, the stiffened limbs. But their death is as Dante conceived it. The body is dead, but the soul lives; it cannot yet free itself of the earthy part, which has to be purged away, and through which it suffers still. There is unutterable sadness in those faces, no longer meeting, but still turned yearningly toward each other. His right hand has loosed its hold in death: her fingers press feebly on his outstretched palm. Her face rests on his shoulder, full of longing but hopeless love: his face bends downward with more resignation, but as deep despair. But with all the pain, there is a sense of rest already in some part won. The earthly passion is gone, the agony of longing abated. But love remains, the spiritual love that shall unite their souls when the sin that murdered them is purged away, and the bitter trial has to be endured no more. Equally if not even more impressive is the picture called "Love and Death." The subject has been long in Mr. Watts's head, for a smaller study for it was exhibited ten or twelve years ago, while the larger work only appeared about two years ago, and has since then been retouched by the artist. It would be interesting, did space permit, to note in how many points Mr. Watts has improved upon his first idea. We can, however, only deal with the larger picture. Nowhere are the originality of Mr. Watts's imagination and the masculine breadth of his poetry more apparent than here. The agony of despairing love, the resistless march of fate, the impotence of human effort in the face of destiny, are depicted with a grandeur and simplicity more akin to the spirit of Greek tragedy than to anything in modern literature. The huge veiled figure of Death, whose face we cannot and would not see, clad in a robe of ashen gray, presses onward up the steps with a calm force which nothing can withstand. His raiment, loose and flowing, yet discloses the massive bulk and gigantic strength beneath. No grinning Death's-head, no grisly skeleton is here, but a divine being, beautiful if terrible in his overwhelming power. His head is shrouded, and the face looks down, as if in pity for the poor humanity, his prey. His sinewy arm is stretched out over the head of Love, to burst open the door and seize the victim in his home. The climbing rose that Love has planted at the threshold is rudely torn away, and its petals scattered upon the ground. Love himself, nerved with all the energy of despair, stands athwart the path of Death, his right arm pressed against the breast of the figure whose dreadful visage absorbs his gaze. His brilliant wings are dashed against the door-post; his contorted brows and close-pressed lips betray at once his resolution and his pain; the shadow of Death passes over him, darkening the warm flesh-tint, and leaving only a sunny fleck on the brow and knee. For one brief moment he seems to hold his own; but, another second, and we feel that the arm will have given way, and his enemy will have passed beyond him into the room. It is broad daylight: the rays of heaven strike on the cold gray arm of the invading figure, but cannot warm it into color. Life and joy and happiness are awake in the world outside, and the horror of death is deepened by contrast with the light of the sun. Had Mr. Watts never painted any picture but this, he would have won a high place among English painters of this or any other age.

G. W. Prothero.

THE BREAD-WINNERS.

I.

A MORNING CALL.

A FRENCH clock on the mantel-piece, framed of brass and crystal, which betrayed its inner structure as the transparent sides of some insects betray their vital processes, struck ten with the mellow and lingering clangor of a distant cathedral bell. A gentleman, who was seated in front of the fire reading a newspaper, looked up at the clock to see what hour it was, to save himself the trouble of counting the slow, musical strokes. The eyes he raised were light gray, with a blue glint of steel in them, shaded by lashes as black as jet. The hair was also as black as hair can be, and was parted near the middle of his forehead. It was inclined to curl, but had not the length required by this inclination. The dark brown mustache was the only ornament the razor had spared on the wholesome face, the outline of which was clear and keen. The face suited the hands—it had the refinement and gentleness of one delicately bred, and the vigorous lines and color of one equally at home in field and court; and the hands had the firm, hard symmetry which showed they had done no work, and the bronze tinge which is the imprint wherewith sky and air mark their lovers. His clothes were of the fashion seen in the front windows of the Knickerbocker Club in the spring of the year 1877, and were worn as easily as a self-respecting bird wears his feathers. He seemed, in short, one of those fortunate natures, who, however born, are always bred well, and come by prescription to most of the good things the world can give.

He sat in a room marked, like himself, with a kind of serious elegance—one of those apartments which seem to fit the person like a more perfect dress. All around the walls ran dwarf book-cases of carved oak, filled with volumes bound in every soft shade of brown and tawny leather, with only enough of red and green to save the shelves from monotony. Above these the wall space was covered with Cordovan leather, stamped with gold *fleurs-de-lis* to within a yard of the top, where a frieze of palm-leaves led up to a ceiling of blue and brown and gold. The whole expression of the room was of warmth and good manners. The furniture was of oak and stamped leather. The low book-cases were covered with bronzes, casts, and figurines, of a quality so uniformly good that none seemed to feel the temptation either to snub or to cringe to its neighbor. The Owari pots felt no false shame beside the royal Satsuma; and Barbédienne's bronzes, the vases of Limoges and Lambeth and bowls from Nankin and Corea dwelt together in the harmony of a varied perfection.

It was an octagon room, with windows on each side of the fire-place, in which a fire of Ohio coal was leaping and crackling with a cheerful and unctuous noisiness. Out of one window you could see a pretty garden of five or six acres behind the house, and out of the other a carefully kept lawn, extending some hundred yards from the front door to the gates of hammered iron which opened upon a wide-paved avenue. This street was the glory of Buffland, a thriving city on Lake Erie, which already counted, though still very young, a population of over two hundred thousand souls. The people of Clevalo, a rival town, denied that there was anything like so many inhabitants, and added that "the less we say about 'souls' the better." But this was pure malice; Buffland was a big city. Its air was filled with the smoke and odors of vast and successful trade, and its sky was reddened by night with the glare of its furnaces, rising like the hot breath of some prostrate Titan, conquered and bowed down by the pitiless cunning of men. Its people were, as a rule, rich and honest, especially in this avenue of which I have spoken. If you have ever met a Bufflander, you have heard of Algonquin Avenue. He will stand in the Champs Elysées, when all the vice and fashion of Europe are pouring down from the Place of the Star in the refluent tide that flows from Boulogne Wood to Paris, and calmly tell you that "Algonquin Avenue in the sleighing season can discount this out of sight." Something is to be pardoned to the spirit of liberty; and the avenue is certainly a fine one. It is three miles long and has hardly a shabby house in it, while for a mile or two the houses upon one side, locally called "the Ridge," are unusually fine, large, and costly. They are all surrounded with well-kept gardens and separated from the street by velvet lawns which need scarcely fear comparison with the emerald wonders

which centuries of care have wrought from the turf of England. The house of which we have seen one room was one of the best upon this green and park-like thoroughfare. The gentleman who was sitting by the fire was Mr. Arthur Farnham. He was the owner and sole occupant of the large stone house—a widower of some years' standing, although he was yet young. His parents had died in his childhood. He had been an officer in the army, had served several years upon the frontier, had suffered great privations, had married a wife much older than himself, had seen her die on the Plains from sheer want, though he had more money than he could get transportation for; and finally, on the death of his grandfather he had resigned, with reluctance, a commission which had brought him nothing but suffering and toil, and had returned to Buffland, where he was born, to take charge of the great estate of which he was the only heir. And even yet, in the midst of a luxury and a comfort which anticipated every want and gratified every taste, he often looked longingly back upon the life he had left, until his nose inhaled again the scent of the sage-brush and his eyes smarted with alkali dust. He regretted the desolate prairies, the wide reaches of barrenness accursed of the Creator, the wild chaos of the mountain cañons, the horror of the Bad Lands, the tingling cold of winter in the Black Hills. But the Republic holds so high the privilege of serving her that, for the officer who once resigns—with a good character—there is no return forever, though he seek it with half the lobby at his heels. So Captain Farnham sat, this fine April morning, reading a newspaper which gave the stations of his friends in the "Tenth" with something of the feeling which assails the exile when he cons the court journal where his name shall appear no more.

But while he is looking at the clock a servant enters.

"That same young person is here again."

"What young person?"

There was a slight flavor of reproach in the tone of the grave Englishman as he answered:

"I told you last night, sir, she have been here three times already; she doesn't give me her name nor yet her business; she is settin' in the drawin'-room, and says she will wait till you are quite at leisure. I was about to tell her," he added with still deeper solemnity, "that you were hout, sir, but she hinterrupted of me and said, 'He isn't gone, there's his 'at,' which I told her you 'ad several 'ats, and would she wait in the drawin'-room and I'd see."

Captain Farnham smiled.

"Very well, Budsey, you've done your best—and perhaps she wont eat me after all. Is there a fire in the drawing-room?"

"No, sir."

"Let her come in here, then."

A moment afterward the rustle of a feminine step made Farnham raise his head suddenly from his paper. It was a quick, elastic step, accompanied by that crisp rattle of drapery which the close clinging garments of ladies produced at that season. The door opened, and as the visitor entered Farnham rose in surprise. He had expected to see the semi-mendicant, with sad-colored raiment and doleful whine, calling for a subscription for a new "Centennial History," or the confessed genteel beggar whose rent would be due tomorrow. But there was nothing in any way usual in the young person who stood before him. She was a tall and robust girl of eighteen or nineteen, of a singularly fresh and vigorous beauty. The artists forbid us to look for physical perfection in real people, but it would have been hard for the coolest-headed studio-rat to find any fault in the slender but powerful form of this young woman. Her color was lacking in delicacy, and her dark hair was too luxuriant to be amenable to the imperfect discipline to which it had been accustomed; but the eye of Andrea, sharpened by criticising Raphael, could hardly have found a line to alter in her. The girl who now entered Farnham's library had thrown her shawl over one arm, because the shawl was neither especially ornamental nor new, and she could not afford to let it conceal her dress of which she was innocently proud; for it represented not only her beautiful figure with few reserves, but also her skill and taste, and labor. She had cut the pattern out of an illustrated newspaper, had fashioned and sewed it with her own hands; she knew that it fitted her almost as well as her own skin; and although the material was cheap and rather flimsy, the style was very nearly the same as that worn the same day on the Boulevard of the Italians. Her costume was completed by a pair of eyeglasses with steel rims, which looked odd on her rosy young face.

"I didn't send in my name," she began with a hurried and nervous utterance, which she was evidently trying to make easy and dashing, "because you did not know me from Adam—— I have been trying to see you for some time," she continued.

"It has been my loss that you have not succeeded. Allow me to give you a chair."

She flushed and seemed not at all comfortable. She tried to call up an easy and gay

demeanor, but the effort was not entirely successful. She continued:

"I called this morning—it may surprise you to receive a visit from a young lady. My name is Miss Maud Matchin."

Farnham bowed, and rejoined:

"My name is ——"

She laughed outright, and said:

"I know well enough what your name is, or why should I have come here? Everybody knows the elegant Mr. Farnham."

The smile faded from his face.

"She is more ill-bred than I suspected," he thought; "we will condense this interview."

He made no reply to her compliment, but looked steadily at her, waiting to hear what she wanted, and thinking it was a pity she was so vulgar, for she looked like the huntress Diana.

Her eyes fell under his glance, which was not at all re-assuring. She said in almost a humble tone:

"I have come to ask a great favor of you. I am in a good deal of trouble."

"Let us see what it is and what we can do," said Farnham, and there was no longer any banter in his voice.

She looked up with sudden pleasure, and her glasses fell from her eyes. She did not replace them, but, clasping her hands tightly together, exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, if you can do anything for me—— But I don't want to make you think——" She paused in evident confusion, and Farnham kindly interposed.

"What I may think is not of any consequence just now. What is it you want, and how can I be of service to you?"

"Oh, it is a long story, and I thought it was so easy to tell, and I find it isn't easy a bit. I want to do something—to help my parents—I mean they do not need any help—but they can't help me. I have tried lots of things." She was now stammering and blushing in a way that made her hate herself mortally and the innocent man in front of her tenfold more, but she pushed on manfully and concluded, "I thought may be you could help me get something I would like."

"What would you like?"

"Most anything. I am a graduate of the high school. I write a good hand, but I don't like figures well enough to clerk. I hear there are plenty of good places in Washington."

"I could do nothing for you if there were. But you are wrong: there are no good places in Washington, from the White House down."

"Well, you are president of the Library Board, aint you?" asked the high-school graduate. "I think I would like to be one of the librarians."

"Why would you like that?"

"Oh, the work is light, I suppose, and you see people, and get plenty of time for reading, and the pay is better than I could get at anything else. The fact is," she began to gain confidence as she talked, "I don't want to go on in the old humdrum way forever, doing housework and sewing, and never getting a chance at anything better. I have enough to eat and to wear at home, but the soul has some claims too, and I long for the contact of higher natures than those by whom I am now surrounded. I want opportunities for self-culture, for intercourse with kindred spirits, for the attainment of a higher destiny."

She delivered these swelling words with great fluency, mentally congratulating herself that she had at last got fairly started, and wishing she could have struck into that vein at the beginning. Farnham was listening to her with more of pain than amusement, saying to himself: "The high school has evidently spoiled her for her family and friends, and fitted her for nothing else."

"I do not know that there is a vacancy in the library."

"Oh, yes, there is," she rejoined, briskly; "I have been to see the librarian himself, and I flatter myself I made a favorable impression."

"No doubt," said Farnham; "but I do not know what are the chances. You would do well to get some of your friends to write a letter or two in your behalf, and I will see what can be done at the next meeting of the Board."

But her returning fluency had warmed up Miss Maud's courage somewhat, and instead of taking her leave she began again, blushingly, but still boldly enough:

"There is something I would like much better than the library."

Farnham looked at her inquiringly. She did not hesitate in the least, but pushed on energetically, "I have thought you must need a secretary. I should be glad to serve you in that capacity."

The young man stared with amazement at this preposterous proposal. For the first time, he asked himself if the girl's honest face could be the ambush of a guileful heart; but he dismissed the doubt in an instant, and said, simply:

"No, thank you. I am my own secretary, and have no reason for displacing the present incumbent. The library will suit you better in every respect."

In her embarrassment she began to feel for her glasses, which were lying in her lap.

Farnham picked up a small photograph from the table near him, and said:

"Do you recognize this?"

"Yes," she said. "It is General Grant."

"It is a photograph of him, taken in Paris, which I received to-day. May I ask a favor of you?"

"What is it?" she said, shyly.

"Stop wearing those glasses. They are of no use to you, and they will injure your eyes."

Her face turned crimson. Without a word of reply she seized the glasses and put them on, her eyes flashing fire. She then rose and threw her shawl over her arm, and said, in a tone to which her repressed anger lent a real dignity:

"When can I learn about that place in the library?"

"Any time after Wednesday," Farnham answered.

She bowed and walked out of the room. She could not indulge in tragic strides, for her dress held her like a scabbard, giving her scarcely more freedom of movement than the high-born maidens of Carthage enjoyed, who wore gold fetters on their ankles until they were married. But in spite of all impediments her tall figure moved, with that grace which is the birthright of beauty in any circumstances, out of the door, through the wide hall to the outer entrance, so rapidly that Farnham could hardly keep pace with her. As he opened the door she barely acknowledged his parting salutation, and swept like a huffy goddess down the steps.

Farnham gazed after her a moment, admiring the undulating line from the small hat to the long and narrow train which dragged on the smooth stones of the walk. He then returned to the library. Budsey was mending the fire.

"If you please, sir," he said, "Mrs. Belding's man came over to ask, would you dine there this evening, quite informal."

"Why didn't he come in?"

"I told him you were engaged."

"Ah, very well. Say to Mrs. Belding that I will come, with pleasure."

II.

A HIGH-SCHOOL GRADUATE.

MISS MATCHIN picked up her train as she reached the gate, and walked down the street in a state of mind by no means tranquil. If she had put her thoughts in words they would have run like this:

"That was the meanest trick a gentleman ever played. How did he dare know I wasn't near-sighted? And what a fool I was to be caught by that photograph—saw it as plain as day three yards off. I had most made up my mind to leave them off anyway, though they are awful stylish; they pinch my nose and make my head ache. But I'll wear them now," and here the white teeth came viciously together, "if they kill me. Why should he put me down that way? He made me shy for the first time in my life. It's a man's business to be shy before me. If I could only get hold of him somehow! I'd pay him well for making me feel so small. The fact is, I started wrong. I did not really know what I wanted; and that graven image of an English butler set me back so; and then I never saw such a house as that. It is sinful for one man to live there all alone. Powers alive! How well that house would suit my complexion! But I don't believe I'd take it with *him* thrown in."

It is doubtful whether young girls of Miss Matchin's kind are ever quite candid in their soliloquies. It is certain she was not when she assured herself that she did not know why she went to Farnham's house that morning. She went primarily to make his acquaintance, with the hope also that by this means she might be put in some easy and genteel way of earning money. She was one of a very numerous class in large American towns. Her father was a carpenter, of a rare sort. He was a good workman, sober, industrious, and unambitious. He was contented with his daily work and wage, and would have thanked Heaven if he could have been assured that his children would fare as well as he. He was of English blood, and had never seemed to imbibe into his veins the restless haste and hunger to rise which is the source of much that is good and most that is evil in American life. In the dreams of his early married days he created a future for his children, in the image of his own decent existence. The boys should succeed him in his shop, and the daughters should go out to service in respectable families. This thought sweetened his toil. When he got on well enough to build a shop for himself, he burdened himself with debt building it firmly and well, so as to last out his boys' time as well as his own. When he was employed on the joiner-work of some of those large houses in Algonquin Avenue, he lost himself in reveries in which he saw his daughters employed as house-maids in them. He studied the faces and the words of the proprietors, when they visited the new buildings, to guess if they would make kind and considerate employers. He put many an extra stroke of fine work upon the servants' rooms he finished, thinking: "Who knows but my Mattie may live here sometime?"

But Saul Matchin found, like many others of us, that fate was not so easily managed. His boys never occupied the old shop on Dean street, which was built with so many sacrifices and so much of hopeful love. One of them ran away from home on the first intimation that he was expected to learn his father's trade, shipped as a cabin-boy on one of the lake steamers, and was drowned in a storm which destroyed the vessel. The other, less defiant or less energetic, entered the shop, and attained some proficiency in the work. But as he grew toward manhood, he became, as the old man called it, "trifling"; a word which bore with it in the local dialect no suggestion of levity or vivacity, for Luke Matchin was as dark and lowering a lout as you would readily find. But it meant that he became more and more unpunctual, did his work worse month by month, came home later at night, and was continually seen, when not in the shop, with a gang of low ruffians, whose head-quarters were in a den called the "Bird of Paradise," on the lake shore. When his father remonstrated with him, he met everything with sullen silence. If Saul lost his temper at this mute insolence and spoke sharply, the boy would retort with an evil grin that made the honest man's heart ache.

"Father," he said one day, "you'd a big sight better let me alone, if you don't want to drive me out of this ranch. I wasn't born to make a nigger of myself in a free country, and you can just bet your life I aint a-going to do it."

These things grieved Saul Matchin so that his anger would die away. At last, one morning, after a daring burglary had been committed in Buffland, two policemen were seen by Luke Matchin approaching the shop. He threw open a back window, jumped out and ran rapidly down to the steep bluff overlooking the lake. When the officers entered, Saul was alone in the place. They asked after his boy, and he said:

"He can't be far away. What do you want of him? He haint been doing nothing, I hope."

"Nothing, so far as we know, but we are after two fellows who go by the names of Maumee Jake and Dutch George. Luke runs with them sometimes, and he could make a pile of money by helping of us get them."

"I'll tell him when he comes in," said Saul, but he never saw or heard of his son again.

With his daughters he was scarcely more successful. For, though they had not brought sorrow or shame to his house, they seemed as little amenable to the discipline he had hoped to exert in his family as the boys were. The elder had married, at fifteen years of age, a journeyman printer; and so, instead of filling the place of housemaid in some good family, as her father had fondly dreamed, she was cook, housemaid, and general servant to a man aware of his rights, and determined to maintain them, and nurse and mother (giving the more important function precedence) to six riotous children. Though his child had thus disappointed his hopes, she had not lost his affection, and he even enjoyed the Sunday afternoon romp with his six grandchildren, which ordinarily took place in the shop among the shavings. Wixham, the son-in-law, was not prosperous, and the children were not so well dressed that the sawdust would damage their clothes.

The youngest of Matchin's four children was our acquaintance Miss Maud, as she called herself, though she was christened Matilda. When Mrs. Matchin was asked, after that ceremony, "Who she was named for?" she said, "Nobody in partic'lar. I call her Matildy because it's a pretty name, and goes well with Jurildy, my oldest gal." She had evolved that dreadful appellation out of her own mind. It had done no special harm, however, as Miss Jurildy had rechristened herself Poguy at a very tender age, in a praiseworthy attempt to say "Rogue," and the delighted parents had never called her anything else. Thousands of comely damsels all over this broad land suffer under names as revolting, punished through life, by the stupidity of parental love, for a slip of the tongue in the cradle. Matilda got off easily in the matter of nicknames, being called Mattie until she was pretty well grown, and then having changed her name suddenly to Maud, for reasons to be given hereafter.

She was a hearty, blowzy little girl. Her father delighted in her coarse vigor and energy. She was not a pretty child, and had not a particle of coquetry in her, apparently; she liked to play with the boys when they would allow her, and never presumed upon her girlhood for any favors in their rough sport; and good-natured as she was, she was able to defend herself on occasion with tongue and fists. She was so full of life and strength that, when she had no playing to do, she took pleasure in helping her mother about her work. It warmed Saul Matchin's heart to see the stout little figure sweeping or scrubbing. She went to school but did not "learn enough to hurt her," as her father said; and he used to think that here, at least, would be one child who would be a comfort to his age. In fancy he saw her, in a neat print dress and white cap, wielding a broom in one of those fine houses he had helped to

build, or coming home to keep house for him when her mother should fail.

But one day her fate came to her in the shape of a new girl, who sat near her on the school-bench. It was a slender, pasty young person, an inch taller and a year or two older than Mattie, with yellow ringlets, and more pale-blue ribbons on her white dress than poor Mattie had ever seen before. She was a clean, cold, pale, and selfish little vixen, whose dresses were never rumpled, and whose temper was never ruffled. She had not blood enough in her veins to drive her to play or to anger. But she seemed to poor Mattie the loveliest creature she had ever seen, and our brown, hard-handed, blowzy tomboy became the pale fairy's abject slave. Her first act of sovereignty was to change her vassal's name.

"I don't like Mattie; it aint a bit romantic. I had a friend in Bucyrus whose name was Mattie, and she found out somehow—I believe the teacher told her—that Queen Matilda and Queen Maud was the same thing in England. So you're Maud!" and Maud she was henceforward, though her tyrant made her spell it Maude. "It's more elegant with an *e*," she said.

Maud was fourteen and her school-days were ending when she made this new acquaintance. She formed for Azalea Windom one of those violent idolatries peculiar to her sex and age, and in a fortnight she seemed a different person. Azalea was rather clever in her books, and Maud dug at her lessons from morning till night to keep abreast of her. Her idol was exquisitely neat in her dress, and Maud acquired, as if by magic, a scrupulous care of her person. Azalea's blonde head was full of pernicious sentimentality, though she was saved from actual indiscretions by her cold and vaporous temperament. In dreams and fancies, she was wooed and won a dozen times a day by splendid cavaliers of every race and degree; and as she was thoroughly false and vain, she detailed these airy adventures, part of which she had imagined and part read in weekly story-papers, to her worshiper, who listened, with wide eyeballs, and a heart which was just beginning to learn how to beat. She initiated Maud into that strange world of vulgar and unhealthy sentiment found in the cheap weeklies which load every news-stand in the country, and made her tenfold more the child of dreams than herself.

Miss Windom remained but a few months at the common school, and then left it for the high school. She told Maud one day of her intended flitting, and was more astonished than pleased at the passion of grief into which the announcement threw her friend. Maud clung to her with sobs that would not be stilled, and with tears that reduced Miss Azalea's dress to limp and moist wretchedness, but did not move the vain heart beneath it. "I wonder if she knows," thought Azalea, "how ugly she is when she bawls like that. Few brunettes can cry stylishly anyhow." Still, she could not help feeling flattered by such devotion, and she said, partly from a habit of careless kindness and partly to rescue the rest of her raiment from the shower which had ruined her neck-ribbon,—

"There, don't be heart-broken. You will be in the high school yourself in no time."

Maud lifted up her eyes and her heart at these words.

"Yes, I will, darling!"

She had never thought of the high school before. She had always expected to leave school that very season, and to go into service somewhere. But from that moment she resolved that nothing should keep her away from those walls that had suddenly become her Paradise.

Her mother was easily won over. She was a woman of weak will, more afraid of her children than of her husband, a phenomenon of frequent occurrence in that latitude. She therefore sided naturally with her daughter in the contest which, when Maud announced her intention of entering the high school, broke out in the house and raged fiercely for some weeks. The poor woman had to bear the brunt of the battle alone, for Matchin soon grew shy of disputing with his rebellious child. She was growing rapidly and assuming that look of maturity which comes so suddenly and so strangely to the notice of a parent. When he attacked her one day with the brusque exclamation, "Well, Mattie, what's all this blame foolishness your ma's being tellin' me?" she answered him with a cool decision and energy that startled and alarmed him. She stood straight and terribly tall, he thought. She spoke with that fluent clearness of girls who know what they want, and used words he had never met with before out of a newspaper. He felt himself no match for her, and ended the discussion by saying: "That's all moonshine—you shan't go! D'ye hear me?" but he felt dismally sure that she would go, in spite of him.

Even after he had given up the fight, he continued to revenge himself upon his wife for his defeat. "We've got to have a set of gold spoons, I guess. These will never do for highfliers like us." Or, "Drop in at Swillem's and send home a few dozen champagne; I can't stummick such common drink as coffee for breakfast." Or, "I must fix up and make some calls on Algonkin Av'noo. Sence

we've jined the Upper Ten, we mustn't go back on Society." But this brute thunder had little effect on Mrs. Matchin. She knew the storm was over when her good-natured lord tried to be sarcastic.

It need hardly be said that Maud Matchin did not find the high school all her heart desired. Her pale goddess had not enough substantial character to hold her worshiper long. Besides, at fifteen, a young girl's heart is as variable as her mind or her person; and a great change was coming over the carpenter's daughter. She suddenly gained her full growth; and after the first awkwardness of her tall stature passed away, she began to delight in her own strength and beauty. Her pride waked at the same time with her vanity, and she applied herself closely to her books, so as to make a good appearance in her classes. She became the friend instead of the vassal of Azalea, and by slow degrees she found their positions reversed. Within a year, it seemed perfectly natural to Maud that Azalea should do her errands and talk to her about her eyes; and Miss Windom found her little airs of superiority of no avail in face of the girl who had grown prettier, cleverer, and taller than herself. It made no difference that Maud was still a vulgar and ignorant girl — for Azalea was not the person to perceive or appreciate these defects. She saw her, with mute wonder, blooming out before her very eyes, from a stout, stocky, frowzy child, with coarse red cheeks and knuckles like a boot-black, into a tall, slender girl, whose oval face was as regular as a conic section, and whose movements were as swift, strong, and graceful, when she forgot herself, as those of a race-horse. There were still the ties of habit and romance between them. Azalea, whose brother was a train-boy on the Lake Shore road, had a constant supply of light literature, which the girls devoured in the long intervals of their studies. But even the romance of Miss Matchin had undergone a change. While Azalea still dreamed of dark-eyed princes, lords of tropical islands, and fierce and tender warriors who should shoot for her the mountain eagle for his plumes, listen with her to the bulbul's song in valleys of roses, or hew out a throne for her in some vague and ungeographical empire, the reveries of Miss Maud grew more and more mundane and reasonable. She was too strong and well to dream much; her only visions were of a rich man who should love her for her fine eyes. She would meet him in some simple and casual way; he would fall in love at sight, and speedily prosper in his wooing; they would be married,—privately, for Maud blushed and burned to think of her home at such times,— and then they would go to New York to live. She never wasted conjecture on the age, the looks, the manner of being of this possible hero. Her mind intoxicated itself with the thought of his wealth. She went one day to the Public Library to read the articles on Rothschild and Astor in the encyclopedias. She even tried to read the editorial articles on gold and silver in the Ohio papers.

She delighted in the New York society journals. She would pore for hours over those wonderful columns which described the weddings and the receptions of rich tobacconists and stock-brokers, with lists of names which she read with infinite gusto. At first, all the names were the same to her, all equally worshipful and happy in being printed, black on white, in the reports of these upper-worldly banquets. But after a while her sharp intelligence began to distinguish the grades of our republican aristocracy, and she would skip the long rolls of obscure guests who figured at the "coming-out parties" of thrifty shop-keepers of fashionable ambition, to revel among the genuine swells whose fathers were shop-keepers. The reports of the battles of the Polo Club filled her with a sweet intoxication. She knew the names of the combatants by heart, and had her own opinion as to the comparative eligibility of Billy Buglass and Tim Blanket, the young men most in view at that time in the clubs of the metropolis.

Her mind was too much filled with interests of this kind to leave any great room for her studies. She had pride enough to hold her place in her classes, and that was all. She learned a little music, a little drawing, a little Latin, and a little French — the French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," for French of Paris was not easy of attainment at Buffland. This language had an especial charm for her, as it seemed a connecting link with that elysium of fashion of which her dreams were full. She once went to the library and asked for "a nice French book." They gave her "La Petite Fadette." She had read of George Sand in newspapers, which had called her a "corrupter of youth." She hurried home with her book, eager to test its corrupting qualities, and when, with locked doors and infinite labor, she had managed to read it, she was greatly disappointed at finding in it nothing to admire and nothing to shudder at. "How could such a smart woman as that waste her time writing about a lot of peasants, poor as crows, the whole lot!" was her final indignant comment.

By the time she left the school her life had become almost as solitary as that of the bat in the fable, alien both to bird and beast.

She made no intimate acquaintances there; her sordid and selfish dreams occupied her too completely. Girls who admired her beauty and cleverness were repelled by her heartlessness, which they felt, but could not clearly define. Even Azalea fell away from her, having found a stout and bald-headed railway conductor, whose adoration made amends for his lack of romance. Maud knew she was not liked in the school, and being, of course, unable to attribute it to any fault of her own, she ascribed it to the fact that her father was a mechanic and poor. This thought did not tend to make her home happier. She passed much of her time in her own bedroom, looking out of her window on the lake, weaving visions of ignoble wealth and fashion out of the mists of the morning sky and the purple and gold that made the north-west glorious at sunset. When she sat with her parents in the evening, she rarely spoke. If she was not gazing in the fire, with hard bright eyes and lips, in which there was only the softness of youth, but no tender tremor of girlhood's dreams, she was reading her papers or her novels with rapt attention. Her mother was proud of her beauty and her supposed learning, and loved, when she looked up from her work, to let her eyes rest upon her tall and handsome child, whose cheeks were flushed with eager interest as she bent her graceful head over her book. But Saul Matchin nourished a vague anger and jealousy against her. He felt that his love was nothing to her; that she was too pretty and too clever to be at home in his poor house; and yet he dared not either reproach her or appeal to her affections. His heart would fill with grief and bitterness as he gazed at her devouring the brilliant pages of some novel of what she imagined high life, unconscious of his glance, which would travel from her neatly shod feet up to her hair, frizzed and banged down to her eyebrows, "making her look," he thought, "more like a Scotch poodle-dog than an honest girl." He hated those books which, he fancied, stole away her heart from her home. He had once picked up one of them where she had left it; but the high-flown style seemed as senseless to him as the words of an incantation, and he had flung it down more bewildered than ever. He thought there must be some strange difference between their minds when she could delight in what seemed so uncanny to him, and he gazed at her, reading by the lamp-light, as over a great gulf. Even her hands holding the book made him uneasy; for since she had grown careful of them, they were like no hands he had ever seen on any of his kith and kin. The fingers were long and white, and the nails were shaped like an almond, and though the hands lacked delicacy at the articulations, they almost made Matchin reverence his daughter as his superior, as he looked at his own.

One evening, irritated by the silence and his own thoughts, he cried out with a sudden suspicion:

"Where do you git all them books, and what do they cost?"

She turned her fine eyes slowly upon him and said:

"I get them from the public library, and they cost nothing."

He felt deeply humiliated that he should have made a blunder so ridiculous and so unnecessary.

After she had left the school—where she was graduated as near as possible to the foot of the class—she was almost alone in the world. She rarely visited her sister, for the penury of the Wixham household grated upon her nerves, and she was not polite enough to repress her disgust at the affectionate demonstrations of the Wixham babies. "There, there! get along, you'll leave me not fit to be seen!" she would say, and Jurilda would answer in that vicious whine of light-haired women, too early overworked and overprolific: "Yes, honey, let your aunt alone. She's too tiffy for poor folks like us"; and Maud would go home, loathing her lineage.

The girls she had known in her own quarter were by this time earning their own living: some in the manufactories, in the lighter forms of the iron trade, some in shops, and a few in domestic service. These last were very few, for the American blood revolts against this easiest and best-paid of all occupations, and leaves it to more sensible foreigners. The working bees were clearly no company for this poor would-be butterfly. They barely spoke when they met, kept asunder by a mutual embarrassment. One girl with whom she had played as a child had early taken to evil courses. Her she met one day in the street, and the bedraggled and painted creature called her by her name.

"How dare you?" said Maud, shocked and frightened.

"All right!" said the shameless woman. "You looked so gay, I didn't know."

Maud, as she walked away, hardly knew whether to be pleased or not. "She saw I looked like a lady, and thought I could not be one honestly. I'll show them!"

She knew as few men as women. She sometimes went to the social gatherings affected by her father's friends, Odd Fellows' and Druids' balls and the festivities with which the firemen refreshed themselves after

their toils and dangers. But her undeniable beauty gained her no success. She seemed to take pains to avoid pleasing the young carpenters, coachmen, and journeyman printers she met on these occasions. With her head full of fantastic dreams, she imagined herself a mere visitor at these simple entertainments of the common people, and criticised the participants to herself with kindly sarcasm. If she ever consented to dance, it was with the air with which she fancied a duchess might open a ball of her servants. Once, in a round game at a "surprise" party, it came her turn to be kissed by a young blacksmith, who did his duty in spite of her struggles with strong arms and a willing heart. Mr. Browning makes a certain queen, mourning over her lofty loneliness, wish that some common soldier would throw down his halberd and clasp her to his heart. It is doubtful if she would really have liked it better than Miss Maud did, and she was furious as a young lioness. She made herself so disagreeable about it that she ceased to be invited to those lively entertainments; and some of the most eligible of the young "Cariboos"—a social order of a secret and mysterious rite, which met once a week in convenient woodsheds and stable-lofts—took an oath with hands solemnly clasped in the intricate grip of the order, that "they would never ask Miss Matchin to go to party, picnic, or sleigh-ride, as long as the stars gemmed the blue vault of heaven," from which it may be seen that the finer sentiments of humanity were not unknown to the Cariboos.

Maud came thus to be eighteen, and though she was so beautiful and so shapely that no stranger ever saw her without an instant of glad admiration, she had had no suitor but one, and from him she never allowed a word of devotion. Samuel Sleeny, a carpenter who worked with her father, and who took his meals with the family, had fallen in love with her at first sight, and, after a year of dumb hopelessness, had been so encouraged by her father's evident regard that he had opened his heart to Saul and had asked his mediation. Matchin undertook the task with pleasure. He could have closed his eyes in peace if he had seen his daughter married to so decent a man and so good a joiner as Sleeny. But the interview was short and painful to Matchin. He left his daughter in possession of the field, and went to walk by the lake shore to recover his self-possession, which had given way beneath her firm will and smiling scorn. When he returned to the shop Sleeny was there, sitting on a bench and chewing pine shavings.

"What did she say?" asked the young fellow. "But never mind—I see plain enough it's no use. She's too good for me, and she knows it."

"Too good!" roared Saul. "She's the gold-erndest——"

"Hold on there," said Sleeny. "Don't say nothin' you'll have to take back. Ef you say anything ag'in her, you'll have to swaller it, or whip me."

Saul looked at him with amazement.

"Well! you beat me, the pair of you! You're crazy to want her, and she's crazy not to want you. She liked to a' bit my head off for perposin' you, and you want to lick me for calling her a fool."

"She aint no fool," said Sleeny with sullen resignation; "she knows what she's about," and he picked up another shaving and ruminated upon it.

The old man walked to and fro, fidgeting with his tools. At last he came back to the young man and said, awkwardly dusting the bench with his hand:

"Sam, you wasn't 'lowin' to leave along o' this here foolishness?"

"That's just what I was 'lowin' to do, sir."

"Don't you be a dern fool, Sam!" and Saul followed up this judicious exhortation with such cogent reasons that poor Sleeny was glad to be persuaded that his chance was not over yet, and that he would much better stay where he was.

"How'll *she* like it?"

"Oh! it wont make a mite o' difference to her," said the old man airily, and poor Sam felt in his despondent heart that it would not.

He remained and became like the least of her servants. She valued his attachment much as a planter valued the affection of his slaves, knowing they would work the better for it. He did all her errands; fetched and carried for her; took her to church on evenings when she did not care to stay at home. One of the few amusements Saul Matchin indulged in was that of attending spiritualist lectures and séances, whenever a noted medium visited the place. Saul had been an unbeliever in his youth, and this grotesque superstition had rushed in at the first opportunity to fill the vacuum of faith in his mind. He had never succeeded, however, in thoroughly indoctrinating his daughter. She regarded her father's religion with the same contempt she bestowed upon the other vulgar and narrow circumstances of her lot in life, and so had preferred her mother's sober Presbyterianism to the new and raw creed of her sire. But one evening, when she was goaded by more than usual restlessness, Sleeny asked her, if she would go with him to a "sperritual lectur." To escape from her

own society, she accepted, and the wild, incoherent, and amazingly fluent address she heard excited her interest and admiration. After that, she often asked him to take her, and in the long walk to and from the Harmony Hall, where the long-haired brotherhood held their sessions, a sort of confidential relation grew up between them, which meant nothing to Maud, but bound the heart of Sleeny in chains of iron. Yet he never dared say a word of the feeling that was consuming him. He feared he should lose her forever, if he opened his lips.

Of course, she was not at ease in this life of dreamy idleness. It did not need the taunts of her father to convince her that she ought to be doing something for herself. Her millionaire would never come down to the little house on Dean street to find her, and she had conscience enough to feel that she ought to earn her own clothes. She tried to make use of the accomplishments she had learned at school, but was astonished to find how useless they were. She made several attempts to be a teacher, but it was soon found that her high-school diploma covered a world of ignorance, and no board, however indulgent, would accept her services. She got a box of colors, and spoiled many fans and disfigured many pots by decorations which made the eyes of the beholder ache; nobody would buy them, and poor Maud had no acquaintances to whom she might give them away. So they incumbered the mantels and tables of her home, adding a new tedium to the unhappy household. She answered the advertisements of several publishing companies and obtained agencies for the sale of subscription books. But her face was not hard enough for this work. She was not fluent enough to persuade the undecided, and she was too proud to sue *in forma pauperis;* she had not the precious gift of tears by which the traveling she-merchant sells so many worthless wares. The few commissions she gained hardly paid for the wear and tear of her high-heeled boots.

One day at the public library she was returning a novel she had read, when a gentleman came out of an inner room and paused to speak to the librarian's assistant, with whom Maud was at the moment occupied—a girl whom she had known at school, and with whom she had renewed acquaintance in this way. It was about a matter of the administration of the library, and only a few words were exchanged. He then bowed to both the ladies, and went out.

"Who was that?" Maud asked.

"Don't you know?" rejoined the other. "I thought everybody knew the elegant Captain Farnham. He is president of our board, you know, and he is just lovely. I always manage to stop him as he leaves a board meeting and get a word or two out of him. It's worth the trouble if I only get a bow."

"I should think so," assented Maud. "He is as sweet as a peach. Is there any chance of getting one of those places? I should like to divide those bows with you."

"That would be perfectly splendid," said her friend, who was a good-natured girl. "Come, I will introduce you to the old Doctor now."

And in a moment Maud was in the presence of the librarian.

She entered at a fortunate moment. Dr. Buchlieber was a near-sighted old gentleman who read without glasses, but could see nothing six feet away. He usually received and dismissed his visitors without bothering himself to discover or imagine what manner of people they were. "I do not care how they look," he would say. "They probably look as they talk, without form and void." But at the moment when Maud entered his little room he had put on his lenses to look out of the window, and he turned to see a perfect form in a closely fitting dress, and a face pretty enough to look on with a critical pleasure. He received her kindly and encouraged her to hope for an appointment, and it was in accordance with his suggestion that she called upon Farnham, as we have related.

She did not go immediately. She took several days to prepare what she called "a harness" of sufficient splendor, and while she was at work upon it she thought of many things. She was not even yet quite sure that she wanted a place in the library. The Doctor had been very kind, but he had given her clearly to understand that the work required of her would be severe, and the pay very light. She had for a long time thought of trying to obtain a clerkship at Washington,—perhaps Farnham would help her to that,—and her mind wandered off among the possibilities of chance acquaintance with bachelor senators and diplomats. But the more she thought of the coming interview, the more her mind dwelt upon the man himself whom she was going to see—his bow and his smile, his teeth and his mustache, and the perfect fit of his clothes. One point in regard to him was still vague in her mind, and as to that her doubts were soon resolved. One evening she said to her father:

"Did you ever see Captain Farnham?"

"Now, what a fool question that is! I'd like to know who built his greenhouses, ef I didn't?"

"He is pretty well off, aint he?"

Saul laughed with that satisfied arrogance of ignorant men when they are asked a question they can answer easily.

"I rather guess he is; that is, ef you call three, four, five millions well off. I don't know how it strikes you" (with a withering sarcasm), "but *I* call Arthur Farnham pretty well fixed."

These words ran in Maud's brain with a ravishing sound. She built upon them a fantastic palace of mist and cloud. When at last her dress was finished and she started, after three unsuccessful attempts, to walk to Algonquin avenue, she was in no condition to do herself simple justice. She hardly knew whether she wanted a place in the library, a clerkship at Washington, or the post of amanuensis to the young millionaire. She was daunted by his reception of her; his good-natured irony made her feel ill at ease; she was nervous and flurried; and she felt, as she walked away, that the battle had gone against her.

III.

THE WIDOW AND HER DAUGHTER.

MRS. BELDING'S house was next to that of Mr. Farnham, and the neighborly custom of Algonquin avenue was to build no middle walls of partition between adjoining lawns. A minute's walk, therefore, brought the young man to the door of Mrs. Belding's cottage. She called it a cottage, and so we have no excuse for calling it anything else, though it was a big three-storied house, built of the soft creamy stone of the Buffland quarries, and it owed its modest name to an impression in the lady's mind that gothic gables and dormer windows were a necessary adjunct of cottages. She was a happy woman, though she would have been greatly surprised to hear herself so described. She had not been out of mourning since she was a young girl. Her parents, as she sometimes said, "had put her into black"; and several children had died in infancy, one after the other, until at last her husband, Jairus Belding, the famous bridge-builder, had perished of a malarial fever caught in the swamps of the Wabash, and left her with one daughter and a large tin box full of good securities. She never afterward altered the style of her dress, and she took much comfort in feeling free from all further allegiance to milliners. In fact, she had a nature which was predisposed to comfort. She had been fond of her husband, but she had been a little afraid of him, and, when she had wept her grief into tranquillity, she felt a certain satisfaction in finding herself the absolute mistress of her income and her bedroom. Her wealth made her the object of matrimonial ambition once or twice, and she had sufficient beauty to flatter herself that she was loved more for her eyes than her money; but she refused her suitors with an indolent good-nature that did not trouble itself with inquiries as to their sincerity. "I have been married once, thank you, and that is enough"; this she said simply without sighing or tears. Perhaps the unlucky aspirant might infer that her heart was buried in the grave of Jairus. But the sober fact was that she liked her breakfast at her own hours. Attached to the spacious sleeping-room occupied in joint tenancy by herself and the bridge-builder were two capacious closets. After the funeral of Mr. Belding, she took possession of both of them, hanging her winter wardrobe in one and her summer raiment in the other, and she had never met a man so fascinating as to tempt her to give up to him one of these rooms.

She was by no means a fool. Like many easy-going women, she had an enlightened selfishness which prompted her to take excellent care of her affairs. As long as old Mr. Farnham lived, she took his advice implicitly in regard to her investments, and after his death she transferred the same unquestioning confidence to his grandson and heir, although he was much younger than herself and comparatively inexperienced in money matters. It seemed to her only natural that some of the Farnham wisdom should have descended with the Farnham millions. There was a grain of good sense in this reasoning, founded as it was upon her knowledge of Arthur's good qualities; for upon a man who is neither a sot nor a gambler, the possession of great wealth almost always exercises a sobering and educating influence. So, whenever Mrs. Belding was in doubt in any matter of money, she asked Arthur to dine with her, and settle the vexing questions somewhere between the soup and the coffee. It was a neighborly service, freely asked and willingly rendered.

As Farnham entered the widow's cozy library, he saw a lady sitting by the fire whom he took to be Mrs. Belding; but as she rose and made a step toward him, he discovered that she was not in mourning. The quick twilight was thickening into night, and the rich glow of the flaming coal in the grate, deepening the shadows in the room, while it prevented him from distinguishing the features of her face, showed him a large full form with a grace of movement, which had something even of majesty in it.

"I see you have forgotten me," said a voice

as rich and full as the form from which it came. "I am Alice Belding."

"Of course you are, and you have grown as big and beautiful as you threatened to," said Farnham, taking both the young girl's hands in his, and turning until she faced the fire-light. It was certainly a bonny face which the red light shone upon, and quite uncommon in its beauty. The outline was very pure and noble; the eyes were dark-brown and the hair was of tawny gold, but the complexion was of that clear and healthy pallor so rarely met with among blonde women. The finest thing about her face was its expression of perfect serenity. Even now, as she stood looking at Farnham, with her hands in his, her cheek flushed a little with the evident pleasure of the meeting, she received his gaze of unchecked admiration with a smile as quiet and unabashed as that of a mother greeting a child.

"Well, well!" said Farnham, as they seated themselves, "how long has it taken you to grow to that stature? When did I see you last?"

"Two years ago," she answered, in that rich and gentle tone which was a delight to the ear. "I was at home last summer, but you were away—in Germany, I think."

"Yes, and we looked for you in vain at Christmases and Thanksgivings."

"Mamma came so often to New York that there seemed no real necessity of my coming home until I came for good. I had so much to learn, you know. I was quite old and very ignorant when I started away."

"And you have come back quite young and very learned, I dare say."

She laughed a little, and her clear and quiet laugh was as pleasant as her speech.

Mrs. Belding came in with gliding footsteps and cap-strings gently fluttering.

"Why, you are all in the dark! Arthur, will you please light that burner nearest you?"

In the bright light Miss Alice looked prettier than ever; the jet of gas above her tinged her crisp hair with a luster of twisted gold wire and threw tangled shadows upon her low smooth forehead.

"We have to thank Madame de Veaudrey for sending us back a fine young woman," said Farnham.

"Yes, she *is* improved," the widow assented, calmly. "I must show you the letter Madame de Veaudrey wrote me. Alice is first in languages, first——"

"In peace, and first in the hearts of her country-women," interrupted Miss Alice, not smartly, but with smiling firmness. "Let Mr. Farnham take the rest of my qualities for granted, please."

"There will be time enough for you two to get acquainted. But this evening I wanted to talk to you about something more important. The 'Tribune' money article says the Dan and Beersheba Railroad is not really earning its dividends. What am I to do about that, I should like to know?"

"Draw your dividends, with a mind conscious of rectitude, though the directors rage and the 'Tribune' imagine a vain thing," Farnham answered, and the talk was of stocks and bonds for an hour afterward.

When dinner was over, the three were seated again in the library. The financial conversation had run its course, and had perished amid the arid sands of reference to the hard times and the gloomy prospects of real estate. Miss Alice, who took no part in the discussion, was reading the evening paper, and Farnham was gratifying his eyes by gazing at the perfect outline of her face, the rippled hair over the straight brows, and the stout braids that hung close to the graceful neck in the fashion affected by school-girls at that time.

A servant entered and handed a card to Alice. She looked at it and passed it to her mother.

"It is Mr. Furrey," said the widow. "He has called upon *you*."

"I suppose he may come in here?" Alice said, without rising.

Her mother looked at her with a mute inquiry, but answered in an instant, "Certainly."

When Mr. Furrey entered, he walked past Mrs. Belding to greet her daughter, with profuse expressions of delight at her return, "of which he had just heard this afternoon at the bank; and although he was going to a party this evening, he could not help stopping in to welcome her home." Miss Alice said "Thank you," and Mr. Furrey turned to shake hands with her mother.

"You know my friend Mr. Farnham?"

"Yes, ma'am—that is, I see him often at the bank, but I am glad to owe the pleasure of his acquaintance to you."

The men shook hands. Mr. Furrey bowed a little more deeply than was absolutely required. He then seated himself near Miss Alice and began talking volubly to her about New York. He was a young man of medium size, dressed with that exaggeration of the prevailing mode which seems necessary to provincial youth. His short fair hair was drenched with pomatum and plastered close to his head. His white cravat was tied with mathematical precision, and his shirt-collar was like a wall of white enamel from his shoulders to his ears. He wore white kid gloves, which he secured from spot or blem-

ish as much as possible by keeping the tips of the fingers pressed against each other. His speech was quicker than is customary with Western people, but he had their flat monotone and their uncompromising treatment of the letter R.

Mrs. Belding crossed over to where Farnham was seated and began a conversation with him in an undertone.

"You think her really improved?"

"In every way. She has the beauty and stature of a Brunhild; she carries herself like a duchess, I was going to say—but the only duchess I ever knew was at Schwalbach, and she was carried in a wicker hand-cart. But mademoiselle is lovely, and she speaks very pretty English; and knows how to wear her hair, and will be a great comfort to you, if you can keep the boys at bay for awhile."

"No danger there, I imagine; she will keep them at bay herself. Did you notice just now? Mr. Furrey called especially to see her. He was quite attentive to her last summer. Instead of going to the drawing-room to see him, she wants him to come in here, where he is in our way and we are in his. That is one of Madame de Veaudrey's notions."

"I should fancy it was," said Farnham, dryly; "I have heard her spoken of as a lady of excellent principles and manners."

"Now you are going to side against me, are you? I do not believe in importing these European ideas of surveillance into free America. I have confidence in American girls."

"But see where your theories lead you. In Algonquin avenue, the young ladies are to occupy the drawing-room, while the parents make themselves comfortable in the library. But the houses in Dean street are not so spacious. Most citizens in that quarter have only two rooms below stairs. I understand the etiquette prevailing there is for parents, when their daughters receive calls, to spend the evening in the kitchen."

"Oh, dear! I see I'm to get no help from you. That's just the way Alice talks. When she came home to-day, there were several invitations for her, and some notes from young gentlemen offering their escort. She told me in that quiet way of hers, that reminds me of Mr. Belding when he was dangerous, that she would be happy to go with me when I cared to go, and happy to stay at home if I staid. So I imagine I am booked for a gay season."

"Which I am sure you will greatly enjoy. But this Madame de Veaudrey must be a very sensible woman."

"Because I disagree with her? I am greatly obliged. But she *is* a saint, although you admire her," pursued the good-natured woman. "She was a Hamilton, you know, and married Veaudrey, who was secretary of legation in Washington. He was afterward minister in Sweden, and died there. She was returning to this country with her three girls, and was shipwrecked and they all three perished. She was picked up unconscious and recovered only after a long illness. Since then she has gone very little into the world, but has devoted herself to the education of young ladies. She never has more than three or four at a time, and these she selects herself. Alice had heard of her from Mrs. Bowman, and we ventured to write to ask admission to her household, and our request was civilly but peremptorily declined. This was while we were in New York two years ago. But a few days afterward we were at church with Mrs. Bowman, and Madame de Veaudrey saw us. She called the next day upon Mrs. Bowman and inquired who we were, and then came to me and begged to withdraw her letter, and to take Alice at once under her charge. It seems that Alice resembled one of her daughters—at all events, she was completely fascinated by her, and Alice soon came to regard her in return as the loveliest of created beings. I must admit I found her a little stiff—though she *was* lovely and, of course, being a Hamilton, a perfect lady. But still, I cannot help being afraid that she has made Alice a little too particular; you know, the young gentlemen don't like a girl to be too stiff."

Farnham felt his heart grow hot with something like scorn for the worthy woman, as she prattled on in this way. He could hardly trust himself to reply and soon took his leave. Alice rose and gave him her hand with frank and winning cordiality. As he felt the warm soft pressure of her strong fingers, and the honest glance of her wide young eyes, his irritation died away for a moment, but soon came back with double force.

"Gracious heavens!" he exclaimed, as he closed the door behind him, and stepped into the clear spring moonlight, hardly broken as yet by the budding branches of the elms and limes. "What a crazy woman that mother is! Her daughter has come home to her a splendid white swan, and she is waddling and quacking about with anxiety and fear lest the little male ducklings that frequent the pond should find her too white and too stately."

Instead of walking home he turned up the long avenue, and went rapidly on, spurred by his angry thoughts.

"What will become of that beautiful girl? She cannot hold out forever against the universal custom. She will be led by her friends and pushed by her mother, until she drops to the level of the rest and becomes a romp-

ing flirt; she will go to parties with young Furrey, and to church with young Snevel. I shall see her tramping the streets with one, and waltzing all night with another, and sitting on the stairs with a third. She is too pretty to be let alone, and her mother is against her. She is young and the force of nature is strong, and women are born for sacrifice—she will marry one of these young shrimps, and do her duty in the sphere whereto she has been called."

At this thought so sharp a pang of disgust shot through him, that he started with surprise.

"Oh, no, this is not jealousy; it is a protest against what is probable in the name of the eternal fitness of things."

Nevertheless, he went on thinking very disagreeably about Mr. Furrey.

"How can a nice girl endure a fellow who pomatums his hair in that fashion, and sounds his R's in that way, and talks about Theedore Thommus and Cinsunnatta? But they do it, and Providence must be on the side of that sort of men. But what business is all this of mine? I have half a mind to go to Europe again."

He stopped, lighted a cigar, and walked briskly homeward. As he passed by the Belding cottage, he saw that the lower story was in darkness, and in the windows above the light was glowing behind the shades.

"So Furrey is gone, and the tired young traveler is going early to rest."

He went into his library and sat down by the dying embers of the grate. His mind had been full of Alice and her prospects during his long walk in the moonlight; and now as he sat there, the image of Maud Matchin suddenly obtruded itself upon him, and he began to compare and contrast the two girls, both so beautiful and so utterly unlike; and then his thoughts shifted all at once back to his own early life. He thought of his childhood, of his parents removed from him so early that their memory was scarcely more than a dream; he wondered what life would have been to him if they had been spared. Then his school-days came up before him; his journey to France with his grandfather; his studies at St. Cyr; his return to America during the great war, his enlistment as a private in the regular cavalry, his promotion to a lieutenancy three days afterward, his service through the terrible campaign of the Peninsula, his wounds at Gettysburg, and at last the grand review of the veterans in front of the White House when the war was over.

But this swift and brilliant panorama did not long delay his musing fancy. A dull smart like that of a healing wound, drew his mind to a succession of scenes on the frontier. He dwelt with that strange fascination which belongs to the memory of hardships—and which we are all too apt to mistake for regret—upon his life of toil and danger in the wide desolation of the West. There he met, one horrible winter, the sister-in-law of a brother captain, a tall, languid, ill-nourished girl of mature years with tender blue eyes and a taste for Byron. She had no home and no relatives in the world except her sister, Mrs. Keefe, whom she had followed into the wilderness. She was a heavy burden on the scanty resources of poor Keefe, but he made her cordially welcome like the hearty soldier that he was. She was the only unmarried white woman within a hundred miles, and the mercury ranged from zero to — 20° all winter. In the spring, she and Farnham were married; he seemed to have lost the sense of there being any other women in the world, and he took her, as one instinctively takes to dinner the last lady remaining in a drawing-room, without special orders. He had had the consolation of reflecting that he made her perfectly proud and happy every day of her life that was left. Before the autumn ended, she died, on a forced march one day, when the air was glittering with alkali, and the fierce sun seemed to wither the dismal plain like the vengeance of heaven. Though Farnham was even then one of the richest men in the army, so rigid are the rules imposed upon our service, by the economy of an ignorant demagogy, that no transportation could be had to supply this sick lady with the ordinary conveniences of life, and she died in his arms, on the hot prairie, in the shade of an overloaded baggage wagon. He mourned her with the passing grief one gives to a comrade fallen on the field of honor. Often since he left the army, he reproached himself for not having grieved for her more deeply. "Poor Nellie," he would sometimes say, "how she would have enjoyed this house, if she had lived to possess it." But he never had that feeling of widowhood known to those whose lives have been torn in two.

IV.

PROTECTOR AND PROTÉGÉE.

A FEW days later, Mr. Farnham attended a meeting of the library board, and presented the name of Miss Matchin as a candidate for the place of assistant librarian. She had sent several strong letters of recommendation to the board, from prominent citizens who knew and respected her father, for when Maud informed him of her new ambition, Matchin entered heartily into the affair, and bestirred himself to use what credit he had in the ward to assist her.

Maud had not exaggerated the effect of her blandishments upon Dr. Buchlieber. The old gentleman spoke in her favor with great fluency; "she was young, healthy, active, intelligent, a graduate of the high school."

"And very pretty, is she not?" asked a member of the board, maliciously.

The Doctor colored, but was not abashed. He gazed steadily at the interrupter through his round glasses, and said:

"Yes, she is very fine looking—but I do not see that that should stand in her way."

Not another word was said against her, and a ballot was taken to decide the question. There were five members of the board, three besides Farnham and Buchlieber. Maud had two votes, and a young woman whose name had not been mentioned received the other three. Buchlieber counted the ballots, and announced the vote. Farnham turned pale with anger. Not only had no attention been paid to his recommendation, but he had not even been informed that there was another candidate. In a few sarcastic words he referred to the furtive understanding existing among the majority, and apologized for having made such a mistake as to suppose they cared to hear the merits of appointees discussed.

The three colleagues sat silent. At last, one of them crossed his legs anew and said:

"I'm sure nobody meant any offense. We agreed on this lady several days ago. I know nothing about her, but her father used to be one of our best workers in the seventh ward. He is in the penitentiary now, and the family is about down to bedrock. The reason we didn't take part in the discussion was we wanted to avoid hard feelings."

The other two crossed their legs the other way, and said they "concurred."

Their immovable phlegm, their long, expressionless faces, the dull, monotonous twang of their voices, the oscillation of the three large feet hung over the bony knees had now, as often before, a singular effect upon Farnham's irritation. He felt he could not irritate them in return; they could not appreciate his motives, and thought too little of his opinion to be angry at his contempt. He was thrown back upon himself now as before. It was purely a matter of conscience whether he should stay and do what good he could, or resign and shake the dust of the city hall from his feet. Whatever he recommended in regard to the administration of the library was always adopted without comment; but, whenever a question of the sort which the three politicians called "practical" arose, involving personal patronage in any form, they always arranged it for themselves, without even pretending to ask his or Buchlieber's opinion.

The very fact of his holding the position of chairman of the board was wounding to his self-love, as soon as he began to appreciate the purpose with which the place had been given him. He and some of his friends had attempted a movement the year before, to rescue the city from the control of what they considered a corrupt combination of politicians. They had begun, as such men always do, too late, and without any adequate organization, and the regular workers had beaten them with ridiculous ease. In Farnham's own ward, where he possessed two-thirds of the real estate, the candidates favored by him and his friends received not quite one-tenth of the votes cast. The leader of the opposing forces was a butcher, one Jacob Metzger, who had managed the politics of the ward for years. He was not a bad man so far as his lights extended. He sold meat on business principles, so as to get the most out of a carcass; and he conducted his political operations in the same way. He made his bargains with aspirants and office-holders, and kept them religiously. He had been a little alarmed at the sudden irruption of such men as Farnham and his associates into the field of ward politics; he dreaded the combined effect of their money and their influence. But he soon found he had nothing to fear—they would not use their money, and they did not know how to use their influence. They hired halls, opened committee-rooms, made speeches, and thundered against municipal iniquities in the daily press; but Jacob Metzger, when he discovered that this was all, possessed his soul in peace, and even got a good deal of quiet fun out of the canvass. He did not take the trouble to be angry at the men who were denouncing him, and supplied Farnham with beefsteaks unusually tender and juicy, while the young reformer was seeking his political life.

"Lord love you," he said to Budsey, as he handed him a delicious rib-roast the day before election. "There's nothing I like so much as to see young men o' property go into politics. We need 'em. Of course, I wisht the Cap'n was on my side; but anyhow, I'm glad to see him takin' an interest."

He knew well enough the way the votes would run; that every grog-shop in the ward was his recruiting station; that all Farnham's tenants would vote against their landlord; that even the respectable Budsey and the prim Scotch gardener were sure for him against their employer. Farnham's conscience which had roused him to this effort against Metzger's corrupt rule, would not permit him to ask for the votes of his own servants and tenants, and he would have regarded it as simply infamous to spend money to secure

the floating crowd of publicans and sinners who formed the strength of Jacob.

His failure was so complete and unexpected that there seemed to him something of degradation in it, and in a fit of uncontrollable disgust he sailed for Europe the week afterward. Metzger took his victory good-naturedly as a matter of course, and gave his explanation of it to a reporter of the "Bale-Fire" who called to interview him.

"Mr. Farnham, who led the opposition to our organize-ation, is a young gen'l'man of fine talents and high character. I aint got a word to say against him. The only trouble is, he lacks practical experience, and he aint got no pers'nal magn'tism. Now I'm one of the people, I know what they want, and on that line I carried the ward against a combine-ation of all the wealth and aristocracy of Algonkin av'noo."

Jacob's magnanimity did not rest with merely a verbal acknowledgment of Farnham's merits. While he was abroad some of the city departments were reorganized, and Farnham on his return found himself, through Metzger's intervention, chairman of the library board. With characteristic sagacity the butcher kept himself in the background, and the committee who waited upon Farnham to ask him to accept the appointment placed it entirely upon considerations of the public good. His sensitive conscience would not permit him to refuse a duty thus imposed, and so with many inward qualms he assumed a chair in the vile municipal government he had so signally failed to overthrow. He had not long occupied it, when he saw to what his selection was attributable. He was a figure-head and he knew it, but he saw no decent escape from the position. As long as they allowed him and the librarian (who was also a member of the board) to regulate the library to their liking, he could not inquire into their motives or decline association with them. He was perfectly free to furnish what mental food he chose to two hundred thousand people, and he felt it would be cowardice to surrender that important duty on any pitiful question of patronage or personal susceptibility.

So once more he stifled the impulse to resign his post, and the meeting adjourned without further incident. As he walked home, he was conscious of a disagreeable foreboding of something in the future which he would like to avoid. Bringing his mind to bear upon it, it resolved itself into nothing more formidable than the coming interview with Miss Matchin. It would certainly be unpleasant to tell her that her hopes were frustrated, when she had seemed so confident. At this thought, he felt the awakening of a sense of protectorship; she had trusted in him; he ought to do something for her, if for nothing else, to show that he was not dependent upon those ostrogoths. But what could be done for such a girl, so pretty, so uncultivated, so vulgarly fantastic? Above all, what could be done for her by a young and unmarried man? Providence and society have made it very hard for single men to show kindness to single women in any way but one.

At his door he found Sam Sleeny with a kit of tools; he had just rung the bell. He turned, as Farnham mounted the steps, and said:

"I come from Matchin's—something about the greenhouse."

"Yes," answered Farnham. "The gardener is over yonder at the corner of the lawn. He will tell you what is to be done."

Sam walked away in the direction indicated, and Farnham went into the house. Some letters were lying on the table in the library. He had just begun to read them when Budsey entered and announced:

"That young person."

Maud came in flushed with the fresh air and rapid walking. Farnham saw that she wore no glasses, and she gained more by that fact in his good-will than even by the brilliancy of her fine eyes which seemed to exult in their liberation. She began with nervous haste:

"I knew you had a meeting to-day, and I could not wait. I might as well own up that I followed you home."

Farnham handed her a chair and took her hand with a kindly earnestness, saying,

"I am very glad to see you."

"Yes, yes," she continued; "but have you any good news for me?"

The anxious eagerness which spoke in her sparkling eyes and open lips touched Farnham to the heart. "I am sorry I have not. The board appointed another person."

The tears sprang to her eyes.

"I really expected it. I hoped you would interest yourself."

"I did all I possibly could," said Farnham. "I have never tried so hard for anybody before, but a majority were already pledged to the other applicant."

She seemed so dejected and hopeless that Farnham, forgetting for a moment how hard it is for a young man to assist a young woman, said two or three fatal words, "We must try something else."

The pronoun sounded ominous to him as soon as he had uttered it. But it acted like magic upon Maud. She lifted a bright glance through her tears and said, like a happy child to whom a new game has been proposed, "What shall we try?"

Simple as the words were, both of them seemed to feel that a certain relation—a certain responsibility—had been established between them. The thought exhilarated Maud; it seemed the beginning of her long-expected romance; while the glow of kind feeling about the heart of Farnham could not keep him from suspecting that he was taking a very imprudent step. But they sat a good while, discussing various plans for Maud's advantage and arriving at nothing definite; for her own ideas were based upon a dime-novel theory of the world, and Farnham at last concluded that he would be forced finally to choose some way of life for his protégée and then persuade her to accept it.

He grew silent and thoughtful with this reflection, and the conversation languished. He was trying to think how he could help her without these continued interviews at his house, when she disposed of the difficulty by rising briskly and saying, "Well, I will call again in a day or two, about this hour?"

"Yes, if it suits you best," he answered, with a troubled brow. He followed her to the door. As she went out, she said, "May I pick a flower as I go?"

He seized his hat, and said, "Come with me to the rose-house in the garden and you shall have something better."

They walked together down the gravel paths, through the neat and well kept garden, where the warm spring sunshine was calling life out of the tender turf, and the air was full of delicate odors. She seemed as gay and happy as a child on a holiday. Her disappointment of an hour ago was all gone in the feeling that Arthur was interested in her, was caring for her future. Without any definite hopes or dreams, she felt as if the world was suddenly grown richer and wider. Something good was coming to her certainly, something good had come; for was she not walking in this lovely garden with its handsome proprietor, who was, she even began to think, her friend? The turf was as soft, the air as mild, the sun as bright as in any of her romances, and the figure of Farnham's wealth which she had heard from her father rang musically in her mind.

They went into the rose-house, and he gave her two or three splendid satiny Maréchal Niels, and then a Jacqueminot so big, so rich and lustrous in its dark beauty that she could not help crying out with delight. He was pleased with her joy, and gave her another, "for your hair," he said. She colored with pleasure till her cheek was like the royal flower. "Hallo!" thought Farnham to himself, "she does not take these things as a matter of course." When they came into the garden again, he made the suggestion which had been in his mind for the last half hour.

"If you are going home, your nearest way will be by the garden gate into Bishop's lane. It is only a minute from there to Dean street."

"Why, that would be perfectly lovely. But where is the gate?"

"I will show you." They walked together to the lower end of the lawn, where a long line of glass houses built against the high wall which separated the garden from the street called Bishop's lane, sheltered the grapes and the pine-apples. At the end of this conservatory, in the wall, was a little door of thin but strong steel plates, concealed from sight by a row of pear trees. Farnham opened it, and said, "If you like, you can come in by this way. It is never locked in the daytime. It will save you a long walk."

"Thanks," she replied. "That will be perfectly lovely."

Her resources of expression were not copious, but her eyes and her mouth spoke volumes of joy and gratitude. Her hands were full of roses, and as she raised her beautiful face to him with pleasure flashing from her warm cheeks and lips and eyes, she seemed to exhale something of the vigorous life and impulse of the spring sunshine. Farnham felt that he had nothing to do but stoop and kiss the blooming flower-like face, and in her exalted condition she would have thought little more of it than a blush-rose thinks of the same treatment. But he refrained and said "Good morning," because she seemed in no mood to say it first.

"Good-bye for a day or two," she said, gayly, as she bent her head to pass under the low lintel of the gate.

Farnham walked back to the house not at all satisfied with himself. "I wonder whether I have mended matters any? She is certainly too pretty a girl to be running in and out of my front door in the sight of all the avenue. How much better will it be for her to use the private entrance, and come and go by a sort of stealth! But then she does not regard it that way. She is so ignorant of this wicked world that it seems to her merely a saving of ten minutes' walk around the block. Well! all there is of it, I must find a place for her before she domesticates herself here."

The thought of what should be done with her remained persistently with him and kept him irritated by the vision of her provoking and useless beauty. "If she were a princess," he thought, "all the poets would be twanging their lyres about her, all the artists would be dying to paint her; she would have songs made to her and sacred oratorios given under her patronage. She would preside at church

fairs and open the dance at charity balls. If I could start her in life as a princess, the thing would go on wheels. But to earn her own living—that is a trade of another complexion. She has not breeding or education enough for a governess: she is not clever enough to write or paint; she is not steady enough to keep accounts,—by the Great Jornada! I have a grievous contract on my hands."

He heard the sound of hoofs outside his window, and, looking out, saw his groom holding a young brown horse by the bridle, the velvet coat of the animal shining in the warm sunlight. In a few moments Farnham was in the saddle and away. For awhile he left his perplexities behind, in the pleasure of rapid motion and fresh air. But he drew rein half an hour afterward at Acland Falls, and the care that had sat on the crupper came to the front again. "As a last resort," he said, "I can persuade her she has a voice, and send her to Italy, and keep her the rest of her life cultivating it in Milan."

All unconscious of the anxiety she was occasioning, Maud walked home with her feet scarcely aware of the pavement. She felt happy through and through. There was little thought, and we may say little selfishness, in the vague joy that filled her. The flowers she held in her hands recalled the faint odors she had inhaled in Farnham's house; they seemed to her a concrete idea of luxury. Her mind was crowded and warmed with every detail of her visit: the dim, wide hall; the white cravat of Budsey; the glimpse she caught of the dining-room through the open door; the shimmer of cut glass and porcelain; the rich softness of the carpets and rugs, the firelight dancing on the polished brass, the tender glow of light and repose of shadow on the painted walls and ceilings; the walk in the trim garden, amid the light and fragrance of the spring; the hot air of the rose-house, which held her close, and made her feel faint and flushed, like a warm embrace; and through all the ever-present image of the young man, with his pleasant, unembarrassed smile, the white teeth shining under the dark mustache; the eyes that seemed to see through her, and yet told her nothing; and more than all this to poor Maud, the perfect fit and fashion of his clothes, filled her with a joyous trouble. She could not dwell upon her plans for employment. She felt as if she had found her mission, her true trade,—which was to walk in gardens and smell hot-house roses. The perplexities which filled Farnham's head as to what he should do with her found no counterpart in hers. She had stopped thinking and planning; things were going very well with her as it was. She had lost the place she had wished and expected, and yet this was the pleasantest day of her life. Her responsibility seemed shifted to stronger hands. It had become Farnham's business to find something nice for her: this would be easy for him; he belonged to the class to whom everything is easy. She did not even trouble herself to think what it would be as she loitered home in the sunshine. She saw her father and informed him in a few words of her failure; then went to her room and sat down by her window, and looked for hours at the sparkling lake.

She was called to supper in the midst of her reverie. She was just saying to herself, "If there was just one man and one woman in the world, and I had the picking out of the man and the woman, this world would suit me pretty well." She resented being called into other society than that of her idle thoughts, and sat silent through supper, trying to keep the thread of her fancies from breaking. But she was not allowed to go back undisturbed to her fool's paradise.

Sleeny, who had scarcely removed his eyes from her during the meal, rose with a start as she walked into the little sitting-room of the family, and followed her. She went to the window with a novel to make use of the last moments of daylight. He stood before her without speaking, until she raised her eyes, and said sharply:

"Well, Sam, what's the matter?"

He was not quick either of thought or speech. He answered:

"Oh! nothin'. Only ——"

"Only what?" she snapped.

"Wont you go and take a walk by the Bluff?"

She threw down her book at once. She liked exercise and fresh air, and always walked with pleasure by the lake. Sam was to her such a nullity that she enjoyed his company almost as much as being alone. She was ready in a moment, and a short walk brought them to the little open place reserved for public use, overlooking the great fresh-water sea. There were a few lines of shade trees and a few seats, and nothing more; yet the plantation was called Bluff Park, and it was much frequented on holidays and Sundays by nurses and their charges. It was in no sense a fashionable resort, or Maud would never have ventured there in company with her humble adorer. But among the rude puddlers and brakemen that took the air there, it was well enough to have an escort so devoted and so muscular. So pretty a woman could scarcely have walked alone in Bluff Park without insulting approaches. Maud would hardly have

nodded to Sleeny on Algonquin avenue, for fear some millionaire might see it casually, and scorn them both. But on the Bluff she was safe from such accidents, and she sometimes even took his arm, and made him too happy to talk. They would walk together for an hour, he dumb with audacious hopes that paralyzed his speech, and she dreaming of things thousands of miles away.

This evening he was even more than usually silent. Maud, after she had worn her reverie threadbare, noticed his speechlessness, and, fearing he was about to renew the subject which was so tiresome, suddenly stopped and said:

"What a splendid sunset! Did you ever see anything like it?"

"Yes," he said, with his gentle drawl. "Less set here, and look at it."

He took his seat on one of the iron benches painted green, and decorated with castings of grapes and vine leaves. She sat down beside him and gazed out over the placid water, on which the crimson clouds cast a mellow glory. The sky seemed like another sea, stretching off into infinite distance, and strewn with continents of fiery splendor. Maud looked straight forward to the clear horizon line, marking the flight of ships whose white sails were dark against the warm brightness of the illumined water. But no woman ever looked so straight before her as not to observe the man beside her, and she knew, without moving her eyes from the spectacle of the sunset, that Sam was gazing fixedly at her, with pain and trouble in his face. At last, he said, in a timid, choking voice,

"Mattie!"

She did not turn her face, but answered:

"If it aint too much trouble, I'd like to have you call me Miss when we're alone. You'll be forgetting yourself, and calling me Mattie before other people, before you know it."

"Hold on," he burst out. "Don't talk to me that way to-night—I can't stand it."

She glanced at him in surprise. His face was pale and disordered; he was twisting his fingers as if he would break them.

"Your temper seems to be on the move, Mr. Sleeny. We'd better go home," she said quietly, drawing her shawl about her.

"Don't go till I tell you something," he stammered hastily.

"I have no curiosity to hear what you have to say," she said, rising from her seat.

"It aint what you think—it aint about me!"

Her curiosity awoke, and she sat down again. Sleeny sat twisting his fingers, growing pale and red by turns. At last, in a tremulous voice, he said:

"*I* was there to-day."

She stared at him an instant and said:

"Where?"

"Oh, I was there, and I seen you. I was at work at the end of the greenhouse there by the gate when you come out of the rose-house. I was watchin' for you. I was on the lawn talkin' with the gardener when you went in the house. About an hour afterward I seen you comin' down the garden with him to the rose-house. If you had 'a' staid there a minute more, I would ha' went in there. But out you come with your hands full o' roses, and him and you come to the gate. I stopped workin' and kep' still behind them pear trees, and I heard everything."

He uttered each word slowly, like a judge delivering sentence. His face had grown very red and hot, and as he finished his indictment he drew a yellow handkerchief from his pocket and mopped the sweat from his forehead, his chin, and the back of his neck.

"Oh!" answered Maud, negligently, "you heard everything, did you? Well, you didn't hear much."

"I tell you," he continued, with a sullen rage, "I heard every word. Do you hear me? I heard every word."

The savage vibration of his voice made her tremble, but her spirits rose to meet his anger, and she laughed as she replied:

"Well, you heard 'Thank you, sir,' and 'Good-morning.' It wasn't much, unless you took it as a lesson in manners, and goodness knows you need it."

"Now, look'ye here. It's no use foolin' with me. You know what I heard. If you don't, I'll tell you!"

"Very well, Mr. Paul Pry, what was it?" said the angry girl, who had quite forgotten that any words were spoken at the gate.

"I heard him tell you you could come in any time the back way," Sam hoarsely whispered, watching her face with eyes of fire. She turned crimson as the sunset she was gazing at, and she felt as if she could have torn her cheeks with her finger-nails for blushing. She was aware of having done nothing wrong, nothing to be ashamed of. She had been all day cherishing the recollection of her visit to Farnham as something too pleasant and delicate to talk about. No evil thought had mingled with it in her own mind. She had hardly looked beyond the mere pleasure of the day. She had not given a name or a form to the hopes and fancies that were fluttering at her heart. And now to have this sweet and secret pleasure handled and mauled by such a one as Sam Sleeny filled her with a speechless shame. Even yet she hardly comprehended the full extent of

his insinuation. He did not leave her long in doubt. Taking her silence and her confusion as an acknowledgment, he went on, in the same low, savage tone:

"I had my hammer in my hand. I looked through the pear trees to see if he kissed you. If he had 'a' done it, I would have killed him as sure as death."

At this brutal speech she turned pale a moment, as if suddenly struck a stunning blow. Then she cried out:

"Hold your vile tongue, you——"

But she felt her voice faltering and the tears of rage gushing from her eyes. She buried her face in her hands and sat a little while in silence, while Sam was dumb beside her, feeling like an awkward murderer. She was not so overcome that she did not think very rapidly during this moment's pause. If she could have slain the poor fellow on the spot, she would not have scrupled to do so; but she required only an instant to reflect that she had better appease him for the present, and reserve her vengeance for a more convenient season.

She dried her eyes and turned them on him with an air of gentle, almost forgiving reproach.

"Sam! I could not have believed you had such a bad, wicked heart. I thought you knew me better. I wont make myself so cheap as to explain all that to you. But I'll ask you to do one thing for me. When we go home this evening, if you see my father alone, you tell him what you saw—and if you've got any shame in you you'll be ashamed of yourself."

He had been irritated by her anger, but he was completely abashed by the coolness and gentleness which followed her burst of tears. He was sorely confused and bewildered by her command, but did not dream of anything but obeying it, and as they walked silently home, he was all the time wondering what mysterious motive she could have in wishing him to denounce her to her father. They found Saul Matchin sitting by the door, smoking a cob-pipe. Maud went in and Sam seated himself beside the old man.

"How'd you get along at Farnham's?" said Saul.

Sam started, as if "the boss" had read his uneasy conscience. But he answered in his drawling monotone:

"All right, I guess. That doggoned Scotchman thinks he knows it all; and it 'll take nigh on to a week to do what I could ha' done in a day or two, if I worked my way."

"Well," said Saul, "that aint none o' your look-out. Do what Scotchee tells you, and I'll keep the time on 'em. We kin stand it, ef they kin," and the old carpenter laughed with the foolish pleasure of a small mind aware of an advantage. "Ef Art. Farnham wants to keep a high-steppin' Scotchman to run his flowers, may be he kin afford it. I aint his gardeen."

Now was Sleeny's chance to make his disclosure; but his voice trembled in spite of him, as he said:

"I seen Mattie up there."

"Yes," said the old man, tranquilly. "She went up to see about a place in the library. He said there wasn't none, but he'd try to think o' somethin' else that 'ud suit her. He was mighty polite to Mat—give her some roses, and telled her to run in and out when she liked, till he got somethin' fixed. Fact is, Mat is a first-rate scholar, and takes with them high-steppers, like fallin' off a log." Saul had begun to feel a certain pride in his daughter's accomplishments which had so long been an affliction to him. The moment he saw a possibility of a money return, he even began to plume himself upon his liberality and sagacity in having educated her. "I've spared nothin'—Sam—in giving her a——" he searched an instant for a suitable adjective, "a commodious education." The phrase pleased him so well that he smoked for awhile contemplatively, so as not to mar the effect of his point.

Sam had listened with a whirling brain to the old man's quiet story, which anticipated his own in every point. He could not tell whether he felt more relieved or disquieted by it. It all seemed clear and innocent enough; but he felt, with a sinking heart, that his own hopes were fading fast, in the flourishing prospects of his beloved. He hated Farnham not less in his attitude of friendly protection than in that which he had falsely attributed to him. His jealousy, deprived of its specific occasion, nourished itself on vague and torturing possibilities. He could not trust himself to talk further with Matchin, but went away with a growing fire in his breast. He hated himself for having prematurely spoken. He hated Maud for the beauty that she would not give him, and which, he feared, she was ready to give to another. He hated Saul, for his stolid ignorance of his daughter's danger. He hated most of all Farnham, for his handsome face, his easy smile, his shapely hands, his fine clothes, his unknown and occult gifts of pleasing.

"'Taint in natur," he growled. "She's the prettiest woman in the world. If he's got eyes, he knows it. But I spoke first, and he shan't have her, if I die for it."

(To be continued.)

THE SILK DRESS STORY.

It is now about eleven years since I first heard the silk dress story. I can fix that date with precision, because it was when my wife and I, very soon after our marriage, made an excursion to Boston — which might, perhaps, have been properly called our wedding journey — to visit for a few days our friends and relatives, the Fairfields. It was there and then that the silk dress story was told to us. Concerning some of the other circumstances attending its narration, I cannot now speak so positively and precisely as of the date; and the accuracy of my recollection of certain details, as will appear further on, has not only been flatly denied by one or more of those who might be summoned as witnesses, but questioned by all of them.

According to my memory of the incident, my wife and I were one day seated comfortably in the parlor, whiling away that last half hour of the afternoon which comes too soon to be employed in dressing for dinner and too late for almost anything else, when the street-door was heard to close and Mrs. Fairfield presently entered the room and gave us her company. Evidently she had just come home from making one or more social calls; and, sitting for a brief interval in an easy-chair, resting from her exertion, she seemed to recall the events of the afternoon, and, while drawing off her gloves and loosening the fastenings of her wraps preparatory to their removal, favored us with a little story which, to judge from the manner of her recital, she had herself listened to within a short space of time, at some one of the houses on that day's visiting list. It was the story of a silk dress, and, in effect, as follows:

A certain lady, whose name seems now past finding out, but who may be called Mrs. A——, a resident of Boston, had, a short time before, been in Paris. While busily engaged there in making her preparations to return home, she had received one day from her friend and neighbor in Boston, Mrs. B——, a long letter, which, having read, she was about to fold up and lay aside, when she noticed, lying on the floor at her feet, another sheet or piece of paper which had evidently fallen from the letter she had been reading or from its envelope. This piece of paper proved to be supplementary to the letter. It bore a postscript, begging Mrs. A—— to purchase for the writer a handsome black silk dress, of certain quality and character described, and bring the same home to Boston when she came. No remittance for the purchase accompanied the request; but the social position and financial responsibility of Mrs. B—— and the friendly relations of the two ladies were such, that the slight omission of a bill of exchange was not a matter worth a moment's consideration. Mrs. A—— advanced the money, purchased the dress in compliance with the request, and in due time arrived in Boston with the valuable package in one of her trunks.

She had been at home not more than a day or two, and had not yet found time to unpack her luggage, when she met her friend and neighbor, Mrs. B——, to whom, as soon as appropriate greetings were over, she said:

"Well, I have brought your dress, but it is not yet unpacked; I will send it to you in a few days."

"What dress is that?" inquired Mrs. B——.

"Why, the dress you wrote for, of course; the black silk dress," said Mrs. A——.

"The dress I wrote for!" exclaimed Mrs. B——. "I wrote for no dress!"

"What!" said Mrs. A——. "You wrote for no dress?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"What can you mean?" returned Mrs. A——. "You certainly cannot have forgotten it; don't you remember writing me a long letter last month?"

"I do, distinctly," replied Mrs. B——. "But I did not write for any dress."

"Well, that is astonishing," said Mrs. A——. "I surely received a letter from you asking me to buy a handsome black silk dress. I bought it, and have brought it home. There must be some strange mistake."

"There must, indeed, be some mistake," replied Mrs. B——, "but, for that matter, a fortunate one for me. A black silk dress is always useful and never comes amiss, especially if it comes smuggled; some one else must have written for it, but I shall be only too glad to take and pay for it. I will send for it with pleasure, whenever it is ready."

The matter being thus satisfactorily arranged, if not explained, the ladies parted. In due course, Mrs. A——'s trunks were unpacked and the precious dress parcel laid out; and within a very short time thereafter a messenger called for the dress on behalf of Mrs. B——, and took it away. A few days later the ladies met again.

"And how do you like your dress?" pleasantly inquired Mrs. A——.

"Oh, I haven't seen it yet," said Mrs. B——; "is it unpacked? Shall I send for it?"

"You may not have seen it," responded Mrs. A——, "but, of course, you don't mean to say that you have not sent for it?"

"Certainly, I do," said Mrs. B——. "I have not sent for it. I thought it might not yet be unpacked."

"You have not sent for it! Why, a messenger called for it for you and took it away two or three days ago. Have you not received it?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. B——; "I have neither sent for it nor have I received it."

"Well, upon my word," said Mrs. A——, "that passes all understanding; I never heard of such a thing; it is certainly very mysterious."

It may readily be imagined that this gradually deepening mystery soon began to be unpleasant to both ladies. The very first steps in the way of investigation, consisting of some searching inquiries among the servants of both houses, led to highly disagreeable consequences. There could be no doubt, at least on Mrs. A——'s part, that some person, believed to be a messenger from Mrs. B——, had called for and obtained the dress. But Mrs. B—— positively denied having sent any one for it, and certainly had not received it. Was it perhaps possible that some servant or the friend of some servant in Mrs. B——'s household, learning the situation by chance or by some overheard conversation, had cleverly managed to call at Mrs. A——'s in the nick of time and had obtained the dress surreptitiously? Or, on the other hand, was there no room for the surmise that some one of Mrs. A——'s servants, quick to see and improve a good chance, had known enough of the circumstances to take advantage of them and, while pretending to have delivered the dress package to some alleged messenger, had really made quite a different disposition of it. Many and varied were the surmises and theories in the case; but all the efforts made to discover the person to whom the dress had been delivered, or to learn the particulars attending such alleged delivery by close cross-examination of the person who claimed to have delivered it, accomplished nothing more than deeply wounding the sensitive souls of all the servants, who could not but feel and resent even the very faint breath of suspicion unavoidably perceptible in the inquiries; so that, without shedding any new light on the mystery, the investigation was followed by prompt notice of intention to leave by fully half the servants of both houses.

Meantime it had, naturally enough, occurred to both ladies that a reference to Mrs. B——'s letter, if it could be found (the letter received by Mrs. A—— at Paris, bringing the request for the dress), would surely give some clew to, if it did not wholly solve, the mystery. Diligent search was therefore made by Mrs. A——, and by some lucky or, perhaps, unlucky chance, the letter at last was found. But, greatly to the surprise of Mrs. A—— and the amusement of Mrs. B——, it contained not a word of the alleged request—not a syllable referring to a black silk dress or any other dress. Now, it was suddenly remembered by Mrs. A—— that the request for the dress had been written in a postscript, as already mentioned. And now the postscript was missing because, as Mrs. A—— recalled (with a slightly perceptible touch of embarrassment at the occasion for explanation), it had been kept apart for easy reference, while shopping for the dress; it had probably been neglected or destroyed when no longer wanted.

Then some ingenious friend of the family offered an explanatory hypothesis, in effect, that the postscript was the clever but fraudulent device of some member of Mrs. B——'s household, who, happening to know the intention of the latter to write to Mrs. A——, had herself written the postscript which had been the first cause of the mischief, and somehow had managed to slip it into the envelope conveying Mrs. B——'s letter, securing thus the purchase of the dress, and finally succeeding in getting possession of it in the manner already indicated. But Mrs. A—— was certain that the postscript was written on the same kind of paper as the letter, and that nothing in the writing had suggested another hand than Mrs. B——'s. This theory of the case, moreover, seemed open to so many other obvious objections that no one attempted to maintain it long; and some of those who, at first, had regarded it as a satisfactory solution of the puzzle were, at last, inclined to attribute the mischievous postscript on the floor to the agency of spirits, and to account for the ultimate disappearance of the dress by the skillful management of some medium in Boston, who was fond of black silk.

With all the discussion there came no clearer light, and it is easy to imagine that, but for the high character and unquestionable integrity of both ladies and their abiding faith and confidence in each other, their friendly relations might, at last, have been subjected to a somewhat severe strain; for Mrs. A——, who had expended a considerable sum in the purchase of the dress, was not only out of pocket to that extent, but seemed—by Mrs. B——'s denial, first, of the request for and, then, of the receipt of the dress—to be put in the position of one who seeks to establish a wholly groundless claim; while Mrs. B——

occupied the equally unpleasant position of one liable to the suspicion, on the part of vulgar souls, of having resorted to sharp practice to get a costly dress at another's expense.

How all the delicate points involved in these complicated relations of the two friends were finally disposed of, I have never learned. Mrs. Fairfield's narrative ceased without informing us whether Mrs. B——, disturbed by the thought of her friend's losing money through an obliging willingness to render her a service, sought some slender satisfaction in paying for a dress which she had not only never received but never asked her friend to get for her, or whether, on the other hand, Mrs. A—— preferred, under the circumstances, to suffer the loss of the money the dress had cost, although, as she believed at the time, she had not only bought it at her friend's request, but had actually delivered it to her messenger. It is certain that such perplexing relations would have been likely to involve ordinary people in serious unpleasantness. In Leadville or Deadwood, those newly established centers of modern civilization, or, indeed, in some older communities whose leading citizens are quick at the trigger, the husbands or male partisans of two ladies between whom such critical relations had arisen might easily have become involved in controversies that would not have stopped short of bloodshed. It may, however, be presumed that, in the elevated and serene moral atmosphere of Boston, no such vexatious trifle could long disturb the harmony of kindred spirits; and whatever might be done, under similar circumstances, by common mortals, would certainly not be done by Bostonians. For the Bostonians are a peculiar people, and strongly adhere to the guiding precepts of their life under the most trying circumstances, not only at home but abroad. In fact, a true Bostonian is one who when he is in Rome does as the Bostonians do.

The story, as thus related to us by Mrs. Fairfield, interested my wife and myself very much. We repeated it to several friends, especially in San Francisco, where we were soon after at home. One lady there, who was about setting out on a journey to Europe, listened to it with extraordinary interest, and, laying to heart a lesson suggested by it, carefully preserved, during her absence from home, all letters from her friends which contained requests for the performance of errands or commissions or shopping of any sort, especially for the purchase of articles to be delivered after returning home. It happened, moreover, a few years later, that we ourselves went to Europe, whence I returned again, leaving my wife there. On that return journey I was charged with the care of a trunk full of costly raiment, belonging to a neighbor of ours in San Francisco who had availed herself of the opportunity thus afforded to get a little foreign shopping done. The contents of the trunk were valued at several hundred dollars, which amount, however, I had not been asked to advance; but, on passing through the custom-house, I found it necessary to pay on that trunk something over one hundred dollars duties. At Omaha, where all trunks are weighed and rechecked, I was alarmed to discover that this important piece of luggage was missing, and it seemed to me, all at once, that I was perhaps in a position very similar to that of Mrs. A——; for, if the trunk were never found, my friends would not only suffer the loss of its valuable contents, possibly through neglect or want of due care and diligence on my part, but I should be out of pocket to the extent of over one hundred dollars for the duties, which I could hardly accept with satisfaction from my friends if the loss were my fault. Fortunately, however, the trunk turned up later, and my disbursements on account of it were promptly repaid; but it vividly recalled the silk dress story, and I determined to improve the first opportunity to learn the sequel to that story, if there were one.

It was, therefore, with something more than the usual pleasure and interest that, a few weeks later, I found myself engaged to dine at the Fairfields' during a short visit to Boston, and I embraced the first available occasion to open the subject.

"By the bye, Mrs. Fairfield," I said, "I have long desired to ask you what was the sequel to your silk dress story?"

"My silk dress story!" she replied. "What story is that?"

"Why, the story about the dress; the silk dress."

"What dress? What dress do you refer to?"

"Why, the black silk dress, of course; don't you remember?"

"No, I don't remember. What is the story?"

"Why, it is your own story; you told it to us. You certainly must remember telling us a story of a dress—a black silk dress—which was bought in Paris and brought home to Boston by one lady for another lady, and caused so many complications and so much mystery. Don't you recall it?"

"I do not. It is all new to me. Pray go on. I never heard of it before."

Then I commenced the narration of the story, as nearly as I could recall it, precisely as I had first heard it from her, looking, at every word, for some sign of recognition on

her part; but she listened with constantly increasing attention to the end, when she said:

"Well, that is certainly very interesting. I never heard of such a thing."

"But," said I, "that is your story. You told it to me yourself, more than six years ago."

"Impossible!" she replied. "It is a very good story, but I assure you I never heard it before, and I certainly never could have told you a word of it."

Then her husband, the Colonel, who had listened to the conversation, shook his head, when I looked at him with inquiry in my eye, and said he had never heard such a story. He wavered a moment, however, soon after, apparently through a courteous regard for the feelings of a guest who finds himself alone in a controversy, and said: "Well—yes—perhaps there is something in it that sounds as though I might have heard it before;" but after this feeble admission he seemed inclined to return to his wife's support, and, on further reflection, finally said it was all new to him.

This was certainly a discouraging result of my search for more light on the silk dress affair. It was more than discouraging; it was astonishing. If Old Mother Hubbard had suddenly risen up and denied that she ever had a dog, the statement could hardly have surprised me more. This flat denial of the whole story,—a story which I had been telling for years, and always as "Mrs. Fairfield's story," concerning which there had been much speculation and moralizing, and on which at least one person had based certain rules of conduct with reference to foreign shopping for friends at home,—this sweeping away of the whole thing was like suddenly removing the foundations of one's faith.

My first step, after recovering from the immediate effects of this interview, was to write to my wife, telling her what the Fairfields said about the silk dress story. I thought I knew what she would say, for my parting injunction on leaving her in Europe had been, "Now don't forget Mrs. Fairfield's silk dress story; no more commissions," regarding the extra trunk I then had as a sufficient discharge of all such duty imposed upon us by the Golden Rule. By return of mail she wrote, in effect, that of course we had heard the story at the Fairfields' on the penultimate day of our visit there; she had not, however, been so impressed as I with the fact of the story's having been told before dinner, and thought it might have been after dinner; and, since there had been other company there, it was just possible, though not in accordance with her familiar remembrance, that some one else then present had told the story. Now the other company of that evening, besides the Fairfields and ourselves, had been Mr. and Mrs. Exeter and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett Hale. She was certain the story was told, if not by Mrs. Fairfield, then by one of the other ladies, and not by Mr. Hale, famous as he is for story-telling.

On presenting this written evidence to Mrs. Fairfield, she remained unshaken in her conviction that she had never heard the story before, and looked upon the new testimony as weakening my position, and strengthening her own, so far as it touched the question of her personal responsibility for its narration.

The next day I found Mr. Exeter in his office. I told him my dilemma and related to him briefly the story, requesting him to ask his wife if she could throw any light on the matter. Mr. Exeter replied that the story was entirely new to him; but if I would dine with them the next day, we should hear what his wife would say on the subject. On presenting myself at the appointed time, I found that Mrs. Exeter had met Mrs. Fairfield that morning, and had heard my story of the dress. She said that her first impression, at the beginning of Mrs. Fairfield's recent recital, was that she had never heard the story before, but, as it progressed, it seemed to become more and more familiar, until, at last, she was pretty sure she had heard it before, though absolutely certain she had never told it herself. Her belief was that she had probably heard it at the Fairfields' on the evening referred to; but, at best, she could only be an uncertain witness. It would thus appear that if Mrs. Fairfield, as I believe, told us the story before dinner, it might have been again referred to among the ladies during the evening.

Some engagements took me soon to San Francisco, and I left Boston without gaining any further light on the mystery. I therefore wrote to Mr. Hale from California, relating briefly the story, and referring to the existing uncertainty concerning its origin, and asking him for any information he might possess or be able to obtain on the subject. Following is a copy of his reply, omitting only some unessential lines:

"ROXBURY, MASS., March 14th, 1879.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am sorry to give you an unromantic solution to the Silk Dress Story. * * * After I had read your letter I took it in to dinner. I began reading aloud at that sacred interval when meat gives way to pudding—an excellent time for grave or gay considerations. Having come as far as the words 'Mrs. Fairfield's Silk Dress Story,' I paused dramatically and asked Mrs. Hale if she knew anything about it. To which appeal she said at once:

"'Does he mean Aunt Lizzie's silk dress?' (Aunt Lizzie was Mrs. Fairfield's mother.)

"'Pray, what was that?' said I, exactly as a fox might have done in Bidway's Fables, with which I hope

you are familiar. And before I proceeded with your story Mrs. Hale repeated the following:

"'THE STORY OF AUNT LIZZIE'S SILK DRESS.'

"'When Aunt Lizzie lived in Cincinnati, many, many years ago, she had an elegant silk dress, new, just arrived from some distinguished maker. The next morning a servant came to the door and said Mrs. X—— Y—— would be much obliged if Aunt Lizzie would let her see her new silk dress.

"'Aunt Lizzie did not know Mrs. X—— Y—— very well, nor did she much like to have her new dress imitated by half Cincinnati; but being good natured, and not wishing to offend, sent the dress, which she had never worn, down to the door, and—never saw nor heard of it again. Nor did Mrs. X—— Y——, when appealed to, know anything about the dress or the messenger.

"'End of the story of Aunt Lizzie's silk dress.'

"When Mrs. Hale had come thus far she ceased. I then read the remainder of your story, to the delight and sympathy of all hearers. But neither she nor I nor anybody remembered to have heard a word of it before.

"My daughter has since communicated these facts to Mrs. Fairfield, who does not remember anything about the story of her mother's silk dress, but will inquire.

"Pardon me if I indulge in a diagnosis, which may be right and may be wrong.

"Imprimis, I was not at the Fairfields' party [*Mark that! he says he was not there*], so I know nothing, and am a disinterested consulting physician.

"Permit me to suggest that the conversation probably turned on shopping for friends in Paris; that in this connection Mrs. Hale told the story of Aunt Lizzie's dress; that after the party you went to bed, and—Mrs. Fairfield's coffee having been good—you dreamed, with detail, the story you now write; that some days after you told it, still at Mrs. Fairfield's house, to your wife, under the impression that you had heard it all from one of the cousins; that thus it became 'Mrs. Fairfield's story,' instead of 'the story of Aunt Lizzie's dress.'

"I regret to say that Mrs. Hale has no recollection of telling the story of her aunt's dress at the Fairfields'. But that story is not new to me. I have heard her tell it before.

"I shall wait with eagerness any further light, and meanwhile * * * I am always, yours truly,

"EDWARD E. HALE."

Interesting as the foregoing letter is for the story it contains about another dress, there is but little or nothing in it about the dress which was the subject of inquiry. The theory that our somewhat mythical story might be founded on the perhaps equally questionable story told in the letter, however ingenious, is about as far from the truth as is the mistaken statement of its distinguished author, that he was not of that company at the Fairfields' where my wife and I had the not-to-be-forgotten pleasure of meeting him—an event for which our memories may be safely trusted, since it was to do us honor that he was asked to come and came.

The fact is, there is no further light on the affair of the silk dress; nor do I know of any source from which more light may yet be looked for, unless the clever but mysterious person who finally obtained possession of the dress may some day disclose the truth; or unless Mrs. A—— or Mrs. B—— might be summoned from the vague state of alphabetical unreality and caused to appear in person and give testimony; for if the fate of the dress itself must always remain unknown and unknowable, it would, at least, afford some satisfaction to see the mystery which now clouds the origin of the story cleared away. Indeed, I rarely tell the story now: for its mere narration seems to carry with it some mystifying spell. One day last summer, while crossing the continent, I had the good fortune to find upon the same train a fair traveler of my acquaintance, returning from a long visit in Boston to her home in San Rafael, California. When we reached Omaha I sought to be useful in looking up and rechecking her luggage; but after a trying half hour's search, the trunks proved to be missing, having been left behind in some unaccountable way. My fair companion was made very anxious by this misadventure, not only because her own trunks were valuable, but also because they contained many things purchased for friends and neighbors. I told her the silk dress story, and expressed the hope that she might be spared the disagreeable experiences thereby suggested. Four or five days later we were nearing San Francisco. Numerous friends came out for various distances along the road to welcome the returning traveler and give her their escort home. Among them was one who came as far as Sacramento. Soon after the exchange of greetings, the fair companion of my journey turned to her friend and said:

"Oh, I have got your satchel [I think it was a satchel], and I hope it is what you want; but my trunks are left behind or lost, and no one can say when you may expect to see it."

"I am truly sorry for the trunks," replied the friend, "but what satchel do you refer to?"

"Why, the satchel you wrote for."

"I wrote for no satchel," was the reply.

"No, I know you did not; but mamma wrote for you. Did you not ask mamma to write to me for a satchel for you?"

"I did not; I know nothing about it."

"You know nothing about it!"

"Nothing whatever; there must be some mistake."

"It is the silk dress again!" exclaimed my friend to me.

And so, indeed, it seemed; at least, I have never learned by what mistake, if any, the satchel had been sent for, or whether it ever arrived in the missing trunks, or, if so, whether finally it safely reached the hands of the person for whom it had been intended.

James D. Hague.

[Begun in the February Number.]

A WOMAN'S REASON.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

XV.

THAT evening Helen tapped at Miss Root's door, and entered in response to the girl's invitation to "Come in!" When she showed herself within, "Oh, excuse me!" cried Miss Root, in the ready note which ladies make when they have pins in their mouths. She had her lap full of sewing, and she obviously could not get up. "I thought it was Bridget."

"Bridget wouldn't be coming to you on my errand," said Helen, with a bluntness which at once made its way with Miss Root.

"What *is* your errand?" she asked, taking three pins out of her mouth for the purpose.

"I must earn some money, somehow. I thought perhaps you could tell me—advise me——"

"I can tell you, but I can't advise you," said Miss Root, bending over her work, and treating Helen's extremity as one of the most natural things in life. "I earned money enough to come to Boston and study Art"—she pronounced it with the conventional capital rather disdainfully, as if she would have chosen a homelier expression if she could have thought of one—"by helpin' mother take boarders. We took 'em our summers, and I taught winters. That's the way *I* earned some money. But I suppose you don't want to take boarders."

Helen hardly knew how to interpret the gleam in Miss Root's eye. But—"No," she answered, simply, "I shouldn't know how to do that."

"Well, neither do most of the boardin'-house-keepers."

She stopped here so definitively that Helen was obliged to take the word, if the conversation was to go on.

"I thought," she faltered, "that perhaps you could tell me how to do something with my pencil that would sell. I can sketch a little."

"Yes," said Miss Root, non-committally; "I remember."

"And it seems to me, that if I knew how to go about it, I ought to be able to turn the study I have given it to some account."

"I suppose," said Miss Root, "that it's for some charity."

"For some charity!" cried Helen. "No, indeed! It's for myself."

"Oh," said the other, "then if I were you, I wouldn't throw my time away. You'll never succeed."

"I don't want to succeed—as an artist," retorted Helen, with a little pique. "But I have really come to the point where I must either earn some money or else borrow or beg it. There are plenty of people who would be ready to give it or lend it; but I can't let them; and I hoped that you might be able to tell me how to earn it."

Miss Root shook her head.

"Of course, I like your spirit; it's the right spirit; but I can't help you in that way. I've never sold a thing yet, and I don't know when I shall, if I ever shall. If I didn't love to paint, I should quit and go home by the first train. But I do love it, and I'm goin' to stick to it till I begin to starve. I don't ever expect to get married—*that* was finished up long ago!—and mother's married again, and here I am without a chick or a child to trouble me or trouble about me. But if I had a cat to keep, I shouldn't try to keep it on art. Oh, I presume that after years and years, I can sell a picture, may be; but I know painters in this city, *real artists*,"—she put the words unsparingly, as with a conscience against letting Helen suppose herself for a moment anything of the kind,—"that would be glad to give all they do for a regular income of a thousand dollars a year. If you've a mind to paint gimcracks," she added, and this was the only way in which she deigned to acknowledge her privity to Helen's previous performance, "you can sell 'em if some simpleton sets the fashion of buying 'em, or if people know *you* did 'em. But I presume that aint what you want."

"No, indeed," said Helen, shuddering at the thought of Mr. Truffit, and helplessly loathing herself for being at that moment a pensioner on his bounty; "it would be better to starve."

"Or," pursued Miss Root, "you might teach drawing. People have to throw away their

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money somehow. But, if I understand, you don't want to go to people that have money to throw away for that any more than the other thing."

"No," murmured Helen.

She knew that Miss Root had at once divined that she had come to her instead of going to any friends of her former life, because she did not choose to let them pity her, and help her to any sort of trivial work out of pity. In the girl's straightforward sincerity, she felt the comfort that the feminine soul finds in the frankness of a man, and she subtly perceived that for all her show of indifference, Cornelia liked her, and was touched by the advance she had made in coming to her. In fact, Miss Root prided herself on her large-mindedness, a quality which she applied more impartially to people about her than is generally done. Her liberality was not merely for people of her own origin and experience, but for others who had known better fortunes and had lost them, or who had them still and were unhappy in them; and the severity which accompanied her large-mindedness began with herself, and extended only to envious and detracting spirits. If the secrets of Miss Root's soul could be unveiled, it would be seen that she had been obliged from the beginning to discipline herself into accepting Helen as worthy her esteem and regard, in spite of her beauty, her style, and her air of a finer world than Cornelia Root had known, except at a distance. The struggle was sharp, but it had ended in the interest of large-mindedness. When Mrs. Hewitt assumed, in Helen's absence from dinner, while she was lunching at Miss Kingsbury's, to be confidentially speculative about the English lord who seemed to be coming to see Miss Harkness pretty often, and spending a good deal of time when he did come, and so tittered, Cornelia led off a generous opposition.

"I don't know," she said, "how much a lord's time is worth; but if it aint worth any more than some of the fellows' time that used to come flirtin' round with our summer boarders, I don't see how he could put it in much better. I guess he aint after her fortune, any way; and *I* guess he aint goin' to find much more of a lady anywhere. If he wants to marry her, I sha'n't object, even if they don't ask me to the weddin'. I shouldn't want much to marry a lord for my own pleasure; but I don't believe but what if Miss Harkness does she'll be a credit to him."

Cornelia had steadfastly set her face against knowing or caring anything about the affair, and such was now her discipline that she believed she could keep it up till the end, whenever that was. She had not only snubbed Mrs. Hewitt the day before, but this evening, when Helen early withdrew from tea, pale, and with the evidence of having passed a day of great nervous excitement, she refused even to enter into discussion of what Mr. Evans called the phenomena, in the light of philosophico-economic speculation.

"Here," he contended, "are a most interesting series of facts. I suppose that never, since the earliest settlement of Boston, has a member of the British aristocracy called three times, on three successive days, upon a young lady resident in a boarding-house, even of such acknowledged gentility as ours. If Mrs. Hewitt will excuse me, I will assume that it is not the merits of her establishment which have attracted him, but that he has been drawn here by that charm in Miss Harkness which we all feel. He knew her in other days,—in better days,—and nobly, and like a nobleman, he has sought her out in our humble midst,—if that is a correct expression,—and laid his coronet,—if it is a coronet,—which he keeps somewhere concealed about his person, at her feet. As no human girl of the American persuasion was ever known to refuse a lord, if she got the chance, the inference is irresistible that our noble friend was instantly accepted, and has already written home to have his ancestral halls whitewashed up for the reception of his bride."

"Well, you may twist it and you may turn it as much as you please, Mr. Evans, and call it philosophico-economic speculation, or anything you want to," returned Miss Root. "*I* call it gossip; and I never *did* gossip, and I never *will*. I don't care if she was goin' to marry twenty lords; it's none of my business. All I know is that she has behaved herself like a perfect lady ever since she's been in the house."

"New Hampshire forever!" cried Mr. Evans. "The granite ribs of your native State speak in every syllable, Miss Root. But you will acknowledge that you did hate her just a little, wont you, for her superiority to us all,—which she can't conceal,—and that you would recognize the hand of Providence in the dispensation, if his lordship had jilted her to-day?"

"No, I wouldn't!" retorted Cornelia, all the more vehemently for her perception of the malicious truth in the insinuation.

"Why, that's exactly what my wife said when I taxed her with the same thing. It *must* be so. Now," said her tormentor, as Cornelia rose from the table, "don't let her see any change in your manner because you think she's going to marry a lord."

It was the insinuation in this charge that made it extremely difficult for Cornelia Root

to adjust her behavior to the occasion: if Miss Harkness *was* going to marry that lord —and Cornelia Root was principled against inquiring—she was not going to make the slightest change, and yet she was aware that some extra internal stiffness, which she must be careful not to show, would be requisite for this uniformity. When it appeared from Helen's application that she could not be going to marry the lord, at least for the present, Cornelia had to guard against self-betrayal in a too precipitate relaxation. The note of despair in Helen's confession that she could not go to people to ask pupils for the same reason that she could not ask them to buy her gimcracks, touched Cornelia, or, as she would have said, it made her feel for the girl. But feeling was the last thing, according to her belief, that any honest person ought to show. She was going to help her, but she was not going to let her see that she was capable of any such weakness as sympathy; and she had before her the difficult task of treating Helen just as she would have treated a girl who had always been poor, and of not treating her any worse.

"There are a good many things that women take up nowadays," she said, with an aspect of hard indifference. "Some of 'em learn telegraphin'—that must pay almost a cook's wages; some of 'em go into the hospitals and learn to be professional nurses—that takes you about two years before you can get a certificate, and then it's a killin' life; there are the public schools, but there are so few vacancies, and you have to wait and wait for months, even after you're prepared."

She looked at Helen as if she thought that Helen was probably not prepared, and Helen shook her head assentingly.

"No," she sighed, "I couldn't wait. But perhaps I shouldn't want to do anything for a great length of time," she said, innocently, with the thought of Robert's return in her mind. "It might only be for a limited period."

"That's what I supposed," said Miss Root. "That's the great trouble. If a man takes a thing up, he takes it up for life, but if a woman takes it up, she takes it up till some fellow comes along and tells her to drop it. And then they're always complainin' that they aint paid as much as men are for the same work. I'm not speakin' of you, Miss Harkness," she said, with a glance at Helen's face; "and I don't know whether I want to join in any cry that'll take women's minds off of gettin' married. It's the best thing *for* 'em, and it's about all they're fit for, most of 'em, and it's nature: there's no denyin' *that*. But if women are to be helped along independent of men,—and I never was such a fool as to say they were,—why, it's a drawback. And so most of 'em that can't wait to prepare themselves for anything, because they don't expect to stick to anything, they turn book-agents, or sell some little paytented thing; or they try to get a situation in a store."

Cornelia began to sew furiously, as if in an exasperation with her sex, that she could not otherwise express. "And you may be sure," she said, after a silence, "that every one of 'em tries to do something better than she's fit for, and that she despises her work, and thinks she aint paid half enough for it."

Helen did not heed this last outburst. She was trying, with a sickening chill at heart, to realize herself in the character of those resolute young women who had sometimes won a furtive access to her by asking at the door for Miss Harkness, and sending up their names as if they were acquaintances, and then suddenly developing their specimen copy of the book for which they were taking subscriptions, or the needle-threader or thimble-case, or convertible pen-wiper and boot-buttoner which they were selling. She could as little imagine herself behind the counter of a Washington street fancy or variety store, standing all day in the hot, dry air, and shrilly piping "Ca-ish!" as she had heard those poor shop-girls doing, while they rapped on the counter with their pencils for the cash-boy, and munched a surreptitious lunch of crackers and chocolate creams. If it must come to this, she did not know what she should do. She was as firm as ever that she would not touch the money in Mr. Hibbard's hands as long as the least doubt tainted it; but she began to be frightened at herself and at the prospect before her.

"And is there—is there nothing else?" she asked, in a voice which she tried to make steady, and only succeeded in making almost as low as a whisper.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Root; "there's the theater."

Helen's heart gave a throb of hope. She used to play a good deal in private theatricals; she had acted a French monologue once, and she had taken a part in German vaudeville; everybody had praised her, and she had unquestionably borne the palm from all her dramatic competitors. A brief but brilliant future dazzled before her: an actress who was evidently a lady, and carried the air and tone of good society with her on the stage; triumphs and gains in cities distant from Boston in an incognito strictly preserved; and then a sudden but inexorable retirement after a given time. It was easy work for Helen's lively fancy to contrive all this, with a shining amplification, as rapid and full as if she had dreamed it in

sleep. "Yes!" she said, with an interest which she could not at once forbid herself.

"I had a friend," pursued Miss Root, "a friend—well, she was a kind of connection, and she came up to Boston the same time I did—*crazy* to go on the stage. She used to act in the school exhibitions, and I guess she got her head turned; anyway, nothing else would do her. But she was *real* modest about it; they all are; she only wanted to play little parts like *Juliet*, and *Ophelia*, and *Lady Macbeth*. Well, she went to a manager, and he was very kind and pleasant, and I guess he saw what a simple goose she was, and he told her that he would let her have a chance to show what she could do, and he gave her a place in the ballet."

"In the ballet?" palpitated Helen. The colors had already begun to fade from her vision of histrionic success, and the crazy structure tumbled to its fall.

"She thought," resumed Cornelia, "just as I presume you do, that it was dancin'. She said she couldn't dance any; her folks had always been strict orthodox, and wouldn't let her learn; and he laughed and said most of the ballet never danced at all. She'd have to go on as a peasant, or something like that, with a lot of others, first off; and as soon as he could he'd give her a few words to say, and she could see how she got along. It wa'n't playing *Ophelia* exactly, but she was dead set on going on to the stage, and so she took up with his offer, and glad enough, and she got six dollars a week from the start."

"And has she ever—ever got on?" asked Helen, faintly.

"Well, the only time I ever saw her was one night when she had the part of a page. I guess she must have been on the stage as much as a minute, and she said at least a dozen words. But I couldn't seem to stand it, to see any friend of mine up before all those people in boy's clothes; and she seemed pretty long for a page, and kind of bony, and I went away after the first act; I was afraid she might come on again."

Helen smiled and shuddered; the idea of boy's clothes was final, even in a reverie, and she hung her head in innocent shame.

"Now," said Cornelia, with a keen glance at her abasement, and apparently convinced that she had brought her low enough, "if you really do want to do something, I can get you a chance to try."

Helen started. "In the theater? Oh, I couldn't."

Cornelia laughed. "No, not in the theater. But there's a friend of mine—well, *he's* a kind of a connection, too—used to have a photograph saloon down in our place; used to have it on wheels, and get it dragged round from one village to another; and *he's* got Boston-bit, too; and so he's come up, and he's opened a gallery down on Hanover street; well, it's pretty *far* down. Well, he haint got a very high class of custom, that's a fact; and if he had, he wouldn't have this work to do, I presume."

"What is it?" asked Helen.

"It's colorin' photographs."

"Oh, yes; I've seen them," said Helen, remembering some examples of the art, hung aloft in oval frames, in country parlors, of which they were cherished ornaments.

"It aint a very high kind of art," said Miss Root, as if she found something to reprove in Helen's tone, "but it aint every one that can do it, low as it is."

"I'm sure I don't depreciate it," returned Helen. "I should be only too glad if you thought *I* could do it."

"I guess I can get you the chance to try," said Cornelia; and now, as if she wished to leave the subject and prevent the premature acknowledgments which she felt she had not yet earned, she unpinned her sewing from her knee, and stood up holding it at arms-length from her.

"The trouble is," she mused aloud, "that you can't tell how it's going to hang, after *all* your worry."

"Why don't you let me drape it on you?" asked Helen.

Cornelia dropped the lifted arm, and let the skirt trail on the floor. "Well, if you *think*, Miss Harkness, that I've been hintin' round for anything of that kind!"

"I don't," said Helen. "Honestly! But I like to fit dresses. I used to help our cook with hers."

Cornelia Root had to discipline with uncommon severity the proud spirit that revolted at having the same hands drape its corporeal covering which had draped the person of an Irish cook. She subdued it, but it was not in human nature that she should yield gracefully. "I guess I better go to a dressmaker with it," she said. "I don't want to trouble you."

"It won't be any trouble, indeed," said Helen, taking the dress from her.

After fifteen minutes of lively discussion, of pinning back and pulling forward, and holding up and letting drop, during which Cornelia twisted her neck half off, as she said, looking at her own back; she mounted a chair and surveyed herself in the glass.

"Well, you *have* got a touch, Miss Harkness," she said.

"Oh, yes," returned Helen, simply. "I know that."

"Well, why in the world—" Cornelia began. But she checked herself.

"Why what?" asked Helen.

"Oh, nothing," returned Cornelia, with the outward hauteur which was apt to mark a spiritual struggle with her. "I'll see Zenas Pearson to-morrow about those photographs."

"That will be very kind of you," said Helen.

The next day Cornelia brought her three of the unsparing likenesses in which the art of photography sometimes unmasks its subjects. One was a gentleman in what he would have called chin-whiskers, with his hair gathered in a puff over his forehead, and a gold watch-chain wandering across his bulging shirt-front. The other was a lady in middle life, with her small-features losing themselves in the obese contour out of which her eyes looked over little cushions of fat. The gentleman was to be painted of a fair complexion, and the lady as a brunette; the third picture was the likeness of this lady's child, which was to be colored in accordance with her present appearance in the spirit-life as reported by a writing-medium.

"I don't envy you the job, any," said Cornelia Root. "Zenas apologized for not havin' any place for you to work in his gallery, but I told him I guessed you'd rather work awhile at home first."

"Oh, yes," murmured Helen, lost in a heart-sick contemplation of her subjects.

"He can allow you two dollars apiece for 'em. It's better than nothin', and it aint *much* better, and so I told him," said Cornelia.

"Oh, it's quite enough; quite," returned Helen.

After her first despair, she resolved to be very faithful and conscientious in her work, and try to make the poor things look as well as she could. She had finished them all by the end of the week, but when Cornelia carried her work to Mr. Pearson, he was critical of it. "Of course," he said, "she's done her best, and so far forth she's earned her money; but anybody can see with half an eye that she aint a natural artist. There aint any *touch* about it."

"Good gracious, Zenas Pearson!" cried Cornelia. "Do you expect to get an *artist* to paint up those scarecrows of yours?"

She put Zenas down, but he offered her no more work, and she was too proud, in Helen's behalf, to ask for it. She was more deeply hurt and discouraged than Helen herself appeared. The latter, in fact, professed a sense of relief when Cornelia, with a blunt reluctance, owned the truth.

"I *couldn't* do any more, if he had given them to you for me. I know that I don't do them well, and they're so hideous, that if I were the greatest artist in the world, I couldn't help making them wooden and staring. I *must* try something else; and I've been thinking, I've been wondering, if I couldn't write something and sell it. Do you know any people—women—who write for the magazines, or the newspapers rather?"

"Well, I know one girl: she's an art-student, and she helps herself out by correspondin'; writes for two or three papers up-country, and out West; but I never saw any of her stuff, and I don't want to; for of all the *perfect* simpletons—!" Cornelia was expressively silent; she added, thoughtfully: "Yes, I guess it must be pretty easy to do, if *that* girl can do it. I wonder I didn't think of it before. Why don't you ask that ridic'lous Mr. Evans? He's the literary editor of "Saturday Afternoon," and I guess he could tell you all about it."

"I don't like to trouble him," said Helen.

"Well, *I* do, then," retorted Cornelia. "What's he here for?"

"I can't let you," said Helen, thoughtfully folding the dollar-bills that Cornelia had brought her. "This money will last a little while, and perhaps—perhaps," she concluded rather faintly, "I can think of something to do by the time it's gone. I know I'm very weak and silly," she said, lifting her suffused eyes to Cornelia's.

"Not at all!" cried Cornelia; and that evening she cornered Mr. Evans, as she said, and attacked him about some sort of newspaper work for a friend of hers.

He was sitting before his fire in a deep chair, with his feet on the hearth of the open soap-stone stove; Cornelia assailed him from a higher chair at a little distance. "Some young man you're trying to help along?" he asked, smiling up into Cornelia's eyes.

"You know it aint any young man!" cried the girl.

"Oh! You didn't say," returned Mr. Evans, coolly. He asked presently, "Why does Miss Harkness want to write for the papers?"

"Mr. Evans! I think you're too bad! I never said it was Miss Harkness."

"But you wont say it isn't."

"I wont say anything about it. There! And if you can't give me any advice without askin' who it is—"

"Oh, that isn't necessary now. But what I *do* wish to ask, Miss Root—and I think you owe it to yourself to answer frankly—is simply this: are you sure that you are trying to befriend Miss Harkness from the highest motive?"

"Highest motive?" demanded Cornelia, whom such an appeal must always arrest. "What *does* the man mean?"

She was on such terms of offense and defense with Mr. Evans, that she often cast aside all formalities of speech in dealing with him, and came down to sincerities that seemed to afford him the purest delight.

"What do I mean? Why, I mean this,—and a person who pretends to keep such a conscience as you do, always dusted off and ready for use in any emergency, ought to be able to answer without prevarication,—are you sure that you are not doing more to help this Miss Harkness because she is a lady of fallen fortunes, than you would do for some poor girl who was struggling up, and trying to support inebriate parents, and pay a younger brother's way through college?" Cornelia opened her mouth to protest, but he hastened to prevent her. "Wait! Don't commit yourself! Are you sure that her being visited by a lord has nothing to do with your beneficent zeal? Are you sure that you are not indulging a native disposition to curry favor with worldlings and vanities generally? Are you certain that at the best you are seeking anything better than the self-flattery that comes through the ability to patronize a social superior? I merely ask you to reflect."

These were precisely the doubts which Cornelia had already exorcised; but they all sprang into new life at the touch of the laughing malice that divined them.

"I declare," she said, "you are enough to provoke a saint!"

"I'm glad to see it," said Mr. Evans. "Now, I'm *not* a saint, and I can be frank and open about a great many things that I observe saints like to fight shy of. A saint—especially a female one—is about as difficult a party to bring to book as any I know. Now *I* don't mind acknowledging all these shameful motives which *you* feel that you must blink. *I* don't mind saying that the notion of throwing something in the way of a young lady who has moved in the first circles, and still associates with lords and ladies on equal terms, is quite intoxicating to me, and that I will help you in this work with far more pleasure than if she were a mechanic's or farmer's daughter." He smiled at the rueful misgiving painted in Cornelia's countenance. "Come, Miss Root, what kind of newspaper work does your patrician protégée think she can do?"

"I don't know as I want to talk with you about it," said Cornelia. "You had no business to find out who it was."

"I know—I know. It was my fatal gift of divination. A random guess, and your own guilty soul did the rest. Well, go on, Miss Root. You know that you're not going to let a selfish pique interfere with an opportunity to do good—to one above us," he added.

"I should suppose," said Cornelia, grimly, "that you would know a great deal better than I do what she'd best try. I presume she could do 'most any kind of writin'."

"That is the presumption in regard to all refined and cultivated people till they prove the contrary—which they usually do at the first opportunity."

"I should think," pursued Cornelia, whose courage always rose in view of any but moral obstacles, "that she could write notices of books. Seems as if almost anybody could write them."

"Yes," assented the journalist, "it seems as if 'anybody' *did* write the greater part of them." He took up some novels from his tables. "Here are three novels, if she wants to try her hand on them, and she can review the batch together. That is the way we do. There's quite a range in these: one is an old writer of established fame, one has not quite proved himself yet, and one is unknown. You would naturally think that if such books are works of art they would go to people of experience and reflection for review, but that is a mistake; they go to people who can be the most flippant and impertinent about them, and we find, as a general rule, that the young ladies who write for us can be more flippant and impertinent than the young men."

He laughed as he handed the books to Miss Root, and watched her face.

"If I could ever tell," she said, taking them from him, "how much you believed of what you said, it would be *one* satisfaction."

"No, no, that isn't it, Miss Root: what you would like to know is how much *you* believe of what I say. Very little, I imagine. The philanthropist's ability to reject any truth that tells against him—or her—is unbounded."

"Well," said Cornelia, "I don't know as I care, so long as you give her this chance."

"Oh, it's perfectly safe; she'll be sure to fail," said the editor. "Tell her I want the notices next week some time. In the meantime, *I* don't know who's writing them."

He did not betray himself in any way during the ensuing week, and he left Cornelia unmolested with a secret which she did not know whether she ought or ought not to keep. Helen worked very hard at the criticisms; she had it on her conscience to do them very fairly and justly, because when she had read the books carefully through she perceived for the first time how much thought and labor must go to the construction of even indifferent stories; and she felt that it would be a sin not to do justice to all this in the case of novels which were certainly not first-rate. She thought that she ought to be care-

ful about her style, and not say anything in a slipshod or slovenly way. She wrote out her reviews in her neatest hand, and then she copied them all, so that there was not one blot or erasure. She determined that if Mr. Evans accepted them, Miss Root should tell him who had done them; for there were some points which she was doubtful about, and on which she would like his instruction. She was very simple and humble in the matter, and in her own mind looked up to the journalist in his professional quality with an awe that she had not hitherto felt for anything connected with "Saturday Afternoon." Her father used sometimes to buy that paper and send it to her when she was away from home, and she had read its social gossip with a high-minded disapproval of the entertainment it gave her. She never thought of looking at the notices of books in it; and when she first heard that Mr. Evans was connected with it, she had resolved to be very careful what she said before him, and she had partly withdrawn from anything like intimacy with Mrs. Evans for that reason. It was very well for Clara Kingsbury; Clara Kingsbury was a kind of public character herself, with her charities and enterprises, her homes and her fairs, which were always needing newspaper mention; but for Helen it was another affair. Even now, while the question of the acceptance of her work was pending, Helen asked herself whether she would like to have the Butlers know that she wrote for the "Saturday Afternoon," and was quite sure that she would not.

"If he should take them, and you tell him who did them, please ask Mr. Evans not to mention it to any one," she said, in giving her manuscript to Cornelia Root, who had suffered everything in the guilty consciousness that he knew already who had done them.

"I aint afraid," she said to Mr. Evans, in discharging herself of the business, "that you'll mention it; but if you *should* have to refuse them, and then if you should show out any way that *you* knew, it would about kill me."

"Rely upon me, Miss Root," returned the editor. "I have rejected such loads of young-lady literature, that I have become perfectly hardened, and never show out in any way that I know there are young ladies or literature in the world. Ah!" he added, carelessly opening the manuscript, "the bold, free hand of fashion, pages neatly pierced at the upper right-hand corner and strung upon a narrow red ribbon with notched edges; faint odor of the young person's favorite perfume. Yes, this is the real thing."

He laughed in the way that Cornelia Root had more than once said she could *not* stand when talking with him about serious things.

She went out after leaving the manuscript with him in the morning, and shortly afterward Helen received the card of Mr. Hibbard, who was waiting for her in the reception-room. It was rather a shock at first, and then she found a sort of relief in the second anxiety, as people do in playing one care off against the other. She said to herself, in putting her ear-rings in before the glass, that he must have heard from Captain Butler, and that if Captain Butler sided with Mr. Hibbard, she should not know what to do; she would have to yield, or at least let the whole matter rest till she had heard from Robert, to whom she had written all about it.

"Good-morning, Miss Harkness," said the lawyer, absently dropping her proffered hand. "I have a cablegram here from Captain Butler."

"Oh, I thought you must have," said Helen, in the pause which he suffered to take place before he went on, with a frown at the paper in his hand.

"He telegraphs me from Naples, in answer to my letter, and directs me to obey your wishes as to paying Mr. Everton's claim."

The lawyer lifted his eyes and looked into Helen's face, as if to wait her orders; and her heart sank. This was what she had been eager and urgent to do when they last met; it had seemed to her then that she could not rest till Mr. Everton's claim, just or unjust, was paid, since its existence involved a doubt of fraud. But in fact she had, not being able to help herself, rested very well, and she had begun to hope that the doubt could be somehow cleared away without the cost of everything to her.

"Is that all he says?" she asked, feebly.

"No; he says he will write."

He handed her the dispatch, which she mechanically read, and then twisted round her finger.

"What do you think, Mr. Hibbard?" she asked at last, pitifully.

The lawyer must have seen so many people halt between their interest and their sense of abstract right, and gladly take advantage of any doubt in their own favor, that he could not have wondered at her hesitation. But he was obliged to say:

"I can do nothing now but receive your instructions. I will contest the claim to the last, or I will pay it."

He again explained the matter, and put the points clearly before her.

"And there must always be this doubt

about it, even if we gained the case?" she asked.

"Always. Even if that scamp himself were to declare in our favor, and acknowledge that he had played upon Everton's suspicion, the doubt would remain."

"Then, I can't bear it! You must pay Mr. Everton!" cried Helen. "Anything, anything is better than living upon stolen money!" At the same time that she pronounced this heroic truth, which indeed came from her inmost heart, she burst into human tears for the loss of all that she could call her own.

"Miss Harkness," said the old lawyer, "I would not let you do this—I would take the responsibility of disobeying you and Captain Butler both; but—but I must tell you that my inquiries into the matter have not been satisfactory. I have talked confidentially with several of the gentlemen who were present at the sale, and I find that they all carried away the impression that there was something queer about the bidding toward the last. Now, as I said before, I don't believe that Everton's understanding with Mortimer will ever allow him to press the question to an issue, and that you could rest legally secure in the possession of this money; but this, as I conceive, isn't the point with you."

"Oh, no, no, no! And thank, *thank* you, Mr. Hibbard, for letting me decide the matter—and thank God for helping me to decide it rightly—before you told me this. Whatever happens now, I shall have the consolation of knowing that I wasn't influenced by the fear of what people would think or say. I know that I should have been, but I know that I wasn't." She dried her eyes, and controlled her quivering lips. "Don't lose an instant, please, about paying him, and pay him every cent. And oughtn't I—oughtn't I—to say something, do something to show that I was sorry that he was kept out of the money so long?"

"I don't think Mr. Everton will care for that," said Mr. Hibbard. "The money is what he wants. I will pay it; and then what will you do, Miss Harkness? You were coming to me for money, you said: you mustn't allow any mistaken feeling——"

"Oh, no, I wont."

"I am sure that Captain Butler will wish me to be your banker till he comes home."

"Yes, certainly; but I have a little money yet," said Helen, following Mr. Hibbard to the door.

XVI.

THE lawyer was mistaken in supposing that Mr. Everton cared for nothing in the affair except the money. He came that afternoon to make his acknowledgments to Helen, who felt it her duty to receive him when he called, and he showed himself capable of responding generously to her own action.

"I am well aware," he said, "that I owe this reparation to you, Miss Harkness, and I wished you to understand that I could appreciate your conduct. The original claim is now fully satisfied; but the interest on the money that I have been kept out of, would have amounted during the past seven months to something like two hundred dollars—a little short of two hundred dollars. I have written to your attorney that we will say nothing about this sum, that we will consider it paid."

"Thank you," said Helen, blankly.

It was not, perhaps, that she was insensible to Mr. Everton's magnanimity; but just then she was studying his personal appearance with a strange fascination. She found something horrible in the neatness of this little old man's dress, in the smug freshness of his newly shaven face, which had the puckered bloom of an apple that hangs upon the tree far into the winter's cold, and even in the smoothness and cleanness of his conspicuous linen.

He returned her absent gaze, winking his little red-lidded eyes. He presently said:

"I have had to lay out a great deal of money on the house, and I thought this might as well go into the general account. The structure was very good; but there were many things that needed going over, the plumbing especially. I have had the plumbing put into perfect order. Mrs. Everton was very particular about it—the ladies are, I believe. I think you would be pleased to see the improvement."

"Yes," said Helen.

"I have had brass pipes put in nearly everywhere; Mrs. Everton had heard that they were very much superior, and I was willing to do anything to gratify her: she was very low at the time."

He coughed behind his hand, and Helen awoke from her daze to say, gently:

"Oh, I hope she's better."

"Thank you," returned the old man. "But she is dead."

"Oh!"

"Yes, she was so far gone that she could not be moved from our old house. I never expected she could; but I made the changes to please her, and she went over them all in the architect's plans. I spared no expense. I don't suppose," said Mr. Everton, with a sort of brisk appeal to Helen, "that you would know the place now: the old cornices all down, and fresh paint and paper everywhere."

Helen did not reply; but she looked at the

man with a pathetic wonder, which he apparently did not feel.

"I think," he continued, with a certain insinuation, "it would interest you to see the changes."

"Oh, no!" Helen broke out.

Mr. Everton looked at her and passed his tongue over his red lips, fringed with dry cuticle at their edges, in apparent perplexity.

"I don't mean to say," he resumed, "that the general plan of the house is changed; that couldn't be done; Mrs. Everton saw that herself. In many respects she was a woman you could reason with. It was a great blow to lose her."

"It must have been," said Helen, relenting again, but wondering a little why Mr. Everton should speak to her of these matters.

He explained for himself.

"Your burying your father such a short time before I buried Mrs. Everton, it seems a sort of coincidence,—a kind of bond, as one may say,—and makes me feel as if—as if—you could appreciate my feelings."

"I am sorry for you with all my heart," said Helen. "I didn't know," she added, vaguely, "that you had met with any bereavement."

"Yes; she's dead," sighed the old man. "It isn't as if I were broken, or hadn't kept my health. I'm as well as ever I was, and as strong. I'm as good for business as any two young men I know of. But it's when I come home from business that I feel it; that's where the rub comes in; it's lonely. Yes, it's lonely."

"Oh, yes," said Helen, surprised into sympathetic confidence by the simple words. "I often felt it in my father's case, especially toward the end, when he seemed to live so much in the recollection of the past, and I knew that I was scarcely any companionship for him."

"Your father," said Mr. Everton, dryly, "was a much older man than I am, and he was all broken up before he died; I used to notice it. I don't believe," he went on, "but what you'd like the house as well as ever, if you saw it. I should be very sorry to think I'd done anything to it that you didn't like."

"It's very, very kind of you to say so, Mr. Everton," returned Helen, cordially. "And you mustn't think at all about it. When I made up my mind to part with it, I made up my mind never to care what became of it."

"Well, that was the right spirit," said Mr. Everton.

"And if the changes you have made in it gratified your wife in her last days, I can only be glad of them. I shall always think of my old home as it used to be; if it were burned to the ground, it would remain there, just as I left it, as long as I live."

"Well, I'm pleased to hear you say so," said the old man. "I like to see a young lady sensible ——"

"Oh, I'm not sensible," protested Helen; "but I like what you've done because you did it to gratify your wife in her last days; that makes it sacred."

"I was always on good terms with her," said the widower, "and I always determined to wait a proper time, if I should want to marry again. But if you believe you've found the right one, there's no sense in waiting too long."

He looked inquiringly at Helen, who was somewhat mystified at the turn the conversation had taken. But she said, politely, "Oh, no."

"I should want you should like the house on your own account," he continued, still more irrelevantly.

"On my own account?" faltered Helen.

"Because I want it to be yours," cried the old man, with a sort of violence. "I appreciate the course you have taken in regard to the fraud that was practiced upon me at the sale, and I say that you have acted nobly. Yes, nobly! And I should wish to give the house to you as a mark of — of — my esteem; that, and everything else I have. I'm alone in the world, and nobody has any real claim on me, no matter what her *relations* may expect, and I will deed the house to you to-day, if you say so!"

It all seemed like a dream of romance to Helen; it was fabulous, it was incredible, it must be impossible. She began to think that the old man was insane, and involuntarily left her chair. But there was nothing abnormal about him, unless it was the repressed excitement in which he sat blinking at her, as he went on:

"The house can be your home to-morrow — to-day, if you like. You have only to say the word." He seemed to form some sort of hope or expectation from her continued silence, and now he rose. "If you're willing, there's nobody to interfere, and I should soon teach them to attend to their own business if they attempted it. My mind is as clear and my health is as good as ever it was, and I would do everything I could for you. I admire you, and I respect you. I think you have right principles, and that's a very important thing. I should be proud of you. To be sure, we haven't been much acquainted, and I suppose it's only reasonable you should want time to think it over. I'm in no hurry; though, as I said, my own mind is made up."

"I don't understand what you mean,"

gasped Helen. "What *do* you mean? Why should you give me your property? and why ——"

Her eyes dwelt hopelessly upon his face, in which a smirk of cunning insinuation struggled with an anxious perplexity. He again passed his tongue over his dry, red lips, and then cleared his throat, and breathed hard:

"I meant—all I have; not that house, but half a dozen houses, and everything I'm worth. I'm not afraid of what people would say. If we're both of one mind, the difference in age is nothing." At a sign of renewed impatience from Helen, he added, desperately, "I want you to be my wife!"

She recoiled, with a shudder, and her teeth closed in a nervous paroxysm. "Oh!" she uttered, in abhorrence far beyond rejection; and, creeping softly by the wall to the door, with her eyes fixed warily upon him, as if he were some nightmare spider that might spring upon her, she vanished out of it and fled upstairs to her own room, where she bolted herself in.

The half-hour of self-loathing that she passed, with her burning face in her pillow, could not have been more cruel if what had happened were some shameful deed of her own. She searched her soul for cause of blame; but she could find nothing worse there than the consciousness of having suffered herself, for one inappreciable instant, to dream of her home coming back to her by the wild poetic chance which the old man's words had intimated. This point of time, fine and tenuous as it was, had been vast enough for her to paint a picture on, where she and Robert, dim figures of grateful reverence, had seemed piously to care for the declining years of their benefactor, and to comfort his childless solitude at their fireside. But the silly vision, for which she grieved and blushed, was innocent, as she felt even in the depths of her self-abasement, and the thought of it ended in the reaction through which she rose from the bed and dashed off a letter commanding Mr. Hibbard to pay the interest on the money due Mr. Everton, to the last cent, and not to accept any sort of concession from him. But the horror of his offer survived, an incredible fact, which she could not reject. His age, in asking to mate itself with her youth, had seemed to dishonor both, and had become unspeakably ugly and revolting to her. She wondered what kind of young girl could it be that could marry an old man, and what he had seen in her that made him think she could be such a girl. Nothing, she was sure; and therefore this humiliation, when she was so blameless, must be her punishment for sins from the consequence of which she had seemed to escape; for the way in which she had tortured Robert; for her flirting, as she did that first day, with Lord Rainford; for liking to be admired, and for, perhaps, trying to make people admire her. Yes, that must be it; and as soon as Helen fitted the burden to her spirit, she rose up with strength to bear it. Whatever men have contrived to persuade themselves, in those latter days, as to the relations of cause and effect in the moral world, there are yet few women who do not like to find a reason for their sufferings in their sins, and they often seem still to experience the heroic satisfaction in their penalties which nothing but the old-fashioned Christian's privity to the designs of Providence can give.

When Cornelia Root came home to tea, she knocked at Helen's door and passed in round the jamb a hand with which she produced the effect of rejecting all responsibility for the letter it conveyed. "I guess it's from Mr. Evans," she said, refusing to look in. "I don't know what's in it."

Helen was ready, in her penitence, almost to welcome the worst; but the envelope only conveyed a printed slip from the publishers of the "Saturday Afternoon," in which they thanked her for her contribution and begged to inclose their check in payment. She rapped in her turn at Miss Root's door. "Just to tell you the good news," she explained to Cornelia's inquiring face, while a laugh fluttered out of her throat, which just failed of being a sob. "They've accepted them!" She escaped again into her own room, before Cornelia could formulate that strictly truthful expression of her feelings without which she would not speak at all. She joined Helen a little later, and underwent pangs of remorse in arranging with her to call on Mr. Evans that evening and confess the authorship of the reviews preparatory to asking his candid criticism and his advice about future work. Cornelia's heart smote her in the presence of Helen's unsuspicious rejoicings; she languished for the moment when she could own that Mr. Evans had wickedly divined their secret from the first, and she found no relief, but rather an added anguish in the skillful duplicity with which he received Helen's avowal.

He was alone when they knocked at his door, for Mrs. Evans was putting their boy to bed after the usual conflict with his entreaties and stratagems. "Is it possible?" he demanded, with a radiant deceit. "Why, this is delightful, Miss Harkness. We are quite an æsthetic colony here, under Mrs. Hewitt's hospitable roof—with Miss Root's art-work and your literature and my journalism. Really!" He

deepened Cornelia's sense of nefarious complicity by the smile aside which she could not reject. "Have you written much for publication?"

"I'm afraid you must see that I haven't," said Helen, with a straightforward honesty that Cornelia felt ought to have made Mr. Evans ashamed of himself; "and I wished you to tell me just where I have failed in my work, and, if you will be so good, how I can improve it."

This seemed to Helen a perfectly simple and natural request, and she was not, perhaps, altogether without the feeling that Mr. Evans ought to be gratified at her approaching him for instruction.

"Well, there you set me rather a difficult task, Miss Harkness," he said, evasively. "We usually expect the fact that we are willing to print a contribution to suffice as criticism in its favor."

"Yes," pursued Helen; "but you want beginners to do better and better, don't you? I'm not saying it to fish up a compliment from you, but I wish really and truly that you would tell me what my faults are. Please specify something," she said, with an ingenuous sweetness which smote Cornelia to the soul, but which apparently glanced effectlessly from the editor's toughened spirit. He laughed, as if other ladies had said the like to him before. "Indeed, I shall not be hurt at anything you say!" cried Helen.

"It's a little academic," said the editor. "But that's a good fault. It had better be that than be smart."

"Oh, yes! I detest smartness in everything." She wondered just what Mr. Evans meant by academic, but she did not like to ask, and she consoled herself by reflecting that he had said it was a good fault to be academic.

"I don't know," he continued, "that it is the best plan to tell the plots and explain the characters so fully as you've done; but that can be easily remedied."

"I see," said Helen. "It destroys the reader's interest in the story."

"Yes," assented the editor, "and in the review a little. And I don't think it's best to sum up very deliberately at the end, and to balance considerations so formally."

"No?" said Helen. She had thought it *was* well, and she began to wonder why it was not.

"But that part can be easily omitted. And I shouldn't quote from the book unless I could give something very significant or characteristic. Your sentences are a little long. And it is rather late in the day to open with an essay, however brief, on the general effect and tendency of fiction. I think I should always begin directly with the book in hand, and let those ideas come in incidentally."

"Yes, to be sure," said Helen, eagerly.

Mr. Evans put down her manuscript, which he had taken up from the table, and added lightly, "I shall have to work it over a little before it goes to the printers, and then when you have it in the proof you will see what I've done, and get a better notion of what I mean than I could give you in words."

"Oh, thank you very much. That will be *so* kind of you!" exclaimed Helen. She added: "I was careful to write only on one side of the paper. I heard that the printers preferred it."

"Quite right," said Mr. Evans, with a smile at this innocence. Cornelia Root felt the irony of it, but it was simply amiable to Helen. "They do, very much. It's beautiful copy. By the way, here is the 'Afternoon' for this week, if you want to look it over. You're one of us now, you know."

"Thank you. I shall be very glad of it," said Helen, taking the paper he offered her.

Mr. Evans seemed to have all his work about him, and she thought that she ought not to keep him any longer. She said "Good-night," but Cornelia lingered a little; she could not help it; she could not rest till she knew from the editor, taken alone and defenseless, whether he thought Helen would ever be able to help herself by writing, and she told him so in as many words.

"I saw you attempting to pierce my inmost soul all the time, Miss Root," said the editor. "And I tell you frankly, you wont get the truth out of *me*. Miss Harkness is a very cultivated young lady." He bent over her MS., which he had again drawn toward him. "She possesses a neat and polished style. I could imagine that in letter-writing she would have all the charm that tradition attributes to your sex in that art. In addressing the object of her affections"—Cornelia gave a start of indignant protest and disclaimer, which had no effect upon Mr. Evans, who went smoothly on—"she must be fascinating, and I have no doubt the fashionable friends to whom she describes our humble boarding-house *ménage* think she writes delightfully. But in appealing to the general reader through the medium of the public prints, Miss Harkness seems to think it advisable to present her ideas and impressions in the desiccated form. Her review has all the fixed and immovable grace, all the cold and dignified slipperiness, of a literary exercise." He looked up, and laughed out his enjoyment of the righteous despair in Cornelia's face.

She dropped upon the corner of a chair. "She's got to do something," she said.

"Oh, no, she hasn't," returned Mr. Evans, cheerily. "She hasn't kept her secret so well as you have, Miss Root; and yesterday a fashionable friend of hers stopped her coupé at the pavement, and called me up to the window to say that she was *so* glad I was giving Miss Harkness a chance to write for "Saturday Afternoon," and was sure that I would find her very clever. She was always such a brilliant girl, and said such delightful things! Miss Kingsbury asked me if I didn't think it was dreadful, her having lost everything, and being thrown upon her own resources in this way; and I said I did; but I don't. And then Miss Kingsbury explained that, of course, she and numerous other persons of wealth and respectability would be only too glad to have Helen Harkness come and spend her days with them, but she could not bear the idea of dependence; and wasn't her trying to do something for herself splendid? And I said that I thought it was; but I don't. And Miss Kingsbury said she knew it would appeal to me, and I said that it did; but it doesn't. Why should it appeal to me, — why should I think it splendid that a healthy young woman refuses to be a loafer and a pauper? Why, under heaven, *shouldn't* she do something for herself? The town is full of young women who are *obliged* to do something for themselves. That's the kind of splendor that appeals to me, — the involuntary kind, like my own. Is it any worse for Miss Harkness to work for a living than for the tens of thousands of other girls who are doing it? You have worked for a living yourself, Miss Root. Do you want me to regard you as splendid?"

Cornelia examined her just spirit in silence for a moment. "It's different with us," she answered, "because we were brought up to work. We never expected anything else, and it isn't so much of a hardship for us as it is for a girl like her, who is used to being taken care of, and never had to do or think for herself."

"Ah, my dear Miss Root, it is the princess in exile who appeals to us both! But is she more to be praised for refusing to eat the buttered roll of others' prosperity than the peasant-maids who have never had the chance of refusing?"

"She's more to be pitied!"

"Right again, Miss Root! You are always right. By the way, why didn't you urge Miss Harkness to attempt something in art? Miss Kingsbury asked me if I couldn't get her some book to illustrate! She said that Miss Harkness's sketches were exquisite, and she asked me if I had ever seen any of them. Have you?"

"Yes," Cornelia reluctantly admitted.

"Well?"

"They're hopeless!" cried Cornelia, with an involuntary vehemence that delighted Evans.

"And you thought that, if she couldn't draw, she could write! That was quite natural."

"It was her own idea," urged Cornelia.

"And it was your idea that she should write for me! Very good, very right, very like a philanthropist!"

"Now, you know well enough, Mr. Evans," began Cornelia, "that you were perfectly free to refuse Miss Harkness's writin'; and I aint goin' to praise you up for takin' it, if that's what you're after."

"That's what I'm after; but I knew I shouldn't get it, before you told me. Who praises an editor for anything? You and Miss Kingsbury will only think I've done my duty when I've sat up till midnight putting this pretty rubbish into shape."

"Is it so bad as that?" asked Cornelia, aghast. "Why didn't you give it back to her, and tell her it was rubbish? It would have been the best for her in the end!"

"Because I have a timid and truckling spirit, Miss Root, and you know it. Because I have scarcely the heart to refuse the rubbish of ladies who tell me they have produced it in the interest of some worthy charity, or for the purpose of eking out their pin-money; and I'm naturally helpless in the presence of a lady who has written it for bread — as I am given to understand." Cornelia was silent, and the editor continued, gleefully: "A *woman* can sometimes do something without damaging others; but when a *lady* undertakes to help herself, some man has to suffer for it; and why shouldn't I be the victim? I usually devote Saturday night to working on a little play I'm trying to write, but I dare say the time will be much better employed in rewriting Miss Harkness's reviews."

He watched the travail of Miss Root's soul in her honest eyes with a smile of unrelenting enjoyment.

"Besides, I like to befriend gentility in adversity as well as you do, Miss Root. The thought that I am actually earning money, without her knowing it, for a young lady of Miss Harkness's condescension, does my mean and servile little soul more good than I can well describe."

Cornelia burst forth with a sort of groan. "Oh, it's all wrong, I know it is! But what *is* a girl fit for that's been brought up just as a lady? If there's anything under the sun that she can honestly do, without imposing upon other people and putting them to twice the trouble she takes for herself, for goodness' sake, let her do it!"

"Very just sentiments; but what is it?"

"Well, one thing it *isn't;* and that's writing for the papers, and I shall tell her so!"

"You have no right to abuse my confidence, Miss Root," said the editor, with superficial gravity, through which his laughter broke when she turned desperately upon him. "Miss Harkness's failure is my secret—if it *is* a failure. *I* supposed it was a shining success! There are very few young ladies who can get editors to write their articles for them and then let them pocket the proceeds."

"I should think," said Cornelia, "that you would be ashamed to make fun of everything the way you do. It seems as if you didn't have a morsel of compassion for the poor thing."

"Ah, there it is again! Accept her inefficiency and applaud her failure because you pity her! Do you think the ladies are ever going to do anything for themselves as long as the world is asked and expected to take that attitude? Did you tell her that she was an artist, and then work up her sketches for her? Have a morsel of compassion yourself, Miss Root! I'm going to have large masses of it. I'm going to rewrite Miss Harkness's whole review!"

His laugh followed Cornelia as she climbed the stairs in slow and heavy perplexity to her room.

Helen in her room was light-heartedly writing to Robert, and telling him that, though she had now absolutely nothing in the world, she had never felt so happy since her father died, for now she had found at last that she could do something and be of some use. She could not grieve, even for his sake, for the loss of the money paid back to Mr. Everton—the thought of it now was such a perfect horror. She said that some time she should tell him why, but not now; and she turned from the odious subject to describe her interview with Mr. Evans, who had been so frankly kind and encouraging. She had not said anything to Robert about Lord Rainford yet, and she wondered whether she ought. Some time, of course, she must do so; but she was afraid it might be difficult to make the whole affair clear to Robert at that distance. It was something that could be much better spoken than written; she resolved, at least, to leave her letter open till morning, and decide then what she should do.

She was not sleepy, but she felt a pleasant languor, such as comes after the fortunate close of a period of strong excitements, and she sat down before the fire, which was giving out its last delicious glow, to indulge her fatigue a little more luxuriously. She looked back over what had happened during the week with satisfaction, now that it was past; she was glad not only that she had paid that horrible old man his money, but that she had been right, and not, as she had sometimes feared, morbid and conceited about wishing him to be paid. She felt that she had behaved in a sensible and business-like manner; that Captain Butler's action proved this; and that all the events sustained her in her first instinctive impulse. At this safe removal in time and space, Mr. Everton's proposal did not seem so simply horrible; it began to reveal some amusing aspects; she broke into a little murmur of laughter when she thought of certain moments of perplexity for him.

As for the money, it was a little matter: it was five thousand dollars in the abstract, but in reality it was only six dollars a week; and with the prospect of literary work from Mr. Evans, and perhaps other editors, she could easily make that up—she had earned ten dollars by her pen already.

She unfolded the paper that Mr. Evans had given her, and the crepitation of its leaves sent a light shiver through her. What would the Butlers say when she sent them the next number, with her reviews marked in it? She knew from her own fine reluctance that it would surprise them disagreeably; and she fancied Jessie Butler supporting, and Mrs. Butler forgiving, while Marian Ray denounced her new attempt. But, she reflected, she would often have to disagree with Marian Ray; and whatever people said of the society gossip in the "Saturday Afternoon," it was a good literary paper. Everybody acknowledged that. She heard herself defending it to Marian, and in the rapid process of reverie it had come to her saying plainly to Marian that she saw no disgrace in writing for the newspapers, and that the only disgrace could be in writing dishonestly and vulgarly for them. She had said she had Clara Kingsbury's approval, and Marian had laughed and answered: "Oh, if she had *Clara Kingsbury's* approval!" and had retreated again to Naples; for Helen had now the newspaper quite open, and was looking for the book reviews occupying the place which hers would have the next Saturday. They were rather appallingly well written; she could see that they were indefinitely better done than hers. She wondered if they were Mr. Evans's, and she gave a little sigh of dismay, while her eye wandered idly to the next column, where a name arrested it.

The name was Fenton's, and the paragraph in which it occurred seemed to become alive and sentient under her eyes. It was a dispatch from Washington, rehearsing, with telegraphic brevity, the facts of the wreck of the *Meteor*, as furnished to the State Depart-

ment by the consul at Tahiti from the statements of the survivors.

Five days after the disaster, the French ship *Belle Paysanne*, which brought them to that port, had fallen in with an open boat containing Captain Rollins and a number of the *Meteor's* crew and passengers, who reported that Lieutenant Fenton and three others had volunteered to remain on the reef where the *Meteor* struck till the overladen boat could find land and return to them. The *Belle Paysanne* altered her course and visited the scene of the catastrophe; but the wreck had then disappeared, and there were no traces of the men left behind. A week later, however, the ship picked up another of the *Meteor's* boats with the two sailors who had remained with Lieutenant Fenton. From the narrative of these men, it seemed that the wreck had broken up the day after Captain Rollins abandoned her, and that Lieutenant Fenton, who had lingered on board after helping to launch the boat, was caught in the wreck and carried down with her. His companion, a passenger named Giffen, was rescued by the seamen; but he had been so badly bruised by the floating timbers that he died the following day.

They confirmed the statements of Captain Rollins and all the other survivors concerning the heroic behavior of Lieutenant Fenton, who had chosen to remain on the rock rather than imperil the lives of the passengers in Captain Rollins's boat, and who had been most efficient throughout the events that followed the striking of the ship. The boat in which the men were found was in a ruinous condition, and was set adrift after their rescue. A large sum of money belonging to Captain Rollins, which they had recovered from the wreck before it broke up, was restored to him.

XVII.

HELEN did not come down to her breakfast, and Cornelia Root, who was finishing hers about the time there began to be question at Miss Harkness's absence, said she would step in and see what the matter was after she got on her things. She found Helen sitting before the empty grate; the gas was burning and the bed untouched, and a thrill of terror went through her lest Helen should be sitting there dead. When, after bidding her good-morning in vain, she ventured to touch her on the shoulder, Helen looked round with a stare that, for the moment, made Cornelia repent being so bold.

"For the good Lord's sake!" cried the girl, "what *is* it, Miss Harkness?"

"Oh, nothing," said Helen. She began to laugh, and tried to hide under her hands the newspaper she had in her lap, and then, as if at her failure in this, she began to weep piteously. "Look!" she exclaimed, opening the paper and pointing to the story of the shipwreck. "He's dead! And those men killed him. Oh, I've thought it all out!"

Cornelia took the paper and, after a swift glance at the paragraph, put it aside without questioning her.

"I guess you better lie down, Miss Harkness, and try to get some rest. I'm going to have your fire made up."

She got her to bed, and then she conferred with the landlady outside the door; she ended by sacrificing her own preference for a female physician and calling in the doctor who, Mrs. Hewitt recollected hearing Miss Harkness once say, had taken care of her father.

She sent a note to Miss Kingsbury, telling her that she was afraid Miss Harkness was going to be sick, and asking her to come to see her; but word was returned that Miss Kingsbury was in New York, and would not be home till the latter part of the week. It was then too late to move the sick girl to her friend's house.

It did not need the light which Miss Kingsbury threw on her relation to Lieutenant Fenton to enable Helen's fellow-boarders to understand what had happened. Cornelia Root had understood it at once, with austere resolution not to recognize her own privity to the fact even to herself; Mrs. Evans had divined it, and talked it over with her husband, who halted between remorse for having laughed at Helen's contributions and secret question whether he would not be justifiable in using a parallel incident in his play; Mrs. Hewitt guessed it out, in a hungry inability to talk it over with anybody, and got her first real comfort out of the expansive desolation in which Miss Kingsbury confided to them all her grief for what had happened, and stated the facts as fully as she knew them.

"Well, it didn't stand to reason," said Mrs. Hewitt, "that she would care so much for a brother, and an adopted one at that."

"Oh, no!" cried Clara. "It was much more than that!"

She got a professional nurse to relieve the devotion of all Helen's volunteer nurses, and from this young woman Mrs. Hewitt at first hoped everything, but only to be the more keenly disappointed; for, so far from reporting the tenor of Helen's delirium, the nurse wholly refused to talk of her patient. She would sit at Mrs. Hewitt's own table, and blink at Mrs. Hewitt through her glasses, and never say a

word morning, noon, or night, until Mrs. Hewitt did not know what *would* become of her. Mrs. Hewitt's disgust with the nurse authorized the first full laugh which Evans had permitted himself since Helen's sickness began. It was after a favorable turn had taken place; nevertheless, Cornelia Root bent upon him a look of keen reproof.

"Oh, come now, Miss Root!" he protested, "I'm not going to stand that. I've just succeeded, after infinite pains and argument, in convincing Mrs. Evans that I didn't cause Miss Harkness's fever by laughing at her literature while I was putting it into shape that night; and I still believe that if she had died, my wife would have required me to deliver myself up to justice. But I am an innocent man, and I wont have you going round and looking as though this never would have happened if it hadn't been for me."

Cornelia opened her mouth to deny the accusation, but Evans hastily interposed. "Do you mean to say that you haven't thought—that you haven't *felt*—that I was somehow to blame for the whole thing?" She refused to answer, with a dignity that did not avail her. "Don't fall back upon the fact that I lent her the newspaper! I didn't invent the facts, at any rate; but I've suffered under the ban of public opinion quite as if I had, and now I'm going to stop it."

"What nonsense!" said Cornelia. "But if your conscience pricks you for anything, *I'm* not going to comfort you."

"Oh, it isn't *my* conscience that pricks me! It's *your* conscience and Mrs. Evans's conscience that have goaded me to desperation. I can get on very well with my own conscience."

As soon as Helen could be safely taken away, Clara had her carried to her house, where she completed her convalescence amidst every superfluity of luxury. For many weeks she remained, gathering strength and listlessly accepting service and favor that she never could repay; but at last the day came when the tide of life rose high enough in her veins to beat in feeble revolt.

"You know," she said, "this must end some time, Clara. I'm not your mother or sister. You can't keep on taking care of me, as if I belonged to you."

"You *do* belong to me, Helen, dear," cried her friend, with a rush of generous tenderness. "Don't talk of anything ending, but just stay on and on. Why shouldn't you? What would you do?"

"Ah, that's the old question!"

"I didn't mean that! I meant, why should you try to do anything?"

"I suppose, because I'm not a lily of the field, for one thing." Clara laughed gratefully for the gleam of gayety from Helen, whose sadness had been heavy on her heart. "I should be glad enough never to do anything, or even be anything again. You understand, Clara, what I've been through?" she asked.

"You hinted something once, and I could guess the rest."

"Then we wont speak of it. It's such a mercy we needn't! But you can see that all the past is swept away from me. There's nothing left; I have to begin everything new, with new ideas and new objects. I used to be ambitious about helping myself, but I'm not now; even my pride in that is broken." The tears of self-pity started to her eyes. "Yes, I would be humbly grateful if I needn't do anything. But I must. And the old question comes back, What?"

"Oh, Helen," said her friend, devoutly, "if you would only stay and be a companion to me—anything!"

Helen smiled. "To cheer you up—read to you—keep you interested—go pleasure journeys with you? Yes, I should be a gay companion."

"Well, then, my housekeeper, if you *will* insist upon usefulness,—and I don't blame you for it; I should myself. Why shouldn't you be my housekeeper? I have heard of girls trying that!"

"I should be glad to learn housekeeping of *you*, Clara. You know I don't know anything about it, and that you know everything. I used to pretend to keep house for papa, but Margaret really did it all. I must be fit for something; but I can't tell what it is, yet."

"I can't bear to hear you talk so, Helen. Why don't you try writing again? I'm sure Mr. Evans would be glad to have you."

"Don't!" cried Helen. "I couldn't think of anything I tried before—that." She touched her calamity with the word, and then struggled to get away from it with a curious effort of her broken spirit, which Clara said afterward made her think of a crippled bird trying to fly. "I'm a fearful problem, Clara. But don't worry over me any longer, now. There must be some very simple answer to me, if we take time to think it out; and I'm afraid I'm willing to take all the time you'll let me. I'll accept any sort of disguised charity at present; and if you want to start a subscription for me, Clara, you may. Only, don't let me know about it."

A thought seemed to strike Miss Kingsbury, which kept her silent for a moment. "There was a Hungarian lady here last year, who had a plan of gardening for girls—vegetable and flower gardening. I wonder if you met her."

"No," said Helen.

"She was at the Kelloggs'. She was Mrs. Kellogg's religion for the time being." Helen did not catch hopefully at the gospel of the Magyar prophetess, but looked with a rueful surprise at her friend, who went on: "Then there has been a good deal of talk about farming for women—small fruits, and poultry." She threw out the suggestion diffidently, but gathered courage when once it was projected from her. "I suppose one becomes interested in it, and gets very fond of the poor little things."

"Which, Clara—the berries or the chickens?" asked Helen, with a lifeless laugh. "I should want to eat the berries, but I can't imagine eating poultry of one's personal acquaintance."

"Oh, I meant having an affection for the chickens; you'd have to let other people eat them." She joined in Helen's laugh at the futility of her suggestions; but she added: "Well, we must think out the answer to you. There's no hurry."

"Oh, no."

That afternoon Margaret came with a heart full of proud contrition to blame herself for having been in Ireland for the past three months, and for having just learned of Helen's sickness and whereabouts. She wept over Helen's sorrows and over her wasted looks and hollow eyes, and the girl was freer to talk with her of what had happened than she had yet felt with any one else.

She told her about the shipwreck, of which Margaret had not heard before, and she showed her a scrap of paper, the cover of an official dispatch. "Here are his last words. He wrote them to me while he was standing on that rock in the middle of the sea, and they came from Washington after I was taken sick."

"Oh, Miss Helen, Miss Helen, how did you ever live to tell the tale?"

Helen did not answer. "We were engaged, and he was coming home," she said, with a sort of crazy satisfaction in the poignancy of Margaret's sympathy. She threw the burden of suffering upon her for the time, and talked with an unsparing hardness for herself. "But I deserved it—I deserved it all." Her thin hands trembled in her lap and her head shook.

"Where are you living now, Margaret?" she broke off, abruptly.

"Why, Miss Helen," answered Margaret, with a blush, "I'm living in the Port, in a house of my own."

"In a house of your own?"

"Yes, Miss Helen." Margaret hesitated. "You see, there was an old fellow on the ship, coming back, that had been out to Ireland too, and he kept talking so much about it all the way, and never leaving me a moment's peace, that I thought maybe I'd better. And so, I did—three weeks ago."

"Did what?"

"Married him, Miss Helen." Margaret seemed doubtful of the effect of the intelligence upon Helen; she hastened to add, in excuse, "He's a very quiet body, and he works at the glass-works in East Cambridge. We have a nice little house, and I should be much pleased to have you come out some day and see it, Miss Helen. The worst of it is, that there isn't enough to keep a person busy, and I'm thinking that maybe I'll take a boarder. There's a spare room. He'd like to see you, Miss Helen. I've told him a good deal about you."

"Thank you, Margaret; I will come out some day. I should like to see your husband."

"Oh, he's no great things. But he's a very quiet body."

Helen was looking at the bonnet on Margaret's head, and she answered, rather absently, "Yes." The bonnet was a combination of purple fruits and magenta flowers, caught in a net of lace, as if to protect them from the depredations of birds and insects. "Where did you get your bonnet, Margaret?"

"In Hanover street, Miss Helen," said Margaret. "I don't think it's very good; do you? I paid enough for it; but money wont buy the like of the bonnets that *you* used to make me, Miss Helen."

"You'd better let me see what I can do with this. The shape isn't bad," said Helen, critically.

"Oh, I couldn't, Miss Helen. After what I've said to you! I should feel as if I'd hinted."

"You needn't be 'under a compliment for it,' Margaret," said Helen, with a sudden inspiration. "You may pay me for making over the bonnet!"

"Oh, Miss Helen!"

"Yes. I need the money. I must work for my living now."

"How good of you!" said Clara, when she found Helen with the bonnet in her hands the next day, and learned whose it was.

"It's good *for* me," returned Helen. "Margaret pays me for doing it. Perhaps *this* is the solution."

Clara permitted herself a silence in which her imagination kindled with the idea.

"Helen," she cried, "it is splendid! Why shouldn't you do something of the sort? There's nothing disgraceful about it, and with your taste, your *genius*, you could make every bonnet a work of art—as they do those picture-dresses in London."

They talked the scheme over, and, as soon as Helen was strong enough to attempt it,

they put it in practice. Clara wanted her to set up a shop in her drawing-room; but they devolved upon something more modest in the end, and Helen took Mrs. Hewitt's parlor floor. Clara advanced the capital; a tasteful and *recherché* stock of frames and feathers and ribbons was chosen, and Helen embarked in the enterprise under the favoring smiles of a world at once fashionable and sympathetic and high-minded. It would not be easy to say just how the scheme came to final ruin. But when once a lively lady had said Miss Harkness's bonnets had so much *touch*, and another had answered, "Oh, yes, they were *all* touch," and both had then tittered in tacit recognition of a certain amateurish lack in them, it was well on the way to failure. By the time that a visiting New York lady had said Miss Harkness seemed to be quite a Boston fashion, and had been answered, "Oh, no — a Boston *passion*," she was no longer so. Clara Kingsbury wore her Harkness bonnet to the bitter end (as some one phrased it); but she was notoriously interested, and her heroic devotion counted for nothing. All Helen's gains went to pay the assistant whom she had taken from a well-known milliner's shop, with a just conviction of her own unfitness for practical details; and when her stock was exhausted, and the ladies had given away her bonnets to their second-girls, she had nothing but her debt to Clara for her pains. They cried over the failure together when they had to face it at last, and Clara inveighed against the hollowness and ingratitude of the world. But Helen took the blame upon herself.

"It was arrogant in me to suppose that I could succeed in any business without serving an apprenticeship to it — without beginning at the bottom. It was like those silly women who go on the stage, and expect to begin at the very top, over the heads of people who have faithfully worked all their lives learning to be actors. It's just!"

"That doesn't make it any the easier to bear," Clara repined.

"It does for me," said Helen. "If the things that have happened to me were not just, I *couldn't* endure them."

Clara took her in her arms, vowing that she was the best and bravest creature in the world, and that she had never done anything except suffer unmerited wrong. She would not hear any talk of the money she had advanced; she professed that if their undertaking had succeeded, she had always intended to take her share of the profits, and that she was more than willing to take her share of the loss. How little it was, compared to Helen's, who had lost time and labor, and everything but courage! She did not understand how Helen kept up.

"Because I *must*," Helen explained. "You can bear things that you *must* bear. I suppose that's what makes death endurable to those that have to live on." Clara was silent in awe of her sad wisdom, and she went on more lightly: "Besides, this hasn't been altogether a loss to me, this experience. I've learnt a good many things. I've really learnt how to make bonnets, for one thing, and I believe I can be of some little use to others as well as myself. I've got a new idea, and I'm going out to talk with Margaret about it."

"With Margaret! Oh, Helen, dear, what is it? I'm afraid ——"

"That it's something foolish? It isn't. It's only something distasteful — something very humble. It's something Miss Root suggested."

Clara was only partly comforted. "Miss Root is terribly severe. She doesn't know how to spare people's sensibilities."

"She's had to do with people who have no business to have any sensibilities — like me. I've thought it all out, Clara." A woman instinctively respects another woman who says this, and believes her; Clara listened attentively. "I've thought it all out, and I see that I haven't talent enough to be first-rate in anything. I couldn't endure to be a second-rate artist or writer; but I don't mind being a second-rate milliner; and that's what I'm going to be, if I can. And now I wont tell you anything more about my scheme till I see whether it's practicable. People will laugh, but they wont sneer; and if they pity me, I shall be glad and grateful for their pity."

Clara tried to get from her some details of her plan, but she would not give them; she would not leave her any comfort but the fact that she could not say or do anything to prevent her trying to carry out her plan.

She went out to Margaret's in the horse-cars, and walked down the little side street to the end of the row of French-roof cottages, in the last and poorest of which Margaret was so proud of living. Helen's sickness and convalescence, and her subsequent experiment in æsthetic millinery, had carried her through the summer and the early fall; the young elms along the sidewalk had dropped their last yellow leaves, and the grass in the narrow door-yards lay limp and flat after the heavy November frosts; around, the open lots stretched brown and bare, swept by an east wind that brought the salt savor of the bay rank across them. A few slatternly goats, lank and heavy-uddered, wandered over the dismal expanse, as if to crop the battered tomato-cans and old boots in which it abounded.

Margaret's house had never had more than one coat of pinkish brown paint, and it looked rather thinly clad for the season; but within, a pungent heat from the furnace, which did more than anything else to make Margaret feel that she was an American householder, struck into the parlor where she received Helen. It was curious and amusing to see how little Margaret had profited by her life in Beacon Steps, in arranging and decorating her best room. There were no evidences of the better taste to which she had been accustomed half her days; she had simply tried to make her parlor as like all the other parlors in that row as she could, with a wood-colored ingrain carpet, tan terry furniture, and a marble-topped center-table; if she had been a Protestant, she would have had a large gilt-edged Bible on this; as it was, she had an infant Jesus in wax under a glass bell.

Helen stopped her in her ceremonious preparations for making company of her.

"Margaret," she said, abruptly, "I want to come and live with you,—if you think you can trust me for my board awhile."

"Indeed, Miss Helen," said Margaret, with a splendor that was worth more than money to her, "I don't know what you mean, exactly; but if you do mean to come and live with me, there'll be no talk of board."

"Well, well," returned Helen, "we'll talk of that later; we're both pretty headstrong." Margaret deprecated this, as far as Helen was concerned, with a flattered simper. "But now I'll tell you what I want to do. You know I've been trying to set up for a fashionable milliner in Boston."

"Yes, Miss Helen," sighed Margaret.

"And I've made a failure of it. The fashionable people don't want my bonnets."

"They're a set of nasty things, Miss Helen," cried Margaret; "and the best of them isn't fit to scrub your floors for you."

Helen laughed at the unmeasured zeal of Margaret's loyalty, expressed in terms so little fit for the polite ears of those they devoted to condemnation.

"No, no, Margaret: they were quite right, and I was all wrong. I didn't know how to make bonnets when I began."

"Miss Helen, if there's been one person spoke to me on this very street about that last bonnet you done over for me, there's been a hundred! Everybody says it's the becomingest bonnet, with more real Beacon Street style to it than any they ever saw me have on!"

"Well, I'm very glad," answered Helen, patiently; "and that brings me to what I wanted to say. If I didn't know how to make bonnets before I began, I did know when I got through—perhaps by spoiling so many." Margaret sniffed a disdainful denial of the premises, and remained with inflated nostrils, while Helen went on. "And what I think is this: that if I could come out here, and take your spare room, you might tell your friends—those poor girls that sometimes waste so much on bonnets—that I could do their work for them just as well, and a great deal cheaper ——"

"*You* work for them good-for-nothing hussies, Miss Helen! *No*, indeed! It's bad enough having you work for *ladies*—if they choose to call themselves such after they throw your bonnets back on your hands,—but as for them trollops of general housework and second-girls, let them fling their money away; they're soon enough parted from it; but you shan't take a stitch for them."

"Margaret, Margaret!" cried Helen. "I'm not strong enough to talk to you, if you go on in that silly way. I haven't a cent of my own in the world, and I must work, or I must beg. The question is whether you will let me have your spare room to live and work in, or whether you will turn me out of doors."

"Oh, Miss Helen, how can you say such a thing?"

"Well, then, don't *talk* so!"

"You can have the whole house, and all that we can do for you, and you shall not pay a penny for it."

Helen rose.

"Very well, then, I shall not take it. You don't want me to have the room, and that's your way of putting me off. I understand you, Margaret. But I *did* suppose that, after all these years you'd lived with us, you *wouldn't* turn me into the streets."

She sank weakly into her chair again, and Margaret called to all the saints to witness if she did not wish to do in every particular exactly what Helen desired.

"Well, then," demanded Helen tragically, "will you let me pay you five dollars a week, and make all your bonnets for you?"

"Yes, yes! Indeed, I will, Miss Helen!"

"And never let your horrid, wicked, foolish old pride interfere with your taking the money—if I ever get it to pay you?"

Margaret solemnly promised, and Helen said:

"Let me go to the room at once, then. I'm *so* tired!"

She suffered herself to be helped upstairs to the little chamber, which Margaret had adorned in the worst taste of Limekiln Avenue, with chromos over the chimney-piece and a set of painted furniture, grained to match the oak paper on the wall. It was like the inside of an ugly box; but Helen fell upon

the clean bed and slept a sleep which carried her well through the afternoon and left her refreshed and encouraged to begin the long fight in which she forced Margaret, from one stand after another, in her determination to treat her as a lady guest. But she understood Margaret well enough to know where to hold her hand; and when Margaret sent *him* to eat his supper in the kitchen, and sat stiffly down in fresh linen cuffs and collar to pour the tea for her in the dining-room, and would not touch anything on the table herself, Helen knew better than to interfere.

When work began to come to her, she resolutely set her face against the indignant majesty with which Margaret would have treated the poor girls her customers. It was clearly Margaret's intention to make them feel that it was an honor and a privilege to have their bonnets made by her Miss Helen. At first, she remained present at their interviews, browbeating them by her haughty silence into acquiescence with every suggestion of Miss Helen's, and reducing them to a submission so abject that Helen was sure some of them ordered just the ribbons and flowers they did not want, and others bought bonnets when they had merely come to talk them over. Margaret followed to the door one hapless creature who had failed, in her confusion, to give any order, with allusions to people who wasted other people's time for nothing so cuttingly sarcastic that Helen revolted, and positively forbade her to interfere; after that she was obliged to content herself with a haughty reception and dismissal of the customers.

Helen did her best to serve the simple, stupid things cheaply and well. She knew that she saved them money, and she made their mistaken tastes her own, and in that way sometimes corrected them, without their knowing it, and launched them upon the world a little less formidable in shape and crude in color than they had intended. But she instinctively studied to obey one of the first laws of business, and that was to supply an existing demand till she had created another. She did not attempt to make her shop — for, finally, it was nothing more or less — a school of æsthetics, as she had in first attempting millinery; she advised and suggested, but she decided nothing. She put both her pride and her preferences into the pocket where she bestowed her customers' money, and kept only a conscience about giving them the material worth of it. They were a great variety of poor girls and women, beginning with the cooks and second-girls of Margaret's acquaintance, whose patronage founded Helen's prosperity, and rising through economical mothers of families to the upper ranks of seamstresses and "sales-ladies." One day there came a young colored girl when luckily Helen was alone; Margaret would never have "demeaned" herself by receiving her; but Helen received her, and in due time sent her forth resplendent in a white hat trimmed in orange and purple.

This incident of her new career seemed to give it an ultimate stamp of authenticity, and it afforded her such saddened satisfaction as could come to her through a sense of recognized usefulness. She spoke of it to Miss Kingsbury and Cornelia Root, who equally approved,—the former because she admired everything Helen did, and the latter because she found it, as Helen herself did, a final testimony to her practicality.

"It's all very well in that way," said Mr. Evans, whom Cornelia had not been able to refrain from triumphing over with a fact that refuted all his predictions of renewed failure for Helen. "So is any one who caters to a depraved popular taste, of any sort, practical. But what I want you to consider is whether there is not something immoral in allowing a savage preference for purple and orange to indulge itself. If I read my Ruskin aright, I understand that there is some sort of occult connection between a feeling for color and righteousness. Now you say that Miss Harkness allows her customers to array themselves in whatever hue of the rainbow they like best; that she daily and hourly violates her own sense of right in color for the sake of money. Don't you call that immoral?"

"What do you have anything to do for with a paper that publishes all those personals and society gossip?" demanded Cornelia in her turn.

"Oh, I'm a poor, weak, erring male man! But I've frequently been taught that, when Woman entered the arena of business, it would be in some way that would elevate and ennoble affairs. I shudder to think what will become of us when women go into politics, if they show themselves so ready in business at all the tricks of trade. But I've noticed that when ladies — I'm not speaking of women now — determine to be practical, they let no consideration stand in their way: they aim to succeed. Look at the unprincipled way they conduct their fairs for benevolent objects! What prices! What swindling lotteries of all sorts! No, your Miss Harkness is like the rest; and it appears to me that at the present moment she is pandering to a very depraved taste in millinery, and I see nothing to admire in the mere fact that she is making a living by it. Lots of people make a living by selling crooked whisky."

Cornelia Root disdained to reply. She only said:

"You talked very differently when she was lyin' sick here in the house; you couldn't pity and praise her enough, then."

Evans laughed shamelessly.

"Well, I was afraid she was going to die, and we always try to make interest with the other world by being kind to people about to go into it. But we never keep it up if they turn back."

He succeeded no better than he meant in unsettling Cornelia Root's mind in regard to Helen. He wished his wife, who usually made her own bonnets, to go out to the Port and order them of Helen, and in turn suffered much the same sort of reproach which he was fond of addressing to Cornelia. Mrs. Evans said he had never before wished her to get her bonnets in Cambridgeport, and she understood that Miss Harkness had quite all the work she could do. She had helped to take care of Helen during her sickness, and had been devotedly kind to her, like every one else in the house; but a woman likes to place her own limits to her benevolence, especially toward other women; and the husband will commit an error who attempts to extend them. She asked him why he did not wish her to get her bonnets of some of the common milliners in Hanover street, and he was unable to say why.

(To be continued.)

NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS.*

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," "At Teague Poteet's," etc.

VII.

AFRICAN JACK.

USUALLY, the little boy, who regarded himself as Uncle Remus's partner, was not at all pleased when he found the old man entertaining, in his simple way, any of his colored friends; but he was secretly delighted when he called one night and found Daddy Jack sitting by Uncle Remus's hearth. Daddy Jack was an object of curiosity to older people than the little boy. He was a genuine African, and for that reason he was known as African Jack, though the child had been taught to call him Daddy Jack. He was brought to Georgia in a slave-ship when he was about twenty years old, and remained upon one of the sea-islands for several years. Finally, he fell into the hands of the family of which Uncle Remus's little partner was the youngest representative, and became the trusted foreman of a plantation in the southern part of Georgia known as the Walthall Place. Once every year he was in the habit of visiting the Home Place in Middle Georgia, and it was during one of these annual visits that the little boy found him in Uncle Remus's cabin.

Daddy Jack appeared to be quite a hundred years old, but he was probably not more than eighty. He was a little dried-up old man, whose weazened, dwarfish appearance, while it was calculated to inspire awe in the minds of the superstitious, was not without its pathetic suggestions. The child had been told that the old African was a wizard, a conjurer, and a snake-charmer, but he was not afraid, for, in any event,— conjuration, witchcraft, or what not,— he was assured of the protection of Uncle Remus.

As the little boy entered the cabin, Uncle Remus smiled and nodded pleasantly, and made a place for him on a little stool upon which had been piled the odds and ends of work. Daddy Jack paid no attention to the child; his thoughts seemed to be elsewhere.

"Go en shake han's, honey, en tell Daddy Jack howdy. He laks good chilluns." Then to Daddy Jack: "Brer Jack, dish yer de chap w'at I bin tellin' you 'bout."

The little boy did as he was bid, but Daddy Jack grunted ungraciously and made no response to the salutation. He was evidently not fond of children. Uncle Remus glanced curiously at the dwarfed and withered figure, and spoke a little more emphatically.

"Brer Jack, ef you take good look at dis chap, I lay you'll see mo'n you 'speck ter see. You'll see sump'n' dat'll make you grunt wusser dan you grunted deze many long year. Go up dar, honey, whar Daddy Jack kin see you."

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The child went shyly up to the old African and stood at his knee. The sorrows and perplexities of nearly a hundred years lay between them; and now, as always, the baffled eyes of age gazed into the Sphinx-like face of youth as if by this means to unravel the mysteries of the past and solve the problems of the future.

Daddy Jack took the plump, rosy hands of the little boy in his black, withered ones, and gazed into his face so long and steadily, and with such curious earnestness that the child didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Presently, the old African flung his hands to his head, and rocked his body from side to side, moaning, and mumbling, and talking to himself, while the tears ran down his face like rain.

"Ole Missy! Ole Missy! 'E come back! I bin shum dey-day, I bin shum de night! I bin yeddy 'e v'ice, I bin yeddy de sign!" *

"Ah-yi!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, into whose arms the little boy had fled; "I des know'd dat 'ud fetch 'im. Hit's bin manys de long days sence Brer Jack seed ole Miss, yit ef he aint seed 'er dat whack, den I aint settin' yer."

After awhile Daddy Jack ceased his rocking, and his moaning, and his crying, and sat gazing wistfully into the fire-place. Whatever he saw there fixed his attention, for Uncle Remus spoke to him several times, without receiving a response. Presently, however, Daddy Jack exclaimed with characteristic, but laughable irrelevance:

"I no lakky dem gal wut is bin-a stan' pidjin-toe. Wun 'e fetch pail er water on 'e head, water churray, churray. I no lakky dem gal wut tie 'e wool up wit' string; mekky him stan' ugly fer true. I bin ahx da' 'Tildy gal fer marry me, un 'e no crack 'im bre't' fer mek answer 'cep' 'e bre'k out un lahf by me werry face. Da' gal do holler un lahf un stomp 'e fut dey-dey, un dun I shum done gone pidjin-toe. Oona bin know da' 'Tildy gal?"

"I bin a-knowin' dat gal," said Uncle Remus, grimly regarding the old African. "I bin a-knowin' dat gal now gwine on sence she 'uz knee-high ter one er deze yer puddle-ducks; en I bin noticin' lately dat she mighty likely nigger."

"Enty!" exclaimed Daddy Jack, enthusically, "Enty! I did bin mek up ter da' lilly gal troo t'ick un t'in. I bin fetch 'im one fine 'possum, un mo' ez one, two, t'ree peck-a taty, un bumbye I bin fetch 'im one bag pop-co'n. Wun I bin do dat, I is fley roun' da' lilly gal so long tam, un I yeddy 'im talk wit' turrer gal. 'E do say: 'Daddy Jack fine ole man fer true.' Dun I is bin talk: 'Oona no call-a me Daddy Jack wun dem preacher man come fer marry we.' Dun da' lilly gal t'row 'e head back; 'e squeal lak filly in canebrake."

The little boy understood this rapidly-spoken lingo perfectly well, but he would have laughed anyhow, for there was more than a suggestion of the comic in the shrewd seriousness that seemed to focus itself in Daddy Jack's pinched and wrinkled face.

"She tuck de truck w'at you tuck'n fotch 'er," said Uncle Remus, with the air of one carefully and deliberately laying the basis of a judicial opinion, "en den w'en you sail in en talk bizness, den she up en gun you de flat un 'er foot en de back un 'er han', en den, atter dat, she tuck'n lahff en make spote un you."

"Enty!" assented Daddy Jack, admiringly.

"Well, den, Brer Jack, youer mighty ole, en yit hit seem lak youer mighty young; kaze a man w'at aint got no mo' speunce wid wimmen folks dan w'at you is neenter creep 'roun' yer callin' deyse'f ole. Dem kinder folks aint ole nuff, let 'lone bein' too ole. W'en de gal tuck'n lahff, Brer Jack, w'at 'uz yo' nex' move?" demanded Uncle Remus, looking down upon the shriveled old man with an air of superiority.

Daddy Jack shut his shrewd little eyes tightly and held them so, as if by that means to recall all the details of the flirtation. Then he said:

"Da' lilly gal is bin tek dem t'ing. 'E is bin say 'T'anky, t'anky.' Him eaty da' 'possum, him eaty da' pop-co'n, him roas'n da' taty. 'E do say, 'T'anky, t'anky!' Wun I

* At first glance this dialect may seem difficult to understand. It is simplicity itself. It is simpler than that of the cotton plantations, and, in some respects, is an admirable vehicle for story-telling. It recognizes no gender, "'e" standing for "he," "she," and "it," at the pleasure of the narrator. It is laconic and yet rambling; full of repetitions and abounding in elisions that give an unexpected quaintness to the simplest statements. A key to the whole vocabulary may be given in comparatively few words: "Oona" is "you," "all of you"; "churray," or "churrah," is to spill, to splash, to drop; "shum," see or saw them; "yerry," "yeddy," hear or heard; "lil," "lilly," little; "tam," time; "sem," same; "lif," live; "leaf," leave; "beer," "teer," bear, tear; "mek," "tek," make, take; "y'et," earth; "bre't," breath; "da'," the; "dey-dey," down there, right here, or right there; "enty!" aint he! isn't that so!—an exclamation of astonishment, assent, or affirmation; "wut," what. The trick of adding a vowel sound to words is not unpleasing to the ear. Thus: "I bin-a wait fer you; come-a ring-a dem bell. Wut mek-a (or mekky) you stay so?" "Yeddy," "yerry," and probably "churray" are the result of this—heard-a, yeard-a, yeddy; hear-a, year-a, yerry; chur-a, churray. When "eye" is written "y-eye," it is to be pronounced "yi." In such words as "back," "ax," *a* has the sound of *ah*. They are written "bahk," "ahx."

talk marry, 'e is bin rise 'e v'ice un squeal lak lilly pig stuck in 'e t'roat. 'E do holler: 'Hi, Daddy Jack! wut is noung gal gwan do wit' so ole man lak dis?' Un I is bin say: 'Wut noung gal gwan do wit' ole Chrismus 'cep' 'e do 'joy 'ese'f?' Un da lil gal 'e do lahff un flut 'ese'f way fum dey-dey."

"I know'd a nigger one time," said Uncle Remus, after pondering a moment, "w'at tuck a notion dat he want a bait er 'simmons, en de mo' w'at de notion tuck 'im de mo' w'at he want um, en bimeby, hit look lak he des natally erbleedz ter have um. He want de 'simmons, en dar dey is in de tree. He mouf water, en dar hang de 'simmons. Now, den, w'at do dat nigger do? W'en you en me en dish yer chile yer wants 'simmons, we goes out en shakes de tree, en ef deyer good en ripe, down dey comes, en ef deyer good en green, dar dey stays. But dish yer yuther nigger, he too smart fer dat. He des tuck'n tuck he stan' und' de tree, en he open he mouf, he did, en wait fer de 'simmons fer ter drap in dar. Dey aint none drap in yit," continued Uncle Remus, gently knocking the cold ashes out of his pipe; "en w'at's mo', dey aint none gwine ter drap in dar. Dat des zackly de way wid Brer Jack yer, 'bout marryin'; he stan' dar, he do, en he hol' bofe han's wide open en he speck de gal gwine ter drap right spang in um. Man want gal, he des got ter grab 'er—dat's w'at. Dey may squall en dey may flutter, but flutter'n' en squallin' aint done no damage yit ez I knows un, en 'taint gwine ter. Young chaps kin make great 'miration 'bout gals, but w'en dey gits ole ez I is, dey ull know dat folks is folks, en w'en it come ter bein' folks, de wimmen aint gut none de 'vantage er de men. Now dat's des de plain up en down tale I'm a tellin' un you."

This deliverance from so respectable an authority seemed to please Daddy Jack immensely. He rubbed his withered hands together, smacked his lips and chuckled. After a few restless movements, he got up and went shuffling to the door, his quick, short steps causing Uncle Remus to remark:

"De gal w'at git ole Brer Jack 'ull git a natchul pacer, sho'. He move mo' one-sideder dan ole Zip Coon, w'ich he rack up de branch all night long wid he nose p'int lak he gwine 'cross."

While the little boy was endeavoring to get Uncle Remus to explain the nature of Daddy Jack's grievances, muffled laughter was heard outside, and almost immediately 'Tildy rushed in the door. 'Tildy flung herself upon the floor and rolled and laughed until, apparently, she could laugh no more. Then she seemed to grow severely angry. She rose from the floor and flopped herself down in a chair, and glared at Uncle Remus with indignation in her eyes. As soon as she could control her inflamed feelings, she cried:

"W'at is I done ter you, Unk' Remus? 'Fo' de Lord, ef anybody wuz ter come en tole me dat you gwine ter put de Ole Boy in dat ole Affikin nigger head, I wouldn't er b'leeved um—dat I wouldn't. Unk' Remus, w'at is I done ter you?"

Uncle Remus made no direct response; but he leaned over, reached out his hand, and picked up an unfinished axe-helve that stood in the corner. Then he took the little boy by the arm, and pushed him out of his way, saying in his gentlest and most persuasive tone:

"Stan' sorter 'roun' dar, honey, kase w'en de splinters 'gin ter fly, I want you ter be out'n de way. Miss Sally never gimme 'er fergivance in de 'roun' worl' ef you 'uz ter git hurted on account er de frazzlin' er dish yer piece er timber."

Uncle Remus's movements and remarks had a wonderful effect on 'Tildy. Her anger disappeared, her eyes lost their malignant expression, and her voice fell to a conversational tone.

"Now, Unk' Remus, you oughtn't ter do me dat a-way, kaze I aint done nothin' ter you. I 'uz settin' up yon' in Aunt Tempy house, des now, runnin' on wid Riah, en yer come dat ole Affikin Jack en say you say he kin marry me ef he ketch me, en he try ter put he arm 'roun' me en kiss me."

'Tildy tossed her head and puckered her mouth at the bare remembrance of it.

"W'at wud did you gin Brer Jack?" inquired Uncle Remus, not without asperity.

"W'at I gwine tell 'im?" exclaimed 'Tildy disdainfully. "I des tuck'n up en tole 'im he foolin' wid de wrong nigger."

'Tildy would have continued her narration, but just at that moment the shuffling of feet was heard outside, and Daddy Jack came in, puffing and blowing and smiling. Evidently he had been hunting for 'Tildy in every house in the negro quarter.

"Hi!" he exclaimed, "lil gal, 'e bin skeet sem lak ma'sh hen. 'E no run no mo."

"Pick 'er up, Brer Jack," exclaimed Uncle Remus; "she's yone."

'Tildy was angry as well as frightened. She would have fled, but Daddy Jack stood near the door.

"Look yer, nigger man!" she exclaimed, "ef you come slobbun 'roun' me, I'll take one er deze yer dog-iüns en brain you wid it. I aint gwine ter have no web-foot nigger follerin' atter me. Now you des come!—I aint feard er yo' cunjun. Unk' Remus, ef

you got any intruss in dat ole Affikin ape, you better make 'im lemme 'lone. G'way fum yer, now!"

All this time Daddy Jack was slowly approaching 'Tildy, bowing and smiling, and looking quite dandified, as Uncle Remus afterward said. Just as the old African was about to lay hands upon 'Tildy, she made a rush for the door. The movement was so unexpected that Daddy Jack was upset. He fell upon Uncle Remus's shoe-bench, and then rolled off on the floor, where he lay clutching at the air, and talking so rapidly that nobody could understand a word he said. Uncle Remus lifted him to his feet with much dignity, and it soon became apparent that he was neither hurt nor angry. The little boy laughed immoderately, and he was still laughing when 'Tildy put her head in the door and exclaimed:

"Unk' Remus, I aint kilt dat ole nigger, is I? Kaze ef I got ter go ter de gallus, I want to go dar fer sump'n n'er bigger'n dat."

Uncle Remus disdained to make any reply, but Daddy Jack chuckled and patted himself on the knee as he cried:

"Come 'long, lilly gal! come 'long! I no mad. I fall down dey fer lahff. Come 'long, lilly gal, come 'long!"

'Tildy went off laughing loudly and talking to herself. After awhile Uncle Remus said:

"Honey, I speck Miss Sally lookin' und' de bed en axin' whar you is. You better leak out fum yer now, en by dis time ter-morrer night, I'll git Brer Jack all primed up, en he'll whirl in en tell you a tale."

Daddy Jack nodded assent, and the little boy ran laughing to the "big house."

VIII.

WHY THE ALLIGATOR'S BACK IS ROUGH.

THE night after the violent flirtation between Daddy Jack and 'Tildy, the latter coaxed and bribed the little boy to wait until she had finished her work about the house. After she had set things to rights in the dining-room and elsewhere, she took the child by the hand, and together they went to Uncle Remus's cabin. The old man was making a door-mat of shucks and grass and white oak splits, and Daddy Jack was dozing in the corner.

"W'at I tell you, Brer Jack?" said Uncle Remus, as 'Tildy came in. "Dat gal atter you, mon!"

"Fer de Lord sake, Unk' Remus, don't start dat ole nigger. I done promise Miss Sally dat I wont kill 'im, en I like ter be good ez my word; but ef he come foolin' 'longer me I'm des natally gwine ter onj'int 'im. Now you year me say de word."

But Daddy Jack made no demonstration. He sat with his eyes closed, and paid no attention to 'Tildy. After awhile the little boy grew restless, and presently he said:

"Daddy Jack, you know you promised to tell me a story to-night."

"He wukkin' wid it now, honey," said Uncle Remus, soothingly. "Brer Jack," he continued, "wa'n't dey sump'n' n'er 'bout ole man Yalligator?"

"Hi!" exclaimed Daddy Jack, arousing himself, "'e 'bout B'er 'Gator fer true. Oona no bin see da' B'er 'Gator?"

The child had seen one, but it was such a very little one, he hardly knew whether to claim an acquaintance with Daddy Jack's 'Gator.

"Dem all sem," continued Daddy Jack. "Big mout', pop-eye, walk on 'e belly; 'e is bin got bump, bump, bump 'pon 'e bahk, bump, bump, bump 'pon 'e tail. 'E dife 'neat' de water, 'e do lif 'pon de lan'.

"One tam Dog is bin run B'er Rabbit, tel 'e do git tire; da' Dog is bin run 'im tell him ent mos' hab no bre't' in 'e body; 'e hide 'ese'f by de crik side. 'E come close 'pon B'er 'Gator, en B'er 'Gator, 'e do say:

"'Ki, B'er Rabbit! wut dis is mek you blow so? Wut mekky you' bre't' come so?'

"'Eh-eh! B'er 'Gator, I hab bin come 'pon' trouble. Dog, 'e do run un-a run me.'

"'Wey you no fetch 'im 'long, B'er Rabbit? I is bin git fat on all da' trouble lak dem. I proud fer yeddy Dog bark, ef 'e is bin fetch-a me trouble lak dem.'

"'Wait, B'er 'Gator! Trouble come bisitin' wey you lif; 'e mekky you' side puff; 'e mekky you' bre't' come so.'

"'Gator, he do flup 'e tail un 'tretch 'ese'f, un lahff. 'E say:

"'I lak fer see dem trouble. Nuddin' no bodder me. I ketch-a dem swimp, I ketch-a dem crahb, I mekky my bed wey de sun shiün hot, un I do 'joy mese'f. I proud fer see dem trouble.'

"''E come 'pon you, B'er 'Gator, wun you bin hab you' eye shed; 'e come 'pon you fum de turrer side. Ef 'e no come 'pon you in da crik, dun 'e come 'pon you in da broom-grass.'

"'Dun I shekky um by de han', B'er Rabbit; I ahx um howdy.'

"'Eh-eh, B'er 'Gator! you bin-a lahff at me; you no lahff wun dem trouble come. Dem trouble bin ketch-a you yit.'"

Daddy Jack paused to wipe his face. He had reported the dialogue between Brother Rabbit and Brother Alligator with considerable animation, and had illustrated it as he went along with many curious inflections of

the voice, and many queer gestures of head and hands impossible to describe here, but which added picturesqueness to the story. After awhile, he went on:

"B'er Rabbit, 'e do blow un 'e do ketch um bre't'. 'E pit one year wey Dog is bin-a bark; 'e pit one eye 'pon B'er 'Gator. 'E lissen, 'e look; 'e look, 'e lissen. 'E no yeddy Dog, un 'e comforts come back. Bumbye B'er 'Gator, e' come drowsy; 'e do nod, nod, un 'e head sway down, tel ma'sh-grass tickle 'e nose, un 'e do cough sem lak 'e teer up da crik by e' root. 'E no lak dis place fer sleep at, un 'e is crawl troo da ma'sh 'pon dry lan'; 'e is mek fer da broom-grass fiel'. 'E mek 'e bed wid 'e long tail, un 'e is 'tretch 'ese'f out at 'e lenk. 'E is shed 'e y-eye, un opun 'e mout', un tek 'e nap.

"B'er Rabbit, 'e do hol' 'e y-eye 'pon B'er 'Gator. Him talk no wud; him wullup 'e cud; him stan' still. B'er 'Gator, 'e do tek 'e nap; B'er Rabbit 'e do watch. Bumbye, B'er 'Gator bre't', 'e do come *loud;* 'e is bin sno' *hard!* 'E dream lilly dream; e' wuk e' fut un shek 'e tail in 'e dream. B'er Rabbit wink 'e y-eye, un 'e do watch. B'er 'Gator, he do leaf 'e dream bahine, un 'e sleep soun'. B'er Rabbit watch lil, wait lil. Bumbye, 'e do go wey fier bu'n in da' stump, un 'e is fetch some. 'E say, 'Dis day I is mek you know dem trouble; I is mek you know dem well.' 'E hop 'roun' dey-dey, un 'e do light da' broom-grass; 'e bu'n, bu'n—bu'n, bu'n; 'e do bu'n smaht.

"B'er 'Gator, 'e is dream some mo' lilly dream. 'E do wuk 'e fut, 'e do shek 'e tail. Broom-grass bu'n, bu'n; B'er 'Gator dream. 'E dream da' sun is shiün' hot; 'e wom 'e back, 'e wom 'e belly; 'e wuk 'e fut, 'e shek 'e tail. Broom-grass bu'n high, 'e bu'n low; 'e bu'n smaht, 'e bu'n hot. Bumbye, B'er 'Gator is wek fum 'e dream; 'e smell-a da' smoke, 'e feel-a da' fier. 'E run dis way, 'e run turrer way; no diffran' wey 'e is run, dey da' smoke, dey da' fier. *Bu'n, bu'n, bu'n!* B'er 'Gator lash 'e tail, un grine 'e toof. Bumbye, 'e do roll un holler:

"'Trouble, trouble, trouble! *Trouble, trouble!*'

"B'er Rabbit, 'e is stan' pas' da' fier, un 'e do say:

"'Ki! B'er 'Gator! Wey you fer l'arn-a dis talk 'bout dem trouble?'

"B'er 'Gator, 'e lash 'e tail, 'e fair teer da' ye't',* un 'e do holler:

"'Oh, ma Lord! Trouble! *Trouble, trouble, trouble!*'

"'Shekky um by de han', B'er 'Gator. Ahx um howdy!'

"'Ow, ma Lord! *Trouble, trouble, trouble!*'

"'Lahff wit' dem trouble, B'er 'Gator, lahff wit' dem! Ahx dem is dey he'lt' bin well! You bin-a cry fer dey 'quaintun',* B'er' Gator; now you mus' beer wit' dem trouble!'

"B'er 'Gator come so mad, tel 'e mek dash troo da' broom-grass; 'e fair teer um down. 'E bin scatter da' fier wide 'part, un 'e do run un dife in da' crik fer squinch da' fier 'pon 'e bahk. 'E bahk swivel, 'e tail swivel wit' da' fier, un fum dat dey is bin stan' so. Bump, bump 'pon 'e tail; bump, bump 'pon 'e bahk, wey da' fier bu'n."

"Hit's des lak Brer Jack tell you, honey," said Uncle Remus, as Daddy Jack closed his eyes and relapsed into silence. "I done seed um wid my own eyes. En deyer mighty kuse creeturs, mon'. Dey back is all ruffed up en down ter dis day en time, en mo'n dat, you aint gwineter ketch Brer Rabbit rackin' 'roun' whar de Yallergaters is. En de Yallergaters deyse'f, w'en dey years any crackin' en rattlin' gwine on in de bushes, dey des makes a break fer de creek en splunges in."

"Enty!" exclaimed Daddy Jack, with momentary enthusiasm. "'E do tu'n go da' bahnk, un dife 'neat' da' crik. 'E bin so wom wit' da' fier, 'e mek de crik go si-z-z-z!"

Here Daddy Jack looked around and smiled. His glance fell on 'Tildy, and he seemed suddenly to remember that he had failed to be as polite as circumstances demanded.

"Come-a set nex' me, lilly gal. I gwan tell you one tale."

"Come 'long, Pinx," said 'Tildy, tossing her head disdainfully, and taking the little boy by the hand. "Come 'long, Pinx; we better be gwine. I done say I wont kill dat ole nigger man. Yit ef he start atter me dis blessid night, I lay I roust de whole plantation. Come on, honey; less go."

The little boy was not anxious to go, but Uncle Remus seconded 'Tildy's suggestion.

"Better let dat gal mosey 'long, honey, kaze she mout start in fer ter cut up some 'er capers in yer, en I hate mighty bad ter bus' up dis yer axe-helve, w'ich I'm in needs un it eve'y hour er de day."

Whereupon the two old negroes were left sitting by the hearth.

IX.

BROTHER FOX SAYS GRACE.

'TILDY, the house-girl, made such a terrible report of the carryings on of Daddy Jack that the little boy's mother thought it prudent not to allow him to visit Uncle Remus so often. The child amused himself as best he

* Tear the earth.

* Acquaintance.

could for several nights, but his playthings and picture-books finally lost their interest. He cried so hard to be allowed to go to see Uncle Remus that his mother placed him under the care of Aunt Tempy, a woman of large authority on the place, and who stood next to Uncle Remus in the confidence of her mistress. Aunt Tempy was a fat, middle-aged woman, who always wore a head-handkerchief, and kept her sleeves rolled up, displaying her plump, black arms, winter and summer. She never hesitated to exercise her authority, and the younger negroes on the place regarded her as a tyrant; but in spite of her loud voice and brusque manners, she was thoroughly good-natured, generally good-humored, and always trustworthy. Aunt Tempy and Uncle Remus were secretly jealous of each other, but they were careful never to come in conflict, and, to all appearances, the most cordial relations existed between them.

"Well de goodness knows!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, as Aunt Tempy went in with the little boy. "How you come on, Sis Tempy? De rainy season aint so mighty fur off w'en you come a-sojourneyin' in dis house. Ef I'd a-know'd you'd a-bin a-comin' I'd a-sorter steered 'roun' en bresh'd de cobwebs out'n de cornders."

"Don't min' me, Brer Remus. Luck in de house whar de cobwebs hangs low. I 'uz des a-passin'—a-passin' 'long—en Miss Sally ahx me ef I kin come fur ez de do' wid dat chile dar, but bless you, taint in my manners ter tu'n back at de do'. How you come on, Brer Remus?"

"Po'ly, Sis Tempy; en yit I aint complainin'. Pain yer, en a ketch yander, wid de cramps th'ow'd in, aint no mo' dan ole folks kin speck. How you is, Sis Tempy?"

"I thank de Lord I'm able to crawl, Brer Remus, en dat's 'bout all. Ef I wa'n't so sot in my ways, deze yer niggers would er run me 'stracted d'reckly."

Daddy Jack was sitting in the corner laughing and talking to himself, and the little boy watched him not without a feeling of awe. After awhile he said:

"Uncle Remus, wont Daddy Jack tell us a story to-night?"

"Now, den, honey," responded the old man, "we aint got ter push Brer Jack too closte; we ull des hatter creep up on 'im en ketch 'im fer er tale wence he in de humors. Sometime hoss pull, sometime he aint pull. You aint bin down yer so long, hit sorter look lak it my tu'n; kaze it done come 'cross my 'membunce dat dey wuz one time w'en Brer Wolf kotch Brer Rabbit, w'ich I aint never gun it out ter you yit."

"Brother Wolf caught Brother Rabbit, Uncle Remus?" exclaimed the little boy incredulously.

"Yasser! dat's de up en down un it, sho," responded the old man with emphasis, "en I be mighty glad ef Sis Tempy yer will 'scuze me w'iles I runs over de tale 'long wid you."

"Bless yo' soul, Brer Remus, don't pay no 'tention ter me," said Aunt Tempy, folding her fat arms upon her ample bosom, and assuming an attitude of rest and contentment. "I'm bad ez de chillun 'bout dem ole tales, 'kaze I kin des set up yer un lissen at um de whole blessid night, un a good part er de day. Yass, Lord!"

"Well, den," said Uncle Remus, "we ull des huddle up yer en see w'at 'come er Brer Rabbit w'en ole Brer Wolf kotch 'im. In dem days," he continued, looking at Daddy Jack and smiling broadly, "de creeturs wuz constant gwine a-courtin'. Ef 'twan't Miss Meadows en de gals dey wuz flyin' 'roun', hit 'uz Miss Motts. Dey wuz constant a-courtin'.. En 'twan't none er dish yer 'Howdy-do-ma'm-I-speck-I-better-be-gwine,' n'er. Hit 'uz go atter brekkus en stay twel atter supper. Brer Rabbit, he got tuck wid a-likin' fer Miss Motts, en soon one mawnin', he tuck'n slick hisse'f up, he did, en put out ter call on 'er. W'en Brer Rabbit git ter whar Miss Motts live, she done gone off some'rs.

"Some folks 'ud er sot down en wait twel Miss Motts come back, en den ag'in some folks 'ud er tuck der foot in der han' en went back; but ole Brer Rabbit, he aint de man fer ter be outdone, en he des tuck'n go in de kitchen en light he seegyar, en den he put out fer ter pay a call on Miss Meadows en de gals.

"W'en he git dar, lo en beholes, he fine Miss Motts dar, en he tipped in, ole Brer Rabbit did, en he galanted 'roun' mungs um, same lak one er deze yer town chaps w'at you see come out ter Harmony Grove meetin'-house. Dey talk en dey lahff; dey lahff en dey giggle. Bime by, 'long todes night, Brer Rabbit 'low he better be gwine. De wimmen folks dey all ax 'im fer ter stay twel atter supper, kaze he sech lively comp'ny, but Brer Rabbit fear'd some er de yuther creeturs be hidin' out fer 'im; so he tuck'n pay his 'specks, he did, en start fer home.

"He aint git fur twel he come up wid a great big basket settin' down by de side er de big road. He look up de road; he aint see nobody. He look down de road; he aint see nobody. He look befo', he look behime, he look all 'roun'; he aint see nobody. He lissen, en lissen; he aint year nothin'. He wait, en he wait; nobody aint come.

"Den, bimeby Brer Rabbit go en peep in

de basket, en it seem lak it half full er green truck. He retch he han' in, he did, en git some en put it in he mouf. Den he shet he eye en do lak he studyin' 'bout sump'n. Atter w'ile, he 'low ter hisse'f, 'Hit look lak sparrer-grass, hit feel like sparrer-grass, hit tas'e lak sparrer-grass, en I be bless ef 'taint sparrer-grass.'

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit jump up, he did, en crack he heel tergedder, en he fetch one leap en lan' in de basket, right spang in 'mungs de sparrer-grass. Dar whar he miss he foot-in'," continued Uncle Remus, rubbing his beard meditatively, "kaze w'en he jump in 'mungs de sparrer-grass, right den en dar he jump in 'mungs ole Brer Wolf, w'ich he wer' quile up at de bottom."

"Dar now!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, enthusiastically. "W'at I tell you? W'at make him pester t'er folks doin's? I boun' Brer Wolf nail't 'im."

"Time Brer Wolf grab 'im," continued Uncle Remus, "Brer Rabbit knowed he uz a gone case; yit he sing out, he did:

"'I des tryin' ter skeer you, Brer Wolf; I des tryin' ter skeer you. I know'd you 'uz in dar, Brer Wolf. I know'd you by de smell!' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Ole Brer Wolf grin, he did, en lick he chops, en up'n say:

"'Mighty glad you know'd me, Brer Rabbit, kaze I know'd you des time you drapt in on me. I tuck'n tell Brer Fox yistiddy dat I 'uz gwine take a nap 'longside er de road, en I boun' you 'ud come 'long en wake me up, en' sho' nuff, yer you come en yer you is,' sez Brer Wolf, sezee.

"Oh-ho, Mr. Rabbit! How you feel now?" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, her sympathies evidently with Brother Wolf.

"W'en Brer Rabbit year dis," said Uncle Remus, paying no attention to the interruption, "he 'gun ter git mighty skeer'd, en he whirl in en beg Brer Wolf fer ter please tu'n 'im loose; but dis make Brer Wolf grin wusser, en he toof look so long en shine so w'ite, en he gum look so red, dat Brer Rabbit hush up en stay still. He so skeerd dat he bref come quick, en he heart go lak flutter-mill. He chune up lak he gwine cry:

"'Whar you gwine kyar me, Brer Wolf?

"'Down by de branch, Brer Rabbit.'

"'W'at you gwine down dar fer, Brer Wolf?'

"'So I kin git some water ter clean you wid atter I done skunt you, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Please, sir, lemme go, Brer Wolf.'

"'You talk so young you make me lahff, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Dat sparrer-grass done make me sick, Brer Wolf.'

"'You ull be sicker'n dat 'fo' I git done wid you, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Whar I come fum nobody dast ter eat sick folks, Brer Wolf.'

"'Whar I come fum dey aint dast ter eat no yuther kin', Brer Rabbit.'

"Ole Mr. Rabbit wuz a-talkin', mon," said Aunt Tempy, with a chuckle that caused her to shake like a piece of jelly.

"Dey went on dis away," continued Uncle Remus, "plum twel dey git ter de branch. Brer Rabbit, he beg en cry, en cry en beg, en Brer Wolf, he 'fuse en grin, en grin en 'fuse. W'en dey come ter de branch, Brer Wolf lay Brer Rabbit down on de groun' en hilt 'im dar, en den he study how he gwine make way wid 'im. He study en he study, en w'iles he studyin' Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n study some on he own hook.

"Den w'en it seem lak Brer Wolf done fix all de 'rangerments, Brer Rabbit, he make lak he cryin' wusser en wusser; he des fa'rly blubber."

Uncle Remus gave a ludicrous imitation of Brother Rabbit's wailings.

"'Ber—ber—Brer Wooly—ooly—oolf! Is you gwine—is you gwine ter sakerfice-t me right now—ow—ow?'

"'Dat I is, Brer Rabbit; dat I is.'

"'Well, ef I blee-eedz ter be kilt, Brer Wooly—ooly—oolf, I wants ter be kilt right, en ef I blee-eedz ter be e't, I wants ter be e't ri—ight, too, now!'

"'How dat, Brer Rabbit?'

"'I want you ter show yo' p'liteness, Brer Wooly—ooly—oolf!'

"'How I gwine do dat, Brer Rabbit?'

"'I want you ter say grace, Brer Wolf, en say it quick, kaze I gittin' mighty weak.'

"'How I gwine say grace, Brer Rabbit?'

"'Fol' yo' han's und' yo' chin, Brer Wolf, en shet yo' eyes, en say: 'Bless us en bine us, en put us in crack whar de Ole Boy can't fine us.' Say it quick, Brer Wolf, kaze I failin' mighty fas'.'"

"Now aint dat des too much!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, as delighted as the little boy was. Uncle Remus laughed knowingly and went on:

"Brer Wolf, he put up he han's, he did, en shot he eyes, en low, 'Bless us en bine us'; but he aint git no furder, kaze des time he take up he han's, Brer Rabbit fotch a wiggle, he did, en lit on he foots, en he des natally lef' a blue streak behime 'im."

"Ah-yi-ee!" exclaimed Daddy Jack, while Aunt Tempy allowed her arms to drop helplessly from her lap as she cried "Dar now!" and the little boy clapped his hands in an ecstasy of admiration.

"'Oh, I just knew Brother Rabbit would get away," the child declared.

"Dat's right, honey," said Uncle Remus. "You put yo' pennunce in Brer Rabbit en yo' wont be fur out er de way."

There was some further conversation among the negroes, but it was mostly plantation gossip. When Aunt Tempy rose to go, she said:

"Goodness knows, Brer Remus, ef dis de way you all runs on, I'm gwine ter pester you some mo'. Hit come cross me like ole times, dat it do."

"Do so, Sis Tempy, do so," said Uncle Remus, with dignified hospitality. "You allers fine a place at my h'ath. Ole times is in about all we got lef'."

"Trufe, too!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy; and with that she took the child by the hand and went out into the darkness.

X.

A GHOST STORY.

THE next time the little boy visited Uncle Remus, he persuaded 'Tildy to go with him. Daddy Jack was in his usual place, dozing and talking to himself, while Uncle Remus oiled the carriage-harness. After awhile Aunt Tempy came in.

The conversation turned on ghosts, and after some general discussion of the subject and a story or two by Daddy Jack, 'Tildy broke the silence.

"W'en it come ter tales 'bout ha'nts," said she, "I year tell er one dat'll des natally make de kinks on yo' head onquile deyse'f."

"W'at tale dat, chile?" asked Aunt Tempy.

"Unk Remus, mus' I tell it?"

"Let 'er come," said Uncle Remus.

"Well, den," said 'Tildy, rolling her eyes back and displaying her white teeth, "one time dey wuz a'Oman en a Man. Seem like dey live close ter one er n'er, en de Man he sot his eyes on de 'Oman, en de 'Oman, she des went 'long en ten' ter her bizness. Man, he keep his eyes sot on 'er. Bimeby, de 'Oman, she ten' ter her bizness so much tell she tuck'n tuck sick en die. Man, he up'n tell de folks she dead, en de folks dey come en fix 'er. Dey lay 'er out, en dey light some candles, en dey sot up wid 'er, des like folks does now; en dey put two great big roun' shiny silver dollars on 'er eyes fer ter hol' 'er eyeleds down."

In describing the silver dollars, 'Tildy joined the ends of her thumbs and fore-fingers together, and made a figure as large as a saucer.

"Dey wuz lots bigger den dollars is deze days," she continued, "en dey look mighty purty. Seem like dey wuz all de money de 'Oman got, en de folks dey put um on 'er eyeleds fer ter hol' um down. Den w'en de folks do dat dey call up de Man en take'n tell 'im dat he mus' dig a grave en bury de 'Oman, en den dey all went off 'bout der bizness.

"Well, den, de Man, he tuck'n dig de grave en make ready fer ter bury de 'Oman. He look at dat money on 'er eyeleds, en it shine mighty purty. Den he tuck it off en feel it. Hit feel mighty good, but des 'bout dat time de Man look at de 'Oman, en he see 'er eyeleds open. Look like she lookin' at 'im, en he take'n put de money whar he git it fum.

"Well, den, de Man, he take'n git a waggin en haul de 'Oman out ter de buryin'-groun', en w'en he git dar he fix ever'thing, en den he grab de money en kivver up de grave right quick. Den he go home, en put de money in a tin box en rattle it 'roun'. Hit rattle loud en hit rattle nice, but de Man, he aint feel so good. Seem like he know de 'Oman eyeled stretch wide open lookin' fer 'im. Yit he rattle de money 'roun', en hit rattle loud en hit rattle nice.

"Well, den, de Man, he take'n put de tin box w'at de money in on de mantel-shel-uf. De day go by, en de night come, en w'en night come de win' 'gun ter rise up en blow. Hit rise high, hit blow strong. Hit blow on top er de house, hit blow und' de house, hit blow 'roun' de house. Man, he feel quare. He set by de fier en lissen. Win' say '*Buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o!*' Man lissen. Win' holler en cry. Hit blow top er de house, hit blow und' de house, hit blow 'roun' de house, hit blow in de house. Man git closte up in de chimbly-jam. Win' fin' de cracks en blow in um. '*Bizzy, bizzy, buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o!*'

"Well, den, Man, he lissen, lissen, but bimeby he git tired er dis, en he low ter hisse'f dat he gwine ter bed. He tuck'n fling a fresh light'd knot in de fier, en den he jump in de bed, en quile hisse'f up en put his head und' de kivver. Win' hunt fer de cracks—*bizzy-buzz, bizzy-buzz, buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o-o!* Man keep his head und' de kivver. Light'd knot flar' up en flicker. Man aint dast ter move. Win' blow en w'issel *Phew-fee-e-e-e!* Light'd knot flicker en flar'. Man, he keep his head kivvud.

"Well, den, Man lay dar, en git skeer'der en skeer'der. He aint dast ter wink his eye skacely, en seem like he gwine ter have swamp agur. Wiles he layin' dar shakin', en de win' a blowin', en de fier flickin', he year some yuther kind er fuss. Hit mighty kuse kind er fuss. *Clinkity, clinkalinkle!* Man 'low:

"'Hey! who stealin' my money?'

"Yit he keep his head kivvud w'iles he lay en lissen. He year de win' blow, en den he year dat yuther kinder fuss—*Clinkity, clink, clinkity, clinkalinkle!* Well, den, he fling off

de kivver en sot right up in de bed. He look, he aint see nothin'. De fier flicker en flar' en de win' blow. Man go en put chain en bar 'cross de do'. Den he go back to bed, en he aint mo'n totch his head on de piller tell he year de yuther fuss—*clink, clink, clinkity, clinkalinkle!* Man rise up, he aint see nothin' 'tall. Mighty quare!

"Des 'bout time he gwine ter lay down 'gin', yer come de fuss—*clinkity, clinkalinkle.* Hit soun' like it on de mantel-shel-uf; 'let 'lone dat, hit soun' like it in de tin-box on de mantel-shel-uf; 'let 'lone dat, hit soun' like it de money in de tin box on de mantel-shel-uf. Man say:

"'Hey! rat done got in box!'

"Man look; no rat dar. He shet up de box, en set it down on de shel-uf. Time he do dat yer come de fuss—*clinkity, clinkity, clinkalinkle!* Man open de box en look at de money. Dem two silver dollars layin' in dar des like he put um. W'iles de man dun dis, look like he kin year sump'n say 'way off yander:

"'*Whar my money? Oh, gim me my money!*'

"Man, he sot de box back on de shel-uf, en time he put it down he year de money rattle—*clinkity, clinkalinkle, clink!*—en den fum way off yander sump'n say:

"'*Oh, gim me my money! I want my money!*'

"Well, den, de Man git skeer'd sho nuff, en he got er flat-iün en put on de tin box, en den he tuck'n pile all de cheers 'gin de do', en run en jump in de bed. He des know dey's a booger comin'. Time he git in bed en kivver his head, de money rattle louder, en sump'n cry way off yander:

"'*I want my money! Oh, gim me my money!*'

"Man, he shake en he shiver; money, hit clink en rattle; booger, hit holler en cry. Booger come closter, money clink louder, Man shake wusser en wusser. Money say: '*Clinkity, clinkalinkle!*' Booger cry, '*Oh, gim me my money!*' Man holler, '*Oh, Lordy, Lordy!*'

"Well, den, hit keep on dis away, tell dreckly Man year de do' open. He peep fum und' de kivver, en in walk de 'Oman w'at he done bury in de buryin'-groun'. Man shiver en shiver, win' blow en blow, money rattle en rattle, 'Oman cry en cry. '*Buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o!*' sez de win'; '*clinkalink!*' sez de box; '*Oh, gim me my money!*' sez de 'Oman; '*Oh, Lordy!*' sez de Man. 'Oman year de money, but look like she aint kin see, en she grope 'roun', en grope 'roun', en grope 'roun' wid 'er han' h'ist in de a'r des dis away."

Here 'Tildy stood up, pushed her chair back with her foot, raised her arms over her head, and leaned forward in the direction of Daddy Jack.

"Win' blow, fier flicker, money rattle, Man shake en shiver, 'Oman grope 'roun' en say, '*Gim me my money! Oh, who got my money?*'"

'Tildy advanced a few steps.

"Money look like it gwine ter t'ar de tin box all ter flinders. 'Oman grope en cry, grope en cry, tell bimeby she jump on de man en holler:

"'*You got my money!*'"

As she reached this climax, 'Tildy sprang at Daddy Jack and seized him, and for a few moments there was considerable confusion in the corner. The little boy was frightened, but the collapsed appearance of Daddy Jack convulsed him with laughter. The old African was very angry. His little eyes glistened with momentary malice, and he shook his cane threateningly at 'Tildy. The latter coolly adjusted her ear-rings, as she exclaimed:

"Dar, now! I know'd I'd git even wid de ole vilyun. Come a-callin' me pidjin-toed!"

"Better keep yo' eye on 'im, chile," said Aunt Tempy. "He 'witch you, sho."

"'Witch who? Ef he come witchin' 'roun' me, I lay, I break his back. I tell you dat, right pine-blank." *

XI.

BROTHER RABBIT AND HIS FAMOUS FOOT.

THE little boy was very glad, one night shortly after he had heard about Daddy Jack's ghosts and witches and 'Tildy's "ha'nts," to find Uncle Remus alone in his cabin. The child liked to have his venerable partner all to himself. Uncle Remus was engaged in hunting for tobacco crumbs with which to fill his pipe, and in turning his pockets, a rabbit foot dropped upon the hearth.

"Grab it, honey!" he exclaimed. "Snatch it up off'n de h'ath. In de name er goodness, don't let it git in de embers; kaze ef dat ar rabbit foot git singe, I'm a goner, sho!"

It was the hind foot of a rabbit, and a very large one at that, and the little boy examined it curiously. He was in thorough sympathy with all the superstitions of the negroes, and to him the rabbit foot appeared to be an uncanny affair. He placed it carefully on Uncle Remus's knee, and after the pipe had been filled, he asked:

"What do you carry that for, Uncle Remus?"

"Well, honey," responded the old man, grimly, "ef you want me ter make shorts

* Mr. Samuel L. Clemens heard a version of this story among the negroes of Florida, Missouri. A woman with a golden arm was buried, and the man went back afterward and got the arm. The ghost of the woman followed the man pretty much as described in the foregoing. A negro preacher of Atlanta, to whom Mr. Clemens's version was recited, corrected it as it stands here.

out'n a mighty long tale, dat ar rabbit foot is fer ter keep off boogers. W'en I hatter run er'n's fer myse'f all times er night, en take nigh cuts thoo de woods, en 'cross by de buryin'-groun', hit's monst'ous handy fer ter have dat ar rabbit foot. Keep yo' head studdy, now: mine yo' eye: I aint sayin' deyer any boogers anywhars. Brer Jack kin say w'at he mineter: I aint sayin' nothin'. But yit, ef dey wuz any, en dey come slinkin' atter me, I let you know dey'd fine out terreckly dat de ole nigger heel'd wid rabbit foot. I'ud hol' it up des dis away, en I boun' you I'd shoo um off 'n de face er de yeth. En I tell you w'at," continued Uncle Remus, seeing that the little boy was somewhat troubled, "w'en it come to dat pass dat you gotter be dodgin' 'roun' in de dark, ef you'll des holler for me, I'll loan you dish yer rabbit foot, en you'll be des ez safe ez you is w'en Miss Sally stannin' by yo' bed wid a lit can'le in 'er han'.

"Strip er red flannil tied 'roun' yo' arm'll keep off de rheumatis: stump-water 'll kyo 'spepsy: some good fer one 'zeeze,* en some good fer n'er, but de p'ints is dat dish yer rabbit foot 'll gin you good luck. De man w'at tote it mighty ap' fer ter come out right een' up w'en dey's any racket gwine on in de neighborhoods, let 'er be whar she will en w'en she may: mo' espeshually ef de man w'at got it know 'zackly w'at he got ter do. W'ite folks may laugh," Uncle Remus went on, "but w'en rabbit run 'cross de big road front er me, w'at does I do? Does I shoo at um? Does I make fer ter kill um? Dat I don't—*dat* I don't! I des squats right down in de middle er de road, en I makes a cross-mark in de san des dis away, en den I spits in it."†

Uncle Remus made a practical illustration by drawing a cross-mark in the ashes on the hearth.

"Well, but, Uncle Remus, what good does all that do?" the little boy asked.

"Lots er good, honey; bless yo' soul, lots er good. W'en rabbit crosses yo' luck, w'at you gwine do, less'n you sets down en crosses it out, right den en dar? I year talk er folks shootin' rabbit in de big road, yit I notices dat dem w'at does de shootin' aint come ter no good een'—dat w'at I notices."

"Uncle Remus," the little boy asked, after awhile, "how did people happen to find out about the rabbit's foot?"

* Disease.

† If, as some ethnologists claim, the animal-myths are relics of zoötheism, there can scarcely be a doubt that the practice here described by Uncle Remus is the survival of some sort of obeisance or genuflexion by which the negroes recognized the presence of the Rabbit, the great central figure and wonder-worker of African mythology.

"Oh, you let folks 'lone fer dat, honey. You des let um 'lone. W'at de wimmen aint up'n tell bidout anybody axin' un um, folks mighty ap' fer ter fine out fer deyse'f. De wimmen, dey does de talkin' en de flyin', en de mens, dey does de walkin' en de pryin', en betwixt en betweenst um, dey aint much dat don't come out. Ef don't come out one day it do de nex', en so she goes—Ant'ny over, Ant'ny under—up one row en down de udder, en clean acrosst de bolly-patch!"

It may be that the child didn't understand all this, but he had no doubt of its wisdom, and so he waited patiently for developments.

"Dey's a tale 'bout de rabbit foot," continued Uncle Remus, "but yo' eye look watery, like ole man Nod 'bout ter slip up behime you; en let 'lone dat, I speck Miss Sally clock clickin' fer you right now."

"Oh, no, it isn't, Uncle Remus," said the child, laughing. "Mamma said she'd make 'Tildy call me."

"Dar, now!" exclaimed the old man, indignantly, "'Tildy dis en 'Tildy dat. I dunner w'at yo' mammy dreamin' 'bout fer ter let dat nigger gal be a-holl'in' en a-bawlin' atter you all 'roun' dish yer plan'ation. She de mos' uppity nigger on de hill, en de fus' news you know dey ull all hatter make der bows en call 'er Mistiss. Ef ole Miss wuz 'live, dey wouldn't be no sech gwines on 'roun' yer. But nummine.* You des let 'er come a-cuttin' up front er my do', en I lay you'll year squallin'. Now, den," continued the old man, settling himself back in his chair, "wharbouts wuz I?"

"You said there was a tale about the rabbit foot," the little boy replied.

"So dey is, honey! so dey is!" Uncle Remus exclaimed, "but she got so many crooks en tu'ns in 'er dat I dunner but w'at I aint done gone en fergotted some un um off 'n my min'; kaze ole folks lak me knows lots mo' dan w'at dey kin 'member.

"In de days w'ence Brer Rabbit wuz sorter keepin' de neighborhoods stirred up, de yuther creeturs wuz studyin' en studyin' de whole blessid time how dey gwineter nab 'im. Dey aint had no holiday yit, kaze w'en de holiday come, dey'd go ter wuk, dey would, en juggle wid one er n'er fer ter see how dey gwine ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit. Bimeby, w'en all der plans, en der traps, en der jugglements aint do no good, dey all 'gree, dey did, dat Brer Rabbit got some cunjerment w'at he trick um wid. Brer B'ar, he up'n 'low, he did, dat he boun' Brer Rabbit is a nat'al bawn witch; Brer Wolf say, sezee, dat he speck Brer Rabbit des in cahoots wid a witch; en Brer Fox, he vow dat Brer Rabbit got mo'

* Never mind.

luck dan smartness. Den Jedge B'ar, he drap he head one side, he did, en he ax how come Brer Rabbit got all de luck on he own side. De mo' dey ax, de mo' dey git pestered, en de mo' dey git pestered, de wuss dey worry. Day in en day out dey wuk wid dis puzzlement; let 'lone dat, dey sot up nights; en bimeby dey 'gree 'mungs deyse'f dat dey better make up wid Brer Rabbit, en see ef dey can't fine out how come he so lucky.

"W'iles all dis gwine on, ole Brer Rabbit wuz a-gallopin' 'roun' fum Funtown ter Frolicville, a-kickin' up de devilment en terrifyin' de neighborhoods. Hit keep on dis away, twel one time, endurin' de odd-come-shorts,* ole Jedge B'ar sont wud dat one er his chilluns done bin tooken wid a sickness, en he ax wont ole Miss Rabbit drap 'roun' en set up wid 'im. Ole Miss Rabbit, she say, co'se she go, en atter she fill 'er satchy full er yerbs en truck, off she put.

"I done fergit," said Uncle Remus, scratching his head gravely, "w'ich one er dem chilluns wuz ailin'. Hit mout er bin Kubs, en hit mout er bin Klibs; but no marter fer dat. W'en ole Miss Rabbit git dar, ole Miss B'ar wuz a-settin' up in de chimbly-cornder des a-dosin' en a-nussin' de young un; en all de wimmin er de neighborhoods wuz dar, a-whispun en a-talkin', des fer all de worl' lak wimmen does deze days. It uz:

"'Come right in, Sis Rabbit! I mighty proud to see you. I mighty glad you fotch yo' knittin', kaze I'm pow'ful po' comp'ny w'en my chillun sick. Des fling yo' bonnet on de bed dar. I'm dat flustrated twel I dunner w'ich een's up, skacely. Sis Wolf, han' Sis Rabbit dat rockin'-cheer dar, kaze 'taint no one step fum her house ter mine.'

"Dat de way ole Miss B'ar run on," continued Uncle Remus, "en dey set dar en dey chatter an dey clatter. Ole Brer Wolf, he 'uz settin' out on de back peazzer smokin' en noddin'. He 'ud take en draw a long whiff, he would, en den he 'ud drap off ter noddin', en let de smoke oozle out thoo he nose. Bimeby ole Sis Rabbit drap 'er knittin' in 'er lap, en sing out, sez she:

"'Law, Sis B'ar! I smells 'barker smoke,' sez she.

"Ole Sis B'ar, she jolt up de sick baby, en swap it fum one knee ter de yuther, en 'low:

"'My ole man bin smokin' 'roun' yer de whole blessid day, but soon'z dish yer chile tuck sick, I des tuck'n tole 'im, sez I, fer ter take hisse'f off in de woods whar he b'long at, sez I. Yessum! I did dat! I pities any 'oman w'at 'er ole man is fe'r'verlastin' stuck 'roun' de house w'en dey's any sickness gwine on,' sez she.

"'Ole Brer Wolf sot out dar on de back peazzer, en he shot one eye, he did, en open um 'g'in, en let de smoke oozle out'n he nose. Sis B'ar, she jolt de sick baby en swap it fum one knee ter de yuther. Dey sot dar en talk twel bimeby der confab sorter slack up. Fus news dey know Sis Rabbit drap 'er knittin' en fling up 'er han's en squall out:

"'De gracious en de goodness! Ef I aint done come traipsin off en lef' my ole man money-pus, en he got sump'n in dar w'at he wont take a purty fer, needer! I'm dat fergitful,' sez she, 'twel hit keep me mizerbul mighty nigh de whole time,' sez she.

"Brer Wolf, he lif' up he year en open he eye, en let de smoke oozle out'n he nose. Sis B'ar, she jolt de sick baby wuss en wuss, en bimeby, she up'n say, sez she:

"'I mighty glad 'taint me, dat I is,' sez she, 'bekaze ef I wuz ter lef' my ole man money-pus layin' 'roun' dat away, he'd des nat'ully rip up de planks in de flo', en t'ar all de bark offn' de trees,' sez she.

"Old Miss Rabbit, she sot dar, she did, en she rock en study, en study en rock, en she dunner w'at ter do. Ole Sis B'ar, she jolt en jolt de baby. Ole Brer Wolf, he let de 'barker smoke oozle thoo he nose, he did, en den he open bofe eyes en lay he pipe down. Wid dat, he crope down de back steps en lit out fer Brer Rabbit house. Brer Wolf got gait same lak race-hoss, en it aint take 'im long fer ter git whar he gwine. W'en he git ter Brer Rabbit house, he pull de latch-string en open de do', en w'en he do dis, one er de little Rabs wake up, en he holler out:

"'Dat you, mammy?'

"Den Brer Wolf wish he kin sing 'Bye-O-Baby,' but fo' he kin make answer, de little Rab holler out 'g'in:

"'Dat you, mammy?'

"Ole Brer Wolf know he got ter do sump'n, so he tuck'n w'isper, he did:

"'Sh-sh-sh! Go ter sleep, honey. De boogers 'll git you!' en wid dat de little Rab 'gun ter whimple, en he whimple hisse'f off ter sleep.

"Den w'en it seem lak de little Rabs, w'ich dey wuz mighty nigh forty-leven un um, is all done gone ter sleep, Brer Wolf he crope 'roun', he did, en feel on de mantel-shel-uf, en feel, en feel, twel he come ter ole Brer Rabbit money-pus. Ef he want so light wid he han'," Uncle Remus went on, glancing quizzically at the child, "he'd a knock off de pollygollic vial w'at ole Miss Rabbit put up dar. But nummine! Brer Wolf, he feel, en feel twel he come ter de money-pus, en he grab dat, he did, en he des flew'd away fum dar.

* Sometime, any time, no time. Thus: "Run fetch me de ax, en I'll wait on you one er deze odd-come-shorts."

"W'en he git out er sight en year'n', Brer Wolf look at de money-pus, en see w'at in it. Hit 'uz one er deze yer kinder money-pus wid tossle on de een' en shiny rings in de middle. Brer Wolf look in dar fer ter see w'at he kin see. In one een' dey wuz a piece er calamus-root en some collard seeds, en in de t'er een' dey wuz a great big rabbit foot. Dis make Brer Wolf feel mighty good, en he gallop off home wid de shorance * un a man w'at done foun' a gol' mine."

Here Uncle Remus paused and betrayed a disposition to drop off to sleep. The little boy, however, touched him upon the knee, and asked him what Brother Rabbit did when he found his foot was gone. Uncle Remus laughed and rubbed his eyes.

"Hit's mighty kuse 'bout Brer Rabbit, honey. He aint miss dat money-pus fer mighty long time, yit w'en he do miss it, he miss it mighty bad. He miss it so bad dat he git right-down sick, kaze he know he bleedz ter fine dat ar foot let go w'at may, let come w'at will. He study en he study, yit 'taint do no good, en he go all 'roun' 'lowin' ter hisse'f:

"'I know whar I put dat foot, yet I dunner whar I lef um; I know whar I put dat foot, yit I dunner whar I lef' um.'

"He mope en he mope 'roun'. Look lak Brer Wolf got all de luck en Brer Rabbit aint got none. Brer Wolf git fat, Brer Rabbit git lean; Brer Wolf run fas', Brer Rabbit lope heavy lak ole Sis Cow; Brer Wolf feel funny, Brer Rabbit feel po'ly. Hit keep on dis away, twel bimeby Brer Rabbit know sump'n n'er bleedz ter be done. Las' he make up he min' fer ter take a journey, en he fix up he tricks, he do, en he go en see ole Aunt Mammy-Bammy Big-Money."

"And who was old Aunt Mammy-Bammy Big-Money, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"Ah-yi!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, in a tone of triumph, "I know'd w'en I fotch dat ole creetur name up, dey want gwine ter be no noddin' 'roun' dish yer h'ath. In dem days," he continued, "dey wuz a Witch-Rabbit, en dat was her entitlements—ole Aunt Mammy-Bammy Big-Money. She live way off in a deep, dark swamp, en ef you go dar you hatter ride some, slide some; jump some, hump some; hop some, flop some; walk some, balk some; creep some, sleep some; fly some, cry some; foller some, holler some; wade some, spade some; en ef you ain't monstus keerful you ain't git dar den. Yit Brer Rabbit he git dar atter so long a time, en he mighty nigh wo' out.

"He sot down, he did, fer ter res' hisse'f, en bimeby he see black smoke comin' outer de hole in de groun' whar de ole Witch-Rabbit stay. Smoke git blacker en blacker, en atter w'ile Brer Rabbit know de time done come fer 'im ter open up en tell w'at he want."

As Uncle Remus interpreted the dialogue, Brother Rabbit spoke in a shrill, frightened tone, while the voice of the Rabbit-Witch was hoarse and oracular:

"'Mammy-Bammy Big-Money, I needs yo' he'p.'

"'Son Riley Rabbit, why so? Son Riley Rabbit, why so?'

"'Mammy-Bammy Big-Money, I los' de foot you gim me.'

"'Oh, Riley Rabbit, why so? Son Riley Rabbit, why so?'

"'Mammy-Bammy Big-Money, my luck done gone. I put dat foot down 'pon de groun'. I lef' um dar I know not whar.'

"'De Wolf done tuck en stole yo' luck, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley. Go fine de track, go git hit back, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.'

"Wid dat," continued Uncle Remus, "ole Aunt Mammy-Bammy Big-Money sucked all de black smoke back in de hole in de groun', and Brer Rabbit des put out fer home. W'en he git dar, w'at do he do? Do he go off in a cornder by hisse'f, en wipe he weepin' eye? Dat he don't—dat he don't. He des tuck'n wait he chance. He wait en he wait; he wait all day, he wait all night; he wait mighty nigh a mont'. He hang 'roun' Brer Wolf house; he watch en he wait.

"Bimeby, one day, Brer Rabbit git de news dat Brer Wolf des come back fum a big frolic. Brer Rabbit know he time comin', en he keep bofe eye open en bofe years h'ist up. Nex' mawnin' atter Brer Wolf git back fum de big frolic, Brer Rabbit see 'im come outer de house en go down de spring atter bucket water. Brer Rabbit, he slip up, he did, en he look in. Ole Miss Wolf, she 'uz sailin' 'roun' fryin' meat en gittin' brekkus, en dar hangin' 'cross er cheer wuz Brer Wolf wes'cut where he keep he money-pus. Brer Rabbit rush up ter do' en pant lak he mighty nigh fag out. He rush up, he did, en he sing out:

"'Mawnin', Sis Wolf, mawnin'! Brer Fox sont me atter he shavin'-brush, w'ich he keep it in dat ar money-pus w'at I loant 'im.'

"Sis Wolf, she fling up 'er han's en let um drap, en she laugh en say, sez she:

"'I 'clar' ter gracious, Brer Rabbit! You gimme sech a tu'n, dat I aint got room ter be perlite skacely.'

"But mos' 'fo' she git de wuds out'n 'er mouf, Brer Rabbit done grab de money-pus en gone!"

"Which way did he go, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked after awhile.

* Assurance.

"Well, I tell you dis," Uncle Remus responded emphatically, "Brer Rabbit road aint lay by de spring; I boun' you dat!"

Presently Tildy put her head in the door to say that it was bed-time, and shortly afterward the child was dreaming that Daddy Jack was Mammy-Bammy Big-Money in disguise.*

* A Virginian version of this story, from an anonymous correspondent, sends Brother Rabbit on the "back track." He is compelled to retrace his footsteps for many months. The version is fragmentary, but it afforded a cue that enabled the writer to secure the outlines of the legend as given here.

PARADISE REGAINED.*

THEIR heads bent low, with tearful eyes
They left the gates of Paradise.
All love had flown, all joy was dead,
O'er all the earth foul sin had spread.

The cherub stood with fiery sword,
And as they passed he spoke this word:
"Lift up your heads and sorrowing eyes,
Your hearts shall be your paradise!"

Elizabeth Sihler.

* An old Jewish legend.

THE NEW MINISTER'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE CONVICT," "ELI," ETC.

"THE minister's got a job," said Mr. Snell.

Mr. Snell had been driven in by a shower from the painting of a barn, and was now sitting, with one bedaubed overall leg crossed over the other, in Mr. Hamblin's shop.

Half a dozen other men, who had likewise found in the rain a call to leisure, looked up at him inquiringly.

"How do you mean?" said Mr. Noyes, who sat beside him, girt with a nail-pocket. "'The minister's got a job?' How do you mean?" And Mr. Noyes assumed a listener's air, and stroked his thin yellow beard.

Mr. Snell smiled, with half-shut, knowing eyes, but made no answer.

"How do you mean?" repeated Mr. Noyes; "'The minister's got a job'—of course he has—got a stiddy job. We knew that before."

"Very well," said Mr. Snell, with a placid face; "seeing 's you know so much about it, enough said. Let it rest right there."

"But," said Mr. Noyes, nervously blowing his nose; "you lay down this proposition: 'The minister's got a job.' Now I ask: what is it?"

Mr. Snell uncrossed his legs, and stooped to pick up a last, which he proceeded to scan with a shrewd, critical eye.

"Narrer foot," he said to Mr. Hamblin.

"Private last—Dr. Hunter's," said Mr. Hamblin, laying down a boot upon which he was stitching an outer sole, and rising to make a ponderous, elephantine excursion across the quaking shop to the earthen water-pitcher, from which he took a generous draught.

"Well, Brother Snell," said Mr. Noyes—they were members together of a secret organization, of which Mr. Snell was P. G. W. T. F.—"aint you going to tell us? What—is this job? That is to say, what—is it?"

Brother Snell set his thumbs firmly in the armholes of his waistcoat, surveyed the smoke-stained pictures pasted on the wall, looked keen, and softly whistled.

At last, he condescended to explain.

"Preaching Uncle Capen's funeral sermon."

There was a subdued general laugh. Even Mr. Hamblin's leathern apron shook.

Mr. Noyes, however, painfully looking down upon his beard to draw out a white hair, maintained his serious expression.

"I don't see much 'job' in that," he said; "a minister's supposed to preach a hundred and four sermons in each and every year, and there's plenty more where they come from. What's one sermon more or less, when stock costs nothing? It's like wheeling gravel from the pit."

"O. K.," said Mr. Snell; "if 'taint no

trouble, then 'taint. But seeing 's you know, suppose you specify the materials for this particular discourse."

Mr. Noyes looked a little disconcerted.

"Well," he said; "of course, I can't set here and compose a funereal discourse, offhand, without no writing-desk; but there's stock enough to make a sermon of, any time."

"Oh, come," said Mr. Snell, "don't sneak out: particularize."

"Why," said Mr. Noyes, "you've only to open the leds of your Bible, and choose a text, and then: When did this happen? Why did this happen? To who did this happen? and so forth and so on; and there's your sermon. I've heard 'em so a hunderd times."

"All right," said Mr. Snell; "I don't doubt, you know; but as for me, I for one never happened to hear of anything that Uncle Capen did but whitewash and saw wood. Now what sort of an autobiographical sermon could you make out of sawing wood?"

Whereat Leander Buffum proceeded, by that harsh, guttural noise well known to country boys, to imitate the sound of sawing through a log.

His sally was warmly greeted.

"The minister might narrate," said Mr. Blood, "what Uncle Capen said to Issachar, when Issachar told him that he charged high for sawing wood. 'See here, says Uncle Capen, 's'pos'n I do. My arms are shorter'n other folks's, and it takes me just so much longer to do it.'"

"Well," said Mr. Noyes, "I'm a fair man; always do exactly right, is the rule I go by; and I will frankly admit, now and here, that if it's a biographical discourse they want, they'll have to cut corners."

"Pré-cisély," said Mr. Snell; "and that's just what they do want."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hamblin, laboriously rising and putting his spectacles into their silver case—for it was supper-time; "joking one side, if Uncle Capen never did set the pond afire, we'd all rather take his chances to-day, I guess, than those of some smarter men."

At which Mr. Snell turned red; for he was a very smart man and had just failed, to everybody's surprise,—for there was no reason in the world why he should fail,—and had created more merriment for the public than joy among his creditors, by paying a cent and a half on the dollar.

"Come in; sit down," said Doctor Hunter, as the young minister appeared at his office door; and he tipped back in his chair, and put his feet upon a table. "What's the news?"

"Doctor," said Mr. Holt, laughing, as he laid down his hat and took an arm-chair; "you told me to come to you for any information. Now I want materials for a sermon on old Mr. Capen."

The Doctor looked at him with a half-amused expression, and then sending out a curl of blue smoke, he watched it as it rose melting into the general air.

"You don't smoke, I believe?" he said to the minister.

Holt smiled and shook his head.

The Doctor put his cigar back into his mouth, clasped one knee in his hands, and fixed his eyes in meditation on a one-eared Hippocrates looking down with a dirty face from the top of a book-case. Perhaps the Doctor was thinking of the two or three hundred complimentary visits he had been permitted to make upon Uncle Capen within ten years.

Presently a smile broke over his face.

"I must tell you, before I forget it," he said, "how Uncle Capen nursed one of my patients. Years and years ago, I had John Ellis, our postmaster now, down with a fever. One night Uncle Capen watched—you know he was spry and active till he was ninety. Every hour he was to give Ellis a little ice-water; and when the first time came, he took a table-spoonful—there was only a dim light in the room,—and poured the ice-water down Ellis's neck. Well, Ellis jumped, as much as so sick a man could, and then lifted his finger to his lips: 'Here's my mouth,' said he. 'Why, why,' said Uncle Capen, 'is that your mouth? I took that for a wrinkle in your forehead.'"

The minister laughed.

"I have heard a score of such stories to-day," he said; "there seem to be enough of them; but I can't find anything adapted to a sermon, and yet they seem to expect a detailed biography."

"Ah, that's just the trouble," said the Doctor. "But let us go into the house; my wife remembers everything that ever happens, and she can post you up on Uncle Capen, if anybody can."

So they crossed the door-yard into the house.

Mrs. Hunter was sewing; a neighbor, come to tea, was crocheting wristers for her grandson. They were both talking at once as the Doctor opened the sitting-room door.

"Since neither of you appears to be listening," he said, as they started up, "I wont apologize for interrupting. Mr. Holt is collecting facts about Uncle Capen for his funeral sermon, and I thought that my good wife could help him out, if anybody could. So I will leave him."

And the Doctor, nodding, went into the

hall for his coat and driving gloves, and, going out, disappeared about the corner of the house.

"You will really oblige me very much, Mrs. Hunter," said the minister, "—or Mrs. French, —— if you can give me any particulars about old Mr. Capen's life. His family seem to be rather sensitive, and they depend on a long, old-fashioned funeral sermon; and here I am utterly bare of facts."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Hunter. "Of course; now ——"

"Why, yes; everybody knows all about him," said Mrs. French.

And then they laid their work down and relapsed into meditation.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hunter, in a moment. "No, though ——"

"Why, you know," said Mrs. French, "no — I guess, on the whole ——"

"You remember," said the Doctor's wife to Mrs. French, with a faint smile, "the time he papered my east chamber — don't you — how he made the pattern come?"

And then they both laughed gently for a moment.

"Well, I have always known him," said Mrs. French. "But really, being asked so suddenly, it seems to drive everything out of my head."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunter, "and it's odd that I can't think of exactly the thing, just at this minute; but if I do, I will run over to the parsonage this evening."

"Yes, so will I," said Mrs. French. "I know that I shall think of oceans of things just as soon as you have gone."

"Wont you stay to tea?" said Mrs. Hunter, as Holt rose to go. "The Doctor has gone; but we never count on him."

"No, I thank you," said Mr. Holt. "If I am to invent a biography, I may as well be at it."

Mrs. Hunter went with him to the door.

"I must just tell you," she said, "one of Uncle Capen's sayings. It was long ago, when I was first married, and came here. I had a young men's Bible class in Sunday-school, and Uncle Capen came into it. He always wore a cap, and sat at meetings with the boys. So, one Sunday, we had in the lesson that verse,—you know,—that if all these things should be written, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written; and there Uncle Capen stopped me, and said he: 'I suppose that means the world as known to the Ancients.'"

HOLT put on his hat, and with a smile turned and went on his way toward the parsonage; but he remembered that he had promised to call at what the local paper termed "the late residence of the deceased," where, on the one hundredth birthday of the centenarian, according to the poet's corner:

> "Friends, neighbors, and visitors he did receive
> From early in the morning till dewy eve."

So he turned his steps in that direction.

He opened the clicking latch of the gate and rattled the knocker on the front door of the little cottage; and a tall, motherly woman of the neighborhood appeared and ushered him in.

Uncle Capen's unmarried daughter, a woman of sixty, her two brothers and their wives, and half a dozen neighbors were sitting in the tidy kitchen, where a crackling wood-fire in the stove was suggesting a hospitable cup of tea.

The minister's appearance, breaking the formal gloom, was welcomed.

"Well," said Miss Maria, "I suppose the sermon is all writ by this time. I think likely you've come down to read it to us."

"No," said Holt, "I have left the actual writing of it till I get all my facts. I thought perhaps you might have thought of something else."

"No; I told you everything there was about father yesterday," she said. "I'm sure you can't lack of things to put in; why, father lived a hundred years — and longer, too, for he was a hundred years and six days, you remember."

"You know," said Holt, "there are a great many things that are very interesting to a man's immediate friends that don't interest the public."

And he looked to Mr. Small for confirmation.

"Yes, that's so," said Mr. Small, nodding wisely.

"But, you see, father was a centenarian," said Maria, "and so that makes everything about him interesting. It's a lesson to the young, you know."

"Oh, yes, that's so," said Mr. Small, "if a man lives to be a centurion."

"Well, you all knew our good friend," said Mr. Holt. "If any of you will suggest anything, I shall be very glad to put it in."

Nobody spoke for a moment.

"There's one interesting thing," said one of the sons, a little old man, much like his father; "that is, that none of his children have ever gone meandering off; we've all remained" — he might almost have said remained seated —"all our lives, right about him."

"I will allude to that," said Mr. Holt. "I hope you have something else, for I am afraid of running short of material: you see I am a stranger here."

"Why, I hope there wont be any trouble

about it," said Maria, in sudden consternation. "I was a little afraid to give it out to so young a man as you, and I thought some of giving the preference to Father Cobb, but I didn't quite like to have it go out of the village, nor to deprive you of the opportunity; and they all assured me that you was smart. But if you're feeling nervous, perhaps we'd better have him still; he's always ready."

"Just as you like," said Holt modestly; "if he would be willing to preach the sermon, we might leave it that way, and I will add a few remarks."

But Maria's zeal for Father Cobb was a flash in the pan. He was a sickly farmer, a licensed preacher, who, when he was called upon occasionally to meet a sudden exigency, usually preached on the beheading of John the Baptist.

"I guess you've got things enough to write," said Maria consolingly; "you know how awfully a thing does drag out when you come to write it down on paper. Remember to tell how we've all staid right here."

WHEN Holt went out, he saw Mr. Small beckoning him to come to where his green wagon stood under a tree.

"I must tell you," he said, with an awkwardly repressed smile, "about a trade of Uncle Capen's. He had a little lot up our way that they wanted for a school-house, and he agreed to sell it for what it cost him, and the selectmen, knowing what it cost him,—fifty dollars,— agreed with him that way. But come to sign the deed, he called for a hundred dollars. 'How's that,' says they; 'you bought it of Captain Sam Bowen for fifty dollars.' 'Yes, but see here,' says Uncle Capen, 'it's cost me on an average five dollars a year, for the ten year I've had it, for manure and plowing and seed, and that's fifty dollars more.' 'But you've sold the garden stuff off it, and had the money,' says they. 'Yes,' says Uncle Capen, 'but that money's spent and eat up long ago!'"

The minister smiled, shook hands with Mr. Small, and went home.

THE church was crowded. Horses filled the sheds, horses were tied to the fences all up and down the street. Funerals are always popular in the country, and this one had a double element of attractiveness. The whole population of the town, having watched with a lively interest, for years back, Uncle Capen's progress to his hundredth birthday, expected now some electrical effect, analogous to an apotheosis.

In the front pews were the chief mourners, filled with the sweet intoxication of preëminence.

The opening exercises were finished, a hymn was sung:

"Life is a Span,"

and Father Cobb arose to make his introductory remarks.

He began with some reminiscences of the first time he saw Uncle Capen, some thirty years before, and spoke of viewing him even then as an aged man, and of having remarked to him that he was walking down the valley of life with one foot in the grave. He called attention to Uncle Capen's virtues, and pointed out their connection with his longevity. He had not smoked for some forty years; therefore, if the youth who were present desired to attain his age, let them not smoke. He had been a total abstainer, moreover, from his seventieth year; let them, if they would rival his longevity, follow his example. The good man closed with a feeling allusion to the relatives, in the front pew, mourning like the disciples of John the Baptist after his "beheadment." Another hymn was sung:

"A vapor brief and swiftly gone."

Then there was deep silence as the minister rose and gave out his text:

"I have been young, and now I am old."

"AT the time of the grand review in Washington," he said, "that mighty pageant that fittingly closed the drama of the war, I was a spectator, crippled then by a gun-shot wound, and unable to march. From an upper window I saw that host file by, about to record its greatest triumph by melting quietly into the general citizenship; a mighty, resistless army about to fade and leave no trace, except here and there a one-armed man, or a blue flannel jacket behind a plow. Often now, when I close my eyes, that picture rises: that gallant host, those tattered flags; and I hear the shouts that rose when my brigade, with their flaming scarfs, went trooping by. Little as I may have done, as a humble member of that army, no earthly treasure could buy from me the thought of my fellowship with it, or even the memory of that great review.

"But that display was mere tinsel show compared with the great pageant that has moved before those few men who have lived through the whole length of the past hundred years.

"Before me lies the form of a man who, though he has passed his days with no distinction but that of an honest man, has lived through some of the most remarkable events of all the ages. For a hundred years a mighty pageant has been passing before him. I would rather have lived that hundred years than any other. I am deeply touched to reflect that he who lately inhabited this cold tenement of clay

connects our generation with that of Washington. And it is impossible to speak of one whose great age draws together this assembly, without recalling events through which he lived.

"Our friend was born in this village. This town then included the adjoining towns to the north and south. The region was then more sparsely settled, although many houses standing then have disappeared. While he was sleeping peacefully in the cradle; while he was opening on the world childhood's wide, wondering eyes, those great men, whose names are our perpetual benediction, were planning for freedom from a foreign yoke. While he was passing through the happy years of early childhood, the fierce clash of arms resounded through the little strip of territory which then made up the United States. I can hardly realize that, as a child, he heard as a fresh, new, real story, of the deeds of Lexington, from the lips of men then young who had been in the fight; or listened, as one of an eager group gathered about the fireside, or in the old, now deserted taverns on the turnpike, to the story of Bunker Hill.

"And when, the yoke of tyranny thrown off, in our country and in France, Lafayette, the mere mention of whose name brings tears to the eyes of every true American, came to see the America that he loved and that loved him, he, on whose cold, rigid face I now look down, joined in one of those enthusiastic throngs that made the visit like a Roman triumph.

"But turn to the world of nature, and think of the panoramic scenes that have passed before those now impassive eyes. In our friend's boyhood, there was no practical mode of swift communication of news. In great emergencies, to be sure, some Paul Revere might flash his beacon light from a lofty tower; but news crept slowly over our hand-breadth nation, and it was months after a presidential election before the result was generally known. He lived to see the telegraph flashing swiftly about the globe, annihilating time and space and bringing the scattered nations into greater unity.

"And think, my hearers, for one moment, of the wonders of electricity. Here is a power which we name but do not know; that flashes through the sky, that shatters great trees, burns buildings, strikes men dead in the fields; and we have learned to lead it, all unseen, from our house-tops to the earth; we tame this mighty, secret, unknown power down into serving us as a daily messenger; and no man sets the limits now to the servitude that we shall yet bind it down to.

"Again, my hearers, when our friend was well advanced in life, there was still no better mode of travel between distant points than the slow, rumbling stage-coach; many who are here remember well its delays and discomforts. He saw the first tentative efforts of that mighty factor steam to transport more swiftly. He saw the first railroad built in the country; he lived to see the land covered with the iron net-work.

"And what a transition is this! Pause for a moment to consider it. How much does this imply. With the late improvements in agricultural machinery, with the cheapening of steel rails, the boundless prairie farms of the West are now brought into competition with the fields of Great Britain in supplying the Englishman's table, and seem not unlikely, within this generation, to break down the aristocratic holding of land, and so perhaps to undermine aristocracy itself."

So the preacher continued, speaking of different improvements, and lastly of the invention of daguerreotypes and photographs. He called the attention of his hearers to this almost miraculous art of indelibly fixing the expression of a countenance, and drew a lesson as to the permanent effect of our daily looks and expression on those among whom we live. He considered at length the vast amount of happiness which had been caused by bringing pictures of loved ones within the reach of all; the increase of family affection and general good feeling which must have resulted from the invention, and suggested a possible lifting of the civilization of the older nations through the constant sending home, by prosperous adopted citizens, of photographs of themselves and of their homes, and alluded to the effect which that must have had in new immigration.

Finally, he adverted to the fact that the sons of the deceased, who sat before him, had not yielded to the restless spirit of adventure, but had found "no place like home."

"But I fear," he said at last, "that the interest of my subject has made me transgress upon your patience; and with a word or two more I will close.

"When we remember what hard, trying things often arise within a single day, let us rightly estimate the patient well-doing of a man who has lived a blameless life for a hundred years. When we remember what harm, what sin, can be crowded into a single moment, let us rightly estimate the principle that kept him so close to the golden rule, not for a day, not for a decade or a generation, but for a hundred years.

"And now, as we are about to lay his deserted body in the earth, let not our perceptions be dulled by the constant repetition in this world of death and burial. At this hour

our friend is no longer aged; wrinkles and furrows, trembling limbs and snowy locks he has left behind him, and he knows, we believe, to-day, more than the wisest philosopher on earth. We may study and argue, all our lives, to discover the nature of life, or the form it takes beyond the grave; but in one moment of swift transition the righteous man may learn it all. We differ widely one from another, here, in mental power. A slight hardening of some tissue of the brain might have left a Shakspere an attorney's clerk. But, in the brighter world, no such impediments prevent, I believe, clear vision and clear expression; and differences of mind that seem world-wide here, may vanish there. When the spirit breaks its earthly prison and flies away, who can tell how bright and free the humblest of us may come to be! There may be a more varied truth than we commonly think, in the words: The last shall be first.

"Let this day be remembered. Let us think of the vast display of nature's forces which was made within the long period of our old neighbor's life; but let us also reflect upon the bright pageant that is now unrolling itself before him in a better world."

THAT evening Miss Maria and her brothers, sitting in state in the little old house, received many a caller. And the conversation was chiefly upon one theme: not the funeral sermon, although that was commended as a frank and simple biographical discourse, but the great events which had accompanied Uncle Capen's progress through this world, almost like those which Horace records in his Ode to Augustus.

"That's trew, every word," said Apollos Carver; "when Uncle Capen was a boy there wasn't not one railroad in the hull breadth of the United States, and just think: why now you can go in a Pullerman car clear'n acrost to San Francisco. My daughter lives in Oakland, just across a ferry from there."

"Well, then, there's photographing," said Captain Abel. "It doos seem amazing, as the minister said: you set down, and square yourself, and slick your hair, and stare stiddy into a funnel, and a man ducks his head under a covering, and pop! there you be, as natural as life,—if not more so. And when Uncle Capen was a young man, there wasn't nothing but portraits and minnytures, and these black-paper-and-scissors portraits—what do they call 'em? Yes, sir, all that come in under his observation."

"Yes," said one of the sons, "it's wonderful; my wife and me was took setting on a settee, in the Garden of Eden—lions and tigers and other scriptural objects in the background."

"And don't forget the telegraph," said Maria; "don't forget that."

"Trew," said Apollos, "that's another thing. I hed a message come once't from my son that lives to Taunton. We was all so sca't and faint when we see it, that we didn't none of us dast to open it, and finally the feller that druv over with it hed to open it fur us."

"What was there in it?" said Mr. Small; "sickness?—death?"

"No, he wanted his thick coat expressed up. But my wife didn't get over the shock for some time. Wonderful thing—that telegraph—here's a man standing a hundred miles off, like enough, and harpooning an idea chock right into your mind."

"Then that was a beautiful truth," said Maria: "that father and Shakspere would probably be changed round in heaven; I always said father wasn't appreciated here."

"Well," said Apollos, "'tis always so; we don't begin to realize the value of a thing tell we lose it. Now that we sort o' stand and gaze at Uncle Capen at a fair distance, as it were, he looms. If he only hedn't kep' so quiet, always, about these 'ere wonders—a man really ought, in justice to himself, to blow his own horn—jest a little. But that was a grand discourse, wasn't it, now?"

"Oh, yes," said Maria, "though I felt nervous for the young man; but when you come to think what materials he had to make a sermon out of,—why, how could he help it! And yet, I doubt not he takes all the credit to himself."

"I should really have liked to have heard Father Cobb treat the subject," said Mrs. Small, rising to go, and nodding to her husband. "'Twas a grand theme. But it was a real chance for the new minister. Such an opportunity doesn't happen not once in a lifetime."

THE next morning, after breakfast, on his way home from the post-office, the minister stepped in at Doctor Hunter's office.

The Doctor was reading a newspaper.

Holt took a chair in silence.

The Doctor laid down the paper and eyed him quizzically, and then slowly shook his head.

"I don't know about you ministers," he said. "I attended the funeral; I heard the biographical discourse; I understand it gave great satisfaction. I have reflected on it over night; and now, what I want to know is, what on earth there was in it about Uncle Capen."

The minister smiled.

"I think," he replied, "that all that I said about Uncle Capen was strictly true."

C. H. White.

LOVE POEMS BY LOUIS BARNAVAL.*

I.

Ah moments of a softer look,
  Ah hours that flew all unaware,
Ah graceful sky-swung hawks that took
  The eye with beauty's curve in air,
Ah happy grass within our nook,
  Say, were you pressed by shape more rare?
Your voice that day, my own dear maid,
Sang like the wind through a leafy glade.

II.

O loveliness of earth, O draughts delicious,
Of odors, airs, and views!
What buoyant sense of youth along the limbs
With you beside me on the grass, capricious
As the quick morning dews
Which fly before the thrush has ceased his hymns,
Before the eastern rims
Of little ponds are gladdened by the sun!
Starveling, what have I done—
That one day brings these heaps of high delight
And your face, glowing with a heavenly might?

III.

At last alone, alone where myriads throng,
Nor heed us, mighty caravanserais!
  Alone to catch the song
  That ocean sings and sighs
Where the long breaker lifts and bows farewell to sunlit skies!

Delight to run like beach-birds barefoot down
The hard, wet sand, and tear with childish glee
  The ocean's foam-fringed gown,
  And from the sad land flee
As lovers plunge from coral strands into the cool south sea!

IV.

Frail birds that feel too weak of wing
  To wander past the stormy sea
To feathery backs will catch and cling,
  But cheer their hosts with songs of glee.

So I to pinions of your faith
  Intrust my soul, nor doubt at all:
O strong heart, bear me clear of scaith,
  From windy blow, from watery fall.

V.

Even as the birds that haunt our twilight sky
  With sickle wings flecked twice in shapes of moon
Through sheets of rain their flight undaunted ply
Brave in a strength that comes they know not why,
  Nor at the lightning bolt will blench or swoon,

And as through deeper night they carve their way,
  By faith upborne upon their pinions fine,
So have I learned even to the morning's gray
On love's pied wings my heavy heart to stay
  Pillowed on gales that blow from realms divine.

VI.

An oval board, silver, great heaps of flowers;
Bright glances, tender bosoms, brilliant dresses,
Wine of four hues, a score of savory messes,
A Babel of talk that up to the ceiling towers,
Then, all at once—your name! As when the dashes
Of wind and hail are thick in stormy showers;
But through the midst a bolt of thunder crashes
And in suspense hang all the cosmic powers—

So came the name a stranger spoke in praise;
And while I forced a trembling, dull reply,
Striving to shake myself from my amaze,

A little choir of angels in a sky
Within my brain began a glorious hymn:
The sea of despond then I learned to swim.

* Selections (not consecutive) from unpublished "Love Poems by Louis Barnaval. Edited, with an introduction, by Charles de Kay."

VII.

Amber mist
Lightly kissed
By the sun of May capricious,
Yellow haze
In the maze
Leafy of the trees delicious.
Down the street
Glimpses fleet
Of a gull-wing'd yacht in motion,
Up the sky
Wild geese cry
As they near the northern ocean.

Like a vail
Smoky-pale
Cloudlets tinge the far horizon,
Fairies paint
Hills with quaint
Mimicry of autumn's foison.
Moist, at ease
Chant their glees
Timid toad and salamander,
Puffs of health
Blow by stealth,
All things to a love-tryst pander.

In my room
Hornets hum
Rousing from their wintry slumber,
Through the woods
Violet buds
Deck with blue the fallen lumber.
What surprise!
Violet eyes
Live and flash a dry heart under,
Once all sad.
Now all glad,
I can only gaze and wonder.

VIII.

The pomp of lights, the pride and mighty round
Of ladies gay against their escort somber,
The babble of tongues forever heard and drowned
In glorious music endless as the number
Of angels in the glory of the sun . . .

Heads turned my way and little hands to press
And teasing talk and looks of no, consenting,
Then from the stage the storm and quivering stress
Of Gretchen crazed and Faust in vain repenting . . .
Ah, then the hardest-hearted breast is won!

But gone is opera, gone the rows of heads,
Gone music, singers. For I see a chamber
With pretty things and one divine who beds
Herself with grief. Thought, thought, where wilt thou clamber?

Take all — songs, dames, and sights and sounds in billow —
All, all, to smooth one tossed and tear-stained pillow!

IX.

O gold-cup moon, brimm'd high with generous wine,
Pour, pour on her your wealth
Of amorous health,
On her I call, but with what folly, mine!

O thyme-steeped wind, with your fine, feathery broom
For rare new perfumes seek
Each hidden creek
And sweep them through her cool and shadowy room!

O treacherous tide, swirling along the cove,
From China spices rare
And rich silks bear
To cast them at the feet of her I love!

O fringing trees that sing to her in sleep,
Stretch, stretch your green nets wide
On every side
And seize miasmas that should near her creep!

O bashful feet and foolish, trembling hands,
Be firm, be hardy each
To aid his speech
When next her lover by his true love stands!

O stammering tongue which each warm word outstrips,
O timorous heart that now like dolphin dips,
What though ye fail to serve?
There still is nerve
For one mute passionate pleading of the lips.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Caucus Reform.

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of the National Civil Service Act comes the popular demand for a reform in the methods of political nominations. The leaders of the Civil Service Reform movement have for years past insisted, and it is now generally admitted, that the evils of "patronage" are closely related to the abuses by which the tricky and unscrupulous politician secures the control of his particular district or ward. The connection is not hard to trace. The art of political management, even of the lowest sort, is not to be learned in a day. Nor can the conscientious citizen who is stirred by a sincere desire to lend a hand in securing worthy nominations to offices of trust and honor accomplish his ends by casual attendance at the caucus or the primary.

Even in communities like many of the New England cities, where the traditions of the old town meeting are in a great measure preserved by a widespread sense of public duty which leads men of high standing and repute to attend and share in the party management, the caucus is fast drifting into the hands of wire-pullers and log-rollers such as have brought disgrace upon the primaries of Brooklyn and New York and the ward meetings of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

"Practical politics," to use the cant phrase, require practice; and the skilled minority who devote their time to "running" the ward or the district will always defeat, in the long run, the honest, intelligent, and public-spirited but *disinterested* majority, however numerically powerful, for the simple reason that the former depend for their daily bread upon their successful manipulation of the nominating machine, while the moving impulse of the latter is, at best, a sense of duty, strong perhaps at fitful intervals of great public excitement, but by no means to be depended upon for the steady, persistent everyday work which success at the primary of to-day demands. As has been well said by a writer in this magazine: "The men who do and control the work of these election organizations give to it more than two or three hours in one or two evenings in each year. They give to it substantially their whole time—as the men must do who are to do so great a work, and do it so well." *

A glance at the list of officers of the Republican district associations in the city of New York alone will show the stake which the district "leader" has in his work. In 1882 nearly two-thirds of the presidents of these select and exclusive little clubs were office-holders in state or municipal departments, and each, admittedly, owed his place to the fact that he was counted on to "carry his district in his pocket."

That these salaried positions have been used in the past mainly to reward political services shows plainly enough what is expected of a district leader. He and his henchmen are bound to get and keep control of the nominating machinery of their association; and with certain definite returns at their probable disposal in event of success, it is not surprising that they seek to keep down the number of those entitled to claim a share in the allotted reward.

With the growth of the great evil of official patronage, the abuses of the primary in the form of false enrollments, fraudulent expulsions, stuffed ballots, and the like, have developed with equal pace. But the evil has about run its course, and the proverbial conservatism of the American people has at last begun to fret under what has come to be an intolerable abuse. In the very States where the farce of the caucus has been the most flagrant, the intelligent demand for measures of reform is the loudest, and public opinion seems to indicate that the people understand just where the evil lies, and have determined to check it by rational methods. No amount of reorganization, no reënrollment, nor the adoption of other measures for temporary relief, such as the bosses have relied upon in the past, will satisfy us to-day. We have at last learned that we cannot let a Tweed dispense the public offices in return for controlling this district or that committee, and then expect his henchmen to refrain from the dirty work by which alone they can secure their pay. So long as running the primary means winning a salaried office, for just so long there will be men at hand ready to carry the primary by any and every sort of fraud. They may be, and doubtless often are, in the minority. But until the caucus is protected by the most stringent penalties they will be a winning minority, and even the most severe penal enactments will not deter men from fraud and perjury while the rewards of patronage are left to tempt them.

Vicarious Benevolence.

"IF you want a thing done, do it yourself." Musty and stale seems that ancient philosophy. The corner-stone of modern civilization is a maxim that exactly reverses the ancient apothegm. "If you want a thing done, get somebody else to do it." This is the law of the large system of industry, the foundation of all the great fortunes. The power of commanding the services of others, of laying tribute on the farms and factories, the brain and the sinew of your neighbors, was never more coveted and never more effectually employed than at this day.

This modern method of commerce has been introduced, with much success, into what is called benevolence. In the olden time it was the fashion, if you saw a good work that ought to be done, to go and do it yourself. It was supposed, formerly, that the opportunity to perform a kind act was a providential indication of duty, and that the best discipline of life was gained in promptly seizing such opportunities. Even now, we find a few philanthropists who cling to this old-fashioned philosophy, and who seem bent on doing

* "The People's Problem." Albert Stickney, in this magazine, for July, 1881.

every day what good they can, with their own means and with their own hands. But the prevalent mode of benevolence is a great refinement on this old way. It seems to be the fruit of a species of altruism much more highly developed than any known to our fathers. The blessedness of giving is assumed to be the highest blessedness; we want our neighbors to enjoy this blessedness to the full. Why should we selfishly deprive them of any portion of it? If there is any giving to be done, then let us urge them to do it; so shall we most effectually promote their happiness. Thus has arisen the great system of vicarious benevolence whose line has gone out into all the earth, and whose circulars arrive by every mail.

It is beautiful to see how quickly the promptings of this new kind of charity spring into the mind when any human need arises. The first thought of most men seems to be not "How much can we do toward relieving this need?" but rather "How much can we get other people to do?" Each man begins to think of other men who can be induced to contribute; each neighborhood looks, at once, beyond its own borders to other neighborhoods upon which it may confer the blessedness of bearing its burdens. Mr. Hale's motto, "Look out and not in," finds in this habit of mind one of its most striking illustrations: for when there are contributions to be made the modern philanthropist begins at once to look out for contributors, and not to look into his own pocket at all.

If there is a church debt to pay, a hospital to build, an orphanage to found, immediately the thoughts of those who stand nearest to the project, and who are to be most deeply benefited by it, are turned to distant places, inquiring how they may obtain this good thing at the smallest possible cost to themselves. Those benevolent gentlemen who have had large experience in the work of raising church debts testify that the people who have contracted these debts and are responsible for their payment are almost always well content to sit and wait, in the expectation that other people, somewhere and somehow, will lift their burden for them.

The church that confronts a deficit in its annual budget turns instinctively to this unfailing resource. "Go to!" say the financiers; "let us arrange a lecture course; there are a number of benevolent gentlemen who go about delivering gratuitous lectures for the benefit of impecunious societies; doubtless we can impress them into the service, and it would be a pity to put ourselves out to pay these bills and thus deprive them of the privilege and pleasure of serving us for nothing." It is not alone the poor who have discovered this new way to pay old debts; those who are well-to-do often resort to it. From rich and prosperous communities applications are all the while coming to publishers of books and periodicals for gifts of their publications to incipient libraries and reading-rooms. They do not beg these books because they are unable to buy them; they do it spontaneously, because this great principle of vicarious benevolence has become so firmly rooted in their natures. In a financial point of view the advantages of this method are not always apparent; for it is evident that people often spend much more time and labor in getting others to pay their debts or perform their charities than it would cost them to earn the necessary money by their ordinary vocations; but money is of small consequence when compared with the moral and spiritual benefit conferred on those to whom they thus transfer their obligations. What a blessed day it will be when everybody sees somebody else bearing the burdens that naturally fall to him, and when nobody finds any good thing to do that he cannot get somebody else to do for him!

Seriously, however, it begins to be a question whether this double-distilled altruism is not becoming overstrained,—whether, in short, it is not turning out to be something very like rank selfishness. The disposition of multitudes to fasten their own burdens upon the shoulders of those who can hardly be called neighbors — of utter strangers, indeed — is becoming slightly exasperating. Into every great city pours a constant procession of solicitors with causes to present; and every man who has ever been detected in any sort of charity finds them always at his doors. There are colleges and schools to build or to endow, churches to aid, philanthropies of all sorts to promote. Many of these are deserving charities; not a few of them have a right to present their claims in New York and New England, for they represent causes that can obtain no adequate local support. But there is plenty of evidence that communities which are abundantly able to establish and maintain their own schools and churches, send their agents off to beg in distant places. "Of course," writes a shrewd and experienced donor, "there are two sides to this question. Some colleges in the West and South must be founded and sustained by people at a distance. But, in some cases, I am inclined to think that ten thousand dollars subscribed for any given work by the people in the locality would be worth more to the community than a hundred thousand dollars got from a distance. Is it not part of the work that educated men ought to do in connection with the colleges they are planting, to stimulate and develop the grace of liberality among the people of their own neighborhood?" It is surely a question whether communities, as well as individuals, may not be permanently injured by the formation of a mendicant habit; and whether the awakening of local pride and of a disposition to support their own institutions and take care of themselves would not be an immense gain to the people of some localities.

One thing is certain: this business of vicarious benevolence is seriously overdone. A great amount of money has been gathered in the East during the last fifty years by all sorts of solicitors; but the onset of this army is becoming so overpowering that there is great danger of a reaction which shall dry up these streams of benevolence altogether. It makes little difference whether the goose that laid the golden egg is killed outright or worried to death.

Vagrant Parsons.

THE children of light are not yet so wise in their generation as they might be; if they were, ministerial vagrants would not abound and flourish as they do. It is evident that a good share of the saints yet deserve, if they do not covet, the appellation of "the Lord's silly people." The way in which churches here and there are victimized by clerical adventurers argues ill for the discretion of church authorities.

We are frequently hearing of questionable characters who have suddenly come from nobody knows where, and have hoisted themselves into vacant pulpits, where, for awhile, they subsist, feeding the flock with such moldy fodder as they can manage to scrape together, borrowing all the money they can, often robbing the weak and unwary of that which money cannot restore, and finally going away, usually in some haste, leaving the churches thus possessed and debauched in the condition of the boy in the New Testament out of whom the demon was cast.

Many of these ministerial tramps have no ministerial standing, and make no distinct claim of any; they usually pretend to be connected with some religious body not well known in the neighborhoods where they are operating, but they show no papers; their only credentials are a glib tongue, a sanctimonious tone, and a brazen face. Almost always they make great pretensions to orthodoxy, and their notions of conduct are apt to be extremely rigid. By these professions they gain the confidence of the more austere among the church officers, and contrive to secure a hearing.

Worldly-minded people are inclined to say that any church which suffers an unknown man, bringing no credentials and vouched for by nobody, to vault into its pulpit and to gain access as a clergyman to the homes of its people is unfit to be the custodian of any important trust, and cannot too soon be rent asunder and blotted out. Extinction is, indeed, the just penalty for such stupid infidelity. But in the infliction of this penalty precious interests suffer and innocent persons are injured. THE CENTURY goes to many readers in those distant parishes which the ministerial adventurers generally infest. Let them lay to heart this admonition. Let them impress upon all those who have the care of these churches the danger of harboring such persons. Let them see to it that a stringent rule is adopted in every church, by which no man shall be suffered to stand one moment in its pulpit unless he can give a clear account of himself and present to its officers ample and unquestionable evidence, indorsed by persons well known to them, of his good standing in the ministry.

The official lists of clergymen published by the various denominations ought to guarantee the good standing of all whose names are found in them. Certainly, a man who cannot show his name in one of these official lists ought not to be employed by a church until he can clearly explain why it is not in any of them. But, unfortunately, the presence of a name in one of these ministerial rolls is not always conclusive evidence that the person bearing it has a right to be recognized as a minister of the gospel. Ecclesiastical bodies are sometimes extremely careless in admitting ministers to their fellowship; the vilest men sometimes get in on the flimsiest credentials. A few years ago a man who had figured in a disgusting scandal, and who had been summarily expelled from the ministry of his own denomination, appeared at the doors of a respectable ecclesiastical body in the North-west and sought admission. It had been but four or five years since he was driven out of the pulpit, and the details of his villainy had been in all the newspapers, East and West; but with unblushing effrontery he undertook to reinstate himself in the ministry of another denomination. He had no papers, save an honorary degree of master of arts conferred on him before his downfall by a too-confiding college, and some similar documents, but he contrived to get an invitation to preach before the body. His fluency and fervor captivated his hearers, and in a burst of confidence they admitted him to their membership and put his name upon their roll. Armed with this certificate he was soon standing as a candidate in the pulpit of one of the leading churches of the West. Here again his smooth tongue won him many adherents, and it was by a mere accident that his true character was discovered in time to prevent the church from calling him to its pastorate. The indecent haste with which this notorious fellow was admitted to membership in a dignified ecclesiastical body, and thus duly accredited as a preacher of the gospel, seems incredible; but the story is an instance, not so rare as it ought to be, of the way things are sometimes done in religious assemblies.

Before us lies a formal confession, by a Presbytery at the West, of the manner in which it placed upon its roll the name of a man almost equally notorious, whose credentials were equally unsatisfactory. There is call for far sharper scrutiny into the character of candidates for ministerial fellowship than some of the ecclesiastical bodies are wont to exercise. Their doctrinal beliefs are apt to be carefully looked into; any variation from the creed of the church is speedily discovered and not readily forgiven; but the question whether the candidate has a good character and a clean record has been asked with much less urgency.

There seems to be no way of insuring the churches against wicked men and deceivers, but if the denominations would exercise proper care in keeping the names of disreputable men out of their ministerial lists, and if the local churches would rigidly refuse to have any dealings with men whose names do not appear in the latest of these lists, the path of the ministerial vagrant would be much more thorny than he now finds it.

OPEN LETTERS.

What is the New Theology?

THE arrival of a new theology is currently reported, and many have been running to and fro with tidings about it, but without greatly increasing our knowledge of its form or content. At last a man has come who seems to know what it is not, which, when you are studying theology, is the first thing you want to know, and also what it is, which is the last thing you are likely to find out. Mr. T. T. Munger's book of ser-

mons on "The Freedom of Faith," * with the prefatory essay, in which he undertakes to answer the question proposed above, is the most complete and intelligible exposition yet offered of that new philosophy of Christianity which seems to be emerging from the present chaos of mingled dogmatism and doubt.

Of formal theology very little will be found, however, in this suggestive and inspiring book. Somebody should send it, at once, to Mr. Matthew Arnold; for it is a book of literature rather than of dogma, a book that eschews the method of the system-makers and sets forth Christianity in terms of life, instead of giving us the results of an analysis by which life is destroyed. As literature, these sermons of Mr. Munger's will prove a delight to all who find pleasure in clear, sinewy, musical, picturesque English speech; their art is as exquisite as that of Newman; it is a strong saying, but I do not fear contradiction when I say that there is no more perfect English in any recent volumes of discourses or essays.

It must not be supposed that, in avoiding the method of a formal logic, Mr. Munger has lapsed into looseness or inconsequence of thought, albeit that criticism is sure to overtake him. A new philosophy often seems *no* philosophy to those whose thoughts have been run in the molds of one that is older. The explanations which it offers are unintelligible to those who will not occupy its point of view, and they therefore pronounce it misty and incoherent. It is common to hear the most clear and cogent reasonings condemned as loose and inconsistent, simply because they do not consist with the theories of those who condemn them. The man who stands in the fog sees the objects near him with tolerable clearness, but his neighbor, who stands a little way off, appears to him to be enveloped in a mist far denser than that which surrounds him. And when he hears his neighbor speak with some confidence of things visible, he cries: "Nonsense! I can see none of those things! And that man cannot see them. Just look at the density of the fog bank that encompasses him!" This fable teaches a lesson that may as well be learned by those who are always accusing their neighbors of being in a fog. If, therefore, any one should say that Mr. Munger's method lacks coherency, it will not be true. His book gives us, indeed, a theory of the Christian religion broad, self-consistent, and harmonious; a doctrine that glorifies the Scripture from which it is drawn, that spreads the light of its large interpretation over the facts of nature and the events of history, and that finds in the axioms of morality stepping-stones instead of stumbling-blocks.

I wish I had time to tell in this place something more definite about this book. The introductory essay upon the new theology, to which I have referred, is likely to be accepted, by most of those who are regarded as being identified with that phase of modern thought which is so described, as a most judicious and sufficient statement of the lines on which it is moving and the spirit by which it is governed. If it shall be so accepted, both by the confessors and the critics of the new theology, it ought to do something toward steadying the movements of the more rash among the former, and also toward reassuring the more timid among the latter. "With the noisy, thoughtless shouters for the new because it seems to be new, and with the sullen, obstinate shouters for the old because it is old, these pages," says the author, "have little to do. There is, however," he continues, "a large class of earnest, reflecting minds, who recognize a certain development of doctrine, a transfer of emphasis, a change of temper, a widened habit of thought, a broader research, that justify the use of some term by which to designate it."

This essay, and the volume which it introduces, give to this spirit and tendency a calm and fair expression. The new theology, as Mr. Munger understands it, does not propose to do without clear statements; nor does it part with the historic faith of the church; nor does it reject any of the doctrines that have been regarded as distinctly evangelical, as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection, the Judgment, Retribution, and Salvation by faith, although it explains some of these by a new philosophy; nor is it iconoclastic in its temper; nor does it incline to any breach with the old churches. Its peculiarity, as he interprets it, consists in "claiming for itself a somewhat larger and broader use of the reason than has been accorded to theology"; "it seeks to interpret the Scriptures in a more natural way," and "to replace an excessive individuality by a truer view of the solidarity of the race"; it "recognizes a new relation to natural science"; it "offers a contrast to the old in claiming for itself a wider study of men"; and it consents to the necessity of a restatement of the doctrine of retribution. All this is reasoned with the broadest candor and the nicest discrimination. I should think that the fears of the most anxious defenders of the old theology would be somewhat chastened as they read this temperate, reverent, and spiritually luminous account of what the new theology means to be. Surely the very essence of the gospel is here; no precious element is wanting; and the insight of faith, and the purity of sentiment, and the heroism of purpose that shine from every chapter of this noble book will commend themselves to ingenuous and devout men of all creeds.

Washington Gladden.

* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

American Holidays.

It may be difficult to say just why we are not a holiday people, or just why we should be one. But the fact remains. We are not. At least, when we compare that portion of the New World peopled from New England as a center with the Old World in this respect, and on gala days note the agility with which the average American shrivels into slippers and dressing gown behind the morning newspaper, and the corresponding agility with which his transatlantic neighbor glides into his good clothes and goes to church, or takes his family to meet his friend's family at the public resort, or bestirs himself at home to fulfill the strictly social duties of the season.

We are a people of commonplace habits. We have a strong eye for going ahead, and a very suspicious side glance at recreation. We drive things pretty hard. Vacations we are apt to regard as effeminate inventions for clergymen and invalids. Nor do we seem to have much of a genius for using our vaca-

tions when we get them. The man who has spent the whole week shut up in a counting-room, lies abed Sunday morning, and gets up late to putter with the furnace or regulate the clocks, or to figure up stray accounts in a ledger which he brought home under his arm the night before, and then takes a nap after dinner, and goes to church with his wife in the evening — what matters it to him that there are millions of cubic feet of oxygen outside for just such lungs as his, and a clean five miles awaiting just such a pair of legs as he has been twisting under a high desk for six days? Or another, a trifle more rational though hardly less prosaic, adopts the *rôle* of the sportsman. *He* looks with scorn upon the domestic ledger-worm and regulator of clocks. *He* thirsts for Nature. So he packs his ammunition, selects his flies, and starts for the wilderness. Sometimes he takes with him the family photographs, and he has been known even to leave his post-office address behind; but this is purely phenomenal. As a rule, he exhibits a manly and sturdy disregard of all such sentimentality, and declares that it is an essential part of his recreation to forget, for the time being, that he is either a father or a husband. To be sure, it may be no part of his wife's recreation to have him forget it; and she may be as weary as he of the monotony of the "common round" and the sameness of the landscape from the nursery window.

But, to illustrate more broadly, we shall select the typical, unworldly, good, old-fashioned sort of American. As all such are said to spring from New England, we will locate him there, in the neighborhood of Plymouth Rock. He has not many holidays. His ancestors came here, indeed, it would seem, for a perpetual holiday; but they had seen so much Popish abuse of holidays abroad, that they concluded to celebrate none except the Sabbath and Thanksgiving Day. Later on, as things progressed, and the good old-fashioned sort of American found himself possessed of a country, he added the Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday, and, in some quarters, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. But still he clings to but one day as the annual holiday of the nation; the one religious festival of the people; the *holy* day *par excellence*; the only day when, from the White House and from every executive mansion in every sovereign State, there is issued a solemn command for all people to suspend labor, to thank God, and to rejoice. And how is this American holiday uniformly observed? By eating turkey!

Now, in all seriousness, how shall we account for this — in one view amusing, but in another and on the whole grave — aspect of American life? To what causes shall we refer this difference between the New World and the Old; between the mirthful, merry-making, social genius of other countries, and the somber, severe, and prosaic genius of our own holidays?

The most obvious answer — and one which suggests the whole solution — is furnished by our history, a history written with a pen of iron upon tables of flint. It opens with a chapter of stern discipline; with the toughening and even — we might say — callousing hardships of colonial times; with a people isolated from their fatherland and all its associations, and compelled to bend their energies, on a dreary coast, with a severe climate, and in a savage wilderness, to the one occupation of wresting a living from the soil and defending their homes from plunder. It has been developed ever since with this birthmark upon its features, this spirit of somber earnestness animating every page.

As a result of these conditions, what we read, written over every point of the prospect, is the one great word *business*. The average American thinks of little more and cares for nothing less than "business." It is the charmed noun which comes to his awakening intelligence at morn; the "open sesame" which guides his way at noon; the "combination" with which he locks his safe at night. It is his talisman and phylactery, his fetich, his watchword, his countersign, his shibboleth. Ask him what the Creator was engaged with during the first six days, and he will probably answer, in all good faith, "Business." Inquire what he proposes to do with his boy, and he will probably reply: "Put him into business, of course." Indeed, so impressed have we become with the far-reaching power of our word, that we have erected it into a kind of synonym for all worthiness. When a man is in earnest about anything, is sincere, goes to the point, and shows that he means to win his way and succeed, our average American calls attention to it by dryly remarking, "That man 'means business.'" What would our vocabulary do without the word? It intrudes even where it is least legitimate. It creeps from the market to the studio, the laboratory, the library, and the pulpit. It asserts its influence over art, science, literature, and religion.

In our chase after the Almighty Dollar, the individual is pushed to the utmost. Every faculty must be strained to the point of snapping, and every moment devoted without reserve. And, withal, there is such a sense of uncertainty about every position gained, of half ownership in every object earned, of feverish desire to make assurance doubly sure, to accomplish great results in a moment, to adopt fictitious means, short cuts, risks, speculations, ventures — in short, so much brain wear, solicitude, and uneasiness as can leave neither time nor taste for anything but "affairs," and must either wear out the machine prematurely, or, at best, leave it in the end nothing but a machine in the place of a man — an apparatus for working, in the place of a soul for living.

In this condition of affairs it is important for Americans to keep as young as possible by saving as much time as they can for recreation, even at the risk of not growing quite so rich. Let us add a suggestion to American philanthropists: Endow amusements! So far, we fear our social scientists and benevolent benefactors have bestowed their efforts too exclusively upon the hospital and asylum side of society, or, when they have pushed out beyond the limits of hygiene and sanitary regulations, have been too ready to stop with establishing reading-rooms, workingmen's clubs, holly-tree inns, and free lyceum lecture courses. Let us do no less than we are doing for the sick people and the bad people, but — in the name of all that is humane — let us have a larger thought also for the blue people, that neglected class who may have learned how to think, and been "reformed" and "cultured" from head to foot, but who have never learned one accomplishment, indispensable to a liberal education, — how to laugh!

We repeat, then, for the eyes of philanthropists, public benefactors, and social economists — not to mention any readers of a patronizing disposition who may be thinking of making their wills and casting about them for an "object": Endow amusements; back up talent in its efforts to brush off the rust from the jaded and stupid folk; found institutions for the promotion of mirth; establish anti-dyspeptic schools and societies for the suppression of bile; encourage lyceum amusement courses in the towns, and build and support a *Théâtre Américain* in every city. In short, take this whole matter of cheering the people — just as you have taken the whole matter of moralizing them — out of the hands of private traffic and into the hands of public benevolence.

Charles W. Ward.

Did "Abolition" Abolish?

In the old days before the war, it used to be a favorite feature of the annual programme of the Boston Abolitionists to use opprobrious language concerning eminent persons lately deceased, out of the pale of their very exclusive communion, especially when such persons were held in peculiar love or veneration. "We are nothing if not critical," Mr. Phillips used to say, in the gayety of his heart, on those occasions, by way of explanation to any whose feelings happened to be incidentally lacerated; adding (with an attitude), "O slavery, slavery, wilt thou not suffer us to bury our dead in silence?" All which used to be received with unbounded delight by the queer people on the platform and with violent indignation by the crowd, thus insuring much talk in the newspapers and a large attendance at the next annual meeting, and promoting the cause of universal liberty.

It is pleasant to learn from Mr. Oliver Johnson's open letter in The Century for May, that the peculiar taste that used to characterize his little party no longer survives in its survivors. He is reluctantly "constrained" by my article, "A Good Fight Finished," to say evil things about my father, "concerning which, in charity to the dead, he would gladly be silent." He does not "protest too much." But for this assurance, it might have been inferred, from the fact that, immediately upon my father's death, he had hastened to say the same things, with such publicity as he could command, and have them sent to the surviving children, that the ancient propensity of his society was not wholly extinct in his bosom. But we recognize with pleasure the mellowing influence of age, so that the very things which only two years ago Mr. Johnson rushed forward to say, with alacrity, over a recent grave, he now repeats reluctantly, being forced thereto by my article of last March.

On the one point on which the controversy mainly turned, between Christian antislavery men and the so-called abolitionists, happily there is controversy no longer. Says Mr. Johnson, in The Century, concerning his old associates: "Their definition of slavery [slave-holding] was *elastic*." Exactly so. It was the very accusation that Dr. Bacon used to bring against them, that they loved to operate with an "elastic" definition of the main word. They "*resolved*, that by slave-holding we mean" slave-holding *and* something more, but were unable to stick to their resolutions. The "elastic" word, stretched to cover more than it meant, was always springing back, in spite of them and without their being aware of it, to its proper, current, and habitual meaning. It was through the practice of operating with "elastic definitions," so that their words meant sometimes one thing and sometimes another, that that incapacity of perceiving the scope of their own arguments was generated, which is illustrated anew in Mr. Johnson's confession of an "elastic definition." He supposes that he "confesses and avoids"; but really confesses without avoiding.

The distinct allegations which Mr. Johnson makes against my father's sixty years of blameless, unselfish service to liberty and humanity are briefly disposed of. From his boyhood Dr. Bacon took an ardent and philanthropic interest in the project of a colony of free colored men in Africa that should grow into a nation; and to this enterprise he gave generously of his counsels and his prayers, his scanty means, and his unpaid labors. In the code of morals established at Mr. Garrison's printing-office, this was the blackest of crimes. But there is far less need of apologizing for the hearts that devised and promoted a scheme so full of noble promise than of apologizing for the code which condemned them.

There is no further accusation except this: That during sixty years of consistent devotion to the cause of human rights, there were two occasions on which Dr. Bacon did *not* make a public address — at least, so far as Mr. Oliver Johnson is informed. How striking the tribute to his memory, that a half-century of hostile scrutiny can find nothing with which to reproach him but two speeches which Mr. Johnson thinks he ought to have made, but which he did not make, so far as Mr. Johnson has learned!

But the public are less concerned, after all, with the biographical question than with the historical one. We want to take precaution against that "fraud upon history" of which Mr. Johnson is apprehensive, and which consists, he thinks, in denying that the characteristic tenets and operations of the knot of Garrison abolitionists had any effective share in delivering the country from slavery.

What were these tenets? I will not state them in my own language, lest I should be again accused of "caricature." It would be unjust to state them in the language, possibly hasty or irresponsible, of a speech or an editorial article. I regret not to have at hand a file of the "Liberator" from which to choose among the annual ethico-political deliverances of Mr. Garrison's society. But I am so happy as to have come, just now, upon an old newspaper slip containing, not the heated discussions, but the calm, statesmanlike results of deliberation, at a county abolitionist meeting in Massachusetts in 1848, from which I transcribe some representative resolutions:

"3. *Resolved*, That the religion of Essex County, and of the country generally, that expels and excommunicates its members for heresies about infant baptism, while it fellowships as godly Christians the enslavers of infants in the South and the butchers of infants in Mexico, is a compound of folly and depravity that finds no parallel in the history of the darkest periods of the past.

"4. *Resolved*, That to sustain such a religion by supporting its priesthood, or attending its Sunday and other performances, or lending it any countenance

more than should be given to gambling-houses or houses of ill-fame, is to rivet faster the chains of the slave, to oppose the progress of truth and humanity, and to encourage an order of things more to be dreaded than open atheism.

"5. *Resolved*, That the constitution and union of these States were, and still are, a plundering and piratical conspiracy against the rights of man.

"6. *Resolved*, That any enlightened man who voluntarily supports this government by voting or taking office under it, has no moral principle that would deter him from becoming a pirate on the high seas, whenever a favorable opportunity should present."

I might produce language more violent from the manifestoes of that noisy little party. But we do not want an extreme case, only a typical one.

We may disburden our minds of fears of a "fraud on history." There is no real danger that that court will make any mistake on the question whether slavery was at last abolished by ferocious non-resistants and disunionists, such as wrote these resolutions; or whether the work was done by sober, conscientious, church-going, voting, union-loving, sedition-and-secession-hating "pirates"; was accomplished, as I said last March, "in pursuance of principles which Mr. Garrison abhorred, by measures which he denounced, and under the leadership of men who had been the objects of his incessant and calumnious vituperation."

Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

"When Twilight Comes."

RONDEAU.

WHEN twilight comes and nature stills
The hum that haunts the dales and hills,
Dim shadows deepen and combine,
And Heaven with its crystal wine
The cups of thirsty roses fills.

Blithe birds with music-burdened bills
Hush for a space their tender trills,
And seek their homes in tree and vine
When twilight comes.

Soft melody the silence thrills,
Played by the nymphs along the rills;
And where the dew-kist grasses twine,
The toads and crickets tattoo fine
Drums to the fife of whip-poor-wills,
When twilight comes.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Silence.

FULL many were the words we said
We neither cared to say,
And many were the hours that fled
While we threw words away.
O lips misused! O time misspent!
Without one word of what we meant:

At last deep silence o'er us fell,
And though at first we sought,
Unwittingly, to break its spell,
Yet was that silence fraught
With meaning more than words can hold,
And in that silence all was told.

George A. Hibbard.

He Came to Pay.

(AFTER "THE AGED STRANGER," BY BRET HARTE.)

THE editor sat with his head in his hands
And his elbows at rest on his knees;
He was tired of the ever-increasing demands
On his time, and he panted for ease.
The clamor for copy was scorned with a sneer,
And he sighed in the lowest of tones:

"Wont somebody come with a dollar to cheer
The heart of Emanuel Jones?"

Just then on the stair-way a footstep was heard
And a rap-a-tap loud at the door,
And the flickering hope that had long been deferred
Blazed up like a beacon once more;
And there entered a man with a cynical smile
That was fringed with a stubble of red,
Who remarked, as he tilted a sorry old tile
To the back of an average head:

"I have come here to pay"—Here the editor cried:
"You're as welcome as flowers in spring!
Sit down in this easy arm-chair by my side
And excuse me awhile till I bring
A lemonade dashed with a little old wine
And a dozen cigars of the best. * * *
Ah! Here we are! This, I assure you, is fine;
Help yourself, most desirable guest."

The visitor drank with a relish, and smoked
Till his face wore a satisfied glow,
And the editor, beaming with merriment, joked
In a joyous, spontaneous flow;
And then, when the stock of refreshments was gone,
His guest took occasion to say,
In accents distorted somewhat by a yawn,
"My errand up here is to pay—"

But the generous scribe, with a wave of the hand,
Put a stop to the speech of his guest,
And brought in a melon, the finest the land
Ever bore on its generous breast;
And the visitor, wearing a singular grin,
Seized the heaviest half of the fruit,
And the juice, as it ran in a stream from his chin,
Washed the mud of the pike from his boot.

Then, mopping his face on a favorite sheet
Which the scribe had laid carefully by,
The visitor lazily rose to his feet
With the dreariest kind of a sigh,
And he said, as the editor sought his address
In his books to discover his due:
"I came here to pay—my respects to the press
And to borrow a dollar of you!"

Parmenas Mix.

The Author of "The Lion and the Lamb."

[EXTRACT from a note from the publisher of "The Lion and the Lamb," an anonymous novel which has achieved a great success, to Henderson Lloyd, the author of the book.]

"Your novel has sold so well that I think it will be of advantage to you to have the authorship known. It need not be directly announced, but might be allowed to leak out in the usual way. This would be a great relief to me, as I am besieged by inquiries."

[A note from Mr. Lloyd to his publisher.]

"MY DEAR MR. SPARROW: On no account can I allow myself to be known as the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' I would not for the world have the originals of some of the characters know that I had drawn them, and there are other reasons why I wish the authorship of the book kept a profound secret.

"I am delighted at the success of the book, and I am very much obliged to you for the handsome check sent so much in advance of the ordinary time of payment."

[From a note from Mr. W. R. Dean to his friend Arthur Fread.]

"I have just finished your book, 'The Lion and the Lamb.' It is a most capital story. My daughter has seized on it, and I have no doubt that she will sit up the greater part of the night to finish it. I knew it to be yours before I had read twenty pages. No one but the author of 'Calderon's Mount' could have written it. It ought to make your fortune, and I sincerely hope it will."

[From Mr. Fread to Mr. Dean.]

"What an astute fellow you are to find out so soon that I wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.' What shall I do with the fortune that it is going to bring me? Will you join me in buying a silver mine in New Mexico? Or do you think it will be better to purchase a pretty place near the city, where Mrs. Fread and I can settle down in ease and comfort?"

[From Miss Nellie Ford to her uncle.]

"Why, in the name of common sense, dear Uncle Fred, didn't you put your name to 'The Lion and the Lamb?' Everybody is reading it, and everybody is just wild over it. Of course, I knew you wrote it as soon as I got to Aunt Margery. I just screamed when she began her conversation with the lay-reader. It was almost word for word as we heard it. If there are to be any new editions, and there must be lots of them, please have your name put to it."

[To Miss Nellie Ford, from her Uncle Fred.]

"MY DEAR NELLIE: There are reasons, and very weighty ones, why I do not wish to announce myself as the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' and you need not, therefore, expect to see my name on any future editions of the book. But I promise you one thing—whatever money I get from it I will divide with you."

[From Miss Nellie Ford to Miss Virginia Webb, Vice-President of the Rockford Archery and Lawn Tennis Club.]

"DEAR JENNIE: What do you think? Uncle Fred wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb,' but he has reasons why he does not wish to announce himself as the author. I tell this to you because you like the book so much, and I am dreadfully proud that my uncle wrote it. But you must not say a word of it to anybody. He promised to divide the profits with me, but he was precious careful not to say he would give me half. I expect I shall get about the one ten-thousandth part, which will buy me several pairs of gloves, if the book sells, as it certainly must. Uncle Fred could not afford to do more than that, for he needs all the money he can get."

[Extract from private conversations held by Miss Virginia Webb with each member of the Archery and Lawn Tennis Club.]

"Nellie Ford's Uncle Fred wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[From a note from Miss Harriet Crenshaw, of New Upton, to Mrs. Dr. Brown, in the same village.]

"So you told the ladies of the Sewing Society, when my name was mentioned in connection with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' that I could not possibly have written the book. I suppose you have devoted so much time to the reading and study of my serial stories, and shorter tales, that you are perfectly acquainted with my style, and can, therefore, decide whether or not this or that book, published anonymously, is mine. Perhaps you think I cannot write well enough to be the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' But there will come a day, Mrs. Brown, when you will be sorry that you rendered yourself so conspicuous by making the statements you have made."

[A remark by Mrs. Dr. Brown to Mrs. French, the minister's wife.]

"I suspect Harriet Crenshaw did write 'The Lion and the Lamb,' but I'm not going to let her know that I think so, for she is stuck up enough already."

[From Mr. Sparrow, the publisher, to Mr. Henderson Lloyd.]

"I now think it will be well carefully to preserve the secret of the authorship of your book. There is a general impression that Talbot wrote it, and that is helping the sale immensely."

[Remark of Mr. Lloyd on reading the above.]

"Confound Talbot!"

[From a conversation between Mr. Lloyd and a friend at the Folio Club.]

FRIEND.—"Look here, Lloyd, how is it that you can afford to put on the style that you've been showing lately, actually driving out of town with your own horse? Why, I've been pegging away for twenty years, and haven't been able to keep a horse yet. Have you been making any fortunate literary ventures?"

MR. LLOYD.—(Clapping his friend on the shoulder.) "Don't you know, old boy, that there are other ways of making money, and better ways, too, than by literary ventures? I admit that I have been engaged in a speculation, or something which resembles a speculation, which has turned out very well."

[A remark made by a member of the Folio Club to several other members in the smoking-room.]

"Have you heard about Lloyd, the fellow who writes for the magazines? He is gambling, and going to the dogs as fast as he can."

[Statement made by the wife of the minister of New Upton to various members of her husband's congregation.]

"Harriet Crenshaw wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[Letter from a leading novelist, published in a morning paper.]

MR. EDITOR — Dear Sir: I beg you will do me the favor to allow me to state in your columns, over my signature, that I am not the author of the recently published novel, 'The Lion and the Lamb.' The respect which I deem is due from myself to my own work will not allow me to withhold my name from anything I may write for publication.

B. WILLIAM TALBOT.

[Part of a conversation held by several leading literary men at the Folio Club.]

ONE LITERARY MAN. — "What do you think of Talbot's letter in 'The Trident?'"

ANOTHER LITERARY MAN. — "It is as plain as daylight that he believes his name to be of as much advantage to his books as anything else that is printed on their pages."

THIRD SPEAKER. — "Well, then, should we not let the public see that we have the same feeling?"

THE REST. — "Most assuredly."

THIRD SPEAKER (*continuing*). — "There is no knowing how far our names have been associated with this book, and should we not, like Talbot, deny the authorship of it?"

THE OTHERS. — "We should, and we will."

[Thereupon each one writes a note to a public journal, and, in the course of a few days, all the denials appear.]

[The substance of long letters received from half a dozen ladies of acknowledged literary reputation by the literary editor of a metropolitan paper.]

"Please state somewhere in your department that I did not write 'The Lion and the Lamb.' I do not wish it supposed that I am obliged to resort to the subterfuge of anonymousness to obtain readers for my books."

[A widely published letter from Belle Virginia Huck, of Minnesota.]

"I wish to declare to the people of America, and to the whole world, that I wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb,' and that any other person pretending to have written it is an outrageous liar, and states what is not the case. I began the story when I was a young girl, in August, 1879, and the work was cut short, one month afterward, by my marriage with Colonel Binder. When that was all over I went to work again with the book, which is a record of my own heart-throbs and tears of despair as well as happier moments. I am now going to write another book, which I think will be even better than the first one."

[Extract from a note of an ex-editor, now traveling in the far East.]

"I have seen with much surprise a letter in an American newspaper from a Miss Huck, in which she states that she is the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' This is a falsehood, or an hallucination. I wrote the book the year before I came out here. It is founded upon facts connected with my boyhood and youth. Several of my friends in America, to whom I have read portions of the manuscript, will substantiate this statement."

[Soliloquy of Mr. Henderson Lloyd, when he has read the published denials of contemporary authors.]

"Confound it! I believe I am the only prominent novelist, male or female, who has not denied the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' Who could have expected that they would act in this unhandsome way. There isn't one of them who might not be proud to have the credit of it. But I am bound to keep up the incognito, and it wont do for me to be left standing alone. I, also, will deny it."

[He writes to the editor of "The Trident."]

"Please include my name among those of the persons who have declined to allow themselves to be connected with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[Portion of an entry in the diary of Miss Harriet Crenshaw.]

"I am sure I never had so much cause for feeling ashamed of myself as I have now. Without any fault of my own, so far as I can see, the authorship of a book which I never wrote has been attributed to me, and actuated partly by a feeling of pique, and partly, I am afraid, by vanity, I have allowed compliments upon the book to be paid to me. I did not say I wrote it, but I acted very much as a person would who had written it. These compliments are increasing every day, and I am now actually ashamed to admit that I am not the author. Of course, the truth will come out some time, and then how shall I feel? I ought to assert positively the truth; but, although this would have been easy to do at first, it would be very difficult now, and I fear I have not the courage for it. I never felt so dreadful in my life."

[From a letter from Mr. Sparrow to a brother publisher, retired from business, and now resident in Germany.]

"Last night I had a very novel and interesting experience. I gave an evening reception, and my guests were, all of them, men and women in the literary line whose names have been connected with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' a copy of which I mailed to you, and which has proved a fortunate venture for me. There has been great curiosity to know who wrote the book, and it has been attributed to nearly every person who is supposed capable of writing it. The real author keeps extremely shady, and has, indeed, publicly denied any connection with it. Some prominent writers have declined to have the authorship of the book fastened upon them, and a good many others, not so prominent, have been anxious for the honor. My little joke was to introduce each guest to the others as the author of the book; and the result was very funny, some denying it as if it were a crime, others accepting the honor in the most barefaced way, while the majority resorted to the dodge of appearing to tell a falsehood without actually doing so. On the whole, the lyin' was most lambentable. (Excuse me for spelling out the pun, but I know you like all labor-saving processes.) How they did pitch into me when they had a chance to do so! It was the jolliest evening I have had for a long time."

[Result of the above entertainment on the public mind.]

After the matter had been pretty generally talked about in literary circles, it came to be believed by nearly every one, excepting Mr. Henderson Lloyd, that Mr. Sparrow himself was the author of the book, and therefore that worthy publisher not only received the greater part of the profit, but all the credit of the work.

Frank R. Stockton.

Chacun à Son Goût.

WHEN Strephon sees a blushing cheek
In sweet conceits his soul doth speak;
And with a soft esthetic sigh
He would he were a butterfly.

Perchance with less poetic grace,
I, bending o'er a blushing face
Coyly concealed behind a fan,
Am quite content to be a man.

Walter Learned.

Just a Love-Letter.

"'Miss Blank—at Blank.' Jemima, let it go!"
—*Dobson.*

NEW YORK, July 20, 1883.

DEAR GIRL:

The town goes on as though
It thought you still were in it;
The gilded cage seems scarce to know
That it has lost its linnet.
The people come, the people pass;
The clock keeps on a-ticking;
And through the basement plots of grass
Persistent weeds are pricking.

I thought 'twould never come—the Spring—
Since you had left the city;
But on the snow-drifts lingering
At last the skies took pity.
Then Summer's yellow warmed the sun,
Daily decreasing distance—
I really don't know how 'twas done
Without your kind assistance.

Aunt Van, of course, still holds the fort:
I've paid the call of duty;
She gave me one small glass of port—
'Twas '34 and fruity.
The furniture was draped in gloom
Of linen brown and wrinkled;
I smelt in spots about the room
The pungent camphor sprinkled.

I sat upon the sofa where
You sat and dropped your thimble—
You know—you said you didn't care;
But I was nobly nimble.
On hands and knees I dropped, and tried
To—well, I tried to miss it:
You slipped your hand down by your side—
You knew I meant to kiss it!

Aunt Van, I fear we put to shame
Propriety and precision;
But, praised be Love, that kiss just came
Beyond your line of vision.
Dear maiden aunt! the kiss, more sweet
Because 'tis surreptitious,
You never stretched a hand to meet,
So dimpled, dear, delicious.

I sought the Park last Saturday;
I found the Drive deserted;
The water-trough beside the way
Sad and superfluous spurted.
I stood where Humboldt guards the gate,
Bronze, bumptious, stained, and streaky—
There sat a sparrow on his pate,
A sparrow chirp and cheeky.

Ten months ago! Ten months ago!—
It seems a happy second,
Against a life-time lone and slow,
By Love's wild time-piece reckoned—
You smiled, by Aunt's protecting side,
Where thick the drags were massing,
On one young man who didn't ride,
But stood and watched you passing.

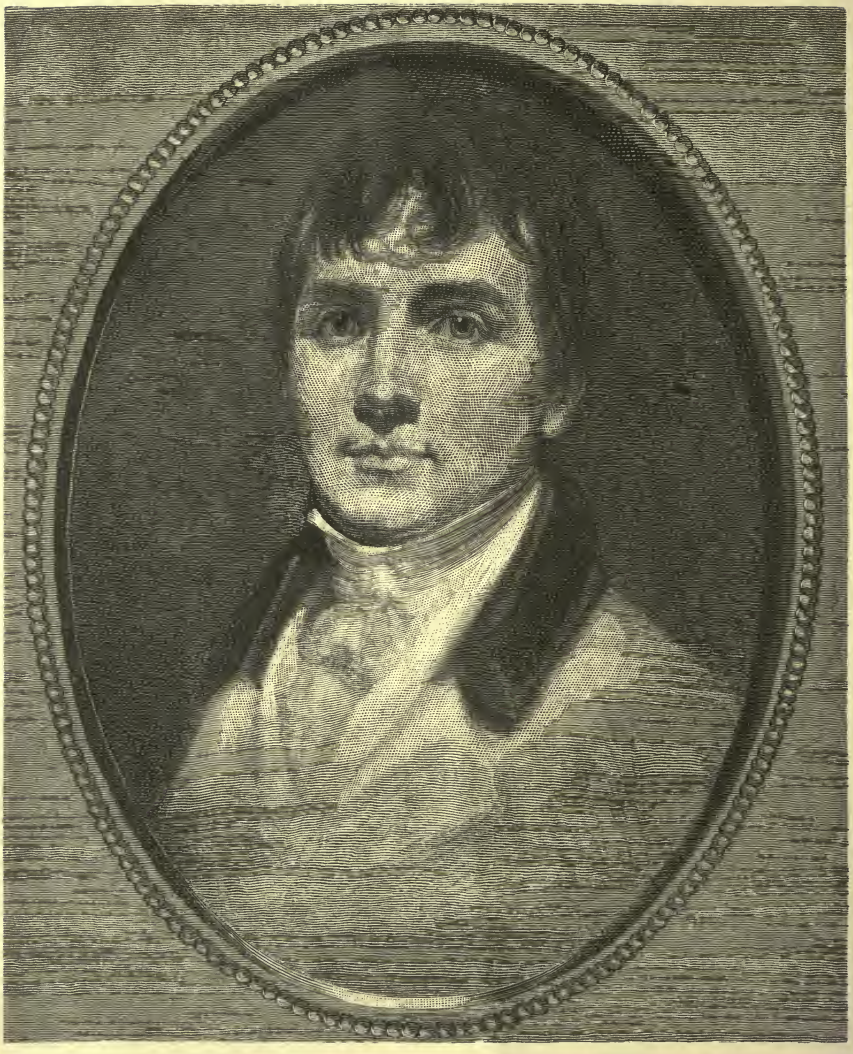
I haunt Purssell's—to his amaze—
Not that I care to eat there,
But for the dear clandestine days
When we two had to meet there.
Oh, blessèd is that baker's bake,
Past cavil and past question:
I ate a bun for your sweet sake,
And memory helped digestion.

The Norths are at their Newport ranch;
Van Brunt has gone to Venice;
Loomis invites me to the Branch,
And lures me with lawn tennis.
O bustling barracks by the sea!
O spiles, canals, and islands!
Your varied charms are naught to me—
My heart is in the Highlands!

My paper trembles in the breeze
That all too faintly flutters
Among the dusty city trees,
And through my half-closed shutters:
A northern captive in the town,
Its native vigor deadened,
I hope that, as it wandered down,
Your dear pale cheek it reddened.

I'll write no more! A *vis-à-vis*
In halcyon vacation
Will sure afford a much more free
Mode of communication.
I'm tantalized and cribbed and checked
In making love by letter:
I know a style more brief, direct—
And generally better!

H. C. Bunner.



Robert Burns

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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CAPE COD.

THE most striking feature of the New England coast-line is Cape Cod. Standing far out, lonesome, into the ocean, it gives, from the map, the impression of a sand-bar. In looking at other sea-coast reaches, the imagination flies at once to a sheltered inland: to village streets and peaceful farms and bush-fringed ponds and wild flowers; but looking at this weird projection, it seems impossible to conjure up an inland.

There are wastes, in fact, along this stretch of sea-board. The farthest town has not a farm, and the soil of its gardens is brought in the holds of vessels. Nothing could give a stronger impression of desolation than the wild sea of shifting sand-hills lying open to the Atlantic on the outer coast of Provincetown, and the sand-hills on the harbor side, which crowd two miles of houses to the water. The open plain between Provincetown and Truro is wild and barren; its vegetation is for the most part little more than moss; although in favored spots is seen the mock-cranberry's red-berried creeping vine and some recent plantations of pine, all making headway.

When the Pilgrims entered Cape Cod harbor, this stretch of country was all covered with soil, and bore a forest growth of oak and pine. Woods and soil, like the Indians, have given way before civilization, and, under the white man's rule, sand has beaten in and swamped the vegetation. Even now, in Provincetown, one can see the process of desolation going on. In every violent gale, the looser sand is drifted about, and after the storm is over, here and there peep out the tops of newly submerged bushes.

All through the Cape, too, are barren stretches of "old fields," crossed by decayed rail fences or stone walls gray with moss: such fields as are seen through the whole of eastern Massachusetts. The last generation of farmers beggars the land and leaves it. It is hard to realize now that Eastham was once the granary of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth; that the sandy tip of the Cape was covered with trees; that the "old fields" once waved with substantial crops. Nevertheless, such are the facts.

With all the grandeur of wildness that has seized upon a great part of the outer coast, from Provincetown to Chatham, speaking in every line of storms, of surf, of wrecks, of bodies heaved up by the sea, a quiet inland beauty nestles still in the shelter of Cape Cod. There are woods and farms; there are elm trees overhanging village streets; there are blue ponds and still, dark flumes and wild flowers.

Two hundred and sixty years ago, and more, the *Mayflower* anchored in Cape Cod harbor, off what is now Provincetown. Although the settlement of the Pilgrims was finally made at Plymouth, it was at Cape Cod that the first birth and the first death occurred, and that the famous compact of government was signed. It was on Cape Cod that a party under Miles Standish made the first excursion inland, tracked Indians through the woods, laid hold on corn, rifled a wigwam and, with that delicacy which always characterized their captain, explored an Indian grave.

Carried by steam, to-day, through the whole length of the Cape, in cars of the latest pattern, raising our eyes from the last novel to look upon stretches of open country, it is hard to frame a vision of Cape Cod as it was when the Pilgrims landed. Shut your eyes to the sand-hills, to all the neglected acres white with daisies or gay with golden-rod; clothe

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the seventy miles of curving peninsula, except the broad salt-marshes, with forest trees; think of the numberless bays and ponds and streams that light up the country still; picture here and there an Indian clearing, a cluster of wigwams, and a sachem with his followers; fill the woods with deer and wolves and foxes, and you see Cape Cod as it lay on that November morning when the plunge of the *Mayflower's* anchor broke the stillness.

Soon after the settlement at Plymouth, a trading-house, the foundations of which may still be traced, was built at Manomet, now known as Monument, near the head of Buzzard's Bay; but the first settlement, properly speaking, on Cape Cod, was made at Sandwich. "April 3, 1637," say the Plymouth records, "it is also agreed by the court that these ten men of Saugus [naming them] shall have liberty to view a place to sit down, and have land sufficient for three-score families."

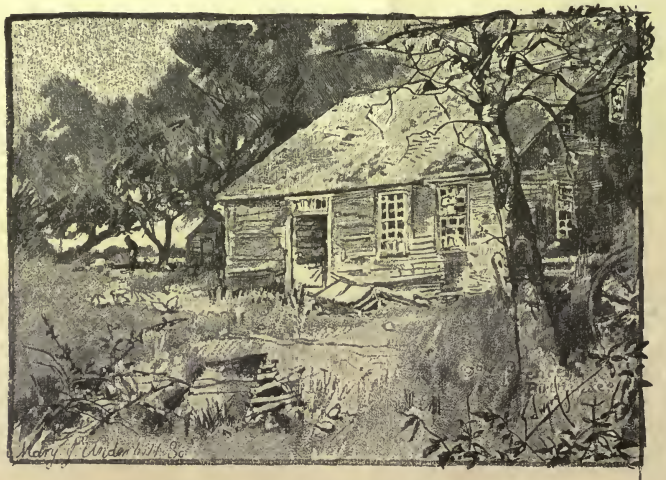
In view of the later history of Cape Cod, there is an amusing ring in this liberty to "sit down," granted to the nucleus of a people who in their growth have shown a constant desire to do anything but sit down; who have disclosed, on the contrary, a most determined disposition "the ocean's depths to sound, or pierce to either pole"; who hang Calcutta hats upon their hat-trees; whose parlors give out a sandal-wood perfume from the islands of the Pacific. If there was any one form of words that was to prove peculiarly inappropriate to the settlement of Cape Cod, it was this of a liberty to "sit down."

Soon after this settlement was begun, two commissioners were sent from Plymouth, directed to "go to Sandwich, with all convenient speed [which was probably about three miles an hour], and set forth the bounds of the lands granted there." Their names lend a certain flavor of romance: Miles Standish and John Alden. When they came to settle the titles of Sandwich, the eventful deputation to settle the title to Priscilla, if any such there was, had long since taken place. We can hardly think, without a smile, of these two heroes, all unconscious of the poetic halo that was to gather about their names, peacefully working together in the unromantic task of running boundary lines, parceling upland and salt-marsh.

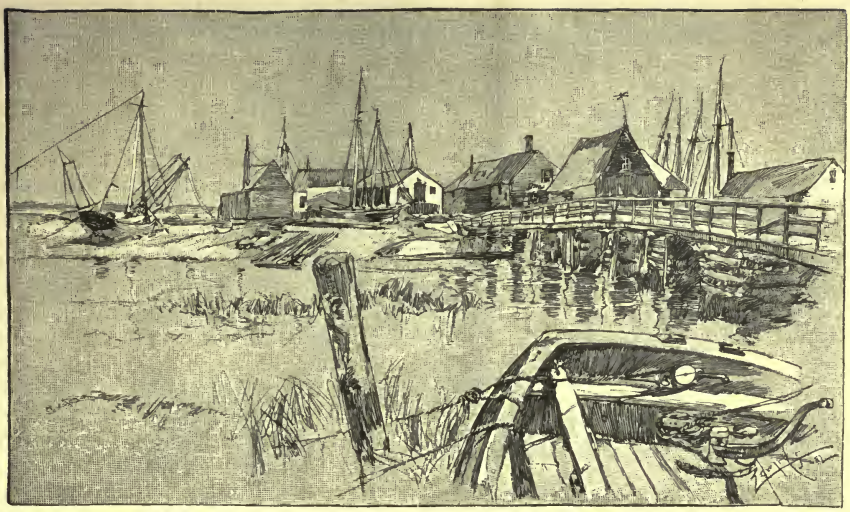
The mention here of the two famous suitors reminds me of two bachelor settlers — such they seem to have been — whose lot was less romantic. They had undertaken to "sit down" in Sandwich, and had begun to clear allotments. They presumed to be "disorderly" by "keeping house alone," and for this they were arraigned at Plymouth. Poor Pilgrims! Who knows their story! Perhaps they had dutifully tried to win for themselves two humble Priscillas, and, through John Aldens of their own, had failed. Nevertheless, the rigid views of the colony could not allow them, as bread in the desert, even this pale joy of keeping house alone.

The settlement at Sandwich was quickly followed by others, at Barnstable, at Yarmouth, and lower down the Cape. Eastham was settled by a colony from Plymouth, headed by Thomas Prince, for many years governor, whose descendants live there still. The question of a general removal from Plymouth to Eastham was seriously debated.

Many interesting historical associations are connected with the different towns. In the scattered village of East Sandwich stands, on a little rise of ground, a large, bare building,



GOVERNOR THOMAS PRINCE'S BIRTHPLACE.



WELLFLEET ANCIENT WHARVES.

which, from its absolute plainness, you would know, if you took it for a house of worship at all, to be a Friends' meeting-house. This building dates only from the beginning of the present century, but it stands in the place of an older structure, and the society is of long standing. The Sandwich monthly meeting has been said to be the oldest in the country. The surnames which prevail in the neighborhood figure in the ancient court records of the Plymouth colony,—for this was a marked locality in the early struggle for religious liberty.

Nicholas Upsall was a member of the Boston church. When he was far advanced in years, he was, for outspoken disapproval of the persecution of the Quakers, fined twenty pounds and banished. His choice of a retreat being limited, he came to Plymouth; but he was now viewed as a Quaker, and it was illegal in the Plymouth colony to entertain him. Nevertheless, a man who was returning to Cape Cod took the old man in his convoy to Sandwich. Here he must have been harbored, for we find an order of the General Court to John Newland of that town, forbidding any further meetings at his house tending "to the disturbance of the public worship of God," and a direction that Nicholas Upsall, the "instigator" of this trouble, "be carried out of the government by Tristan Hull, who brought him." Upsall seems to have sown some seed, for, shortly after this, a number of persons were punished for encouraging what were called "Quaker" movements. In 1658, a large number of citizens of Sandwich were fined for expressing sympathy, in one way or another, with Quaker views, and feeling ran so high in the town against the strictness of the colony, that the town constable could not, or perhaps would not, perform the duties of his office, and a sort of metropolitan police, in the form of a special marshal, was appointed by the Plymouth government to fill his place. In Barnstable and Yarmouth, too, the local officer was superseded.

Barlow, the marshal set over Sandwich, had no morbid delicacy. When he had a fine to levy upon the goods of a Quaker, he would select for seizure the article least to be spared, as the family kettle. An Indian charged with theft justified himself by precedent: "I have done," he said, "only as you do by the Quakers."

There was a long contest between Barlow, backed by the Plymouth government, on the one hand, and public opinion in Sandwich on the other, with many amusing features. How natural and human it makes the life of those early days, to read of the superseded constable's prosecution for "railing" at the marshal who supplanted him!

Perhaps, in the features of the settlements on Cape Cod, including their absolute freedom from the witchcraft mania, the curious inquirer may seek for a certain clew to traits that have marked Cape Cod in later times. Her genius has been practical. The strongest characteristics of her people have been a common-sense sagacity and a capacity for affairs. Perhaps it is that very enthusiastic temperament which, in other sections, led to extreme and fanatical convictions in religion, that has unfolded itself, in later times, in the imaginative literature of Massachusetts.

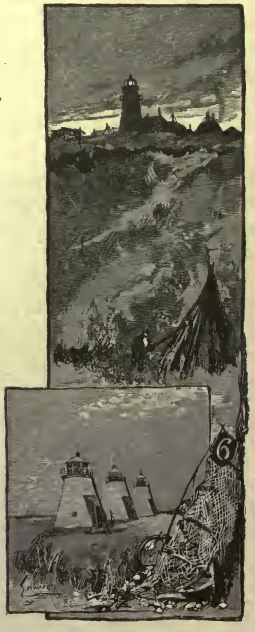
One of the most curious buildings of Cape Cod stands in East Sandwich. It is a blockhouse, built in 1644. It is now the parlor of

AN OLD INHABITANT.

a dwelling-house, and its neat and peaceful interior, cheered by a cabinet organ, is in strange contrast with the thought of Pilgrims, in peaked hats, standing guard against possible forays of Indians.

Next below Sandwich lies the scattered village of West Barnstable, anciently called "Great Marshes," from the vast sweep of salt-marsh, rich in suggestive beauty, which makes far out to Barnstable Bay. From the road that rises to the southward to cross the Cape, you look on woods and farms, on bits of swamp, green in the hottest summer, on the great marshes and the bay. The meeting-house, high up the hill, is nearly one hundred and seventy years old, being one of the oldest in the State. It takes the place of an earlier structure, and the church which worships in it has a history. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Henry Jacob, a clergyman of the Church of England, wrote against the English Congregationalists then in exile. Shortly after, he went to Leyden, where he met with John Robinson, and, influenced probably by him, changed his views. On his return to England he took the lead in the establishment, in 1616, of an Independent Church, of which, for eight years, he was the pastor. He was succeeded by John Lathrop. Another eight years the congregation worshiped in secret in London, but it was finally discovered, by the bishop's pursuivant, at the house of one Humphrey Barnet, in Blackfriars. Forty-two persons were apprehended, and the prisoners were held for some two years. Mr. Lathrop, the pastor, was detained longest, and it was only after the death of his wife, on the intercession of his children, that he was released, on condition of leaving the kingdom. He came to New England with thirty of his people, and settled at Scituate; but in 1639, with a majority of the members of the church, he emigrated to Great Marshes, and so began the settlement of Barnstable. "This circumstance," says Palfrey, the historian of New England, himself a native of the town, "makes the first church in Barnstable the representative of the first Congregational church established in England, unless, which perhaps was the fact, the church of John Robinson, now surviving in that of Plymouth, was organized on Congregational principles before he left the mother country for Holland." "Another interesting fact," he adds, "connected with that primitive English Congregational church which still survives in our church at Great Marshes, is that from its bosom also proceeded the first English Baptist church: so that it is further entitled to the eminent rank of parent of the now very numerous churches of that denomination both in England and America."

Among those who came with Lathrop from Scituate to Barnstable were the famous James Cudworth and Isaac Robinson, a son of the



HIGHLAND LIGHT, NORTH TRURO, AND NAUSETT LIGHT, EASTHAM.

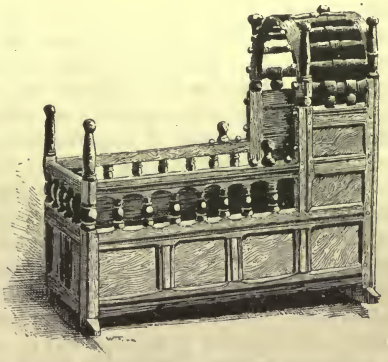
OLD HALLETT HOUSE, OSTERVILLE.

great Leyden pastor. Robinson was deputed by the General Court to attend, with others, the meetings of the Quakers, and to endeavor to convince them of their errors. He went, and in the end became convinced that there should be no persecution of them, and for his open defense of their right to religious freedom was disfranchised. He subsequently settled in Falmouth, and built the first house in that town. Descendants through him of the famous Leyden pastor live there to this day.

Half way down the hill, between the church and the railway, stands a large square house (formerly the parsonage), the birthplace of Chief-Justice Shaw, whose father was the minister of the parish. A quarter of a mile from there, on the road to Barnstable, is the site of the Otis mansion, where Colonel James Otis lived, and his son, the patriot Otis,— "the soul of the Revolution," the elder Adams calls him,— was born.

This unnoticed hamlet is, therefore, the seat of a church which is the representative of the earliest or the second of the English Congregational churches, and the parent of another great denomination; it has also given the country one of its loftiest statesmen and one of its greatest judges. Other men of mark have sprung from the town of Barnstable: Governor Hinckley, Nymphas Marston, and Samuel A. Otis, member of Congress from this district and the father of Harrison Gray Otis; Solicitor-General Davis, and Mr. Palfrey, the historian, among others.

One of the most interesting relics of Pilgrim days upon Cape Cod is a cradle which has descended in a prominent family in Yarmouth, and is now in possession of Mr. Henry C. Thacher. Anthony Thacher came to New England in 1635, with a wife and several children, and with a young nephew, who became the ancestor of the judges George and Peter Oxenbridge Thacher. He landed at Newbury, and, to continue his journey, took passage by sea; but the nephew, having a presentiment of danger, could not be per-



THE THACHER CRADLE.

THE OLD MILL.

suaded to go by water, and made his way by land. The vessel was wrecked off Cape Ann on what is known as Thacher's Island, and Mr. Thacher and his wife alone were saved, their children being drowned before their eyes. This cradle, which had held the youngest, was washed ashore, with a worked broadcloth covering, which has also been preserved.

The records of Brewster give a striking illustration of the exposed situation of Cape Cod in case of war. During the war of 1812, a British man-of-war, the *Spencer*, appeared there, and exacted four thousand dollars as the condition of sparing the town and the valuable salt-works.

The feeling at Boston and Philadelphia as to tea, in 1775, ran high upon Cape Cod. A vessel loaded with tea went ashore at Provincetown, and for some service or other a Wellfleet man received and undertook to sell a chest or two of tea, saying that, as it had not paid duty, there was no harm in his accepting it. Public spirit has always been strong upon Cape Cod, and the general indignation rose to such a pitch that he finally felt obliged to present a written apology in town-meeting. "I had no intention," he says, "to injure the liberties of my country."

In February, 1774, Truro discussed, at a town-meeting, the conduct of some of its citizens who had bought small quantities of teas from what had been cast ashore at Provincetown, and on their making acknowledgment they were "excused" on account of extenuating circumstances. "And though we have the mortification," say the resolutions, passed unanimously, "to own that some persons among us have been weak enough to be led astray by noted rescinders from all good resolutions, we cannot, in justice to ourselves, omit making public the fact that no person in this town could be prevailed upon to accept the infamous employment of transporting the tea saved out of the Messrs. Clarks' brigantine from Cape Cod to the vessel, but that the repeated solicitations of the owners were refused, notwithstanding liberal promises of a large reward, and notwithstanding we had several vessels here unemployed." Somebody in Truro knew how to write vigorous English.

The little town which showed such spirit on the tea question, displayed an ingenuity equal to it on another occasion, during the Revolution. A British fleet appeared off-shore; the town was defenseless, except for a few militia, and the enemy seemed about to land. So the Cape Cod Yankees hit upon a device. There were sand-hills then, as now, along the coast; and the handful of militia-men, taking position behind an inner one, kept marching over it, and, hidden by a hill in front, back again, around and over the first elevation again, thus making a procession of theatrical length. The enemy seem to have been fairly cheated, for they sailed away without attempting to land.

The first glance at the map suggests the

question of cutting a ship-canal across the Cape. The "back of Cape Cod" is full of terrors in bad weather, and the circuit, with head-winds, is always tedious. In fact, the narrowness of the Cape at the head of Buzzard's Bay has afforded food for speculation from early times. The Plymouth colonists utilized this strip of land for a portage or carry when they set up their trading-post at Manomet. It was put to this use again in the war of 1812.

OLD MILL AT BREWSTER, FROM THE STAGE.

More than a hundred years ago the project of a ship-canal was seriously discussed. Very recently a corporation, not composed, we ought to state, of Cape Cod men, undertook the work. The route surveyed was about seven miles in length. An army of Italian laborers was brought on from New York, and digging was begun; but the enterprise suddenly collapsed, and the sons of Rome were left there, penniless, to shake their fists and utter Italian threats, and the town of Sandwich found itself obliged to feed the unfortunate men and send them back to New York. The project has lately been revived.

Long ago, the tempting narrowness of the isthmus gave rise in the mind of some local genius to a singular proposition. In those days, wolves made serious havoc. It would seem that Cape Cod was subject to visitations from the main-land. And so, in 1717, it was proposed to build a high fence from "Picket Cliff," on the north side of the Cape, to Wareham, to keep wolves from coming into the county; but the lower towns, finding, perhaps, in the activity of the Sandwich farmers already a sufficient bulwark, were lukewarm, and the scheme fell through. The discussion of it, however, disclosed a certain lack of a spirit of self-denial in some of the outside towns. They objected to the fence, not wishing, they said, "all the wolves to be shut out of the county upon their limits." So, in one way and another, by the project of a ship-canal or a wolf-fence, the main-land has, from the earliest time, trembled under a perpetual menace of being cut off from Cape Cod.

The question of cutting the Cape at Eastham was once debated. It was thought, however, that the channel would be likely to be closed by the action of the sea, which often shows a mind of its own with regard to geography. The ocean, in fact, is constantly making changes in the shores of the Cape. Stage Harbor is entered by a narrow opening in a long tongue of sand. This opening has been changing its location. It was formerly in Eastham; but being of a roving disposition,

VILLAGE STREET.

as befits a Cape Cod institution, it has gradually moved to the south, and is now in the town of Orleans.

In many places on the more exposed coast-line, the shores are slowly washing away. Where there are woods immediately on the bluff, trees are often seen lying along the beach, with their uptorn roots exposed in the bank where they were undermined in a winter's gale. Sometimes, on the other hand, a storm makes beach, by throwing thousands of tons of sand upon a low stretch of coast and burying out of sight the marsh-bank.

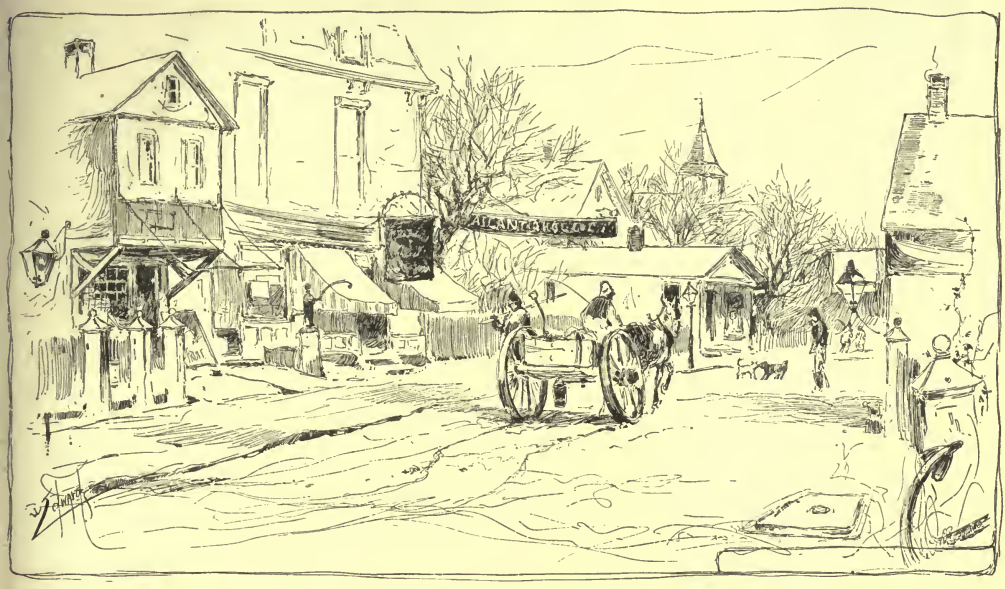
In Eastham, large stumps may be discovered nearly a mile from land, and ancient peat-meadows now lie under water. At another place in that town is a peat-meadow which was buried in remote times by sand, but has been washed out again by the waves, and fuel has been taken from it.

While there is much barren country on Cape Cod, there are in tillage, including hay lands of all kinds, eleven thousand acres, and of woodland there are some thirty thousand acres. There is good land in almost every section, and in many places there is productive soil. Even in Truro there is good farming, and in the upper towns fine crops are often raised. On the inner side of the Cape, the soil is generally better than on the outer; but there are some marked instances of profitable farming on the outer shore. The lighter soil is warm, and being free from stones it is easily worked, and there are many crops which flourish in it. The yield of English hay, by the last State census, was four thousand one hundred and seventy tons from three thousand eight hundred and fifteen acres.

It has been proposed, at different times, to dike-in the vast salt-marshes and convert them into dry land. The soil is deep and rich, and there is little doubt that, if they could be so protected, heavy crops of English hay or of grain could be raised upon them, and, as they are level and of great extent, they could, by coöperation, be tilled by machinery, like prairie farms of the West. If other avenues of activity were not freely open, it is more than likely that these meadows would be reclaimed.

The great feature in Cape Cod agriculture is cranberry raising. No other part of the country can compete with the Cape in this. Everywhere lie the cranberry meadows, or bogs, as they are properly called. They form one of the most characteristic features of the landscape. You see them from the car windows, spreading out over level acres, or skirting, with varying width, the running streams; you see them in winding valleys, far below the carriage road; you come upon them suddenly in the woods,—strangely trim, rectangular clearings, darkly shut in by a dense swamp growth. The culture of the cranberry has been reduced to a science. A swamp is cleared of its wild growth of trees and bushes and leveled like a floor; six inches of clear sand are carted on, to cover the heavy bog soil; numerous trenches for the flow of water are cut; a dike is thrown up about the field, and a brook is turned to run through it, with gates, so that the land can be "flowed" in spring to kill insects, and in the fall for protection from frost. Vines are set out at regular intervals, and spreading, they mat the ground. It costs on the average perhaps $400 an acre to transform a rough swamp into a cranberry meadow in bearing condition. One marsh in Barnstable cost $30,000. The profits, however, are large. One meadow, of two or three acres, has repaid six weeks' annual labor with $1000 a year for twenty years. Another, of half an acre, belonging to Mr. Emulous Small, of Harwichport, an expert in this culture, has yielded ninety-eight barrels in one season. A meadow of sixteen acres, at Marston's Mills, netted in one year $8000, and another of forty-eight acres, at Newtown, in Barnstable, has yielded in one season, within a year or two, forty-two hundred barrels, netting a profit of eighty per cent. There are probably on Cape Cod some thirteen hundred acres of cranberry meadows, from a few rods to fifty acres in size, and the acreage is constantly increasing. The whole

crop is from thirty to forty-five thousand barrels, worth from $250,000 to $300,000 on the ground. The picking time is an era in the year. Schools are often closed, and the boys and girls, with many of their elders, turn to gathering the crop; rakes are seldom used, for fear of damage to the berries, which are best picked by hand. The price of picking is not included in the figures given above, and on the whole a substantial amount of ready money is distributed in a thousand tiny rivulets from this industry.



COMMERCIAL STREET, PROVINCETOWN.

There is more forest on Cape Cod, it is said, than there was fifty years ago. Extensive tracts that once were tilled have been left to run to wood, their former names still clinging to them. You will hear of a piece of woodland known as the "Thomas" field or "West New Field." A farmer dies; his sons have all left home to follow the seas, to keep store in Boston, or to practice law in San Francisco. The first year, the fields are neglected: withered stubble of the year before alone remains to tell of cultivation. Another year, a feeble crop of grass comes stealing in; another summer, unless the land is fated to remain as an "old field," you will see miniature pitch-pines all over it; another summer yet, and they are bushes; and before you can realize it, the whole field is rejoicing in a vigorous growth. Even in many of the roads you hardly leave the woods. It seems as if a chief business on Cape Cod from the time of Noah had been the making of roads. The village streets and the county highways are often wide; but there are numberless wagon roads that began existence merely as unofficial cart-paths, and by stealthy inroads gradually found favor and wound into the affections of the public until they gained recognition. They are very narrow often, and the trees meet overhead. Sometimes you are tempted to pursue such a way until it turns out a "blind road," and you can go no further, and can with difficulty turn back. In some of them it is the rarest thing — we might almost say illegal — for two vehicles to meet; if there is a meeting, it takes a certain Yankee planning sometimes to effect an interchange of position. But a man who has passed a score of years or more in riding up and down high-rolling waves thinks nothing of urging a wagon, loaded with cord-wood or oysters, up the steepest bank, or of driving over saplings six feet high, to make a circuit.

In many places, the woods run along the coast to the very edge of the sandy bluff. For many miles upon the southern shore, in Osterville and Cotuit, and on the headlands of Mashpee, for example, one can stroll through the pine woods on an August day and enjoy the fragrance and the dense shade, listening all the while to the steady breaking of waves upon the beach.

A wood-packet runs regularly from Cotuit to Nantucket. It is quite common for the crews of coasting vessels hauled up in the winter to turn to felling wood; in this, as in everything else, is seen a mingling of rural

THE TOWN-CRIER.

and maritime pursuits. Every mariner knows something of farming, and every farmer is more or less of a sailor. They tell of an action against a town for injuries from a defect in a highway, in which the distance of a certain hole in the road from the traveled path was in question. A town officer had fixed the distance by actual measurement, and the only evidence for the plaintiff was that of a man who simply gave his judgment. Nobody could guess how the plaintiff's counsel would get around the evidence of the town officer. But he was undaunted. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "both witnesses are honest; one of them is mistaken—which is it? You all know how liable we are, in ciphering or in measuring, to make a mistake of calculation; my good friend, the selectman, probably laid down his foot-rule one time more or less than he thought, and so he is mistaken; but my witness, gentlemen, did not put his trust on any foot-rule: he knew better. As you all know, he has cut more cord-wood than any other man in Barnstable County, and he can measure by his eye infallibly. About his accuracy, therefore, there can be no possible question. The selectman may be wrong; my witness can't be."

The natural ponds of the Cape are among its chief charms. You come upon them everywhere. The smaller ones are much alike, except as nature loves to give to each some shy, peculiar grace. They lie for the most part in an amphitheater, and have neither inlet nor outlet. The bottom and the shore are commonly of white sand, and the water is as clear as crystal and singularly pure.

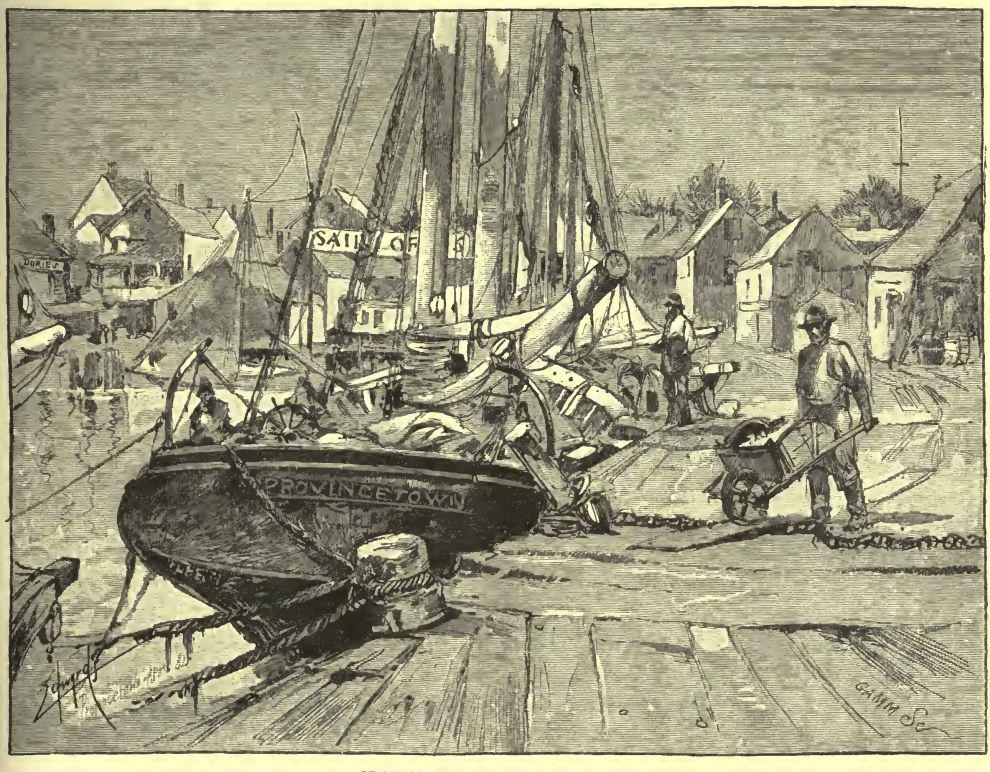
These ponds are, of course, spring-fed, and there must be an overflow through the loose upper soil by percolation. Many of them are wooded all about and to the very beach, and the trees throw out long branches over the water, and fling their shadows far on its surface. Others are surrounded by pastures divided from each other by rail fences, which project out to deep water to keep the cows of different farms separate. Often a farm-house, with its barn and sheds, stands on the bank above the pond.

There is no rocky coast upon Cape Cod. The powerful swirl of waves into worn granite race-ways is unknown. Instead of rocks, there are long sand beaches curving as far as the eye can reach, cut, every few miles, by the opening of some little bay or harbor. There are no perils on a bold rocky shore equal to those of Peaked Hill Bars off the white Provincetown sand-hills, seizing vessels in their sunken traps and holding them there to beat in pieces. There is not a mile of coast from Provincetown to Chatham that has not stories to tell of shipwreck. In fact, the history of the whole coast line, inner and outer, of Cape Cod would be a history of disasters, from the time when the pirate ship *Whidah* was driven ashore in a gale, a century ago, and more than a hundred bodies were washed up on the beach.

The number of birds on Cape Cod is very great, and among them are many rare ones for the North, such as the black skimmer, or shear-water, and the Maryland yellow-throat. Mr. H. E. Chase, who spends his summers at Hyannisport, has himself counted a hundred and eighteen varieties, and has shot and stuffed a good many of the more interesting.

The prairie warbler is often met in the pine woods. It is so bold that one can sit within a few feet of it, while it hunts for its food like the chickadees, often head down, clinging to some twig, now and then pausing to chirp. At dusk, the night-heron wings its

way out over the salt-marshes to relieve the kingfisher, who has been sounding his rattle all day long from some favorite post; and as the deeper shadows gather, whip-poor-wills



CENTRAL WHARF, PROVINCETOWN.

and owls come out from the deepest recesses of the woods.

Among the most common birds are the meadow-lark or marsh quail, the sharp-tailed finch, the red-wing blackbird, the grassfinch, the green heron, the tern or mackerel-gull, and the shore birds. They are all independent of the woods. From the peculiar position of Cape Cod, and the equalizing effect necessarily produced on the climate by the ceaseless sweep of ocean breezes, many stragglers of northern and southern species, never seen in other parts of Massachusetts, find their way here, and some which usually pass further south have even been known to winter here.

Birds which follow the shore in their migrations consult the nature of the coast. In Eastern Massachusetts, more plainly than anywhere else, is seen the change from the low, sandy shore which marks the South to the high and rocky coast-line of the North. Such a change is sure to be noticed by birds on their migrations, for on the character of the coast depends their food. Cape Cod is, therefore, particularly fitted for a resting-place of the thousands of shore birds on their southward journey, and acts, moreover, as a barrier to Southern species wandering North in the late summer. Some years ago, a great white heron was shot near Yarmouth, and the least-bittern has been shot at Chatham.

The winter is so much milder on Cape Cod than further North, that the Wilson's snipe sometimes stay all winter around the upper, fresh portions of the marshes. Snowy owls are probably more abundant during the winter on Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket, than in any other places of the same area in New England. Monomoy Island also seems to be a favorite winter resort for this owl. Hawk-owls are sometimes seen along the shore, where they often alight in the beach-grass or sea-weed. The Carolina or turtle-dove is common on the Cape, and flocks of from half a dozen to twenty may often be seen in the fields of stubble. Its nest has been found in a grove of stunted pines on the edge of the Great Marshes in Barnstable. Eagles are quite often seen on the Cape.

There may still be found between Buzzard's Bay and Provincetown the mink, rabbit, fox, raccoon, and deer. There are miles of woodland, unfenced and dotted over with ponds, where the deer still roam, and when pursued,

usually escape by taking to the water. Cape Cod was one of the best Indian hunting grounds. Numberless arrowheads have been picked up on the narrowest parts, where large game was probably intercepted, and flocks of sea-birds were shot at while crossing at points which are still found to be preferred by them.

The occupation of the people of Cape Cod is chiefly maritime. Some of the towns have given their attention mainly to foreign voyages, others to coasting, others to banks fishing.

Three or four years ago a case was tried at Barnstable, in which a lawyer from a distance was concerned. Talking over the prospect of a verdict, he said that with a rural jury, who knew nothing of the world beyond their own door-yards, of course he could not expect a very intelligent consideration of the case. Some one took pains to inquire who the jurymen were, and it turned out that eleven of the twelve had been either all over the world, or pretty nearly all over their own country, as masters of vessels, or in some business of responsibility, and that the twelfth was a substantial farmer.

In view of such juries as these, it seems almost a pity that the people of Cape Cod do not show a litigious spirit and improve their opportunity. In fact, the courts have hardly business enough for exercise. Although there is wealth there, the little county having a valuation of sixteen millions, and although there is a boundless field for disputes in claims under the cranberry-flowage statutes and in fishing and beach privileges, there is in fact no litigation of any account. There are well-to-do populous villages on the Cape which probably have not furnished a lawsuit for twenty years. The population of the county is thirty thousand, and there are only five practicing lawyers. Perhaps a general familiarity with the world has had its influence in imparting a certain good-humored tact in settling controversies.

A characteristic story is told of a jury case at Barnstable. A man was tried for a violent assault. In argument, his counsel, who was from an inland county, alluded to the fact that the injured person had not called a doctor to wounds which he had described as serious, and based the defense very largely upon this. He saw no possible answer to his argument. But he did not know his ground. Judge Marston, the district attorney, afterward attorney-general of the State, was born and bred upon Cape Cod of a family of Barnstable lawyers, and he had his ready answer. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have heard the plausible argument of my ingenious young legal friend, who has come from a distant city to enlighten your benighted understandings, and you see through his sophistry. You all know Captain ——, the father of the victim of this assault; you know what our young friend, with all his learning, has plainly never discovered, that a man is not master of a ship for thirty years without learning how to deal with wounds, and you know well that there is no doctor on Cape Cod who can heal cuts and bruises better than the captain can. Why should he have sent for a doctor?"

The mariner's habit of thought appears in everything. A few years ago, the school committee in one of the towns decided on a change of geographies, and the superintendent of schools was besieged by publishers' agents. One of them called upon him and undertook to explain the features of his book. "I don't think you need to tell me anything about geography," said the superintendent, who was an old sea-captain, "but I will teach you something. Here is a picture of what you call a smack fishing for mackerel, and you've got her on the port tack, with sheets hauled aft, making about seven knots an hour. Now, in a mackerel boat they keep the kit on the port side, and she lays off to fish on the starboard tack, with the sheets off, the peak of the foresail slacked down, and the tiller lashed hard down." Not long after, the publishers wrote and asked him for a correct drawing, and he had a rough sketch made by a sailor who had a knack with the pencil, and sent it to them.

No one who travels through Cape Cod and visits the people in their houses can fail to notice an almost universal thrift and comfort. No other section of the State, perhaps, shows more general independence and average prosperity. There are large villages, with streets of handsome houses and bearing signs of wealth. But, to a considerable extent, the houses are in hamlets, or stand apart in lonely situations. To city people they often seem forbidding. You see a cottage, with an L extravagantly long, standing by itself upon a hill-side, by a pond, or near the beach. The outside, very likely, has never been painted; but if you enter, you are pretty sure to find substantial comfort. And if you find a welcome, it is no more than you have a right to expect in the little county which, in King Philip's war, invited to its hospitality the people of three whole towns exposed to Indian ravages. And it is a barren house that does not display some foreign treasures. No mean museum could be filled from the houses of Cape Cod. Everywhere, too, you see signs of familiarity with the sea. There are often great foreign shells on the gate-

posts, or rows of shells up a front path; a wide-doored barn with haymows will have a cod-fish weather vane; from a key left in the door of a blacksmith's shop will dangle a shell, instead of a billet of wood. Occasionally, you will see a hen-yard fenced about with a seine.

MARSHES (EVENING).

Even the men whose work lies ashore have all been more or less at sea, and can steer and reef on a pinch. A man was hurried off a farm awhile ago to fill a gap on a coaster. He had the easy berth, and through all the heavy weather that prevailed he merely stood and hauled on deck. But when the voyage was over, and the vessel swung at anchor in the home port, and there was occasion for some one to go to the foretop masthead, the farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, seized the ratlines and went up like a cat. He had shrewdly kept dark as to his seamanship.

The history of Cape Cod has, of course, been closely interwoven with the fate of the Indians. The titles of lands are based upon grants from them. The prices, of course, were very small. One of the early deeds runs as follows:

"AUGUST 26, 1644.

"These presents witness that I, Serunk, Indian, now dwelling at South Sea, do sell and make over unto the town of Barnstable all the sd. lands and meadows lying betwixt the bounds of Sandwich and the bounds of Prexit and other Indians, in consideration of four coats and three axes. In witness I have hereunto set my hand, the day and year above written.

"The mark of + Serunk.

ANTHONY ANNABLE,
HENRY COBB,
THOMAS ALLEN,
JOHN SMITH,
LAURENCE WILLIS,
THOMAS DIMOCK,
Witnesses."

There is, however, evidence of a certain fairness of dealing, in the friendly relations which subsisted between the two races on Cape Cod even through King Philip's war. We have spoken of an old block-house, built in 1644. There were, nevertheless, no Indian forays on the Cape, and the tribes that lived there seem to have been well disposed to the white men.

The Indians figure prominently in legislation. It was forbidden to furnish them with firearms; for it had been "found by experience that the Indians, who are naturally perfidious, are abundantly more Insolent and Proud when they are furnished with English Arms." Even so dignified a man as Mr. Leverich, the minister of Sandwich, was brought before the court for lending a gun to an Indian.

It appears that there were, even in those early days, evasions of law; for complaint being made that certain persons provided Indians with guns upon the pretense that they were their servants, it was forbidden for the future to hire Indians and furnish them with arms, an exception being made in favor of such as "have been servants for divers years, and are in a good measure civilized and approved of by the Governor and assistants." It was forbidden to sell wine or strong water to an Indian, except in case of illness. It was also unlawful to sell Indians boats or casks. Idle children of the Indians were to be bound out to service. Indians, "especially young men," were to work out their debts. Indian captives were in some cases to be sold; a runaway Indian servant was to be returned and whipped; it was unlawful for an Indian to remove from one place to another without a written permit. These provisions present the aborigines in Plymouth

Colony in the position of a subject race at an early day.

There were, however, humane provisions in their favor. An act of 1643, reciting that it has been held unlawful "from our first beginning" to purchase or hire land from the natives without the magistrates' consent, prescribes a penalty for making such purchases without permission. And in 1663 it was enacted "that no man shall make any particular use of any Indian's land without leave of the court." In 1659 is a curiously suggestive provision standing incomplete upon the records:

> "The Court understanding that some, in an underhand way, have given unto the Indians money or goods for their lands formerly purchased according to order of Court by the magistrates, thereby insinuating as if they had dealt unjustly with them, it is enacted by the Court that some course be taken with those whom we understand——"

Were their tender consciences disturbed about these purchases?

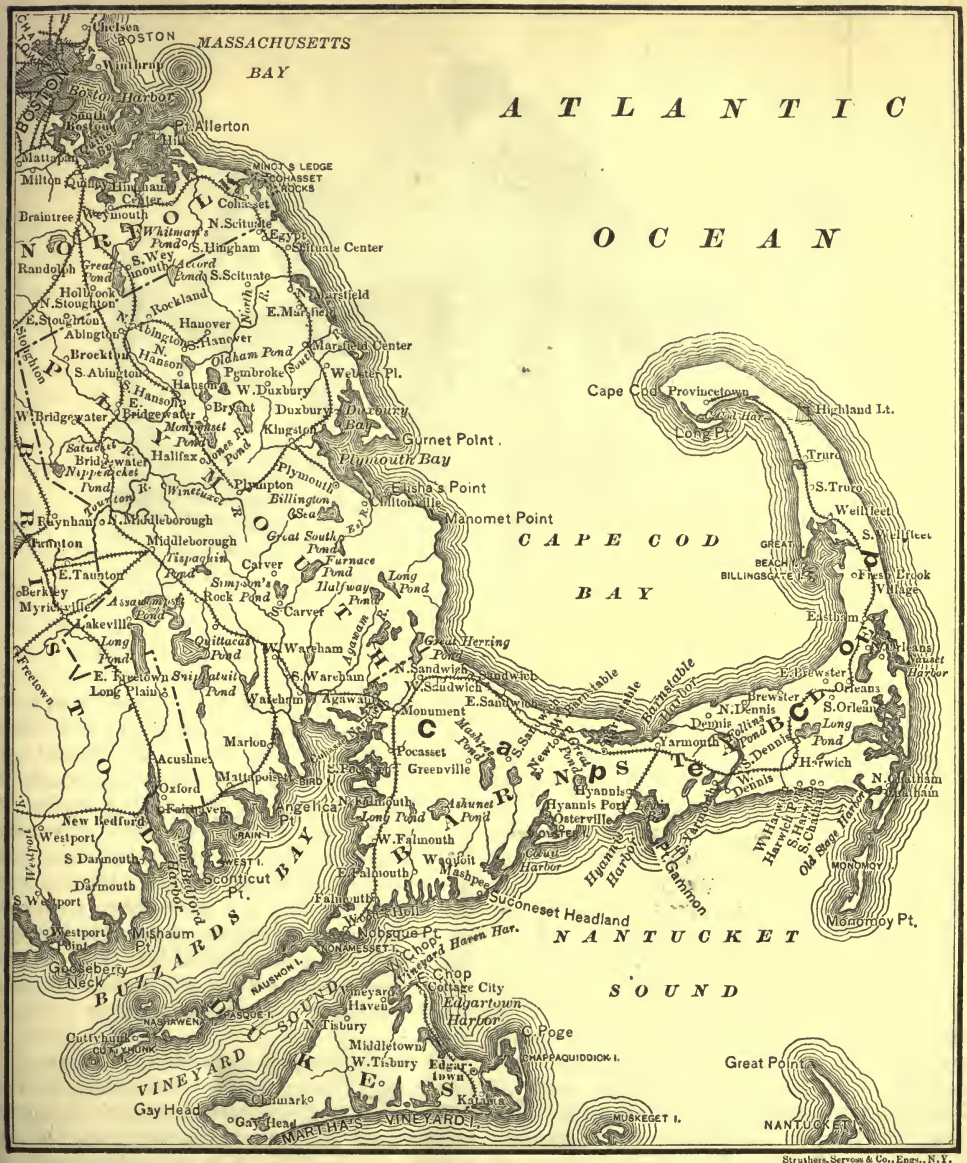
The only Indian settlement now remaining on Cape Cod is that of Massipaug, or Mashpee. Richard Bourne, a leading man in Sandwich, stirred, probably, by the efforts of Eliot, began to labor for the improvement of the Indians here at a very early day. Through his influence, a deed of what is now the township of Mashpee was secured, and the land was set aside for a reservation. The deed is still in existence. Somewhat shorn from time to time, this territory has continued to be a home for the descendants of the Indians. Within a few years, it has become incorporated as a town, and the inhabitants now stand on precisely the footing of other citizens of Massachusetts. In 1880, Mashpee cast a unanimous vote for Garfield.

The Indians have been held in guardianship, in one form or another, until very recently. In later years, the inhabitants of Mashpee have improved their condition greatly, particularly since the introduction of the cranberry culture has given importance to their lands and brought money into the town.

There are now probably none of unmixed blood among them, although Indian names remain, and many of the people have a strongly marked Indian appearance. The names of Pocknet and Attaquin are unmistakable. Intermarriage with other races has been very common among them. Some of the Hessians who were captured in the Revolution came to Suconeset, in Mashpee, to oversee salt-works there, and married Indian girls; and their descendants may still be met with. The names of Hush (Hirsch) and De Grass came from this source. We have talked with an old seaman who, in his boyhood, knew the Hessian Louis Hirsch, who married here.

Beyond the western point of Suconeset headland, looking off to the light-ship on the Shoals and to the shining bluffs of Martha's Vineyard, lies, on the sea, a tract of neglected land called the "MacGrego Farm." It is encircled by a dike, now overgrown and not more than three feet in height, although originally six feet high. On the eastern side, where the cart-road runs, is an opening in the wall, and inside this are a few fruit-trees, now grown wild, and a bit of sward, which plainly mark the former seat of a dwelling. The "MacGrego Farm" has a story. Among the prisoners captured in the Revolution was a young fellow named MacGregor, the son of an English clergyman, who, after getting a classical education, ran away from home, from love of adventure, and shipped on an English privateer. Being captured, he was held as a prisoner until the close of the war, and on regaining his freedom he came from Boston, with some of the Hessians, to look after salt-works on this shore, in the interest of Boston merchants. Among the Indians was an orphan girl of sixteen, tall and good-looking, called Mercy Moses. The late Captain Peter Lewis, of Waquoit, a very intelligent man, who knew both her and Thomas MacGregor in their later years, said that when advanced in age Mercy was as straight as an arrow. Some persons now living at Mashpee also knew her, among them Deacon Matthias Amos and his wife, who, before her marriage, taught school near Mercy's wigwam.

Mercy Moses had inherited this tract of which we have spoken and another parcel of land upon the sea, on Suconeset headland. Thomas MacGregor succumbed to the charms of the Indian girl, and married her, and they made their home upon the "MacGrego Farm," as it came to be called. He was a man of great bodily strength and activity; his farming was celebrated all through the region, and people used to come from other places to see his crops. About 1812, we are told, the farm was flooded by an unusual tide. Probably it was in 1815, when the tides, helped by a tremendous gale, rose so high in Buzzard's Bay as nearly to overflow the isthmus and make the Cape for the time an island, lodged a schooner in the woods, and set a sloop down like a foundling — a perfectly natural foundling for Cape Cod — before the door of a house. Although the tide did not flow so high in the Vineyard Sound, the MacGrego farm, low lying, was flooded; and, for fear of another deluge, MacGregor threw up, by his own labor, a dike six feet in height around the whole forty acres.



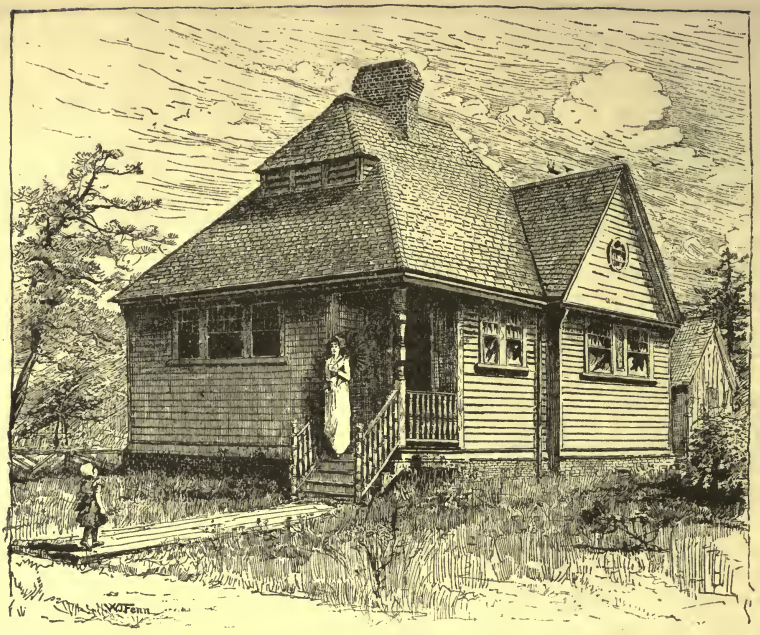
MAP OF CAPE COD.

Although he staid at Mashpee all his days, and built a barn for his cattle, he himself lived in a wigwam to the day of his death. The neighboring ministers (who were probably all college-bred men) used to visit him.

Mercy MacGregor survived her husband, and died about forty years ago. The land has lately been reclaimed by her heirs, who, to make out their title, had to go back a hundred and twenty years, and prove that she was the daughter of one Jude Moses and so the sister of one Samuel Jude Moses, from whom, in different branches, they were descended.

One of the most interesting things with regard to the relations between the whites and the Indians is the occasional appearance, to this day, in the Massachusetts law reports, among street-widening cases and controversies turning on steam and electricity, of suits relating to Indian titles.

The descendants of the Indians have fallen into the sea-faring ways of their white neighbors, and you will find in almost every house in Mashpee a man who can tell you of voyages. It is worth while to have a chat with Solomon Attaquin, who keeps the excellent



THE LIBRARY AT OSTERVILLE.

inn in Mashpee village, and to visit Deacon Matthias Amos, one of the leading men and a good story-teller, and hear this descendant of King Philip give the dramatic story of how he first heard of the late war, by the capture, in the spring of 1861, by the cruiser *John C. Calhoun*, of a whaler of which he was first mate, and of his romantic escape with his crew from New Orleans, by the connivance of a domesticated Southerner from Cape Cod.

Like all the rest of the New England coast, Cape Cod is becoming familiar with the aspect of the summer visitor. Where only a dozen years ago the beaches lay deserted, now the poles of sketching umbrellas are planted in the sand, and the red roofs of English cottages peep out between pitch-pines along the bluffs. For many years a number of Boston families have had summer-houses at Cotuit, and more recently city people have been establishing themselves on Buzzard's Bay, at Wood's Hole (which has attempted to become fine by changing its honest seaboard name to Wood's Holl), at Waquoit, at Osterville, and at Hyannis Port, and summer-boarders find their way to the lower towns. The bluffs of the Indian town of Mashpee have not yet been invaded.

While this current of city visitors disturbs to some extent the natural charm of simplicity of the villages, still the people of the Cape, already familiar with the outside world, are not disturbed as most communities would be; and there is every year a growing market for garden produce, and a good deal of work is brought, in one way or other, to those who need it. Osterville has gained a benefit from the summer colony in a public library, erected partly by home effort, but at the instance and largely by the generosity of Mr. W. L. Garrison of Boston, a son of the great reformer, aided by others who have summer cottages there.

One of the chief attractions in summer of the shore of Cape Cod, both on Buzzard's Bay and on the outer southern coast, is the exquisite climate, not particularly bracing, but cool, and remarkably equable. The prevailing breeze is from the south-west, from off the Vineyard Sound, and the harshness of east winds is seldom felt. The water, too, is warmer by some twenty degrees than at Swampscott or Manchester, for example, and the sea-bathing, on that account, attracts a good many people. And although in landscape this region has nothing like the richness of the Beverly shore, it has, nevertheless, not a little rural beauty, with a wild, peculiar charm that is all its own.

F. Mitchell.

[Begun in the February Number.]

A WOMAN'S REASON.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

XVIII.

THE world of fashion, on whose bonnets Helen had experimented in learning her business, accepted the hearsay of her success in a humbler way with self-satisfaction, and attributed far greater things to her than she achieved. It understood that she was making money, and several fictions in regard to the sums she had amassed had a ready currency. The world intended to look her up, when it had time; it was neither hard-hearted nor indifferent, but it was preoccupied. There were ladies who meant almost every day to drive out and see Helen; there were others who refrained because they fancied she would rather not have them come; but all were unfeignedly glad that the poor thing had found something at last that she *could* do. Her experiment in æsthetic millinery had thrown a great deal of light on her former endeavors; people said there was hardly anything she had *not* tried. In fine, they practically left her acquaintance and her memory in the keeping of Clara Kingsbury, who remained faithful to both, and perhaps did the best thing for them in rather hushing them up. She was herself a little sensitive about Helen's first experiment, and she was aware that many people held her indirectly responsible for the enthusiasm with which they had encouraged it. She always answered inquiries about Helen in an elusive way; she generalized her, and passed her over as quickly as possible, so that really the world had it to say that, so far from having dropped Helen, she had dropped herself. It was certainly not to blame for having heard nothing of her health, which began to break some six months after she had established herself at Margaret's. She had worked very hard, for she had incurred expenses during her fever at Mrs. Hewitt's, for which she was still in debt to Clara Kingsbury, and she had cherished the secret determination to reimburse her for all her losses through her. She had not earned enough to do this, but she had worn herself thin and pale by the time the advancing spring made it a year since she had heard of Robert's death. Her friend wished her to give up and go down to her cottage with her; but Helen refused to do more than spare herself a little, and she was still at Margaret's when the Butlers and Rays arrived from Europe.

They had been abroad longer than they had intended, because Captain Butler had continued in feeble health; but now they had come home to stay, as Marian wrote from London before they sailed. They were all going to be in Beverly together till Ray could decide whether to buy or to build in Boston, and Marian said that the first thing must be an indefinite visit from Helen. There was a tone of peremptory hospitality in her letter which made Helen, in spite of her affection for them, dread the return of her old friends. She was much more comfortable with Clara Kingsbury, who had become the friend of her adversity, who realized it, and took it seriously; and she could see that it was still a freakish piece of willfulness to the Butlers. Marian somehow treated her as if she were a little girl, and rather an absurd little girl. She knew that she could right herself against Marian's assumptions of sincerity and wisdom but she shrank weakly from the effort, and she foresaw that she should not have the physical strength to make it.

In fact, she yielded at once when Marian drove out to Cambridgeport and took possession of her. She was not even to be allowed to wait till they were settled at Beverly, but was to go down with them; and Marian came down from the hotel where they were stopping for the day to fetch her.

Marian had always been large and blonde. She now showed a tendency to stoutness; she was very English in dress, and she had the effect of feeling as if she looked very English. In fact, she had visited so much at great English houses that she was experiencing the difficulty, which sometimes besets American sojourners in England, of distinguishing herself from the aristocracy, or at least the landed gentry. The illusion shortly yields to American air, but it is very perfect while it lasts.

Marian had a nurse for her little boy, and she called this nurse by her surname; she was quite English in her intonation, and

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she was, at the same time, perfectly honest and unaffected in these novel phases, and as thoroughly good and kind-hearted as ever. But her handsome bulk and her airs of a large, strange world made Helen feel undersized and provincial; in spite of all she could do, and in spite of her accurate knowledge of just what Marian Ray was and had always been, her friend made her feel provincial. She had been almost two years out of society, and for the last six months her relations had been with inferior people. She asked herself if she might not really have retrograded in mind and manners, and she gladly escaped from Marian to the others; to the exuberant welcome of the younger girls; to the pitying tenderness of Mrs. Butler; to the quiet and cordial simplicity of Ray,—his quiet seemed to have been intensified by absence. But what went most to her heart was Captain Butler's tremulous fondness, and the painful sense that the others were watching, whether they would or not, for the effect of his broken health upon her. He brightened at meeting Helen; they said afterward that he had not seemed for a long time so much like himself; and they left him to entertain her while they made a show of busying themselves about other affairs. It was probably an indulgence they had agreed to grant his impatience. He kept her little, worn hands in his, and looked at her forefinger, roughened with the needle, and deeply tinted with the stuffs in which she worked, and it seemed to be this sight that suggested his words:

"I managed very badly for you, my dear! If it hadn't been for my hesitation when I first doubted that rascal, I could have made terms for you with the creditors. I don't wonder you would never accept help from me! It's very good of you to come to us now."

"Oh, Captain Butler, you break my heart! Did you think *that* was the reason? I only wished to help myself. Indeed, indeed, that was all. I wouldn't have accepted any provision from the creditors."

"You need never have known it. That could have been arranged," said Captain Butler.

"It's been a mercy, the work—my only mercy!" cried the girl. "*Oh*, Captain Butler!" She caught her hands away and hid her face in them, and let the black wave of her sorrow go over her once more. When it was past, she lifted her dim eyes to those of the old man. "Did you read about it—all about it?"

"Yes, my dear, and many a night I've lain awake and thought about it!"

"Did you ever think that he might still be alive—that perhaps those men came away and left him, and he escaped somehow? Don't tell me that you did, if you never did!"

The old man remained silent.

"Then they must have killed him—to get that money——"

"No; probably they told the truth. It might very well have happened as they said," pleaded Captain Butler.

"Ah, you know it couldn't!"

Again his hopeless silence assented, and Helen said, with a long, deep sigh:

"That is all. You know how I must have felt. There is no use talking of it. I only wanted to see you and speak of it just once, because I knew you would know. Thank you!" she said, with a wandering pitifulness that forced a groan from her old friend's lips.

"For crushing your last hope, Helen?"

"Ah! it is better not to have false hopes."

She stole her hands back into his, and after awhile she began to tell him quietly of her life, and what she had done and expected to do; and he gave her the comfort of his fatherly praise, in which there was no surprise or foolish admiration, such as afflicted her in most people's knowledge of her efforts.

"I don't have to work very hard," she explained, in answer to a question of his; "not harder than I wish; and I have got to working at last as other people do who earn their living, without thinking at all that it's I that am doing it. That's a comfort—a great comfort. And I know my trade, and I'm sure that I do good work. Do you remember when I told you that I should be a milliner if I were ever left to take care of myself?"

"I remember, Helen."

They were both silent; then she said, with a light sigh:

"I'm only feeling a little fagged now."

"You must stay with us, Helen," began Captain Butler.

"I shall be glad enough to stay awhile," she answered, evasively, and in her own mind she had already fixed the term.

It was inevitable, perhaps, that she should extend the term. The summer was a vacant time, at best, and she could let the luxury of Captain Butler's house flatter her feeble health into strength again without such a bad conscience as she would have had if she felt that she was spoiling her future, or if she had got back her strength very rapidly. The family did not see many people, and only saw them in a quiet informal way in which Helen could share. The world, with which she had never had any quarrel, took her back kindly enough; it discreetly suppressed its curiosity; it spoke of bonnets and ribbons in her presence with a freedom that was wiser and politer than an avoidance of such topics would have been;

it sent her invitations to little luncheons and low teas, and accepted her excuses gracefully, and always renewed the invitations, just as if she had come.

The old affection enfolded and enfeebled her. It was quite as bad as she had feared. She said to herself sometimes that it would be better to break off at once and go back to Margaret's; but she did not do so. The thought of the little wooden house baking beside the dust of Limekiln avenue and her own low chamber gathering heat and mosquitoes from day to day under the slope of the slated mansard opposed itself to the actuality of the Butler cottage, with its wide verandas that looked seaward through cool breaks of foliage on the lawn dropping smoothly to the bowlders on the beach; with its orderly succession of delicate meals; with the pretty chintzed and muslined room in which she seemed to drowse her life away, safe from the harms that had hunted her so long; and she felt how easy it would be to accept indefinitely the fond hospitality that claimed her. She said that she must not; but in the meantime she did. She had the soft, feline preference for sunny exposures and snug corners which is to blame for so much frailty of purpose, or so much purposeless frailty in women; and now she was further weakened by ill-health. She stayed on and on, in spite of the feeling that they all regarded her as a poor, broken thing, who could no longer be the ideal of the young girls, or the equal friend of Marian.

Mrs. Ray was much preoccupied with her baby, with the house that Ray had decided to build, with the friends abroad from whom she heard, and to whom she wrote. She carried with her an impression of wealth, an odor of opulence, which accorded well with her affluent personality; she accepted her lot of rich woman with a robust satisfaction which would have been vulgar, except for her incorruptible good-heartedness. She never talked of money, but she was a living expression of large expenditure; and in discussing the plans of her new house with Helen, she had an unconsciousness of cost, as related to questions of convenience or beauty, which went further to plunge Helen into hopeless poverty than any boast of riches could have done. Her manner was none the less effective for her assumption that Helen was equally able to pay for such a house. She was not planning altogether for her own comfort and splendor, though these were duly provided for; but she was looking after the well-being of everybody in her household, and she was as willing to lavish upon the servants' quarters as her own.

"I think it's barbaric," she said, "to make those poor creatures, because they do our work, pass their days in holes in the ground and coops under the roof, and I'm determined that they shall be decently housed, with me at least. I'm making the architect work out this idea—it was something I talked over—with—" she added, with the effect of feeling it absurd to shrink from saying it—"Lord Rainford."

They both continued quietly looking at the plan, but the word had been spoken, and they no longer talked of the servants' quarters in Marian's house. Helen leaned back in her chair, with her listless hands in her lap, and Marian took up the work she had laid down before unfolding the plan.

"When did you see him last?" asked Helen.

"Oh, he came to see us off at Liverpool," returned Marian.

"Was he—well?"

"Yes, as well as he usually is. I believe he's never very strong, though he's never in a bad way. He's much better than he used to be."

Helen was silent. Then she began, as if involuntarily, "Marian"—and stopped.

"Well?"

She was forced to go on.

"Did you know ——"

"He told Ned. Now, Helen," she added quickly, "I promised Ned not to open this subject with you!"

"You haven't," returned Helen, with quiet sadness. "*I* opened it. I knew that we should have to speak of it some time. I feel that I was not to blame, and I have never felt sorry for anything but his—disappointment."

"He never blamed you. He understood just how it happened, and how he had mistaken you. He is the soul of delicate appreciation."

"Yes, I know that."

"And his only trouble was that he should have forced you to say that you were engaged."

"Yes."

"And I don't believe that any of us grieved more sincerely for you than he did."

"Oh, I believe it."

"Well," said Marian, breaking her needle in expression of her resolution, "I wont talk with you about Lord Rainford, Helen; for I can only talk with you in one way about him, and I promised Ned not to do that!"

"What way?" asked Helen.

"You know!"

"Now," cried Helen, "you must tell me all about it! If I didn't believe that I had suffered as much as he, I couldn't forgive

myself. How did he find out about—about —Robert?" She whispered the last word.

"We told him!"

"And he was sorry for me—he ——"

"Yes."

"How kind he is!"

"Yes, he is kind," said Marian. "He's a good deal changed since he was here." Helen looked the interest which she did not otherwise express, and Marian continued: "He's giving up a good many of his wild, Utopian ideas about democracy, and all that kind of thing. You know at one time—before he first came out to America—he thought of dividing up his estates among the laborers on them."

"What a strange idea!"

"Yes. But there was some legal obstacle to that,—I don't know what,—and now he's devoting himself to making his people comfortable in the station where he finds them. He conforms a great deal more than he used to, in every way. I think his acquaintance with America did him good: he saw what a humbug democracy and equality really were. He must have seen that *nobody* practically believed in them; and we must say this for the English, that they're too honest to get any pleasure merely from the names of things. He must have found that people here were just as anxious about position and all that sort of thing as they are in England."

"He seemed very much puzzled by it," said Helen. "I couldn't understand why."

"Because he was very sincere; the English are all sincerer than we are. They accept rank and royalty, and carry it out in good faith; and we accept democracy, and then shirk the consequences. That's what Ned says. I wonder that the Englishmen who have been here, or seen us running after titles abroad, can keep from laughing in our faces! And I *don't* wonder that Lord Rainford was cured of his fancies in America. Why, he actually, at one time, was a sort of republican!"

"A very curious sort," said Helen. "He said that Americans were all commoners."

Marian paused.

"Did he say that? Well," she added, with heroic resolution, "I suppose we are."

"I don't think so," said Helen. "Or at least, it wasn't delicate of him to say so."

"I don't believe he meant anything by it. He gave us to understand—or Ray, at least —that he particularly admired you for your courage in earning your own living, and being no more ashamed of your work than if you were noble."

"Yes," said Helen, thoughtfully; "I suppose it might be natural for him, if he had those notions, to idealize us here, just as it would be for one of us to idealize them: it would be his romance."

"Certainly," said Marian, with eager assent, as if this mood ought to be encouraged in Helen, "that is just the way."

"And perhaps," Helen went on, "it would have been better for me if I had been such a girl as he supposed—trying to help myself because I respected work, and all that. But I wasn't."

"Of course not."

"I was merely doing it because I couldn't bear to be a burden to any one; and I've never had any higher motive."

"And I'm sure it's high enough," said Marian, "and crazy enough, to suit any one," she added. "He would like it all the better when he found out what it really was; especially now that his own ideas have changed a little."

"He was an aristocrat at heart all the time," returned Helen. "If I had been born to work for my living, like the poor girls whom I make bonnets for ——"

"It would have been another thing, quite. We're all inconsistent. I don't deny it. There's no merit in working for a living, whatever disgrace there is in not doing it. You don't find your Bridgets and Norahs, or your Sadies and Mamies so very superior to human weakness that you wish the rest of us to form ourselves on the pattern of working-girls."

"Oh, no," said Helen, with humorous sadness. "They're poor silly things, most of them, and as full of prejudice and exclusiveness as any one. I've never seen distinctions in society so awful as the distinction between shop-girls and parlor-girls. Their differences seem such a burlesque of ours that, sometimes, I can hardly help laughing at the whole thing. I supposed once that all work-people were on a level; but really I had no idea of inequality till I came down to them. I dare say," she added, "Lord Rainford's experience in coming down to *us* must have been something like it. But it didn't make it any pleasanter to have him suggest his surprise. And I don't know that I need feel particularly flattered at his singling me out for praise because I choose to help myself rather than be wholly dependent—I've always been partly so. It isn't a thing, as you say, that I deserve the least credit for."

"I never said that about you," protested Marian, "and I do think it's a credit to you —or would be, if there were any necessity for it."

"Any necessity for it?"

"I *will* speak now," cried Marian, "hospitable or inhospitable; and I don't see how it

has anything to do with it." Helen understood perfectly that these enigmatical sentences were the report, so far as they went, of some discussion between Marian and her husband, and that she was now about to break some promise she had made him out of half-conviction. "Do you expect, Helen Harkness, to go back to that horrid shanty, and spend the rest of your life in making servants' bonnets?"

"Yes — till I have learnt how to do better work."

"Well, then, I think it's a shame!" Helen drew herself up, but Marian did not quail. "I think that you might have had some little consideration for us — for all your friends — if you had none for yourself. Why should it have been any more disgraceful to accept help from papa — from your father's old friend, who felt toward you just as he does toward his own children — than to take up such work as that? If it comes to that, why shouldn't you be dependent upon us, as well as dependent on them?"

"I'm *not* dependent on them," said Helen, "and you have no right to say such a thing, Marian." But she felt herself physically unable to cope with Marian's misrepresentation, or the no-reasons with which she supported it.

"I say it for your good, and to let you see how it appears to others. It will kill you to go back there. I can't bear to think of it."

"It wont kill me," answered Helen, sadly; "but I shouldn't be frightened by that if it were true. Why do you think I should be so anxious to live?"

"Helen!"

"Yes, seriously. What is there left for me in this world?"

"There's everything — if you would see it so."

"Everything?"

"Helen," said Marian, dropping her hands, with the sewing in them, into her lap, "you force me to break one of the most solemn promises I ever made in my life. But I don't care; if I can do any good by it, I will break it. And I want you to understand that I speak entirely on my own responsibility, and quite against Ned's advice and orders. We saw a great deal of Lord Rainford while we were in England, and everything we saw made us like him more and more."

Helen feebly put herself on the defensive, but without saying anything, and Marian continued:

"He's very greatly improved, in every way. He's better, and he's better-looking."

"I thought him improved the last time he was here," said Helen, impartially.

"He's the kind of man who doesn't show to advantage out of his own surroundings," returned Marian, pursuing her apparent advantage. "We visited him at one of his places, in the country — an old house, of the fifteenth century, that kings and queens had slept in, and that had been in his family almost as long as it had been built. You never saw such a place, Helen! There wasn't much of a park, but there were groups and avenues of beautiful old trees all about, and lawns so fine and close that it seemed as if they had been woven and laid down there just for our visit; ivy all over the front of the house — and such gardens, with peaches, and pears, and roses trained along their high walls — just like Tennyson's poems; and an exquisite *keeping* about everything that I never could make you understand unless you had been there. But everything was so fit, that you felt as if that low English sky was part of the place and the arrangement of the clouds had been studied for it. There wasn't a jar or a hitch in anything, and Lord Rainford himself came in in such a way that you would have thought he was as much a guest as ourselves."

"Yes," assented Helen. "I suppose they've brought the art of all that to perfection."

"It isn't an art with them; it's nature — second nature. This was only one of his places, — the smallest of them, — but there wasn't the least effect of ownership about him; and it wasn't from him, you may be sure, that we found out the good he was doing!"

"No; I could imagine that. He must find a great happiness in it. I'm glad ——"

"Oh, he didn't seem very happy. Not that he made any parade of melancholy. But you can tell whether such a man is happy or not without his saying so, or looking so, even."

Helen was silent, and Marian made a bold push.

"You know what I mean, Helen, perfectly well. He didn't speak to me about it, but he told Ned everything, and Ned told me; and I don't believe he's forgotten you, or ever will."

"He had better, then," said Helen, with a momentary firmness. "He must."

"Didn't you tell him that if you were not engaged? ——"

"Oh, did he say that? Then don't talk to me of his delicacy, Marian! It was shameful to repeat it."

"What nonsense! Mightn't he say it, if he were asking Ned whether he thought you really would have cared for him if you hadn't been?"

"Did he ask that?"

"I don't know. But if he had, would it have been anything so very strange? Not

half so strange as your saying it if you didn't mean it. Why did you say it, Helen?"

"You know well enough, Marian. Because I felt sorry for him; because I had to say something. Did Ned—did Mr. Ray encourage him to think that I meant ——"

"Of *course*, he didn't. He never ventured a word about it. He seems to think, like all the rest of us, *except* me, that you're a very peculiar kind of porcelain, with none of the flaws of common clay, and I can't persuade him you're a girl like other girls. But if you come to the common sense of the matter, I don't see why Lord Rainford shouldn't have supposed you meant what you said, and that when it was all over ——"

"Marian!"

"Why he shouldn't have begun to have some hopes again. I'm speaking for your good, Helen, and I'm going to speak plainly. I *don't* see why you shouldn't marry him now! If you have no pity for yourself, if you *prefer* to go on with the wretched life you've planned, I don't see why you shouldn't have a little compassion for him. You're spoiling his life as well as your own."

Helen had to struggle from under the crushing weight of this charge by an effort that resulted in something like levity.

"Oh, I don't know that it's spoiling his life. He seemed to care for me as an element of social and political reform, and wanted to marry me because I illustrated a theory. Perhaps, if you told him I didn't really illustrate it, he would be quite willing to accept the situation!"

She left Marian where she was sitting, and the subject—for that day. But the next week Ray went off to town by a train earlier than usual one morning, and Marian went restlessly about the house. The moment she found herself alone with Helen, she began, abruptly:

"Helen, I wont have you thinking it's the same thing, my talking to you the other day about Lord Rainford, as it would be if Robert Fenton had lived."

"No," said Helen, recognizing the fact that it had seemed so to her.

"I wish to talk as if he never had lived."

"You can't do that!"

"Yes, I can; for now it *is* the same, so far as Lord Rainford is concerned. If you said anything to make him believe that it would have been different, if you had not been engaged, then you owe him another chance. If you ever did or said anything to encourage him ——"

"Encourage him!"

"Without knowing it—but you can't deny that he might have thought you encouraged him deliberately that first day ——"

"No," said Helen, with a guilty sense that did not suffer her to protest against Marian's cruelty in going back to that.

"Then I say you *must* listen to him. Helen, I'm speaking entirely for your good. I didn't like him at first, either; but now I know how nice he really is, I *do* want you to reconsider! You would be happy with him; he would make any woman happy, and he would be simply in heaven with you. And you're adapted to the life you would lead in England. You could be fashionable or unfashionable, just as you liked; and if you wanted to be useful, to do good, and that sort of thing, you'd have every chance in the world. You'd be a great success, Helen, in every way. I do *want* America to be well represented over there! And don't you see what a great thing his offering himself to you is? It's almost unprecedented! I hardly know any other American girl who hasn't been married for her money in Europe; they're *always* married for their money, even by cheap little Continental counts and barons; and for an English lord to marry a *poor* American girl, why, it's like an American man marrying a woman of rank, and that *never* was heard of! I want you to look at it on all sides, Helen; and that's the reason I'm almost perjuring myself in talking to you of it at all. I did promise Ned so solemnly; but if I didn't speak now, I shouldn't have another chance before—"

She suddenly stopped herself, and Helen, who had been borne down by her tide of words, lifted her head again: "Before what, Marian?"

"Before he comes!" cried Marian, hysterically. "He's coming here to-day!"

Helen rose.

"Then I must go," she said, quietly. "It would be indelicate, it would be indecent, for me to be here. I wonder, Marian, you could set such a trap for me."

Marian forgave the offensive charge to Helen's excitement. "Trap," she repeated. "Do you call it a trap, when I might have let him come without saying a word to you? I *wanted* to do it! And I should have had a perfectly good excuse; for we didn't know ourselves that he was coming, till this morning. He wrote us from New York, and he started for Boston last night. I didn't even know he was in the country—indeed, I didn't!" she added, beginning to quail, woman as she was, under the awfulness of the reproach in Helen's eyes. "We couldn't tell him not to come! How could we tell him not to come? There wasn't even time!"

"Yes," said Helen, brokenly, "I know. I don't blame you. But you see that I can't stay."

"No, I don't," retorted Marian. "I don't see anything of the kind."

"It would be shameful—it would be a trap for *him*."

"He's a man, and he'll never dream of such a thing; he's a gentleman, and he *wont* think so!"

"But *I* shall," returned Helen, definitively. "It will look as if I had been waiting for him here; as if I wished to see him. It leaves me no freedom; it binds me hand and foot. If he spoke to me again, what *could* I say? Don't you see, Marian?"

"No, I don't," said Marian. But she denied with her lips only.

"No matter; it's quite time I was back with Margaret. I will get ready, and go up to Boston at once."

"Helen! And when he's crossed the ocean to see you?"

"If he's done that, it's all the more reason why I shouldn't see him. He had no right to come. It was very presumptuous: it was unfeeling."

"You encouraged him to believe that if you had not been engaged to Robert Fenton you would have accepted him. What was he to think? Perhaps he felt that, as a gentleman, he was *bound* to come."

Helen panted, breathless. "I must go away," was all she could say at last.

"Oh, very well!" cried Marian. "You see how awkward you make it for us."

"I know. I'm very sorry. But I can't help it. How soon do you expect him?"

"Ned went up to Boston to meet him. I don't know which train they'll be down on," returned Marian, coldly.

"Then there isn't a moment to be lost," said Helen, hurrying to the door. "Will you let Jerry take me to the station?" she asked, formally.

"Oh, certainly," replied Marian, with equal state. A few minutes later Mrs. Butler came to Helen's room, her gentle eyes full of sympathetic trouble. "Marian is feeling terribly. *Must* you go, dear?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Butler. Don't you see that I must?" returned Helen, without desisting from her packing, while Mrs. Butler sank upon a chair near the trunk.

"Yes, of course; Marian sees it, too; if you are fully resolved not—to give him any hope. But she thought—we all thought—that perhaps—Helen, dear, I don't wish to pry into your affairs; I have no right——"

"Oh, Mrs. Butler!" cried Helen, dropping an armful of clothes chaotically into her trunk, in order that she might give the tears, with which she was bedewing them, free course upon Mrs. Butler's neck, "you have all the right in the world. Say anything you please to me; ask anything! How should I take it wrong?"

"There's nothing I wish to ask, dear. If you're quite firm—if your mind is *entirely* made up—there's nothing to say. I wouldn't urge you to anything. But we all have such a regard for him that if you should —— It seemed such a fortunate way out of all your struggles and sorrows——"

"And Robert? Do *you* ask me to forget him, Mrs. Butler, so soon?"

"Oh, no, my dear! I should be the last to do that! But wives lose their husbands and husbands their wives, and marry again. They don't forget their dead; but in this world we can't live for the dead; we must live for the living. Don't look at it as if it were forgetting him or betraying him in any way. As long as you live, you *must* understand that—he can be nothing to you!"

"Oh, I *do* understand it," sobbed the girl. "My heart has ached it all out, long ago, and night and day I know it. And that's what makes me wish I were dead, too."

Mrs. Butler ignored this outburst. "And this young man is so good—and he is so true to you——"

"Oh, is that the reason I should be untrue to myself?"

"No, dear, it isn't any question of that. It's merely a question of examining yourself about it, of making sure of your own mind when you see him again. The children are all romantic about it because it's a title, and they like to think of a splendid marriage for you; but if it were only that, I should be very sorry. I've seen enough of splendid marriages, and I know what risks American girls take when they marry out of their own country and their own kind of thinking and living. But this isn't the same thing, Helen—indeed, it isn't. He likes you *because* you're American and *because* you're poor; and the last thing he thinks of is his title. No, dear. If he were some penniless young American, he couldn't be any better or simpler. Mr. Butler and I agreed about that."

"Captain Butler!" cried Helen, with the tragedy of *Et tu, Brute*, in her tones, and the effect of preparing to fall with dignity.

"Yes. He says he never saw any young man whom he liked better. They formed quite a friendship. He was very sweet and filial with Mr. Butler; and was always making him talk about you!"

A throe of some kind passed through Helen, and the arm round Mrs. Butler's neck tightened convulsively.

"I never approved," continued the elder lady, "of what people call marrying for a

home; but I thought — we all thought — that if, when you saw him again, you felt a little differently about everything, it would be such an easy way out of all your difficulties. We approve — all of us —of your spirit, Helen; we quite understand how you shouldn't wish to be dependent, and we admire your courage and self-respect, and all that; but we *don't* like to see you working so hard — wearing your pretty young life away, wasting your best days in toil and sorrow."

"Oh, Mrs. Butler! the sorrow was sent, I don't know why; but the work was sent to save me. If it were not for that, I should have gone mad long ago!"

"But couldn't anything else save you, Helen? That's what we want you to ask yourself. Can't you let the sunlight come back to you? ——"

"No, no!" cried Helen, with hysterical self-pity; "I must dwell in the valley of the shadow of death all my life. There is no escape for me. I'm one of those poor things that I used to wonder at — people always in black, always losing friends, always carrying gloom and discouragement to every one. You must let me go. Let me go back to my work and my poverty. I will never leave it again. Don't ask me. Indeed, indeed, it can't be; it mustn't be! For pity's sake, don't speak of it any more!"

Mrs. Butler rose and pressed the girl to her heart in a motherly embrace. "I wont, dear," she said, and went out of the room.

Helen heard her encounter some one who had just come up the stairs, at the head of which a briefly murmured colloquy took place, and she heard in Jessie Butler's penetrating whisper, "Will she stay? Will she accept him? Is she going to be Lady Rainford? Oh, I hope ——"

"Hush, Jessie!" came in Mrs. Butler's whisper; and then there was a scurry of feet along the matting and a confusion of suppressed gayety, as if the girls were running off to talk it over among themselves.

Helen would not make allowance for the innocent romance it was to them. She saw it only as a family conspiracy that the Butlers ought all to have been ashamed of, and she began again to pack her trunk, with a degree of hauteur which, perhaps, never before attended such a task. Her head was in a whirl, but she worked furiously for a half hour, when she found herself faint, and was forced to lie down. She would have liked to ring and ask for a biscuit and a glass of wine, but she would not; she could not consent to add the slightest thing to that burden of obligation toward the Butlers, which she now found so odious, and on which they had so obviously counted to control her action and force her will.

She lay on the bed, growing more and more bitter against them, and quite helpless to rise. She heard a carriage grate up to the door on the gravel outside, and she flung a shawl over her head to shut out the voices of Ray and Lord Rainford; she felt that if she heard them she must shriek; and she cried to herself that she was trapped, trapped, trapped!

Some one knocked lightly at her door, and Marian entered in answer to a reckless invitation from the pillow. It seemed an intolerable piece of effrontery, and Helen wondered that Marian was able to put on that air of cold indifference in proposing to ask her to come down and meet Lord Rainford before he had been in the house ten minutes.

"Helen," said Marian, in a stiff tone of offense, "Mrs. Wilson is here, and wants you to come over and take lunch with her. I couldn't do less than promise to give you her message. Shall I say that you're lying down with a headache?"

"Oh, not at all, Marian," said Helen; "there's nothing the matter with me. I'm perfectly well. Please tell Mrs. Wilson that I shall be very glad to come, and that I'll be down directly."

She was already twisting up her hair before the glass with a vigor of which she could not have believed herself capable. But the idea of flight, of escape, inspired her; in that moment she could have fought her way through overwhelming odds of Butlers; her lax nerves were turned to steel. "Marian," she said, "I will ask Mrs. Wilson to drive me to the station this afternoon, and I'll be very glad if you can send my trunk there."

"Oh, certainly," said Marian.

"I know I'm making it horrid for you," added Helen, beginning to relent a little, now that she felt herself safe, "but I can't help it. I must go, and I must go at once. But Mrs. Wilson is such a kind old thing, and she's asked me so often, and I can easily make her understand that I must come now or not at all, and if she knows that you're expecting other people your letting me go to her for lunch the last day wont seem strange."

"Oh, not at all," said Marian, with a slight laugh, whose hollowness was lost upon Helen.

Mrs. Butler said she was to come and visit them as soon as they got back to town; she kissed her as lovingly as ever, and the Captain was affectionately acquiescent; but the young girls were mystified, and Marian was cold. Helen tried to make it up to her by redoubled warmth in parting; but this was not to be done, and as soon as she was out of the

house she began to feel how ungracious she had been to Marian, who had certainly done everything she could, and had behaved very honorably and candidly. In the undercurrent of revery which ran along evenly with Mrs. Wilson's chat, she atoned to Marian with fond excuses and explanations, and presently she found herself looking at the affair from the Butlers' point of view. It did not then appear so monstrous; she even relented so far as to imagine herself, for their sake and for Lord Rainford's, consenting to what seemed so right and fit to them. She saw herself, in pensively luxurious fancy, the lady of all that splendid circumstance at which Marian had hinted, moving vaguely on through years of gentle beneficence and usefulness, chivalrously attended in her inalienable sadness by her husband's patient and forbearing devotion; giving him, as she could from a heart never his, and now broken, respect and honor that might warm before her early death to something like tenderness. It was a picture that had often been painted in romance, and it satisfied her present mood as well as if its false drawing and impossible color were true to any human life that had ever been or could be.

By the time she reached Mrs. Wilson's cottage Ray drove up to the Butlers', and met the surmise of his wife and sister-in-law with monosyllabic evasion till he could be alone with Marian. "I didn't bring him," he explained then, "because the more I thought of it, the less I liked our seeming to trap Helen into meeting him."

"Oh, indeed!" said Marian. "That was her own word!"

"Then you told her? I might have expected that. Well, it was quite right. What did she say?"

"Everything unpleasant that she very well could. You would have thought that really we had taken the most unfair advantage of her, and had placed her where she couldn't say no, if she wished."

"I could see how it might look that way to her," said Ray, "and that's what I was afraid of. It was extremely awkward every way. We couldn't very well tell him not to come, and we couldn't very well tell her to go: the only thing I was clear of was, that we must tell her that he was coming, and let her decide upon her own course."

"That's what I did, and she decided very quickly — she's gone."

Ray looked worried: "It's tantamount to turning her out-of-doors, I suppose; and yet I don't know what else we could have done. Well! I might as well have brought him straight here, and saved myself all the diplomacy of getting old Wilson to take him home for the night."

Marian did not for the present ask what was the diplomacy which Ray had used. "Mr. Wilson!" she shrieked. "You got *Mr. Wilson* to take him home for the night?"

"Yes," returned her husband, quietly. "What is so very remarkable about my getting *Wilson* to do it?"

She did not answer, but burst from her door with a cry for Mrs. Butler that brought all her sisters also. "Mother, Lord Rainford has gone home with Mr. Wilson!"

Mrs. Butler was dumb with sensation that silenced all her daughters but Jessie. This young lady, not hitherto noted in the family for her piety, recognized a divine intention in the accident: "*I* call it a special Providence!" she exclaimed, ecstatically.

"What is it all about?" inquired Ray.

"Oh, nothing," replied his wife. "Nothing at all! Merely that Helen was in such haste to get away that she accepted an invitation to lunch with Mrs. Wilson, and has just driven over there with her. I suppose she'll accuse us of having plotted with the Wilsons to 'trap' her, as she calls it."

"Marian!" said Mrs. Butler, with grave reproach.

"I don't care, mother!" retorted Marian, with tears of vexation in her eyes. "Can't you see that she'll accept him over there, and that I shall be cheated out of having brought them together, when I had set my heart on it so much? I didn't suppose Helen Harkness *could* be such a goose, after all she's been through!"

"My dear," said her mother, "I don't wish you to speak so of Helen; and as for her accepting him — Children," she broke off to the younger girls, "run away!" and they obeyed as if they had really been children. "Edward," she resumed, "how in the world *did* you contrive with Lord Rainford?"

"Well, Mrs. Butler," said Ray, "with men, there was only one way. He had told me so much, you know, that I could take certain things for granted, and I made a clean breast of it at last, on the way home. I told him she was here, and that I thought it wasn't quite fair bringing him into the house without giving her some chance to protest — or escape."

"It was terrible," said Mrs. Butler, "but I see that you had to do it. Go on."

"And he quite agreed with me that it wouldn't be fair to either of them. I don't know that I should have spoken if I had not seen old Wilson in the car. I asked him if he wouldn't give Rainford a bed for the night; and he was only too glad. That's all. I told

him he could walk over here this evening, and meet her on equal terms."

"That wont be necessary now," said Marian, bitterly. "I congratulate you on the success of your diplomacy, Ned!"

"Perhaps it *is* providential, as Jessie says," murmured Mrs. Butler.

"Oh, *very* providential!" cried Marian. "It's as if it had all been arranged by the providence of the theater. I *hate* it! Instead of taking place romantically and prettily, among her old friends, she's obliged it to take place farcically, by a vulgar accident, where there can be nothing pleasant about it."

"Why, Marian," said her mother. "Do you think she will accept him?"

"Accept him? Of *course*, she will! She is dying to do it,—I could see that all the time, and I could hardly have patience with her for not seeing it herself. She's old enough."

"Well, never mind about that," said Ray, authoritatively. "We have done what we all saw to be right, and we must let the consequences take care of themselves."

"Oh, it's very easy to say that," cried Marian. "But for my part, I'm sorry I did right."

"Well, your doing wrong in this case wouldn't have helped. My doing right alone was enough to put everything at sixes and sevens."

XIX.

A SERIES of trivial chances brought Helen and Lord Rainford together alone, before she could get away from the Wilsons' after lunch. The first train for town did not start till three, and it was impossible that she should shut herself up in her room and avoid him until that time. In fact, she found that there was nothing in his mere presence that forced her to any such defensive measure, while there was much in the fatal character of the situation, as there is in every inevitable contingency, to calm if not to console her; and the sense of security that came from meeting him by accident, where she was perfectly free to say no, and could not seem by the remotest possible implication to have invited an advance from him, disposed her in his favor. They met certainly with open surprise, but their surprise was not apparently greater than that of the Wilsons' in bringing their guests together; and when Mr. Wilson explained that he owed the pleasure of Lord Rainford's company for the night to a domestic exigency at the Butlers', Helen divined that Ray's thoughtfulness had given her this chance of escape, and wondered if Lord Rainford was privy to it. But he was listening with his head down to Mrs. Wilson's explanation of the chance that had given them the pleasure of Miss Harkness's company; she wondered if he were wondering whether she knew that he was coming and had fled on that account; but it was impossible to guess from anything he said or looked, and she began to believe that Ray had not told him she was with them. With impartial curiosity she took note of the fact that his full-grown beard had unquestionably improved his chin; it appeared almost as if something had been done for his shoulders; certainly his neck was not so long; or else she had become used to these traits, and they did not affect her so much as formerly. More than once during the lunch she thought him handsome; it was when his face lighted up in saying something pleasant about seeing America again. He pretended that even twenty-four hours of American air had made another man of him. Mr. Wilson said that he did not know that there had been any American air for a week, and Lord Rainford said that he did not mind the heat; he believed he rather liked it.

"But you certainly haven't got it to complain of here," he added.

"Oh, no, it's always cool on the North Shore," Mrs. Wilson explained. "We shall not let you go home this afternoon, Miss Harkness," she turned to say to Helen; "you would certainly perish in Cambridge."

"Port," added Helen, with inflexible conscience; she never permitted herself or any one else the flattering pretense that she lived in Old Cambridge. "You must," she continued, quietly. "I've made all my preparations." This fact was final with a woman, and Mrs. Wilson could only make a murmur of distress, and beg her at least to go by a later train; but Helen was firm also about the train; she said her trunk would be at the station, and she must go then. If she had her formless intention that this should be discouraging to Lord Rainford, she could see no such effect in him; he remained unmoved, and she began to question whether, at sight of her, he might not have lost whatever illusion he had cherished concerning her. She said to herself that she knew she had changed, that she had grown older and thinner, and plainer every way. If this were so, it was best; she hoped — with a pang — that it was so. She ought to have thought of it before; it might have saved her from giving Marian pain. Of course. he had entirely ceased to care for her.

After lunch, Mr. Wilson betrayed signs of heaviness, which obliged his wife to the confession that nothing could keep Mr. Wilson awake after lunch. She sent him away for

his nap, and she was going to lead her guests down over the lawn for a look at the sea from the rocks by the shore, when a servant came with some inexorable demand upon her.

"You know the way, Miss Harkness," she said. "Take Lord Rainford down there, and I will be with you in a moment."

She hurried away with the maid, and Helen descended the piazza steps and sauntered past the beds of foliage-plants across the grass with her charge. He did not leave her in a moment's doubt of his mind or purpose after they were beyond hearing.

"Do you know why I have come back?" he asked, abruptly, and striving to catch the eyes she averted.

"How should I?—" she began, but he spared her the sin of even an insinuated ignorance.

"I came back for you," he said, with a straightforward sincerity that shamed her out of all evasion.

"Then I am sorry for that," she replied, frankly, "for you had better have forgotten me."

"That wasn't possible. I couldn't have forgotten you when I knew you were not free; how could I forget you now? For the last year my life has been a count of days, hours, minutes. If I have come too soon, tell me, and I will go away till you let me come again. I can wait!"

He spoke with the strength but not the vehemence of his passion, and she stayed her fluttered nerves against his quiet. If it were to be reasonably talked over, and dismissed like any other impossibility, it would be very simple; she liked him for making it so easy; she felt humbly grateful to him; she imagined that she could reconcile him to his fate.

"You must forgive me," he added; "if what I say is painful, I will spend my life in atoning for it."

"There is nothing to forgive on *my* part. If you can have patience with me."

"Patience?"

"Oh, I don't mean what you think!"

"I hope I haven't seemed impatient. I couldn't excuse myself if I had. No one could have respected, revered your bereavement more than I; and if I thought that I had sinned against it in coming now ——"

"No—no—"

"It seemed to me that I had a kind of warrant—permission—in something you said—something, nothing—that took away all hope and then became my hope ——"

"Oh," she trembled, "what *did* I say?"

"Nothing," he said, "if you remember nothing. I abide by what you say now."

She was thrilled with an æsthetic delight in his forbearance and with a generous longing to recognize it. "I know what you mean, and I blame myself more than any words can say for letting you suppose— It was my culpable weakness— I only meant to save you —to spare you all I could!" A dismay came into his face that she could not endure to see. "Oh, *don't* look so! Did you—did you really come back on account of that?"

"I misunderstood you—I see. Not perhaps at first; but afterward. I came back because I thought you told me that, if you had been free, you might have answered me differently then."

"Yes, that's what the words *said;* but not what they *meant!*" She silently grieved for him, walking a little apart, and not daring to lift her eyes to his face. He would not speak, and she had perforce to go on. "*Why* did you ever care for me?" she implored at last, rushing desperately at the question, as if there might be escape on that side.

"Why?" he echoed.

"Surely the first time we met—what was there to make you even endure me?"

"Endure?" He seemed to reflect. "I don't think you were to blame. But it never was a question of that. You—you were my fancy. I can't tell you better than that. And you have always been so. It isn't for what you did; it isn't for what you said."

It seemed hopeless. They walked on, and they only ceased from walking because they had reached the brink of the rocks beyond which lay the sea. She stood there looking on its glassy levels, which shivered against the rocks at her feet in impulses that were like her own feeble and broken purposes. In a certain way life was past with her; there could be no more of what had been, no longer the romantic tenderness, the heroic vision of love; but there could be honor, faith, affection. The sense of this passed vaguely through her heart, and exhaled at her lips in a long, hopeless sigh.

At the light sound, he spoke again. "But I didn't come back to make good any claim upon you. I came to see you again because I must, and because it seemed as if I had the privilege of speaking once more to you. But perhaps I haven't."

"Oh, certainly, you have that!" she weakly assented.

"I don't urge you to anything. I only tell you again that I love you, and that I believe I always shall. But I don't ask your answer now or at any given time. I can wait your will, and I can abide by it then, whatever your answer is."

A heavy weight was on her tongue, which hindered her from making her answer "No."

A ship lagging by in the offing as if it panted with full sails for every breath of the light breeze, the whole spectacle of the sea, intimated a reproach, poignant as fleeting and intangible. She felt herself drifting beyond her own control, and any keeping would be better than none; she longed for rest, for shelter; she no longer cared for escape. There was no reason why she should refuse the love offered her. She could not doubt its truth; its constancy even charmed her a little; she was a little in love—pensively, reluctantly—with a love for herself so steadfast, so patient, so magnanimous. The sense of her own insufficiency to herself, the conviction that, after all and at the very most, she was a half success, only even in the sordid and humiliating endeavor which was the alternative, unnerved her.

"Oh, what shall I say?" she asked herself; and then looked up in terror lest she had uttered the words. But she had not. He met her inquiring glance only with a look of sympathy, in which perhaps the hope suggested by her hesitation was beginning to dawn. She appealed to him against himself.

"I wish you had not come back. You have made a great mistake."

His countenance fell again.

"A mistake?"

"Yes, you are mistaken in me. I'm not at all what you think me. If I were that, I shouldn't be here, now, begging you for mercy. If I were not so foolish, so fickle-minded, that no words can describe me, *he* would never have left me; he would have been alive and with me. Oh!" she cried, "I can't let any one else trust me or believe in me for an instant. It isn't as if I were bereft in any common way; it's as if I had killed him!"

Lord Rainford remained so little moved by this assumption of guilt that she added, "Ah, I see you wont believe me!"

"No," he said. "I understood something of that from Ray; and if I hoped only to be your friend—if I knew I was never to see you again—I should still say that you were wrong in blaming yourself now; that you were right then in wishing to make sure of yourself before you married him. It would have been unjust to him to have done less."

"Oh, does it seem so to you?" she implored. "That was the way it seemed to me then."

"And it ought always to seem so. If you've made it my privilege to speak to you of this matter—"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Then I say that I think what you did in that matter ought to be your greatest consolation now. It may be one of those eccentricities which people have found in my way of thinking, but I can't feel less reverently toward marriage than that."

He had never seemed so noble, so lovable even, as at that moment. Her heart turned toward him in a fervent acceptance of the comfort, the support he offered her; it thanked him and rejoiced in him; but it was heavy again with her former dismay when he said, "I don't urge you to any decision. Remember I am always yours, whether you refuse me or not."

She perceived then that it was not really a question of her and Robert, but of her and Lord Rainford, and that the decision to which he did not urge her must rest finally with her. If she could have been taken from herself without her own consent, passively, negatively, it would have been another affair.

She gathered herself together as best she could. "I am acting very weakly, very wrongly. I've no excuse but that this is all a surprise to me. I didn't know you were in this country. I didn't dream of ever meeting you again, till three hours ago, when Mrs. Ray told me you were coming. Then I ran away from her to avoid meeting you. Yes, I had better be frank! It seemed horrible to me that I should meet you in her house; you could never have believed that I hadn't wished to meet you."

"That's what I should be glad to believe, if I could. But I saw—I agreed with Ray—that it might not be leaving you quite free in every way; and so I was glad to accept his suggestion that I should come here first till something could be arranged—till you could be told."

"That was like Mr. Ray," interrupted Helen. "I see how it has all happened; and oh, I'm so sorry it's happened."

The young man turned pale. But he answered courageously, "I'm not. I must know whether there is any hope for me; I must know it from you."

"Yes," she assented, moved by his courage.

"And I should not have gone away without at least making sure that there is none, and that is all I ask you now."

"But if I can't tell you? I must wait—I must think. You must give me time."

"Did I seem to be impatient?" he asked, with exquisite deference and protest.

"No. It must have been my own impatience—I don't know what; and you mustn't try to see me again—unless—" A deep blush dyed her face. She had put some paces between them, with a sort of nervous dread that he might offer his hand in parting. She now said, abruptly, "Good-bye," and turned

and ran up toward the house, leaving him on the rocks by the sea.

Mrs. Wilson met her half-way across the lawn. "I was coming to join you," she began.

"Lord Rainford is there," said Helen.

"Mrs Wilson, I find that I must see Mrs. Ray again before I go to town. Could you let them drive me across, and then to the station?"

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Wilson in the national terms of acquiescence.

(To be continued.)

A MUSK-OX HUNT.

For about twelve months during 1879 and '80, I was traveling by sledge in the arctic regions with a party of twenty persons. During that time we depended for our food, as well as for that of our forty-two dogs, upon the game of the country, twice traversed by us, stretching from the waters of North Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean. The design of subsisting for so long a time upon the game of those bleak, dreary regions entailed a great variety of hunting adventures. And to describe one of the incidents of a hunt after musk-oxen, or musk-sheep as they are sometimes called, is the object of this article.

Our route led us from the northernmost point of Hudson's Bay directly to the nearest available point on Back's Great Fish River, which empties into the Arctic Ocean just south of the large island known as King William's Land, on which island and adjacent mainland Sir John Franklin's party of over a hundred British seamen perished in 1848–49, and whose sad fate it was the object of this expedition, as far as possible, to determine. This route lay directly across country. The bulk of authorities on Arctic sledging, both white and native, bore against long overland sledge journeys, an opinion to which they often gave practical illustration by unnecessary detours to follow salt-water ice or sinuous water-courses. Our course, therefore, had never been traveled by either white men or natives, and the latter, who formed an important element of the expedition, advised against it. The Indians of the north, as I found them, are loath to enter a totally unknown country. They knew almost nothing of the game of the region, so they said, but believed that musk-oxen would be found, and if they proved to be plentiful they were willing to undertake the journey. Accordingly, a preliminary reconnaissance as far as Wager River was made by me in January, 1879, and although no musk-oxen were actually seen, we found abundant traces of them. These facts overcame the objections of the natives, who now readily consented to accompany us. Our party was well armed with the finest breech-loaders and magazine guns, and carried an ample supply of fixed ammunition. The hunting force of the party consisted of four full-grown Eskimo men, and three Eskimo boys, ranging from twelve to eighteen, and the four white men.

We left North Hudson's Bay on the first day of April, 1879, and by the 8th of the month were, according to our natives, in what they termed the musk-ox country, the locality in which they had been accustomed to hunt these huge monsters during winter trips from the sea-coast, where the natives live the greater part of the year. But the musk-cattle of the Arctic are so sparsely distributed that they form only a small part of the game necessary to furnish these northern nomads with their yearly supplies, and they place very little reliance upon them. The annual musk-ox hunt, however, is looked forward to with much interest, and is long in advance the burden of their conversation, while housed in their little snow huts. It is in the sport and excitement of the chase that they find the greatest reward, and not in the meat secured nor in the half-worthless robes that are thus obtained. These robes are almost of no value to them unless they be near some trading station or whale-ships wintering in the ice. To us, however, their huge carcasses were, as food for our three teams of dogs, of great importance compared with that of the reindeer or any other game that we would be likely to fall in with.

On April 9th, we came upon a large trail of musk-cattle. The sign was tolerably old, some six or seven days at least; but one of the peculiarities of the animals is that they will travel very slowly when undisturbed and in a good grazing country, and this same herd, so the Eskimos believed, was not far off; they tried to persuade me with all the vehemence of savage logic to remain a day or two in the vicinity and hunt them, but the larder was still too full to warrant any such delay, and we pushed on.

Again, on the 13th, we came upon the fresh trail of a large herd of these cattle, and I had the hardest work imaginable, persuading these natives to pass on without following it up. The Eskimos have far more excitability in the presence of game or its sign than any other race of people I have encountered, not even excepting the various Indian tribes of our great Western plains.

Before we had fairly gone into camp on the 22d,—and by going into camp on an arctic sledge journey is meant the building of peculiarly constructed domes of snow, or snow-houses, the unharnessing of the dogs, et cetera, —a most furious gale of wind arose, which raged so terribly for five days that even the natives found it prudent not to stay out of the snow-huts for any considerable time; and this enforced idleness reduced our commissary to an alarming minimum. We managed, however, to get away by the 28th, the storm even then only slightly abating, and after traveling nineteen miles in a north-north-west direction we went into camp, the weather somewhat better, but the larder in a reduced condition. Shortly after camping, Ik-queé-sik, my Netschilluk Eskimo guide, who had absented himself while the *igloos*, or snow-houses, were being built, came running excitedly into the village from a distant high hill, the perspiration in huge drops streaming down his brown and dirty face, and with my army signal telescope, full drawn, under one arm. While gasping for breath, he reported that he had seen a herd of eight or ten musk-oxen about four or five miles to the northward, slowly grazing along to the west, and evidently unaware of danger. Everything was put aside, and every Eskimo, man, woman, and child, was soon at the top of a high hill near by, and a dozen dirty and eager natives were clamoring to look through the telescope. We were not long in coming to the decision that the next day should be devoted to securing as many as possible of the long-haired monsters, Ik-queé-sik's discovery having been made too late to risk an attack so near nightfall.

Our dogs, that had been loosened from their harnesses, were now secured to the overturned sledges and to other heavy materials, to prevent their scampering after the game should they scent them in the night, as their ravenous appetites would undoubtedly prompt them to do; while around each animal's nose was closely wound a muzzle of seal or walrus-line thongs, to prevent the usual concert of prolonged howls.

The following morning a heavy drifting fog threatened to spoil our sport and lose us our coveted meat, but we managed to get away soon after eight o'clock, having a party of eleven rifles, with two Eskimo women, two light sledges, and all the dogs. At that hour the great thick clouds seemed to be lifting, but shortly after starting the fog settled down upon us again. After some two or three hours of wandering around in the drifting mist, guiding our movements as much as possible by the direction of the wind, which we had previously determined, we came plump upon the trail, apparently not over ten minutes old, of some six or seven of the animals. Great fears were entertained by the experienced hunters that the musk-oxen had heard our approach, and were now probably "doing their level best" to escape. The sledges were immediately stopped and the dogs rapidly unhitched from them, from one to three or four being given to each of the eleven men and boys, white or native, that were present, who, taking their harnesses in their left hands or tying them in slip-nooses around their waists, started without delay upon the trail, leaving the two sledges and a few of the poorer dogs in charge of the Innuit women, who had come along for that purpose, and who would follow on the trail with the empty sledges as soon as firing was heard. The dogs, many of them old musk-ox hunters, and with appetites doubly sharpened by hard work and a constantly diminishing ration, tugged like mad at their seal-skin harness lines, as they half buried their eager noses in the tumbled snow of the trail, and hurried their human companions along at a flying rate that threatened a broken limb or neck at each of the rough gorges and jutting precipices of the broken, stony hill-land, where the exciting chase was going on. The rapidity with which an agile native hunter can run when thus attached to two or three excited dogs is astonishing. Whenever a steep valley was encountered the Eskimos would slide down on their feet, in a sitting posture, throwing the loose snow to their sides like escaping steam from a hissing locomotive, until the bottom was reached; then, quick as thought, they would throw themselves at full length upon the snow, and the wild, excited brutes would drag them up the other side, where, regaining their feet, they would run on at a constantly accelerating gait, their guns in the meantime being held in the right hand or tightly lashed upon the back.

We had hardly gone a mile in this harum-scarum chase before it became evident that the musk-oxen were but a short distance ahead on the keen run, and the foremost hunters began loosening their dogs to bring the oxen to bay as soon as possible; and then, for the first time, these intelligent creatures gave tongue

ON THE TRAIL.

in deep, long baying, as they shot forward like arrows, and disappeared over the crests of the hills amidst a perfect bewilderment of flying snow and fluttering harness traces. The discord of shouts and howlings told us plainly that some of the animals had been brought to bay not far distant, and we soon heard a rapid series of sharp reports from the breech-loaders and magazine guns of the advanced hunters. We white men arrived just in time to see the final struggle. The oxen presented a most formidable-looking appearance, with their rumps firmly wedged together, a complete circle of swaying horns presented to the front, with great blood-shot eyeballs glaring like red-hot shot amidst the escaping steam from their panting nostrils, and pawing and plunging at the circle of furious dogs that encompassed them. The rapid blazing of magazine guns right in their faces—so close, often, as to burn their long, shaggy hair—added to the striking scene. Woe to the over-zealous dog that was unlucky enough to get his harness line under the hoofs of a charging and infuriated musk-ox; for they will follow up a leash along the ground with a rapidity and certainty that would do credit to a tight-rope performer, and either paw the poor creature to death or fling him high in the air with their horns.

Although we tired and panting white men rested where the first victims fell, Too-loó-ah, my best hunter,—an agile, wiry young Iwillik Eskimo of about twenty-six, with the pluck and endurance of a blooded horse,—and half the dogs pressed onward after the scattered remnants of the herd, and succeeded in killing two more after a hard run for three miles. The last one he would probably not have overtaken if the swiftest dog,

Parseneuk, had not chased him to the edge of a steep precipice. Here a second's hesitation gave the dog a chance to fasten on the ox's heels, and the next second Parseneuk was making an involuntary aërial ascent, which scenes) showed plainly the fights and quarrels in which they had figured. Parseneuk, as a favorite, had been raised and fed in the *igloo*, under the fostering protection of the old squaw, and, being saved the necessity of

AT BAY.

was hardly finished before Too-loó-ah had put three shots from his Winchester carbine into the brute's neck and head, whereupon the two animals came to earth together,—Parseneuk on the soft snow at the bottom of the twenty-foot precipice, fortunately unhurt. Parseneuk was a trim-built animal that I had secured from the Kinnepetoo Eskimos who inhabit the shores of Chesterfield Inlet, being one of the very few tribes of the great Eskimo family, from the Straits of Belle Isle to those of Behring Sea, who live away from the sea-coasts. They subsist principally upon the flesh of the reindeer, and their dogs are adepts in hunting these fleet animals, Parseneuk being particularly swift and intelligent as a hunter. He had been the favorite in the Kinnepetoo family from whom he was purchased, and I had to appease several of them with presents, as indirect damages to their affections. He had a beautiful head, with sleek muzzle and fox-like nose, while his pointed ears peered cunningly forth in strange contrast with the many other dogs that I have met, whose broken and mutilated ears (usually restored in illustrations of Arctic combating for his daily bread, thus preserved his ears.

The chase finished, the half-famished dogs received all they could eat,—their first full feast in over three weeks,—and after loading the two sledges with the remaining meat and a few of the finer robes as mementos and trophies, we returned to our morning's camp, a distance of five or six miles, which we traveled slowly enough, our over-fed dogs hardly noticing the most vigorous applications of the well-applied whip.

The Eskimos with whom I was brought in contact never hunt the musk-oxen without a plentiful supply of well-trained dogs; for, with their help, the hunters are almost certain of securing the whole herd, unless the animals are apprised of the approach, as they were in our encounter with them. When the flying herd has been brought to bay in their circle of defense by the dogs, the Eskimo hunters approach within five or six feet and make sure of every shot that is fired, as a wounded animal is somewhat dangerous, and extremely liable to stampede the herd. A band of these brutes when once stampeded

are much harder to bring to bay the second time; but it may be well to mention that if the hunt is properly managed, such stampedes are extremely rare. When the circle of cattle is first approached, the hunters take care to dispatch first the active and aggressive bulls, conformably to a general hunting maxim followed in all parts of the world. As their members fall, one at a time, the musk-oxen persist in their singular mode of defense, presenting their ugly-looking horns toward as many points of the compass as their remaining numbers will allow. When but two are left, these, with rumps together, will continue the unequal battle; and even the last "forlorn hope" will back up against the largest pile of his dead comrades, or against a large rock or snow-bank, and defy his pursuers, dogs and hunters, until his death. While the calves are too young and feeble to take their places in ranks, which, in general, is about the first eight or nine months of their existence, they occupy the interior space formed by the defensive circle; but when their elders have perished in their defense, with an instinct born of the species, they will form in the same order and show fight.

The calves are born about the month of May in this portion of the country, and have the same dirty-brown, awkward, ugly-looking appearance as the buffalo calves of the Plains. They can be readily captured alive by the Eskimo dogs, if the hunters be near to prevent their being immediately killed by these ravenous animals; but, in these inhospitable regions, it is impossible to furnish them with proper nourishment to sustain life until they can be transferred to a vessel, which, moreover, can only escape from here during the autumn months; consequently, there are no cases on record, I believe, where these most curious animals have been exhibited in the temperate zones. The natives told me they had kept calves alive for a few days, but they sank so rapidly they killed them for food.

Before the Eskimo hunters were provided with the fire-arms of civilization, procured in trade with the Hudson's Bay Company or American whale ships, they used the bow and arrow, or the lance, dashing fearlessly past the brutes as they buried the sharpened bone lance-head deep in some vital part. In the olden times, one of their tests of manly courage was for the hunter to pass within the circle of animals and return, backward and forward, killing one of the oxen at each passage. Of such feats, the old gray-haired men of the tribes still boast.

One old Iwillik Innuit,—so I was told by his tribe, and they are not given to vain boasting,—while traveling with dogs and sledge from one village to another, during his younger days, came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a couple of musk-oxen that had strayed far from their usual haunts. Unhitching his dogs from the sledge, he soon brought the oxen to bay. His only weapon was a "snow-knife," a kind of long-bladed butcher knife which they use to cut the blocks of snow in constructing their houses. Nothing daunted, however, he courageously attacked them, and in a few minutes had secured both.

The danger from these formidable and ferocious-looking brutes is undoubtedly more apparent than real, judging from the few accidents that occur. The dogs are frequently killed by being tossed in the air or pawed to death as already described. The musk-bulls are prevented from following up a dog's trailing harness line by attaching a toggle noose where the trace joins the harness at the root of the dog's tail when the traces are separated from the dogs before they are slipped for the chase; also a sure way is to fold the trace into a "bundle noose" until it rests on the dog's back. The trained Eskimo dog never barks in the presence of game until liberated from his master's hands.

The musk-ox of the Arctic is only about two-thirds the size of the bison or American buffalo, but in appearance he is nearly as large, owing to the immense heavy coat of long hair that covers him down below the knees, as if he were carrying a load of black brush. As his generic name *(Ovibos moschatus)* imports, he seems to form a connection between the ox and the sheep. His peculiar covering makes him look like a huge ram, to which his horns add much of similarity. In fact, this covering partakes of the character of both wool and hair. First, there is a dense coat of blackish-brown hair like that on the hump, shoulders, and fore-legs of the buffalo, which extends over the whole body, and is, I believe, never shed. Below this, there is an under-coating of soft, light brown wool, which is invisible through the first, unless parted by the hands, and which is shed annually. This seems to be a true wool and of the finest texture. A Mr. Pennant, an English gentleman, gives an instance of a man of his, of the name of Jeremy, having woven from this inner fleece of the musk-ox a pair of stockings which were as fine as any of the best silk stockings.

During the summer months, just after this fleece is shed, it is still found matted into the long black hair, and is only prevented from falling to the ground by this interweaving process. The short hair on their foreheads is very often found matted into little balls or

small lumps with ordinary dirt, showing unmistakably that they use their head and horns in tearing up the earth. This they have been seen to do when closely pressed and brought to bay; but they are so seldom hunted that

The native bow is usually made of two or three sections of musk-ox horn, tipped with the shorter horn of the reindeer, the whole being firmly lashed with braid made from the sinews on the superficial dorsal muscles

THE ATTACK.

we may suppose their head and horns are used in removing the snow from the mossy patches where they graze in the winter time. Their horns, from their peculiar shape, would certainly make excellent snow-shovels.

The shape of these weapons of defense is certainly most peculiar. Starting from the median line of the forehead, at which point the horns are joined base to base, they present a thick flat plate, or shield, of corrugated horn almost a foot in width. As these flat shields circle around the eyes about four inches from them, the outer edges are gradually incurvated until about half way between the eyes and nostrils a perfect horn is formed. From here it tapers, curling upward near its extremity with a jauntiness worthy of a Limerick hook. To the natives of the north, these horns afford many implements of the chase and household utensils. They thoroughly understand the well-known principle of steaming the horn in order to render it soft while it is being worked.

of the reindeer, a cluster of these braids about as thick as a man's middle finger running the length of the back of the bow to give it strength and elasticity. I found the Eskimo of King William's Land and vicinity using copper stripped from Sir John Franklin's ships to rivet their bows together. The Eskimo bow is not in any way equal to the Indian bow, seldom being effective at over forty or fifty yards with such game as the reindeer. Except as children's playthings, bows have entirely disappeared, wherever intercourse with the Hudson's Bay Company or American whalers has placed fire-arms in the hands of the natives; and this includes the whole of the great Eskimo family (or Innuits, as they should be properly called), except those stretched along the shores of the Arctic Ocean from about King William's Land on the east to the farthest point reached by American whalers from the Pacific on the west.

A camp is always picked near a lake which the Eskimos know, by certain signs,

MUSK-OX.

has not yet frozen to the bottom. This fact is ascertained by placing their pug noses in close proximity to the upper surface, when the peculiar hues indicate the presence or absence of water. While the most of the party are building their little huts of snow for the night's encampment, some one takes the ice-scoop and chisel, fares out on the lake, and selects a place for his operations. He then digs a hole with the chisel about a foot in diameter, and nearly the same depth, by repeated vertical strokes, and when the chopped ice or débris thus formed commences choking this instrument, it is removed with the ice-scoop; and this alternation of cutting and removal is kept up until the water is reached, at from four to eight or ten feet below. This digging requires far more dexterity than one would at first glance suppose. The amateur finds it impossible to keep it from rapidly narrowing to a point long before the water is reached. Moreover, if the débris be too freely chopped, it becomes reduced to a sort of ice-dust, which will pack in so firmly toward the finishing of the water-hole that the edge of the scoop cannot be wedged under it with its limited play of action. The children and old women of the village may draw many a meal of goodly sized salmon through this avenue, and this necessitates that the hole should be of fair size throughout. One of the most annoying events of my sledge journey was, after a long and unsuccessful attempt to catch something at one of these water-holes, to find myself suddenly at one end and a big salmon at the other of a strong fish-line, separated by an ice-hole through which neither of us could pass.

The range of musk-cattle is quite extensive. They occupy the extreme northern shores of Greenland on both the east and the west

MUSK-COW.

coasts as far as they have been explored; and these two ranges are probably connected around the northernmost point of this great polar continent. They occur on both sides of Smith Sound, and in general frequent arctic America from latitude 60° to 79° north, and from longitude 67° 30′ west almost to the Pacific coast. It is, however, in the great stretch of hilly country lying between North Hudson's Bay and its estuaries on the south and east, and the Arctic Ocean with its intricate channels on the north and west, that these animals are found in the largest herds and greatest numbers. Captain Hall, in his sledge journey from Repulse Bay to King William's Land, in 1869, killed 79 musk-oxen, whose hides alone weighed 873 pounds. Dr. Rae, the celebrated Scotch explorer of this region of the Arctic, also secured large numbers of them. The musk-ox occurs fossilized at Eschscholtz Bay on the north-west coast; and fossil oxen found in different sections of the United States, and which closely resemble the musk-ox, have been described by Dr. Leidy in the Smithsonian Institution's reports. These were clothed in a long fleece, and roamed through the Mississippi Valley just before the great drift period. Fossil musk-oxen exist in Siberia and northern Europe; but their living descendants, of which one species is known, are now strictly confined to the arctic region of the Western continent.

The musk-ox derives its name from the peculiar odor which it emits, and which to a greater or less extent also pervades the meat of the animal. In the younger animals, however, it is much milder, and with the calves I have never been able to discern it at all. Much of this odor can be obviated by dressing the animal as soon as killed, especially

if it is cold weather; and this rule may be said to be more or less general with all animals and birds having disagreeable odors peculiar to their kind.

I have said the robes are almost worthless to the natives except for purposes of traffic. They are sometimes used to spread on the snow-bed, as the first layer of skins, in order to protect the snow from the heat of the body; but even here they are not nearly so serviceable as the robe of the reindeer, owing to the facility with which the snow can be removed from the latter by a few strokes of a stick. The Ookjoolik or Ooqueesik-Salik Eskimos, of Hayes River, who are not armed, and consequently can procure but few reindeer (whose hide is the universal arctic clothing), often make long boot-leggings and gloves of musk-ox fur; and this gives them a peculiarly wild and savage appearance that contrasts strangely with other natives. The almost total absence of wood in their country — the little they get being obtained by barter with distant and more fortunate tribes — forces them to use the skin of the musk-ox for sledging. The ears and fore-legs of the skin being lashed almost together, a sledge-like front is obtained, and the articles to be transported are loaded on the trailing body behind. Over lakes, rivers, and flat plains it is equal to wood, but in very uneven ground its pliability is dangerous to fragile loads.

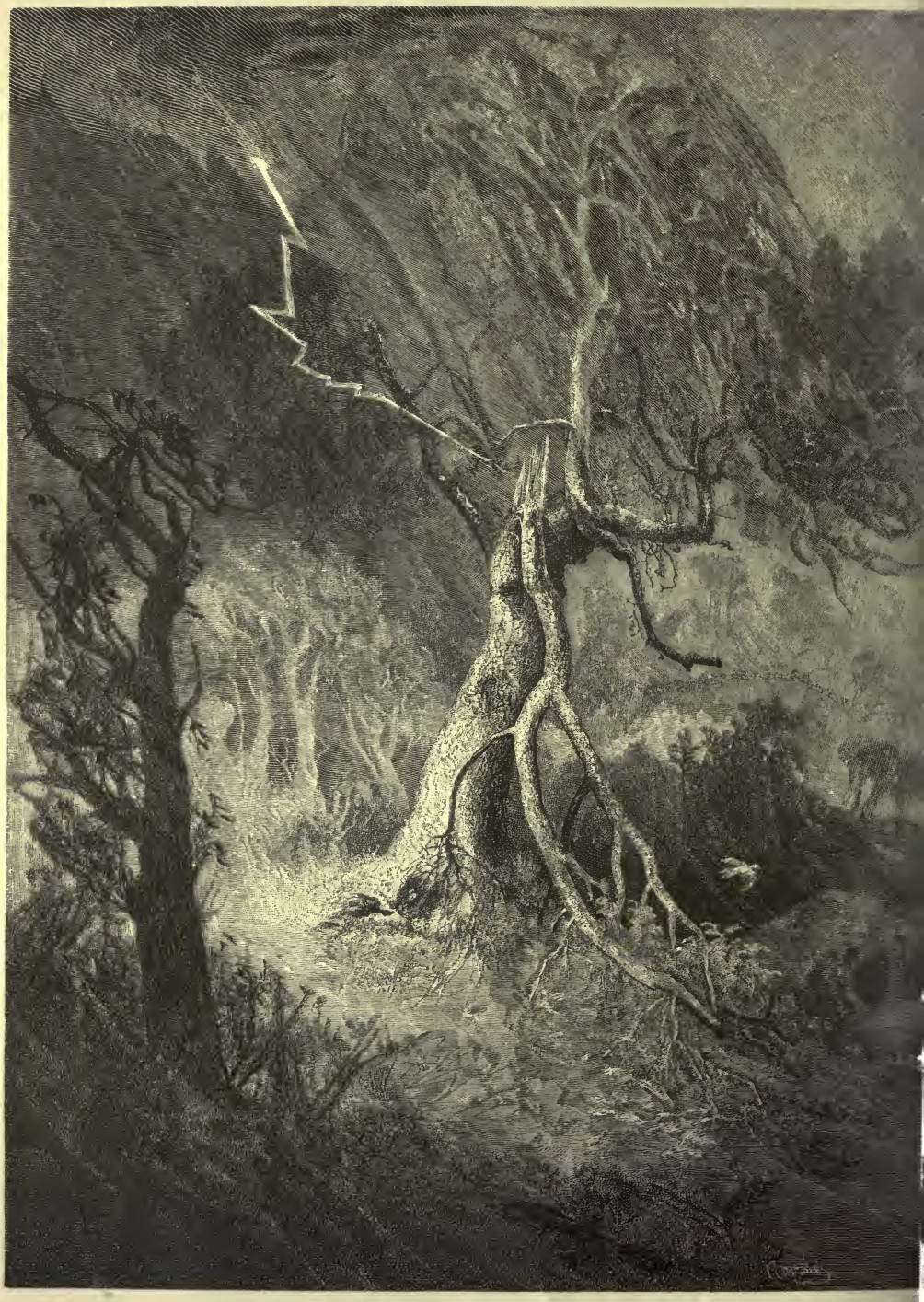
When closely pressed, the musk-oxen do not hesitate to throw themselves from the steepest and deepest precipices; and the natives speak of occasions where they have secured them in this manner without wasting powder or lead, finding them dead at the foot of the descent. Sir James Clarke Ross had a personal observation of this kind in one of his arctic expeditions.

McClintock once saw a cow on Melville Island, in the Parry archipelago, which was of a pure white color, an albino sort of deviation that is known to occur among the buffalo of the plains at rare intervals. She was, however, accompanied by a black calf. This Melville Island is abundantly peopled with these oxen, not less than one hundred and fourteen being shot within a year by the crews of two ships wintering there. When inhabiting islands, they do not seem to cross from one to another, as the reindeer constantly do when the channel is frozen over, and even confine their annual migrations to very limited areas. Different writers disagree as to whether they can be called migratory in the strict sense of the word. If white men are hunting them without dogs, they may station themselves about a herd, close in to seventy or eighty yards, and then, by picking off the restless ones first, so bewilder the remainder that, with fair luck, they may secure them all. There are several instances of such methods being tolerably successful. When the temperature reaches the extremes of the bitter winter weather, as from —60° to —70° Fahrenheit, the musk-oxen and reindeer herds can be located, at from six to seven miles distance, by the cloud of moisture which hangs over them, formed by their condensing breath, and from favorable heights at even fifteen to twenty miles. Even at these extreme distances, the native hunters claim that they can discern the difference between musk-oxen and reindeer by some varying peculiarities of their vapors.

I remember being one of a party of six — five Innuits besides myself — that chased on the fresh trail of a small herd of musk-oxen from about nine o'clock in the morning until nightfall, which was four in the afternoon. We went at a gait which would be called a good round "dog-trot" for the whole time, except one small rest of five minutes. This is much easier than one would imagine, with a couple of dogs harnessed to you to tow you along; yet I confess I was completely fagged out after this little run of not less than forty or fifty miles, and in a fine condition to believe many stories of endurance while on hunting chases that I had heard them tell. The thermometer at camp registered 65° below zero, yet there was no suffering from the still cold during such exercise, and in fact, at times, I felt uncomfortably warm.

One of their peculiarities which I have noticed is that when slightly wounded, if they have been knocked over upon their sides, they seem perfectly powerless to rise, either from fear or the peculiar formation of their legs. Two of the animals we shot on the 29th of April received each a broken shoulder and were knocked on their sides. The native men, women, and boys sat upon their heaving sides, evidently enjoying the cruel sport; and all the white men participated for a mere second, rather to please their savage allies, until I requested them to dispatch the brutes, which they did by a well-directed heart thrust with a snow-knife. My natives spoke of this occurrence as a rather common incident of the musk-ox battle-field.

Frederick Schwatka.



A TRAGEDY OF A NEST.

(ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.)

THE TRAGEDIES OF THE NESTS.

THE life of the birds, especially of our migratory song-birds, is a series of adventures and of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field. Very few of them probably die a natural death or even live out half their appointed days. The home instinct is strong in birds as it is in most creatures; and I am convinced that every spring a large number of those which have survived the Southern campaign return to their old haunts to breed. A Connecticut farmer took me out under his porch one April day and showed me a phœbe bird's nest six stories high. The same bird had no doubt returned year after year; and, as there was room for only one nest upon her favorite shelf, she had each season reared a new superstructure upon the old as a foundation. I have heard of a white robin — an albino — that nested several years in succession in the suburbs of a Maryland city. A sparrow with a very marked peculiarity of song I have heard several seasons in my own locality. But the birds do not all live to return to their old haunts: the bobolinks and starlings run a gauntlet of fire from the Hudson to the Savannah, and the robins and meadow-larks and other song-birds are shot by boys and pot-hunters in great numbers,— to say nothing of their danger from hawks and owls. But, of those that do return, what perils beset their nests, even in the most favored localities! The cabins of the early settlers, when the country was swarming with hostile Indians, were not surrounded by such dangers. The tender households of the birds are not only exposed to hostile Indians in the shape of cats and collectors, but to numerous murderous and blood-thirsty animals, against whom they have no defense but concealment. They lead the darkest kind of pioneer life, even in our gardens and orchards and under the walls of our houses. Not a day or a night passes, from the time the eggs are laid till the young are flown, when the chances are not greatly in favor of the nest being rifled and its contents devoured,— by owls, skunks, minks, and coons at night, and by crows, jays, squirrels, weasels, snakes, and rats during the day. Infancy, we say, is hedged about by many perils; but the infancy of birds is cradled and pillowed in peril. An old Michigan settler told me that the first six children that were born to him died; malaria and teething invariably carried them off when they had reached a certain age; but other children were born, the country improved, and by and by the babies weathered the critical period, and the next six lived and grew up. The birds, too, would no doubt persevere six times and twice six times, if the season were long enough, and finally rear their family, but the waning summer cuts them short, and but few species have the heart and strength to make even the third trial.

My neighborhood on the Hudson is perhaps exceptionally unfavorable as a breeding haunt for birds, owing to the abundance of fish-crows and of red squirrels; and the past season seems to have been a black-letter one, even for this place, for at least nine nests out of every ten that I observed during the spring and summer of 1881 failed of their proper issue. From the first nest I noted, which was that of a bluebird,— built (very imprudently I thought at the time) in a squirrel hole in a decayed apple-tree, about the last of April, and which came to naught, even the mother-bird, I suspect, perishing by a violent death,— to the last, which was that of a snow-bird, observed in August, deftly concealed in a mossy bank by the side of a road that skirted a wood, where the tall thimble blackberries grew in abundance, and from which the last young one was taken when it was about half grown by some nocturnal walker or daylight prowler,— some untoward fate seemed hovering about them. It was a season of calamities, of violent deaths, of pillage and massacre, among our feathered neighbors. For the first time, I noticed that the orioles were not safe in their strong pendent nests. Three broods were started in the apple-trees, only a few yards from the house, where, for several previous seasons, the birds had nested without molestation; but this time the young were all destroyed when about half grown. Their chirping and chattering, which was so noticeable one day, suddenly ceased the next. The nests were probably plundered at night, and doubtless by the little red screech-owl, which I know is a denizen of these old orchards, living in the deeper cavities of the trees. The owl could alight upon the top of the nest, and easily thrust his murderous claw down into its long pocket and seize the young and draw them forth. The tragedy of one of the nests was heightened, or at least made more palpable, by one of the half-fledged birds, either in its attempt to escape or while in the clutches of the enemy, being caught and entangled in one of the horse-hairs by

which the nest was stayed and held to the limb above. There it hung bruised and dead, gibbeted to its own cradle. This nest was the theater of another little tragedy later in the season. Some time in August a bluebird, indulging its propensity to peep and pry into holes and crevices, alighted upon it and probably inspected the interior; but by some unlucky move it got its wing entangled in this same fatal horse-hair. Its efforts to free itself appeared only to result in its being more securely and hopelessly bound; and there it perished; and there its form, dried and embalmed by the summer heats, was yet hanging in September, the outspread wings and plumage showing nearly as bright as in life.

Before the advent of civilization in this country, the oriole probably built a much deeper nest than it usually does at present. When now it builds in remote trees and along the borders of the woods, its nest, I have noticed, is long and gourd-shaped; but in orchards and near dwellings it is only a deep cup or pouch. It shortens it up in proportion as the danger lessens. Probably a succession of disastrous years, like the present one, would cause it to lengthen it again beyond the reach of owl's talons or jay-bird's beak.

The first song-sparrow's nest I observed the past season was in a field under a fragment of a board, the board being raised from the ground a couple of inches by two poles. It had its full complement of eggs, and probably sent forth a brood of young birds, though as to this I cannot speak positively, as I neglected to observe it further. It was well sheltered and concealed, and was not easily come at by any of its natural enemies, save snakes and weasels. But concealment often avails little. In May, a song-sparrow, that had evidently met with disaster earlier in the season, built its nest in a thick mass of woodbine against the side of my house, about fifteen feet from the ground. Perhaps it took the hint from its cousin, the English sparrow. The nest was admirably placed, protected from the storms by the overhanging eaves and from all eyes by the thick screen of leaves. Only by patiently watching the suspicious bird, as she lingered near with food in her beak, did I discover its whereabouts. That brood is safe, I thought, beyond doubt. But it was not: the nest was pillaged one night, either by an owl, or else by a rat that had climbed into the vine, seeking an entrance to the house. The mother-bird, after reflecting upon her ill luck about a week, seemed to resolve to try a different system of tactics and to throw all appearances of concealment aside. She built a nest a few yards from the house beside the drive, upon a smooth piece of greensward. There was not a weed or a shrub or anything whatever to conceal it or mark its site. The structure was completed and incubation had begun before I discovered what was going on. "Well, well," I said, looking down upon the bird almost at my feet, "this is going to the other extreme indeed; now, the cats will have you." The desperate little bird sat there day after day, looking like a brown leaf pressed down in the short green grass. As the weather grew hot, her position became very trying. It was no longer a question of keeping the eggs warm, but of keeping them from roasting. The sun had no mercy on her, and she fairly panted in the middle of the day. In such an emergency, the male robin has been known to perch above the sitting female and shade her with his outstretched wings. But in this case there was no perch for the male bird, had he been disposed to make a sunshade of himself. I thought to lend a hand in this direction myself, and so stuck a leafy twig beside the nest. This was probably an unwise interference; it guided disaster to the spot; the nest was broken up, and the mother-bird probably was caught, as I never saw her afterward.

For several summers past a pair of kingbirds have reared, unmolested, a brood of young in an apple-tree, only a few yards from the house; but, during the present season, disaster overtook them also. The nest was completed, the eggs laid, and incubation had just begun, when, one morning about sunrise, I heard loud cries of distress and alarm proceed from the old apple-tree. Looking out of the window I saw a crow, which I knew to be a fish-crow, perched upon the edge of the nest hastily bolting the eggs. The parent birds, usually so ready for the attack, seemed overcome with grief and alarm. They fluttered about in the most helpless and bewildered manner, and it was not till the robber fled on my approach that they recovered themselves and charged upon him. The crow scurried away with upturned, threatening head, the furious kingbirds fairly upon his back. The pair lingered around their desecrated nest for several days, almost silent, and saddened by their loss, and then disappeared. They probably made another trial elsewhere.

The fish-crow fishes only when it has destroyed all the eggs and young birds it can find. It is the most despicable thief and robber among our feathered creatures. From May to August, it is gorged with the fledgelings of the nest. It is fortunate that its range is so limited. In size it is smaller than the common crow, and is a much less noble and dignified bird. Its caw is weak and feminine

—a sort of split and abortive caw, and stamps it the sneak-thief it is. This crow is common farther south, but is not found in this State, so far as I have observed, except in the valley of the Hudson.

The past season a pair of them built a nest in a Norway spruce that stood amid a dense growth of other ornamental trees near a large unoccupied country house. They sat down amid plenty. The wolf established himself in the fold. The many birds—robins, thrushes, finches, vireos, pewees—that seek the vicinity of dwellings (especially of these large country residences with their many trees and park-like grounds), for the greater safety of their eggs and young, were the easy and convenient victims of these robbers. They plundered right and left, and were not disturbed till their young were nearly fledged, when some boys, who had long before marked them as their prize, rifled the nest.

The song-birds nearly all build low; their cradle is not upon the tree-top. It is only birds of prey that fear danger from below more than from above and that seek the higher branches for their nests. A line five feet from the ground would run above more than half the nests, and one ten feet would bound more than three-fourths of them. It is only the oriole and the wood pewee that, as a rule, go higher than this. The crows and jays and other enemies of the birds have learned to explore this belt pretty thoroughly. But the leaves and the protective coloring of most nests baffle them as effectually, no doubt, as they do the professional oölogist. The nest of the red-eyed vireo is one of the most artfully placed in the wood. It is just beyond the point where the eye naturally pauses in its search, namely, on the extreme end of the lowest branch of the tree, usually four or five feet from the ground. One looks up and down and through the tree,—shoots his eye-beams into it as he might discharge his gun at some game hidden there, but the drooping tip of that low horizontal branch—who would think of pointing his piece just there? If a crow or other marauder were to alight upon the branch or upon those above it, the nest would be screened from him by the large leaf that usually forms a canopy immediately above it. The nest-hunter, standing at the foot of the tree and looking straight before him, might discover it easily, were it not for its soft, neutral gray tint which blends so thoroughly with the trunks and branches of trees. Indeed, I think there is no nest in the woods—no arboreal nest—so well concealed. The last one I saw was pendant from the end of a low branch of a maple, that nearly grazed the clapboards of an unused hay-barn in a remote backwoods clearing. I peeped through a crack and saw the old birds feed the nearly fledged young within a few inches of my face. And yet the cow-bird finds this nest and drops her parasitical egg in it. Her tactics in this as in other cases are probably to watch the movements of the parent bird. She may often be seen searching anxiously through the trees or bushes for a suitable nest, yet she may still oftener be seen perched upon some good point of observation watching the birds as they come and go about her. There is no doubt that, in many cases, the cow-bird makes room for her own illegitimate egg in the nest by removing one of the bird's own. A lady, living in the suburbs of an eastern city, one morning heard cries of distress from a pair of house-wrens that had a nest in a honeysuckle on her front porch. On looking out of the window, she beheld this little comedy—comedy from her point of view, but no doubt grim tragedy from the point of view of the wrens: a cow-bird with a wren's egg in its beak running rapidly along the walk, with the outraged wrens forming a procession behind it, screaming, scolding, and gesticulating as only these voluble little birds can. The cow-bird had probably been surprised in the act of violating the nest, and the wrens were giving her a piece of their minds.

Every cow-bird is reared at the expense of two or more song-birds. For every one of these dusky little pedestrians there amid the grazing cattle there are two or more sparrows, or vireos, or warblers, the less. It is a big price to pay—two larks for a bunting—two sovereigns for a shilling; but nature does not hesitate occasionally to contradict herself in just this way.

I noted but two warblers' nests the past season, one of the black-throated blue-back and one of the redstart,—the latter built in an apple-tree but a few yards from a little rustic summer-house where I idle away many summer days. The lively little birds, darting and flashing about, attracted my attention for a week before I discovered their nest. They probably built it by working early in the morning, before I appeared upon the scene, as I never saw them with material in their beaks. Guessing from their movements that the nest was in a large maple that stood near by, I climbed the tree and explored it thoroughly, looking especially in the forks of the branches, as the authorities say these birds build in a fork. But no nest could I find. Indeed, how can one by searching find a bird's nest? I overshot the mark; the nest was much nearer me, almost under my very nose, and I discovered it, not by searching,

but by a casual glance of the eye, while thinking of other matters. The bird was just settling upon it as I looked up from my book and caught her in the act. The nest was built near the end of a long, knotty, horizontal branch of an apple-tree, but effectually hidden by the grouping of the leaves; it had three eggs, one of which proved to be barren. The two young birds grew apace, and were out of the nest early in the second week; but something caught one of them the first night. The other probably grew to maturity, as it disappeared from the vicinity with its parents after some days.

The blue-back's nest was scarcely a foot from the ground, in a little bush situated in a low, dense wood of hemlock and beech and maple,—a deep, massive, elaborate structure, in which the sitting bird sank till her beak and tail alone were visible above the brim. It was a misty, chilly day when I chanced to find the nest, and the mother-bird knew instinctively that it was not prudent to leave her four half incubated eggs uncovered and exposed for a moment. When I sat down near the nest she grew very uneasy, and after trying in vain to decoy me away by suddenly dropping from the branches and dragging herself over the ground as if mortally wounded, she approached and timidly and half doubtingly covered her eggs within two yards of where I sat. I disturbed her several times, to note her ways. There came to be something almost appealing in her looks and manner, and she would keep her place on her precious eggs till my outstretched hand was within a few feet of her. Finally, I covered the cavity of the nest with a dry leaf. This she did not remove with her beak, but thrust her head deftly beneath it and shook it off upon the ground. Many of her sympathizing neighbors, attracted by her alarm-note, came and had a peep at the intruder and then flew away, but the male bird did not appear upon the scene. The final history of this nest I am unable to give, as I did not again visit it till late in the season, when, of course, it was empty.

Years pass without my finding a brown-thrasher's nest; it is not a nest you are likely to stumble upon in your walk; it is hidden as a miser hides his gold and watched as jealously. The male pours out his rich and triumphant song from the tallest tree he can find, and fairly challenges you to come and look for his treasures in his vicinity. But you will not find them if you go. The nest is somewhere on the outer circle of his song; he is never so imprudent as to take up his stand very near it. The one I found the past season was thirty or forty rods from the point where the male was wont to indulge in his brilliant recitative. It was in an open field under a low ground-juniper. My dog disturbed the sitting bird as I was passing near. The nest could be seen only by lifting up and parting away the branches. All the arts of concealment had been carefully studied. It was the last place you would think of looking, and, if you did look, nothing was visible but the dense green circle of the low-spreading juniper. When you approached, the bird would keep her place till you had begun to stir the branches, when she would start out, and, just skimming the ground, make a bright brown line to the near fence and bushes. I confidently expected that this nest would escape molestation, but it did not. Its discovery by myself and dog probably opened the door of ill luck, for one day, not long afterward, when I peeped in upon it, it was empty. The proud song of the male had ceased from his accustomed tree, and the pair were seen no more in that vicinity.

The phœbe bird is a wise architect, and perhaps enjoys as great an immunity from danger, both in its person and its nest, as any other bird. Its modest ashen-gray suit is the color of the rocks where it builds, and the moss of which it makes such free use gives to its nest the look of a natural growth or accretion. But when it comes into the barn or under the shed to build, as it so frequently does, the moss is rather out of place. Doubtless in time the bird will take the hint, and, when she builds in such places, will leave the moss out. I noted but two nests the past season: one in a barn failed of issue, on account of the rats, I suspect, though the little owl may have been the depredator; the other, in the woods, sent forth three young. This latter nest was most charmingly and ingeniously placed. I discovered it while in quest of pond-lilies in a long, deep, level stretch of water in the woods. A large tree had blown over at the edge of the water, and its dense mass of upturned roots, with the black, peaty soil filling the interstices, was like the fragment of a wall several feet high, rising from the edge of the languid current. In a niche in this earthy wall, and visible and accessible only from the water, a phœbe had built her nest and reared her brood. I paddled my boat up and came alongside ready to take the family aboard. The young, nearly ready to fly, were quite undisturbed by my presence, having probably been assured that no danger need be apprehended from that side. It was not a likely place for minks, or they would not have been so secure.

I noted but one nest of the wood pewee, and that, too, like so many other nests, failed of issue. It was saddled upon a small dry

limb of a plane-tree that stood by the roadside, about forty feet from the ground. Every day for nearly a week as I passed by I saw the sitting bird upon the nest. Then one morning she was not in her place, and on examination the nest proved to be empty—robbed, I had no doubt, by the red squirrels, as they were very abundant in its vicinity and appeared to make a clean sweep of every nest. The wood pewee builds an exquisite nest, shaped and finished as if cast in a mold. It is modeled without and within with equal neatness and art, like the nest of the humming-bird and the little gray gnatcatcher. The material is much more refractory than that used by either of these birds, being, in the present case, dry, fine cedar twigs; but these were bound into a shape as rounded and compact as could be molded out of the most plastic material. Indeed, the nest of this bird looks precisely like a large, lichen-covered, cup-shaped excrescence of the limb upon which it is placed. And the bird, while sitting, seems entirely at her ease. Most birds seem to make very hard work of incubation. It is a kind of martyrdom which appears to tax all their powers of endurance. They have such a fixed, rigid, predetermined look, pressed down into the nest and as motionless as if made of cast-iron. But the wood pewee is an exception. It is largely visible above the rim of the nest. Its attitude is easy and graceful; it moves its head this way and that, and seems to take note of whatever goes on about it; and if its neighbor were to drop in for a little social chat, it could doubtless do its part. In fact, it makes light and easy work of what, to most other birds, is such a serious and engrossing matter. If it does not look like play with her, it at least looks like leisure and quiet contemplation.

There is no nest-builder that suffers more from crows and squirrels and other enemies than the wood-thrush. It builds as openly and unsuspiciously as if it thought all the world as honest as itself. Its favorite place is the fork of a sapling, eight or ten feet from the ground, where it falls an easy prey to every nest-robber that comes prowling through the woods and groves. It is not a bird that skulks and hides like the cat-bird, the brown-thrasher, the chat, or the cheewink, and its nest is not concealed with the same art as theirs. Our thrushes are all frank, open-mannered birds; but the veery and the hermit build upon the ground, where they at least escape the crows, owls, and jays, and stand a better chance to be overlooked by the red squirrel and weasel also; while the robin seeks the protection of dwellings and out-buildings. For years I have not known the nest of a wood-thrush to succeed. The past season I observed but two, both apparently a second attempt, as the season was well advanced, and both failures. In one case, the nest was placed in a branch that an apple-tree, standing near a dwelling, held out over the highway. The structure was barely ten feet above the middle of the road, and would just escape a passing load of hay. It was made conspicuous by the use of a large fragment of newspaper in its foundation—an unsafe material to build upon in most cases. Whatever else the press may guard, this particular newspaper did not guard this nest from harm. It saw the egg and probably the chick, but not the fledgeling. A murderous deed was committed above the public highway, but whether in the open day or under cover of darkness I have no means of knowing. The frisky red squirrel was doubtless the culprit. The other nest was in a maple sapling, within a few yards of the little rustic summer-house already referred to. The first attempt of the season, I suspect, had failed in a more secluded place under the hill; so the pair had come up nearer the house for protection. The male sang in the trees near by for several days before I chanced to see the nest. The very morning I think it was finished, I saw a red squirrel exploring a tree but a few yards away; he probably knew what the singing meant as well as I did. I did not see the inside of the nest, for it was almost instantly deserted, the female having probably laid a single egg, which the squirrel had devoured.

If I were a bird, in building my nest I should follow the example of the bobolink, placing it in the midst of a broad meadow, where there was no grass, or flower, or growth unlike another to mark its site. I judge that the bobolink escapes the dangers to which I have adverted as few or no other birds do. Unless the mowers come along at an earlier date than she has anticipated, that is, before July 1st, or a skunk goes nosing through the grass, which is unusual, she is as safe as bird well can be in the great open of nature. She selects the most monotonous and uniform place she can find amid the daisies or the timothy and clover, and places her simple structure upon the ground in the midst of it. There is no concealment, except as the great conceals the little, as the desert conceals the pebble, as the myriad conceals the unit. You may find the nest once, if your course chances to lead you across it and your eye is quick enough to note the silent brown bird as she darts swiftly away; but step three paces in the wrong direction, and your search will

probably be fruitless. My friend and I found a nest by accident one day, and then lost it again one minute afterward. I moved away a few yards to be sure of the mother-bird, charging my friend not to stir from his tracks. When I returned, he had moved two paces, he said (he had really moved four), and we spent a half hour stooping over the daisies and the buttercups, looking for the lost clew. We grew desperate, and fairly felt the ground over with our hands, but without avail. I marked the spot with a bush, and came the next day, and, with the bush as a center, moved about it in slowly increasing circles, covering, I thought, nearly every inch of ground with my feet and laying hold of it with all the visual power I could command, till my patience was exhausted and I gave up, baffled. I began to doubt the ability of the parent birds themselves to find it, and so secreted myself and watched. After much delay, the male bird appeared with food in his beak, and satisfying himself that the coast was clear, dropped into the grass which I had trodden down in my search. Fastening my eye upon a particular meadow-lily, I walked straight to the spot, bent down and gazed long and intently into the grass. Finally my eye separated the nest and its young from its surroundings. My foot had barely missed them in my search, but by how much they had escaped my eye I could not tell. Probably not by distance at all, but simply by unrecognition. They were virtually invisible. The dark gray and yellowish brown dry grass and stubble of the meadow-bottom were exactly copied in the color of the half-fledged young. More than that, they hugged the nest so closely and formed such a compact mass, that though there were five of them, they preserved the unit of expression,—no single head or form was defined; they were one, and that one was without shape or color, and not separable, except by closest scrutiny, from the one of the meadow-bottom. That nest prospered, as bobolinks' nests doubtless generally do; for, notwithstanding the enormous slaughter of the birds during their fall migrations by southern sportsmen, the bobolink appears to hold its own, and its music does not diminish in our northern meadows.

Birds with whom the struggle for life is the sharpest seem to be more prolific than those whose nest and young are exposed to fewer dangers. The robin, the sparrows, the pewees, etc., will rear, or make the attempt to rear, two and sometimes three broods in a season; but the bobolink, the oriole, the kingbird, the goldfinch, the cedar-bird, the birds of prey, and the woodpeckers, that build in safe retreats in the trunks of trees, have usually but a single brood. If the bobolink reared two broods, our meadows would swarm with them.

I noted three nests of the cedar-bird the past August in a single orchard, all productive, but all with one or more unfruitful eggs in them. The cedar-bird is the most silent of our birds, having but a single fine note, so far as I have observed, but its manners are very expressive at times. No bird known to me is capable of expressing so much silent alarm while on the nest as this bird. As you ascend the tree and draw near it, it depresses its plumage and crest, stretches up its neck, and becomes the very picture of fear. Other birds, under like circumstances, hardly change their expression at all till they launch into the air, when by their voice they express anger rather than alarm.

I have referred to the red squirrel as a destroyer of the eggs and young of birds. I think the mischief it does in this respect can hardly be overestimated. Nearly all birds look upon it as their enemy and attack and annoy it when it appears near their breeding haunts. Thus, I have seen the pewee, the cuckoo, the robin, and the wood-thrush pursuing it with angry voice and gestures. If you wish the birds to breed and thrive in your orchard and groves, kill every red squirrel that infests the place; kill every weasel also. The weasel is a subtle and arch enemy of the birds. It climbs trees and explores them with great ease and nimbleness. I have seen it do so on several occasions. One day during the past summer my attention was arrested by the angry notes of a pair of brown-thrashers that were flitting from bush to bush along an old stone row in a remote field. Presently I saw what it was that excited them—three large, red weasels or ermines coming along the stone wall and leisurely and half playfully exploring every tree that stood near it. They had probably robbed the thrashers. They would go up the trees with great ease and glide serpent-like out upon the main branches. When they descended the tree they were unable to come straight down, like a squirrel, but went around it spirally. How boldly they thrust their heads out of the wall and eyed me and sniffed me, as I drew near,—their round, thin ears, their prominent, glistening, bead-like eyes, and the curving, snake-like motions of the head and neck being very noticeable. They looked like blood-suckers and egg-suckers. They suggested something extremely remorseless and cruel. One could understand the alarm of the rats when they discover one of these fearless, subtle, and circumventing creatures threading their holes. To flee must

be like trying to escape death itself. I was one day standing in the woods upon a flat stone, in what at certain seasons was the bed of a stream, when one of these weasels came undulating along and ran under the stone upon which I was standing. As I remained motionless, he thrust out his wedge-shaped head and turned it back above the stone as if half in mind to seize my foot; then he drew back, and presently went his way. These weasels often hunt in packs like the British stoat. When I was a boy, my father one day armed me with an old musket and sent me to shoot chipmunks around the corn. While watching the squirrels, a troop of weasels tried to cross a bar-way where I sat, and were so bent on doing it that I fired at them, boy-like, simply to thwart their purpose. One of the weasels was disabled by my shot, but the troop was not discouraged, and, after making several feints to cross, one of them seized the wounded one and bore it over, and the pack disappeared in the wall on the other side.

WILL NEW YORK BE THE FINAL WORLD METROPOLIS?

As a mathematical and mechanical prodigy, the great Roebling Bridge, connecting Brooklyn with New York, is eclipsed by its philosophic aspect, as a vital artery, and a bond of more strength than cables and trussed beams of steel. It is a nerve of conscious identity between the two sides of the double city, not only as the eye follows the ceaseless thrill of movement and the imagination is grasped by the expressive continuity, but especially as the crossing populations grow habituated to the indivisible expanse of city beneath and around on every side, within which the glimpses of a boundary river show like partial seams in an almost seamless whole. With this imposing specimen of the spontaneous evolution and integration of a great metropolis before every eye, it may be hoped that a somewhat novel treatment of the great New York question, on general and vital principles, may meet with thoughtful appreciation. The statistical evidences might have been revised to a later date; but the totals, and the illustrative effect for which they are used, would still have been, to all intents and purposes, the same.

The metropolis is the chief organ through which both expression and effect are given to the genius and character of a nation. It is the brain, from which the nerves of public intelligence and impulse spread to every extremity, and to which the minor centers and ganglia are unconsciously subsidiary. It is the heart, whose pulsations gather and redistribute the vital currency from and to the remotest veinlets. It is the alimentary center where the national wealth is digested, mobilized, and infused into the circulation to nourish every fiber of the system. There can no more be two such vital systems and centers in a nation than in an individual. No such *lusus naturæ* was ever long preserved. As in the individual, so in the whole, the singleness of such organs is the unity of the being, and their size and vigor are the measure of its vitality and power.

History is little more than the history of capital cities. "Paris is France." Blot out from English annals all that was originated or consummated in London, and what have you left? Rome was the ultimate focus of vital force in the ancient world. No people ever successfully organized and maintained itself with a plurality of capitals. A second capital rent the Roman empire in twain. Babylon culminated on the ruins of Nineveh.

In our own young country, the organism is not yet perfectly defined. More than one quasi metropolis aspires to be the vital center. Arguments have been constructed from plausible data in favor of each of these expectant capitals. Dubious opinion in most minds, perhaps, halting between such arguments, has questioned whether any one city were destined to metropolitan supremacy in America. But, despite the force of rival pretensions, our glimpse of national physiology instructs us that there must be one and only one center of the continental nationality tested and consolidated by the war for the Union. Assuming, as a first principle in political philosophy, that national being is organic and analogous to the individual organism,—inevitably developing, if not developed from, one central sensorium,—it follows that every local movement from partial causes, however powerful, must merge at length in a common vortex of national force and motion, a metropolis commensurate with the future of the American republic. The greater the complexity of genius and the exuberance of vitality exhibited in so many Titanic rivals, all so unlike, the more majestic, simply, the center to which they must all prove tributary at last. The sys-

tem must have a sun outweighing the sum of its parts, and necessarily can have but one.

The physiological and cosmical analogies will not be equally satisfactory to all minds. A more mechanical argument, however, leads to the same result. As a permanent equilibrium between any two or more rival centers is morally impossible, it follows that some one of them must sooner or later gain an advantage in mass and momentum that will tend thereafter on every occasion to augment itself. For an illustration of the tendency, take the centralization at New York of the vast commercial developments of the third quarter of our century, such as the gold and silver product of the Pacific States, the railway and telegraph systems of the continent, or the multiplying lines of transatlantic steam-ships. A number of powerful causes have coöperated in each of these centralizations, but a single sufficient cause may be found in the determining attraction of the superior mass and magnitude of affairs at this point. The presence of a superior bulk of business and capital at a certain point insures better equipment and larger opportunity there for important transactions, and thus of itself furnishes a controlling motive to draw such transactions together. Every new addition attracted to the controlling mass goes to make the motive and the certainty still stronger for the next, and so on, until the tendency becomes a necessity, fixed beyond all power on earth to change. It is true that, during the earlier development of the country, new conditions are liable to arise of sufficient power to reverse the relative rank of its leading cities. One pound may overbalance two, if it can acquire a double leverage. The Erie Canal gave such a leverage to the city of New York against the once preponderant city of Philadelphia; and so the minor mass overcame the greater and became the greater. It is conceivable that the like might happen again, in a country so young and vast as ours, and with such inscrutable possibilities yet in reserve. But it is certain that such oscillations must come to an end at length. There must be some point really strongest on the whole, and that point cannot fail to discover itself sooner or later. Thenceforward, the tendency of things to converge to that point increases by geometrical ratio, until the overpowering solarity of the accumulation precludes even the initiation of any counterbalancing movement.

While the rival provincial centers are testing their possibilities, and thus determining the true national center, the country itself is involved in an analogous process, on the scale of ages and the world, slowly developing a super-organization of the commonwealth of man. Organic centralization or headship is the necessary consummation of every grade of life, by which it reaches and passes to the plane above it — from individual being to that of family; to that of society and party; to that of nationality; to that, yet unperfected, of the world. The past inchoate stages of world-organization, provisional, partly abortive, but every time progressive, stand out boldly in the historical retrospect, mainly three: Babylon, Rome, London. While national centers, once fixed, however crudely, by the natural maturing of national organization, have never been (naturally) displaced as such, the immaturity of the world itself, as well as the direction and destination of its grand advance, is indicated by the successive westward removals of its imperial head-quarters. There remains but one possible further stage and stopping-place to be made. A glance at the course of metropolitan development in the past will throw light upon its future method, direction, and final goal.

Capitals were primarily of military origin, from which a political development naturally proceeded. This primitive politico-military motive was directly opposite in its requirements to the later commercial motive of metropolitan growths. It shunned the then barren sea, from which the dangers of piracy and invasion came earlier than the blessings of commerce. Consequently, civilization at first centered and fortified itself on the richest inland plains or in natural strongholds.

The rise of commerce at length brought a new influence to bear on the location of capitals, modifying but not overcoming the effect of the politico-military motive. They cautiously approached the sea, seeking an outlet by navigable rivers, but keeping at a defensible distance from their mouths. Examples: Rome on the Tiber; London on the Thames; Paris on the Seine; Vienna on the Danube; St. Petersburg on the Neva; etc. Tyre and Venice, purely commercial capitals, inaugurated, or rather foreshadowed, the commercial era, and temporarily anticipated the possibility, which was long in becoming realized, of great sea-coast cities. Not until the modern epoch of international security under international law could commerce build her peaceful capitals, for the congress of nations, on the ocean harbors of Liverpool and Havre, Boston and New York.

This radical change brings into the modern metropolitan re-organization of mankind new powers and resources immensely transcending the old. And it is a very potent conjunction, in our own horoscope, that the pure product of these novel powers (hardly even yet permitted free course in Europe) is to be first

realized in the New World; and that, far more freely, rapidly, and perfectly than will be possible at best under the primitive malformations and misplacements of national centers, and among the irreconcilable fragments into which the past ages of violence have broken up the Old World. It would seem to pass all bounds of moderation, if we could venture here to forecast and apply the ratio of this one advantage in the American future over all the progress of the past.

Providence never before laid out a nation on a scale that was more than petty in comparison with the continental, climatic, and oceanic frame of the American republic. Never before in history has there been a movement of men that was not petty and cramped in comparison with the outpouring of all races into this vast national frame-work. Never before was there any possible fusion of such diversities of national genius as we see commingling here in a general reunion of human elements dispersed ever since Babel. In short, there has never been a possibility before of a nation so vast and coherent, so complex and coalescent, so vigorous and pacific, so free and orderly, so universal in resources and faculty, and so miraculously progressive in population, wealth, and every element of power. Our infant stature is already that of the greatest nations before us. They have filled their measures at a limit of growth where we are only beginning, and must henceforth overflow into the limitless channels of our destiny. Every probability in both hemispheres conspires to sustain for an indefinite future our past marvelous ratio of growth. What, then, is the rank of the destined metropolis—for one it must have, as surely as a man must have a head on his shoulders—of such a nation? Attraction is proportioned to mass, in the social as well as physical universe; and the center of this unexampled mass must be a center of unexampled attraction for the commerce and resources of the world. That America is the great nation of the future,—for the world's circuit is now completed with America,—and that consequently the American metropolis must be the great city of the future, we might here take for granted without further discussion, and proceed to the question of its place and formation.

Looking at the latter question without a particle of local pride or partiality, we could with equal interest trace the probability of our present leading city being outstripped in the race by either of its quite as honorable and amiable rivals. Nor do we find conclusive argument in the group of local conditions for the development of a great city here, although it must be admitted that, as a whole, they are nowhere else matched in history or geography. As yet, this only shows that, since greater cities certainly have arisen under inferior natural conditions to these, greater cities may again. The points of greatest promise have not always become the sites of the greatest cities, on the coasts either of America or of Europe.

Nor yet is there conclusive argument in the coincidence of this unparalleled group of natural conditions with present actual pre-eminence. The Old World has left many of its once imperial centers literally buried in the track of its westward-moving vortex. To-day, we are told that Damascus, to which of all cities the hyperbole "Eternal" seemed fittest, after looking on the rise and extinction of Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, Tyre, Palmyra, and a host of more modern capitals, in a lifetime of four thousand years, is at last bleeding to death from that stupendous cut, the Suez Canal.* Perhaps no prescience less than that which described the doom of those cities, by the prophets, ages before the currents of change that should drain their existence became conceivable to man, could certainly forecast the destiny of any of the lusty germs now swelling in this continent. Nevertheless, we have here scientific elements for calculating the position of the world's future center with the highest moral certainty.

Whatever political cataclysms and transformations may be in store, the North American continent is certainly occupied and organized commercially, at least, for an æon to come, by one English-speaking commonwealth. Into this, it is equally certain, the excess of the Old World's vitality, crowded to the verge of Europe, must continue to overflow as now, with enormous expansion of liberated force, until the massing of power on both sides the Atlantic will become at no distant day equal.

Thus the world's weight must continue to accumulate on one side of the globe, in two masses facing each other across the comparatively narrow Atlantic, with the vast breadths of Asia and the Pacific Ocean, respectively, behind them. These great distances, amounting to two-thirds the earth's circumference, must forever keep the back of the Old World toward the east, and that of the New World

* "Concerning Damascus: * * * they have heard evil tidings; they are faint-hearted; there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet. Damascus is waxed feeble and turneth herself to flee. * * * How is the city of praise not left!"—JEREMIAH, xlix. 23–25. Isaiah declares: "Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap." This prophecy certainly defers the end of the world at least one more century yet.

toward the west, with their faces toward and near each other,—perpetuating the mutual transatlantic attraction which now focuses all great lines of movement, from both ways, in the direction of London and New York.

It is plain, therefore, that the world's center must be on one or the other Atlantic seaboard, until the Asiatic leads the van of progress, and Peking or Shanghai overshadows London and New York!

For it is manifestly impossible for the location of the American metropolis to be controlled in any degree by the American center of population. It must, by the nature of commerce, be on the sea-board, at any rate. But if there were no such consideration as seaboard, it must still be drawn to the eastward border, as now, by the powerful attraction of the European mass. These two causes will still determine it to our eastern coast, after the world's center itself shall have crossed the Atlantic, viz.: the sea-port necessity, and the still decisive force which Europe, as an inferior, must continue to exert; just as the present inferior influence of America would make it impossible to transfer the power of London, say, to Constantinople, even if the latter were the center of gravity of the Old World.

On which sea-board, the European or the American, the great center must rest at last, is another easy question. Its solution has been anticipated, in the vastly superior capacity and adaptation of the new continent, the plethora of the old, and the expansiveness of liberated forces. It is, simply, as the case of a boiler crowded to the limit of its strength and then put in connection with another of ten times its size. If it is a question which boiler will contain most steam after a few minutes, it is equally a question whether the weight of the world will ever be west of the Atlantic or not.

Having, then, approximately determined the longitude of the future cosmetropolis, let us see what data we have for computing its latitude.

The temperate belt on which the imperial cities of the past have formed a line is a condition too intelligible, as well as invariable, to be disregarded in laying plans of this sort for the future. And yet a very prominent New York merchant and publicist, in contributing his quota of opinion for this article, said that, unless certain extraordinary measures were adopted by New York, the bulk of Western and Southern commerce would soon find its way to the magnificent harbors of the James River and the Mississippi. Why it has never yet begun to do so he failed to explain, and from a point of view so narrow it would be impossible to see. But any one who has been much engaged in business at the South can give a reason deeper than slavery or yellow fever. The testimony of such a witness (to the writer) is that no man who goes to the South, of however energetic race, persists in a course of urgent enterprise and hard work long after he finds himself able to delegate his drudgery and "take it easy." As a rule, there can be no such thing in a Southern climate as a hard-working proprietor in command of large resources and affairs.

Such is climate on the southward, depressing the dynamic or human factor in progress. On the north, again, it braces the personal force, but wars against the material conditions. Midway, on the latitude of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, we have to contend, right and left, with both difficulties; and the inequable peculiarity of our Atlantic coast climate gives formidable effect, even here, to heat and cold by turns. North of this median line the latter adversary looms up so abruptly, in the obstruction of commerce by ice and snow, as to exclude the New England ports from the range of our inquiry. South of it there is no port where the energy of the dominant (northern) races of the modern world can hold its own. We find the magic belt narrowed for us to the measure of a moderate day's ride, with no port on either side exempt at once from the visitations of ice and pestilent or depressing heat. Of the three cities on the belt, Philadelphia and Baltimore, by their inland positions, suffer perceptible disadvantage from both heat and ice. New York alone — standing out to the ocean on a southward-looking coast, while open straight to the north as far as Canada, through the channels of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, and divided by many waters into strips of island and peninsula — enjoys a bracing and temperate climate throughout the year, where all the wholesome rigor of the north is free to stimulate her energies but forbidden to bar her gates. It is a singular, even an astonishing, position; like nothing else, altogether, in the preparations of Nature for Man.

And yet this decisive condition is but one of many, equally remarkable and peculiar — a combination of manifest design before which we can scarce but stand in awe. In all the conditions of both foreign and interior communication, the port of New York excels all others, not only on our own coast, but on the globe. Impressive as are the evidences of providential design in the laying out of this continent for the final scene of human development, the plan of its natural outlet and *entrepôt* at New York is in every respect

commensurate and continuous with the rest. Believer and skeptic must agree, in view of the now visible destiny of the country, that this spot seems as if planned at the creation for the ultimate center of the world. Its harbor is beyond comparison or even conceivable improvement in every requisite for such a purpose: size and depth abundant for all the shipping of the world at once; unbroken shelter, perfected by vestibule harbors covering both its narrow gate-ways as with double doors; accessibility by a few minutes' steaming from the open Atlantic; absolute freedom at once from depressing heat and obstructing ice; and a land site practically unlimited for the diversified requirements of a high civilization, penetrated in every direction by navigable avenues conducting fleets from all oceans direct to the doors of merchants, manufacturers, and lines of transportation, on a hundred miles, if need be, of maritime water-front.

Again: looking inland, we find ourselves at the natural outlet and inlet, the great auricle and ventricle, where the channels of internal circulation meet to carry the pulsations of commerce to and from every part of the continent. The natural and the artificial conformations of these interior channels are equally remarkable.

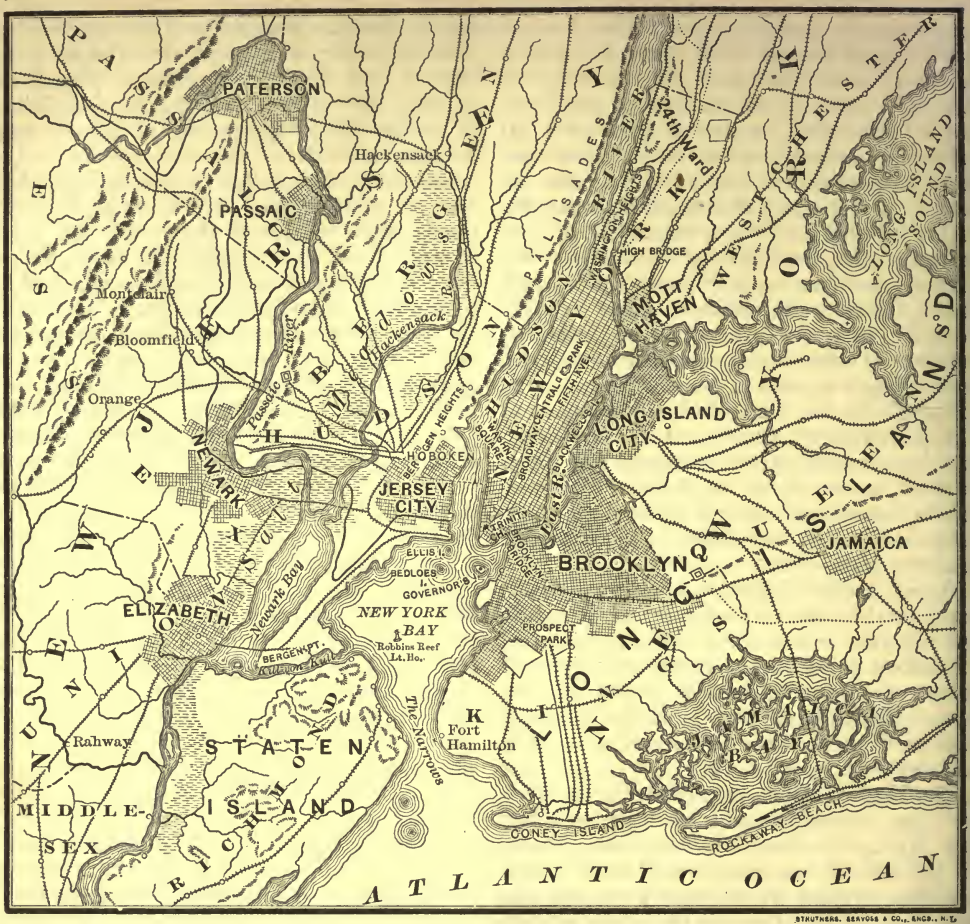
The Hudson River, the chain of great lakes, and the Mississippi with its huge branches, lack by nature but two short links, almost ready-made, of one commercial water-course sweeping around from South to North and from West to East, through the whole latitude and two-thirds of the longitude of the United States, draining the larger and richer part of its area with a navigable course of five or six thousand miles, and finding its main outlet at the harbor of New York. The eastern link lacking to this stupendous natural circuit was completed but fifty years since by the Erie Canal, and here is the commercial delta it has created at its mouth: the present city and dependencies of New York, already more than twice the size of its late superior, and equal in population to all four of its rivals (if such they may be called) rolled into one.

And now, on a similar yet still grander scale,—the young railway system of the continent, the growth of yesterday as it were,—debouches a hundred thousand miles of traffic through a thousand trains a day at this center.

We have insensibly slid from natural prearrangements to accomplished results which have taken their places also among the fundamental and controlling conditions of the future. A certain mass and momentum attained assure their own increase in a geometrical ratio thenceforward. From the records of the United States Treasury, for twenty-five years ending June 30, 1877, it appears that the value of imports and domestic exports at New York in that period was nearly 13,000 millions of dollars ($12,884,760,669); against 1245 millions, or less than *one-tenth* as much, at the second largest port, that of Boston; 938 millions at Philadelphia; 839 millions at Baltimore; and a total at all these and other ports of the United States, great and small, except New York, of 9000 millions ($9,006,074,676), or less than three-fourths as much as the port of New York alone: showing a true solar preponderance of the central mass over the aggregate of all other parts of the system.

If we take only the seven recent years (1871–77) during which the public negligence characteristic of New York was made the most of by a vehement development of rival energies and advantages, we find no material difference in the result. The imports and domestic exports at New York from 1871 to 1877, inclusive, exceeded four and three-quarter billions ($4,752,525,134); while those of all the other ports of the United States combined fell considerably short of three and three-quarter billions ($3,690,134,001); and those of the second port (Boston), although raised forty per cent. or more above any previous septennate, were only twelve per cent. of the amount at New York. Or again, by comparing the last twenty-five years* among themselves, we find the preponderance of New York on the whole to have been constantly increasing through considerable fluctuations. The first five of these years showed a far lower relative amount of commerce at New York, and that too in the lately much contested matter of exports, than any subsequent portion of the twenty-five. These statistics, however, relate only to merchandise, and fall very far short of showing the true relative importance of the commercial metropolis. It is computed that, including financial operations, seven-eighths of the foreign commerce of the country is transacted through New York. The entire circulation of capital, currency, and exchange has its vortex in Wall street. It is the money market of the whole country, determining all values and movements, and holding all other financial systems in a provincial and subordinate relation. Here, and not in mere material or numerical bulk, we come upon the true and indivisible metropolitan character. The continental heart is here visibly struggling into shape from formless mass, clearing its monstrous mouths and arteries, and pouring

* [These figures are brought down to 1877,—the first draft of the article having been prepared in 1878.—ED.]



MAP OF NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY.

back and forth deeper and richer tides of active wealth from day to day. Nor is the cerebral development on a less gigantic scale. The magnetic sensorium, the New York telegraph office, radiates 250,000 miles of intelligential nerves to ten thousand minor centers in America and to every city of the civilized world. It is probably safe to put the postal and telegraphic correspondence of New York City at three or four times the aggregate of all the other ports of the United States.

Restricted space permits but such close selection and brief statement of cardinal points, in the argument on the main question, as have now been presented. Discussion and elaboration must be left for others or for a broader opportunity. A like apology should preface our cursory survey of the internal features of the future cosmetropolis.

The city thus established and firmly assured in its metropolitan character will continue to grow in every practicable direction, as water will find its level in any number of connected vessels. A circle of about fifteen miles radius from the center of Manhattan Island will reach as far as will be convenient for average business purposes under such conditions as we can now anticipate. This will make an area of about seven hundred square miles, large enough to give the city free choice in the direction and character of its growth, which will, of course, be more or less irregular and capricious. A site so spacious, even if one-half be neglected and one-seventh be water, will still have an occupied area double that of London, and sufficient by reason of its singular adaptations for many times the business of that city.

The foregoing map is divided by the Hudson River into two parts, east and west, each exhibiting a marked character of its own. Looking at the obvious physical aspects, we observe that the foreground of the western division is profusely channeled with navigable waters and water-power courses, and overlaid with a congeries of terminating railroads. Within this semicircle there is a mile of railroad per square mile of territory. A strip of its eastern water-front, three

miles long, is the actual meridian line where the wheels of continental railway traffic meet the keels of ocean steam-ships. Of the one hundred thousand miles of North American railway lines, but a small fraction fails to connect with the steam-ship fleets at this wharf line.

A vast defect seems to condemn some ten thousand acres in the foreground as an impracticable morass. But "this effect defective comes by cause," and for good cause, equally with the waste of waters, to which so inordinate space seems to be surrendered. The extensive tide-water flats, redeemed from overflow, are destined to play an important part in the future of the cosmetropolis. They will furnish the cheap and level ground needed for railway sidings, for long wharves on deep-water frontage, and for the yards and buildings required for the storage and handling of bulky commodities and raw materials. Back of these marshes lie two of the most important manufacturing centers of America, Newark and Paterson, so closely joined to New York by business relations and swift railway communications as to be virtually workshops of the great city. Finally, in the rear of all this apparatus of commerce and manufactures, in the west and north of the semicircle, there rises a romantic region, cleft by deep rivers and ravines, and terraced with magnificent heights, tier above tier, overlooking the central city and all its white brood of suburban towns as far as the ocean horizon.

Turning now to the other division of our map, east of the Hudson, we find it unbroken by the arduous heights or broad water-ways of the western section. There is not a sign of water-power. There are no wide spaces of cheap and vacant land like the marshy flats between Bergen Heights and the Passaic. Everything is adapted by nature to the brisk circulation of air, drainage, and traffic,—for continuous streets and close building. Not a circumstance is wanting for the model site of a compact city, the densest massing of life and business with the closest economy of time and strength. The narrow water-way of the East River, which intersects the eastern semicircle, has in fact assisted to widen rather than contract the city's growth. New York and Brooklyn and adjacent Long Island, and the Westchester peninsula, as united by bridges and steam transit, form one city site as much as the two banks of the Seine at Paris or of the Thames at London, and are certain to become municipally united.

The two divisions thus topographically contrasted are also geographically separated by a river over a mile wide, while politically they are as far apart as two States, of opposite temper and traditions, can fix them. Yet their inseparability as one interwoven commercial growth is plainly manifest at this early stage. Each division, with its subdivisions, is complemental and harmonious with the others.

The pivot of the whole development is on the eastern side, at the lower end of Manhattan Island. Here is the permanent financial center. It will not move, for all the world seeks it where it is. Wall street will preserve its character as long as the cosmetropolis endures. Banking, exchange, stocks, insurance, capital and merchandise brokerage, speculation, and financial and commercial agencies from all parts of the world, will circle around Trinity Church until its walls crumble. Offices of railroad and mining companies, of steam and other shipping, of telegraphs, of staple imports and exports (stores and warehouses crowded into the distance and for the greater part on the Jersey flats) next center closest around the financial hub, attended by manufacturing and miscellaneous corporations, lawyers without number, brokers, courts, newspapers, and, farther up, the importers of foreign and agents of domestic manufactures. The physiognomy of this part of the city is fixed, and will only become more pronounced in time by the crowding out of small manufacturing concerns and warehouses for the storage of heavy products. The jobbing trade will continue its march up town, and perhaps halt around the Hudson River Tunnel Depot to be opened near Washington Square. The retail dry-goods trade, following the tide of fashionable life, will go northward until stopped or turned by the corner of Central Park.

After finance and foreign commerce, fashionable trade and society will eventually be the chief features of the central city. The centralization of true metropolitan commerce, which is to make lower New York the London of the future, will make upper New York its Paris. Exclusive society in New York can scarcely be said to have any fixed and distinct habitat at present. It is in transitionary lodgings, looking about, as it were; ready poised to take wing for some choice new quarter, well walled from vulgar intrusion. Where that quarter is to be, however, can hardly be a question. One suitable spot remains, and that is at once so beautiful, so isolated, and so admirably adapted, that one is almost constrained to believe that the susceptibilities of sublimated snobbery are not beneath the Providence that cares for the sparrow. Four or five square miles have been laid out by Nature on the peninsular upper extremity of the island, between the Hudson and the Harlem, at an elevation of from

fifty to a hundred feet above plebeian street grades, expressly for the "court" quarter of New York's future aristocracy. It is a ridge about a mile wide, with abrupt sides and a broad top; overlooking at once, on either hand, the magnificence of the Hudson beneath the Palisades, and the romantic nooks of the Harlem and Spuyten Duyvil, with the glittering reaches of Long Island Sound; swept by the purest airs from land and sea; almost self-drained, and drained again of drainage at its base; inaccessible, in short, to the odors of the common world, to the heavy wheels of commerce, and to the enterprise of speculative builders.

As if all this were not enough, the opposite shores on every hand are all of the same sort, and waiting to be united in one by suspension bridges from height to height, anchored in the ready-built rocks. In fact, the city has already one of the most magnificent bridges in the world, spanning the Harlem from bluff to bluff—the famous "High Bridge" of the Croton Aqueduct. Whenever wanted, an upper story can be built at small expense on this massive structure, and roofed with a fine level road-way from Washington Heights to the villa-crowned hills of the Twenty-fourth Ward. The earliest wholly new bridge to be called for in this quarter will perhaps be the already chartered suspension bridge across the Hudson from Washington Heights to the Palisades. This will—not soon, but surely—connect the magnificent boulevards now building on each of the opposite heights in a continuous drive of fifteen miles, which, for eminence of prospect, luxurious convenience, and picturesque variety, can never be matched in the neighborhood of any other great city on the globe. The elevated railways through the north-western quarter of the island bring this region at once into practicability, and some coming wave of prosperity will sweep an overflowing wealth into splendid piles and rows along the sightly heights.

The plainly marked locality of fashionable life as plainly determines that of fashionable trade. Retailing will retain its present base on the central avenues leading up to the Park, preëminently the Fifth, and will culminate either about the lower end at Fifty-ninth street, or possibly on the western (Eighth-avenue) side of so agreeable a drive as that by way of St. Nicholas avenue and the Park from the upper ten thousand homes to the shopping quarter.

For the great middle class, of reasonable tastes and aspirations, whom choice or convenience will retain in the close city, broad provision is made on all sides of the Central Park; but it is derogatory to the prospects of the city to suppose that any of the insular space will long remain cheap. As a brake on the progressive expensiveness of the center, however, the continued distribution of population on both sides of the East River throughout its whole length is plainly secured by the admirable counterpoise of the new steam transits north and east respectively. Brooklyn has long been simply the habitable quarter of New York nearest to business and cheapest for residence. The New York elevated railways, which would have thrown that quarter into the distance, are opportunely balanced by prospective Brooklyn steam transit over the great suspension bridge, recently completed, at James's slip, and the prospective Blackwell's Island bridge. This will put progressively cheaper city homes and lighter taxation within five, ten, fifteen, and twenty minutes from business, and secure the continued preference of a large population, of moderate city tastes. Brooklyn has already more than half a million inhabitants. It has ample room for unlimited growth over the level fields of Long Island stretching out eastward, and can spread southward ten miles to the sea if need be.

A cluster of cities with an aggregate population of nearly a third of a million has already grown up on the New Jersey arms and affluents of our metropolitan harbor. More foreign goods are now landed in Jersey City and Hoboken than in any other place in the United States, except New York. Paterson is one of the greatest silk factories of the world. It makes nearly all the sewing silks and two-thirds of the colored silk dress goods and ribbons sold in this country, and is besides eminent in the building of locomotives and machinery. Newark is a swarming hive of industry, with 135,000 inhabitants. It is the special seat of gold jewelry, leather, small hardware, and thread manufacture. Of the whole west side congeries of cities, it is the natural and actual nucleus,—stretching its gas-lighted streets in every direction, to Elizabeth, to Orange, to Bloomfield and Montclair, and seven miles along the Passaic on both sides. Newark is a city of a special character, quite the antipodes of Paterson or any other mill city. Instead of machine tenders, it is full of skilled artisans, and hence it is and always will be the home of the finer mechanical arts. At Elizabethport, sewing machines for half the world are made. The anthracite coal of eastern Pennsylvania is the best fuel, ton for ton, in the world. It naturally seeks tide-water at this point, coming down from the mountains to the sea by easy descending grades, in long trains, with great economy of motive power.

The cost of this coal at Paterson or Newark is only about half its cost in the New England manufacturing towns.

The west side of our future cosmetropolis is provided not only with unlimited water-fronts for commerce, and immense level spaces for factories, warehouses, and railway tracks and yards, but it has lofty plateaus and ridges overlooking all the busy haunts of labor and commerce, and admirably adapted for residence quarters. Between the Hudson and Hackensack rivers rise the Palisades—precipitous walls on the east, steep slopes on the west, and on the top a broad table-land. Mountain-high at its northern extremity, this singular formation descends gradually as you follow its crest until it meets tide-water opposite Staten Island. Its lower end is covered with a village-like growth, belonging partly to Jersey City, partly to Hoboken, and partly to petty municipalities. Forty thousand people now live upon this lofty ridge. The number will increase to two hundred thousand, perhaps to half a million, with the growth of the metropolis and the now assured construction of the Palisades railroad, running from Jersey City the whole length of the ridge. At the upper end of the Palisades, the country is still nearly all forest. The Palisades railway, connecting with the new ferry of the West Shore Company, will reach the heights by an easy grade through Opdyke's Gorge, and run northerly along the summit to Alpine (opposite Yonkers), at such a distance west from the cliffs as not to disturb their seclusion and repose. The few villa residents established here are the pioneers of thousands who will soon convert the whole plateau into a park and a garden. Like an island in the atmosphere, hung in all its sylvan wildness over the crowded roofs and ways of men, the scenery of this outlook is simply amazing. Not that it is vaster in extent than may be seen from other summits, but that it groups features of grandeur so diverse and opposite, such a range of the boldest contrasts, from the largest scale of man and civilization back to the monstrous forms of chaos, all right under an eye poised in mid-air. You toss a pebble out and watch it fall, down, down, until it approaches the topmast of some gallant ship in the busy but here noiseless port below. There is the ocean far out on one hand, and the measureless magnificence of scenery stretching westward to the Ramapo mountains on the other, and between are the great rivers converging into the wonderful harbor of New York, with their countless fleets and shining sails and bustling steam flotilla,—all down, almost plumb down, it seems, beneath your eyrie crag. And still around you, in this weird altitude, is a world above a world, of green groves, lawns, and the homes of happy people.

Between the meadows of the Hackensack and the valley of the Passaic is another ridge less lofty, already dotted with villages. Still further west rises the Orange Mountain. On the approaching slopes gleam the pretty towns of Orange and Bloomfield, where thirty thousand people find pleasant homes, with flowers, gardens, lawns, and shaded streets, and city comforts of water, gas, and street railroads. On its spreading base sits Montclair. The terraced ascent from tide-water at Newark to the green crest of Montclair, faces the sunrise with a land-rise of six hundred feet in six miles. To a spectator on the heights, the emerald sea comes up in a succession of long rollers crested with foam of cities and flecked with gleams from a hundred thousand roofs. The luxuriant verdure rolls half up the vertical rock face of its western wall, the "Wat-Chung," or First Mountain,—aboriginally and historically so called, although we fancy the ultimate designation of its commanding brow will naturally be that we have assumed for it—Montclair Heights.

From this grand gallery of the metropolitan amphitheater, at any point in its eight miles' length, the level eye strikes through the clear upper air far over the towered heights of the Hudson and Brooklyn shores to the clouds that blend with the ocean horizon. The lowered glance falls through crystal depths far down to a bottom overspread with great and minor cities; with populous villages; with the homes and works of over two millions of people; with a maze of broad rivers, harbors, and fleets; with smoke-traced lines of transportation converging from all the continent; and with a world of luxuriant scenery besides, in which all this commercial magnificence looks scattered and obscure.

Space is wanting here to complete the circuit of the great city's beautiful suburbs—to speak of more distant New Jersey towns like Plainfield, Westfield, Rahway, and many others, essential parts, all of them, of the life of the metropolis, and bound to it by the daily passage to and from New York of half their populations. Space also is wanting to speak of Staten Island, that picturesque combination of highlands, forests, and sea, rimmed round with villages and destined to be covered with suburban homes; or to describe the summer towns by the ocean, which make almost a continuous line of hotels and cottages for forty miles out of the city on the Atlantic coasts and the shores of the Sound.

We have barely sketched the ground plan of the future cosmetropolis and its suburbs.

Two millions of people now live within its natural limits. It is not rash to predict that, long before another century passes, its population will surpass that of London, and that it will be the unrivaled center of finance and commerce, of luxury and fashion, of art and literature — the heart and brain, in a word — of the civilized world.

William C. Conant.

AT CASTLE HILL, NEWPORT, R. I.

An isle that swims a galaxy of isles,
Like flowers afloat upon the breast of ocean,
O'er whose horizon many an island piles
Its rocks of fleece, and cape by cape beguiles
The view with lands in soft, continuous motion.

An island whence are isles and isles descried,
Green, brown as moorland, fringed with sea-weed yellow
Whereto there flame by night across the tide
The eyes of islands that must lonely bide
Till darkness falls before they greet their fellow.

And into isles a charm the land divides
Whenso the white scales of that serpent quiver
The sun abhors; coil upon coil it slides
Up from the sea, and through the hollow glides,
And moats the hill-tops with a ghostly river.

An isle whose fiords are islanded again,
Whose lakes, where cardinals flash and lilies cluster,
Have isles the fragrant iris loves to stain
With purple eyes wherein the eye is fain
To note small islands black and gold of luster.

The very moon along the eastern wave
Glows like an island of clear brass, and wonder
Falls with the twilight to behold her pave
The bay with islets bright as tides that lave
The sun when he with all his pomp goes under.

Foregather still to isles the wind-worn trees,
Their verdures differing from swamp and dry land;
The flocks of sheep that crop the perfumed leas
Bunch into isles, and, hark! upon the breeze—
The clang of wild geese from their feathery island!

And there be hours when unseen crystal hands
Pour from on high upon the isles an ichor,
Balm for dull eyes; when, as at stroke of wands,
Specters will start, faces of lonesome strands
Leap to the view athwart the salty liquor.

Ah, every man and woman of the maze
Is but an island, ringed by waves abysmal;
And though they yearn, and though they go their ways,
And woo and wed, seldom the chosen gaze
True-eyed, by night, across the waters dismal.

Charles de Kay.

INDIAN WAR IN THE COLONIES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

FALLING CREEK, VA. SITE OF THE FIRST IRON-WORKS, DESTROYED IN THE MASSACRE OF 1622.

I.

THE EARLIER INDIAN WARS.

THE Virginia colony, in its early struggle with want, was saved from complete overthrow at the hands of the savages by the address of Captain John Smith, by the imperviousness of English armor to arrow-shots, and by the frightful detonations of matchlock guns and small cannon. After the marriage of Pocahontas there ensued an era of good feeling in which the confederated tribes of the Virginia peninsulas found it better to trade with white men than to fight them. Meantime, English religionists cultivated a sentimental enthusiasm about the Indians, founding a school and devising other things for the wild men as laudable in aim as they were impossible of execution. The eager pioneers, feeling secure and intent on opening ground for growing tobacco, planted their cabins farther and farther apart along the inviting river-banks. They traded with the savages for corn, and hired them to shoot with English fowling-pieces the great bronze-breasted wild turkeys, the innumerable pigeons,—whose flight by millions sometimes obscured the sky and was thought an omen of evil,—and the water-fowl that gathered in countless flocks upon the bays and tributaries of the James River. These Indian hunters lived in the houses of their employers, penetrated the mystery of European habits, and became expert

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with fire-arms, so that the dread of the white man's magic charms and deadly thunderbolts wore away. Even the implacable old Opechancanough, who had come to the leadership on the death of Powhatan, seemed to be friendly. He accepted a house from the manager of the college lands, and found no end of delight in locking and unlocking the door. The savages entered freely the isolated and unfortified cabins of the settlers without so much as knocking; they ate from the planters' supplies, and slept wrapped in skins or blankets before the wide-open fire-places. The former hardships of the colonists were fast sinking into that happy oblivion which peace and prosperity bring.

But in 1622, on the 22d of March (Old Style), in the middle of the day, while the men were afield, the Indians fell upon the women and children in the houses and the men who worked unarmed abroad, killing the settlers with their own axes, hatchets, hoes, and knives, hacking and disfiguring their dead bodies, and then, fortunately, pausing to pillage and burn the dwellings. The unutterable outrages on living and dead, so familiar in the history of Indian massacres from that time to this, appeared in this first onslaught. The plan had been well laid to exterminate or drive away every Englishman from the coast. One Indian of those dwelling among white men and under missionary influence was touched with compassion. As he lay upon the floor the night before the massacre, he received from a companion the authoritative command of his tribe to kill the master of the house in which he lived: but he rose and whispered a warning to his benefactor, who carried the tidings across the water into Jamestown, so that the authorities were able to check the Indians after three hundred and forty-seven Europeans had been slain. The savages had not quite lost their fear of the English; they turned back from every show of force, even from an empty gun in the hand of a woman.

One-twelfth of the whole colony had fallen, almost within a single hour. The Virginia planters had no countrymen on this side of the sea except the remote handful of famine-stricken pilgrims beyond Cape Cod; and this destructive blow appalled the colonists, and there was talk of fleeing to the eastern shore of the Chesapeake for security. But, under prudent leadership, the settlers were drawn together into the stronger places and made to present a compact and undaunted front. They built palisaded houses and carried their arms in the field and to church. A savage ferocity, born of resentment and terror, showed itself, and the white men did not scruple to treat a perfidious foe with shameless bad faith. How else could English soldiers, in cumbrous armor, ever come up with bowmen so fleet of foot and so light of baggage? Affecting to make peace, the English appointed the 23d of July, 1623, as a day on which to fall simultaneously upon the unsuspecting Indian villages, slaughtering the people, burning the wigwams, and cutting up the growing maize, so as to leave the savages to a winter of misery and starvation. Another attack was made in 1624, when eight hundred Pamunkeys and other Indians made a brave stand for two days, but were at length beaten by the odds of fire-arms and defensive armor.

In 1644, twenty-two years after this first massacre, when Opechancanough was shriveled and palsied with age, unable to stand on his feet or to open his eyelids without help, he was borne on a litter to command in a new attack. The Indians, hearing that there was civil strife in England, and having seen a battle between a king's ship and a parliament ship in the James River, thought it a good opportunity to make a clean sweep of the English. Five hundred were killed in two days, but the arrival of the governor with an armed force put the savages to flight. Opechancanough was afterward taken and carried into Jamestown, where a soldier appointed to guard him shot the unmollified centenarian, to whom were attributed so many woes.

Very different in origin and outcome from the Virginia war was the beginning of sorrows in New England. The Dutch purchased the Connecticut River country from the powerful Pequots, who had recently expelled the tribes formerly seated on its banks. Thereupon English settlers brought back the former owners, gave them the protection of an English fort, and from them acquired a rival title. This inflamed the jealousy of the Pequots, some of whom made themselves amends by killing the unarmed crew of a trading boat from Virginia. The allies of the Pequots on Block Island also slew John Oldham, trading thither from Massachusetts.

Captain Endecott, afterward governor of Massachusetts, commanded the force sent out in 1636, with orders to bring these Indians to reason by putting to death all their able-bodied men. Endecott was very brave in chopping down May-poles, banishing churchmen, and hanging Quakers, but he was not so well suited to contend with Indians. On Block Island, he burned the combustible wigwams and cut to pieces seven canoes, but the nimble savages retreated to hiding-places according to their wont. Flushed with triumph, Captain Endecott then sailed to "Pequot Harbor"—now known as the mouth of the Thames River—in Connecticut. Here the

Pequots outwitted him by keeping negotiations open until they could remove their families and household stuff. The English at length "beat up the drums" as a challenge to battle, giving fair warning to the fleet savages to get out of the way before the guns were discharged. The Pequots shot off some arrows and then ran away under fire. Endecott returned to Boston without losing a man or impairing the enemy's strength. The handful of settlers on the Connecticut, and the little garrison under Lieutenant Lion Gardiner at the mouth of that river, were left to endure as best they might the fury which this expedition had provoked. The insolence of the emboldened and enraged Pequots now passed all bounds. They made raids on the Connecticut settlers, killed and captured straggling soldiers from the fort at Saybrook, torturing every hapless white man that fell into their hands, and repeating within hearing of the garrison the cries, groans, prayers, and distressful ejaculations uttered by those whom they had tormented, mimicking and deriding their agonies, and wearing head-bands made of the fingers and toes of their victims.

In May, 1637, John Mason, who had won the favor of Fairfax in the war in the Netherlands, was given command of a little company drawn from the yet feeble Connecticut settlements, with the addition of twenty Massachusetts men under Captain Underhill. Mason was ordered to attack the Indians at Pequot Harbor, and his officers, impatient to return to their imperiled families, voted to obey the orders. But Mason, seeing the futility of this, appealed to higher authority by asking the chaplain to inquire the mind of the Lord. After a prayerful vigil, Chaplain Stone decided that Captain Mason was right, and the expedition sailed eastward. The deluded Pequots thereupon gave themselves over to feasting and to making preparations for a raid on the settlements, while Mason came about and assailed them on an unexpected side.

No more daring and brilliant surprise was seen in early colonial warfare than that accomplished by this forlorn hope of seventy-five. The Indian allies of the English fell back with terror as the troops approached in the night the strongholds of the dreaded chief, Sassacus. After an exhausting march, the Connecticut men slept a few hours at what is now called Porter's Rocks, and then at day-break surrounded the palisaded village at Mystic, where the barbarians, wearied with their revelry, were all asleep. In the first onset Mason hit upon the dreadful expedient of setting the wigwams afire. In less than two hours, five or six hundred men, women, and children had perished. They were shot down off the palisades, whither they climbed to escape the heat; those who essayed to break through the lines were put to the sword; those who succeeded in passing the English fell by the tomahawks of the Indian allies in the rear; and many, in mad desperation, threw themselves into the flames. A whole community was destroyed at a blow. So heart-rending were the cries of victims in the fire, so ghastly the aspect of the dead and dying about the fort, that the younger soldiers, unhardened by cruel scenes, were touched with compassion and horror; and it was necessary afterward to cite the massacre of the Canaanites, and David's "saws and harrows of iron," to justify this slaughter.

In the war which followed, the powerful Pequot tribe was obliterated. Fugitives were pursued toward the confines of New Netherland, and numbers of the doomed tribe were slain not only by the troops of Connecticut and Massachusetts, but by the neighboring savages, who were always ready to engage on the winning side and had many reasons for hating the Pequots. Trophies of heads and hands were sent to Boston, Hartford, and Windsor, as good-will offerings from the neighboring tribes to the English. Those of the enemy who obtained mercy when the sword was weary with the disgusting slaughter were either sold away to the consuming slavery of the West Indies, reduced to servitude in the colonies, or divided between the Narragansetts and Mohegans, and New England had peace for nearly forty years.

In Maryland, a conflict with the tribes broke out about the time of the close of the Pequot war in Connecticut. The first contest with the Susquehannas seems to have dragged its indecisive course through thirteen years, and when peace was made with this tribe there was still trouble from some of the bands on the eastern peninsula. The records are so defective that we are only able to see occurrences in a sort of historic twilight; the Indian wars appear to be without beginning or end. We catch a dim vision of the gallant figure of Colonel Cornwayleys, "the guardian genius of the colony," as, at a later period, we hear of the exploits of Colonel Ninian Beale. We are able to conjecture something of the distresses of the infant colony during a prolonged Indian war, to which were superadded religious dissensions, insubordination, and more than one revolution. Meanwhile, Virginia was never free for many years at a time from the scourge, and in 1656 her troops suffered a bitter defeat near the present site of Richmond, at a brook which still bears the name of Bloody Run.

During the prevalence of these wars in the

BLOODY RUN, RICHMOND, VA. SCENE OF THE BATTLE WITH THE RECHAHECRIANS.

Chesapeake country, the heedless and unscrupulous Kieft, who bore rule over the Dutch colony, provoked a conflict with the Raritans in 1640. Three years later, he took advantage of the distressed state of some Indians who were huddled near a brewery at Pavonia in mortal terror of the Mohawks, to fall upon their camp in cold blood, in order to avenge the death of two Dutchmen murdered by certain savages some years before. This dastardly onslaught led the Long Island and the North River clans to make common cause, and as many as eleven tribes were soon in arms against the colonists of New Netherlands. In the extreme distress produced by this war, many New Amsterdam people took refuge in Patroon van Rensselaer's colony at Fort Orange, now Albany, while all who could get away fled back to Holland. The Indians suffered even more severely. Underhill, one of the commanders at the Pequot fort, who had a "sufficient light from the Word of God for the proceedings" on that occasion, had afterward fallen into disgrace and church censure in Boston on account of licentious behavior and betaken himself to the Dutch territory, where such offenses were less regarded; and now in the employ of the New Amsterdam government repeated the Connecticut tactics of burning a whole village at once By one means and another sixteen hundred Indians perished before the war was ended. A peace was at last made by the intervention of the Iroquois in 1645 New Netherlands had suffered the annihilation of its out-settlements and an almost complete depopulation of its little capital in this attempt to "put a bit into the mouths of the heathen."

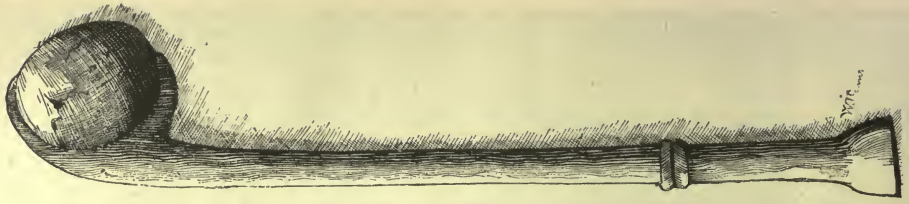
Ten years later, while seven hundred men from the Hudson were waging bloodless war for the subjugation of the Swedes on the Delaware, the Indians entered the very streets of New Amsterdam and committed outrages in retaliation for the killing of a squaw who had been shot while stealing peaches. The Staten Island and New Jersey settlements were ravaged. Again, in 1658, after many irritations on both sides, the rashness of some

PORTER'S ROCKS, MYSTIC, CONN.

settlers at Esopus on the Hudson brought on a conflict, in which many colonists were killed and ten burned at the stake in plain sight of the fort.

In 1675, there came upon the thriving New England colonies that struggle between Indian ferocity and English endurance known as King Philip's war. Philip's father was Massasoit, the ally of the Pilgrims. His son and successor, Alexander—so called by the English— had been rudely put under arrest by the Plymouth authorities on suspicion of hostile intentions. Soon after his release he died, some thought of grief and humiliation. Philip, who succeeded his brother, was a typical Indian chief, arrogant and cringing by turns. It pleased his inordinate vanity to plot against the English, though he shrank from the actual collision, which appears to have been brought about at last, as so many Indian massacres have been, by the impetuous valor of the young warriors,—members of that fierce democracy known in the western tribes at the present time as "the soldiers' lodge,"—a body which often carries the day against wiser counsel when war is in the making. But Philip's arrogance, matched by that of the General Court at Plymouth, rendered the collision inevitable sooner or later.

Had those in authority at Plymouth and Boston appreciated the immense advance in power which the Indians had made in acquiring the use of the white man's weapons, they might have found means to avoid a conflict which presently brought upon them, in addition to Philip's Wampanoags, the Nipmucks of the Massachusetts middle country, the populous clans of the Connecticut valley, the powerful Narragansetts of the coast south of Cape Cod, and after awhile the Tarranteens of the East. Little acquainted



INDIAN WAR-CLUB. (FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S CABINET.)

with Indian warfare, the white men fell into one ambush after another and suffered surprise after surprise. Marching in close order, the strength of a party was easily reckoned and its ranks readily cut to pieces by the skulking foe. "Our men," says Gookins, "could see no enemy to shoot at, but yet felt their bullets out of the thick bushes." For a long time there was little but disasters of sudden massacre and overwhelming defeat, of families slain, hamlets in flames, and women and children carried into captivity. The Puritans sought to placate an angry deity by fasting and humiliations, and by laws against such abominations as the wearing of long hair by men and the wearing of short hair and too many ribbons by women. Young people were forbidden to drive together, and God was to be pleased by a renewed persecution of the Quakers. But, in spite of these reforms, Captain Hutchinson and sixteen men were cut off by an ambush near Brookfield; Captain Beers was slain with twenty of his men while on his way to Hadley; Captain Lathrop, attempting to reach Hadley a week later, was cut off with almost his whole troop of about a hundred men. Northfield and Deerfield were abandoned to be burned by the savages, and a considerable part of Springfield was destroyed. What seems now to have been a rather impolitic attack on the Narragansett stronghold resulted in a victory, purchased by a loss so great that the slender military force of the colonies was staggered by it. The scattering far and near of the enraged warriors of this powerful tribe, homeless and famine-stricken in a bitter winter, only aggravated the sorrows of New England. In midwinter, Lancaster was destroyed and forty of its people slain and captured. The daring enemy penetrated to within twenty miles of Boston, and assailed Medfield and Weymouth. Almost the whole of the old colony of Plymouth was laid waste, Warwick in Rhode Island was destroyed, and Providence was partly burned. Pierce and his whole party of fifty fell by an ambuscade, Wadsworth and a like number were cut off in the same way; and so numerous and disheartening were the disasters, that the total depopulation of Massachusetts colony began to be feared.

But, however inferior the colonists might be to the Indians in the skill needed for a forest war, it was soon shown in New England, as elsewhere, that civilization has superior staying quality. The infuriated savages at length exhausted themselves by the very energy of their attacks. Having no stores or resources, and no efficient organization, they could not hold together. As spring advanced, the Indians scattered in small hunting and fishing parties to avoid perishing. The Connecticut River tribes grew weary of wandering from place to place in hunger and continual terror of the persevering colonists, and Philip became unpopular as the author of their wretchedness; the Mohawks showed hostility to Philip, and the Nipmucks were overawed by the now successful white men. Philip and his immediate band doggedly returned eastward to their old haunt at Mount Hope. Here the first real frontier warrior of New England, Benjamin Church, at the head of a motley troop, was beating the savages at their own game of skulking, ambuscade, and surprise. The war was virtually ended in August, 1676, when Philip, seeking to make a timely escape from a swamp, as he had often done before, was killed by one of his own Indians who had deserted to Church's party. Vengeance was wreaked upon his dead body, which was quartered and hung upon trees. One of his hands was delivered to the man who killed him, to be carried round for a penny peep-show, and his head was taken into Plymouth on a public thanksgiving day, and stuck upon a gibbet after the barbarous fashion of that time. "God sent them the head of a leviathan for a thanksgiving feast," brags Cotton Mather, who, some years afterward, robbed the head of its jaw-bone, which he carried to Boston as a relic.

Never were thanksgivings more sincere than those offered in Plymouth and Massachusetts. Upward of two thousand Indians had been slain, the greater part of those who remained alive had been sold into West Indian slavery, and the danger to the colony had passed away. But never were public rejoicings more deeply tinged with regrets. The out-settlements were ruined; six hundred dwellings were in ashes; the accumula-

KING PHILIP'S SAMP-BOWL AND LOCK OF GUN WITH WHICH HE WAS KILLED. (FROM THE CABINET OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BY PERMISSION.)

tions of years had been wasted; and worst of all, the flower of Massachusetts' manhood — one-eleventh of all her able-bodied men — had been cut off untimely. Every family in the colony was in mourning.

The disasters of the war with Philip alarmed the more southern colonies and perhaps aggravated the severities of the Marylanders and Virginians in the difficulties on their own frontiers in 1676. The fierce Susquehannas, who had often and for long years together troubled the exposed settlements, were again at war with Maryland and with the Five Nations at the same time. The Virginians of the "northern neck" naturally sympathized with their neighbors across the Potomac, and aided them against the Susquehannas by a party under Colonel John Washington, ancestor of him who commanded the forces of the United Colonies a hundred years later. The English colonists, under the rash lead of John Washington and others, perfidiously put to death chiefs who were sent out of a beleaguered Indian fort to sue for peace, and thus brought upon the Virginia frontiers the Susquehannas, in addition to their other enemies, the Doegs. Sir William Berkeley justly rebuked the commanders for this foolish perfidy; but the corruptions of Berkeley's despotic administration had lost him his early popularity, and since he was known to have a profitable interest in the Indian trade, and

TURTLE-SHELL RATTLES OF INDIAN MAKE. (FROM THE NEW YORK STATE CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY.)

to be therefore averse to hostilities, his arguments in behalf of peace were not heard. The forts he built on the frontier were burdensome and of no use, except to favorites and perhaps to the old governor himself, who had almost lost human feeling in the transmutation of his passions into a senile avarice and vindictiveness. The people "at the heads of the rivers," as the frontiersmen above tide-water were called, saw themselves left exposed to the continual incursions of the savages in order that a clandestine Indian trade might not be interrupted. There was no printing-press, and few dared speak their thoughts in conversation; but certain tart proverbs passed from mouth to mouth, as that "No bullets could pierce beaver skins," and "Rebels' forfeitures would

OUTACITE, A CHIEF OF THE CHEROKEES. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

be loyal inheritances." For the old governor, intent only on heaping up wealth from the Indian trade, and ready to make profit by the forfeiture of the estates of those who should be stung by accumulated grievances to break into rebellion, refused even to allow the frontiersmen to go against the Indians at their own charge. But three hundred of these put themselves under a gifted young orator and captain, one Nathaniel Bacon, the most romantic figure of his time, who wrung a commission from Berkeley by threats, and then attacked and defeated the savages, utterly destroying one fortified Indian village. On his return, he found himself outlawed by a proclamation of the governor; but he drove Berkeley to the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, and made himself famous as a premature patriot who sought to throw off the abuses of colonial government a hundred years before the time. "Bacon's Rebellion," as it was afterward called, was cut short by the sickness and death of the young leader; but the severe punishment he inflicted on the Indians was followed by a long peace to the Virginia border.

In 1680, the southern settlements of Carolina, yet in their infancy, were almost ruined by a war with the Westoes. In 1711, the Tuscaroras, encouraged by factious dissensions and intrigues among the North Carolina settlers, ravaged the borders of that colony, seizing and torturing to death Lawson, the accomplished surveyor-general of the province, and committing ingenious outrages and hideous practical jokes on those who fell victims to their fury. Through the intervention of Governor Spotswood of Virginia, peace was made with a fragment of the tribe led by the chief, Tom Blunt. The main body of the Tuscaroras, assisted by some volunteers from the Five Nations, maintained the war for two seasons; but they were finally beaten by the North Carolinians, with the help of militia from South Carolina and Virginia and of some South Carolina Indians. Such as survived the war and escaped capture retreated through the back country of Virginia and Pennsylvania to New York, joining the kindred Iroquois Five Nations, which thenceforward took the name of the Six Nations.

But having once tasted victory, Indians do not easily stay their hands. The Yamassees, who helped to subdue the Tuscaroras in this war of 1713, and who made a pretty penny out of it by the sale, in Charleston, of hundreds of captives to be carried as slaves to the West Indies, were soon afterward seduced by the Spanish in Florida to attack the settlements in South Carolina Indeed, every Indian tribe from Florida to Cape Fear River was drawn into this destructive conspiracy. In no Indian war had the odds against the European settlers been so fearful. Six or seven thousand warlike savages were under arms against a province whose enrolled militia counted but twelve hundred men. Even Charleston was in danger from an enemy so formidable, and each citizen was obliged to do guard duty every third night. Governor Craven gathered an army that included every man who could be of service; even trusty negroes were in its ranks. Appreciating the desperate extremity of risk, he marched with the utmost caution until, at length, he brought the Indians to a stand at a place called Saltcatchers, where, with the fate of the colony staked on a single cast, he fought and defeated the Indians, and delivered South Carolina from obliteration But wandering scalping parties still inflicted outrages on the border until the Yamassees were finally beaten and driven off in 1718.

The history of the other Indian wars belongs to the story of that intercolonial struggle that drove France out of North America. Of this long conflict, the later Indian wars were but incidents.

II.

OCCASIONS OF INDIAN WAR.

NOTHING can be more erroneous than the popular notion that a neglect on the part of the colonists to purchase the lands on which they settled lay at the root of the ever recurring difficulty with the Indians. It was not always easy to acquire a sound and per-

petual land title from tribes who knew no such thing as ownership in severalty, nor any definite national boundaries, who rather occupied than appropriated land, and whose occupation was rarely of very ancient date. The only limit of savage migration or occasional wanderings was the fear of enemies. Until white men had educated the Indians to more definite notions, the payments for land probably seemed to them a kind of peace-offering, such as one migrating tribe might send to a powerful next neighbor, rather than an equivalent for that which they had never thought themselves to possess as a vendible article. Much has been said of Penn's purchases, but long before Penn's time the custom of purchasing the land prevailed, nearly all of the territory settled in Virginia, New England, New York, the Jerseys, Maryland, and Carolina having been purchased by treaty from the Indians. In many cases, at first, individual settlers paid the Indians a gun, a few yards of duffel cloth, a Stroudwater blanket, or some other trifles, for what land they could occupy; so that many good land titles in the older settlements have no other starting-point than "Indian rights." To prevent fraud upon the Indians, the minimum price was fixed by a Delaware court, in 1681, at one match-coat (a sort of blanket to be thrown over the shoulders) for six hundred acres of land, and above that at two match-coats; and, in the same year, we find one Brimble paying for six hundred acres three match-coats, twelve bottles of drink, and four double-handfuls of powder and shot. The low prices are not surprising, if we consider that there was yet nearly half a planet of virtually unoccupied land. The twenty-two thousand acres of New York City, included in Manhattan Island, only brought the Indian proprietors about twenty-four dollars in the year 1626; a township in Maine was purchased for a hogshead of corn and thirty pumpkins; and an extensive tract in Woodbury, Connecticut, was long called Kettletown, from the fact that it was bought for a brass kettle.

The land having no great value, boundaries were not accurately marked. The first land bought by the Swedes on the Delaware was described as "included between six trees." A tract on the Hudson river is defined as running back "two days' travel into the country," and a certain body of land in Connecticut was to extend "about a musket-shot" beyond a certain stream; while the land between two creeks was sold to Penn "backward as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse." Such doubtful and ambiguous grants were often sources of irritation between the Indians and the colonists. In the case of the famous "walking purchase," the unscrupulous sons of William Penn defrauded the Delaware tribe out of about four hundred thousand acres by hiring the fastest walkers in the province to make the longest possible pedestrian journey, on a prepared path, in the day and a half stipulated by the treaty, and then running a cross-line at a false angle.

It is not surprising that the Indians, having parted with their hunting-ground, perhaps for an anker of brandy and a few Stroudwater blankets or match-coats, with some hoes and hatchets, to which may have been added a number of handfuls of powder and shot, a few little looking-glasses and perhaps a hundred jew's-harps, should rue the sale as the years went on. The perishable articles were worn out and forgotten, and even the jew's-harp lost its charm when the Indian saw the white men growing rich on land that he had thrown away. The instability of the "Indian giver" is a proverb in America to this day. Notions of property were confused among the half-communistic tribesmen; whatever one could get and keep was his own until it had to be yielded to a stronger claimant or to some ancient and inflexible custom. If the purchased land was not at once occupied by settlers, the Indians who still hunted on it thought that it should be bought over again, and did not like the bringing forth of treaties and deeds signed with the totems of their chiefs and forefathers. Writing, complained one chief, had done the Indians much harm. King Philip was wont to claim and receive fresh payments for land ceded by his father on the ground that the boundaries had not been rightly understood.

Differences in modes of living caused many annoyances on both sides. The hogs which roamed at large ate up the clams on which the sea-coast Indians depended, and the indignant squaws pleased themselves by calling a pig a "dirty cut-throat." The cattle of the white men easily found their way into the unfenced fields of the Indians, and the latter sometimes revenged themselves by killing a trespassing cow or horse. To prevent such losses and consequent quarrels, laws were made in several colonies, obliging the town or neighborhood to help the Indian to fence his corn or to pay for the damages done. Sometimes neighboring Indians were conciliated by plowing their land for them. The sale of rum was a great grievance to the savages, who were rarely able to resist the seductions of the keg, but who always repented with bitterness when the debauch was ended and the winter's hoard of furs was foolishly expended. At such times, they

laid up a store of hatred against the trader who had fattened on their folly. Still more deadly was the hostility awakened by the dealers in Indian slaves, who bought the captives taken from one tribe by another or kidnapped in cold blood by white men, and sold them into slavery in the sugar islands. Laws were enacted against this traffic in Virginia, and Archdale, the humane Quaker governor, gave a temporary check to the trade in Carolina in 1695, but the large sales of Indians at the close of the Tuscarora war, in 1713, showed that the market was still open.

English notions of law and justice were often incomprehensible to savages. The colonists brought with them that hearty contempt for all aliens and pagans that belonged to their island ancestors, and they were quite unable to understand the Indian view of judicial and international concerns. The colonial authorities were wont to persuade the tribes to subject themselves to the English sovereign as became heathens. Unaccustomed to obey their own chiefs, the savages did not for a moment understand this ceremony in the English sense. The Massachusetts authorities perceived this in Philip's case, and represented to Plymouth that Philip had not meant to subject himself to the old colony in reality. Philip, who was proud and arrogant when he was not mean and cringing, seems to have been quite puffed up by the royal titles and functions which the first English colonists, in their inability to understand the real nature of a head sachem's office, were accustomed to attribute to him. His father had been extremely poor, as most of the sachems were; but the sale of lands probably increased Philip's revenues, and he adorned his coat and buskins lavishly with wampum wrought "in pleasant wild works and a broad belt of the same," and his whole accouterment was accounted worth at least twenty pounds, a large amount in that time. He came to adopt the pompous notions of his own dignity which the settlers had conferred upon him. After he secured a secretary from among the backslidden mission pupils, he subscribed himself "King Philip, His Majesty P: P," the last P, "writ large," being his mark; and as his irritation against white men increased, he called himself the brother of King Charles, refusing haughtily to treat with anybody less royal than himself.

But Plymouth harshly exacted submission; and, throughout the war, the Indians were accounted rebels guilty of high treason. So the Yamassees in South Carolina were said to have "thrown off their allegiance,"—an allegiance no more real than that of a tribe of Carolina beavers might have been. Ceremonies were cheap and were always pleasing to savages. The Cherokees, in 1730, at the suggestion of Sir Alexander Cumming, sent a deputation of seven chiefs to London with a crown, four scalps of their enemies, and five painted eagles' tails, all of which they solemnly laid at the feet of George II., in the presence of his "beloved men," as they styled the king's councillors. To them, this was a ceremony which meant no more than the transferring of their friendship from France to England.

The colonial courts assumed to hold jurisdiction over the Indians in some cases, and they often stretched their authority very imprudently. Their administration of justice to the Indians was usually fair, though the methods were inexplicable and contemptible to a savage. One Plaistowe was condemned in Massachusetts, in 1631, to repay double for corn he had taken from the Indians, to pay £5, and to lose his right to the title "Mr."; while his accomplices of lower rank were sentenced to be whipped. Two Indians, having assaulted some persons in Dorchester, in 1632, were sentenced to be put in the bilboes, and their own sachem was required to beat them. The Narragansetts were highly pleased with the severity of English justice when three white men who had killed and robbed an Indian, in 1638, were executed at Plymouth. But many of the criminal proceedings in the colonies were beyond the comprehension of an Indian. For example: Five Indians who seized a little vessel at Newfoundland, in 1726, were tried in Boston and hanged,—the court not finding a way to acquit them or to administer a lighter punishment, because the offense was technically piracy under English law. The savages probably never had the consolation of knowing that they were victims to the nicety of the Anglo-Saxon mind, which made a wide difference between the capturing of a cart in the road and the making prize of a boat on the water.

Among the Indians, there was a merciful provision for the prevention of endless vendettas by the payment of a ransom for the life of a homicide. It might have saved a destructive war in New Netherland if the Dutch had accepted a sufficiently heavy fine for such an offense, or had paid one in the case of the murder of an Indian by men who could not be detected. In Massachusetts, the son of a chief, Mattoonas, was accused and convicted of the murder of a white man. He was not only hanged, but his head was cut off and stuck upon a pole, where it remained for years, the colonists probably not suspecting the effect of such an exhibition on the Indians.

Naturally enough, the father of the young man thus used for a solemn example is said in Philip's war to have been "an old, malicious villain, who was the first that did any mischief within Massachusetts colony." The lust for inflicting justice upon offenders was the weakness of the Puritans, and, in a less degree, of the other English colonists. The trial at Plymouth of the men accused of the murder of Sassamon was a direct interference with Indian jurisdiction. Sassamon, an educated Indian, had betrayed Philip's plans for an attack on the settlement, and had, perhaps, made his information as important as he could. He was afterward found slain, no doubt by command of the chief and his council, in the secret and sudden Indian fashion. Three Indians were hanged for this crime, and the principal must have been guilty, for the body of Sassamon, who had been long dead, bled afresh when the accused murderer touched it, as such corpses had a way of doing at that day. Since Sassamon's death was no doubt a judicial execution, Philip had a show of reason when he declared that the English "had nothing to do with hanging Indians." It was an impolitic affront at a critical moment.

There were also forces at work among the Indians which have been rarely understood by white men, and least of all by officials. Rivalry with another chief will often force a head chief into hostile actions that he may retain his leadership. War of some sort is indispensable to the happiness of a young Indian, who is not a man until he has won reputation with his tomahawk. The savage nature pines for the excitement of slaughter; the Indian is held in contempt by the tribe until he is a warrior, and the very maidens often repel the advances of a man who has taken no scalps.

The Indian suffered much from unscrupulous fur-buyers. The cunning of Jacob, though low enough, was a step higher on the ladder of ascending civilization than the violence of Esau, but Esau could not easily restrain a disposition to repay the over-reaching craft of the trading brother with a knock on the head. It was in the very nature of a trader to defraud a savage, and equally in the very nature of a savage to settle the account in his own surprising way. When Major Waldron, at an outbreak of Indians in Maine, fell into the hands of his infuriated customers, they reminded him of a trader's easy mode of thrusting one hand into the scales for a pound weight. Having cut off the poor old major's fingers, they demanded: "Waldo! does your hand weigh a pound now?" Traders were often the earliest victims of Indian wars; ninety of them were cut off at the outbreak of the Yamassees in Carolina.

The rule of tribal retaliation, by which any man in a colony or tribe was liable to be slain for what a fellow-tribesman had done, seemed one of perfect equity to the Indian. A Susquehanna chief expressed the principle by an easy formula: "One pays for another." In 1626, an Indian was robbed of his peltries and killed by some Dutch farm-servants, who had waylaid him near a lonely pond of water, the site of which is now among the great warehouses of New York. His little nephew, who saw the deed, was bound by ancient custom and family duty to avenge upon some other Dutchman a crime of which the actual perpetrators could not be found. Fifteen years later, an honest old wheelwright, one Claes Smits, built himself a house and shop on the lonely, wooded road that skirted the shores of the East River, where now the wharves are crowded with ships. The grown-up nephew of the Indian long ago slain, with an Indian's inability to forget, settled the ancient score by one day killing with his hatchet the harmless and unsuspecting Claes and pillaging his house. The young man then returned to the bosom of his tribe with the approval of his own conscience and the applause of all good and brave Indians.

This incident was one of the chain of events that brought on Kieft's war, and in it we see the root of the whole difficulty: the standards of right and wrong, and the methods of righting a wrong, were so widely different and yet so tenaciously held on each side that collisions were unavoidable. Some jolly tars, ashore in Maine, as the easiest way of finding out whether the oft-told story were true that Indians can swim from their birth, tossed a chief's baby into the water. The mother saved the child by diving for it, but the baby died soon after, and the tribe wiped away the affront by tomahawking settlers all up and down the coast. This principle of vicarious atonement was the source of many wars. Since all white men were not saints, there would necessarily be provocations which could be revenged on honest people. The women and children of Carolina in their frontier cabins were made to pay with their lives for rash shots fired by Virginia rangers, and for the wantonness of young English officers at Fort George, who violated the wives of absent Cherokee hunters. When six Susquehanna chiefs had been treacherously killed by Virginians, the tribe proceeded to slay just sixty white men—ten for one, in view of the difference of rank; then they explained that the account was mathematically square, and demanded peace from the governor of Virginia.

To other occasions for hostility the thought-

ARMS IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM "HEWITT'S ARMOR," BY PERMISSION.)
1. Musketier and caliver-man. 2. Musket, caliver, and bandaliers. 3. Pikeman. 4. Wheel-lock pistol and matchlock of a musquet, Sixteenth Century, from examples in the Tower of London. 5. Musketier.

ful student of history will feel obliged to add the disinterested efforts of white men to Christianize and civilize the savages. Old superstition, however slumberous and passive, quickens into fanaticism when it is attacked. In the case of the Indians, the jealousy of the powwows and chiefs, who saw their influence melting away, was added to the natural religious antagonism. The outrageous treatment of the dead body of the kindly philanthropist, Thorpe, in Virginia, goes to show that Opechancanough and his men felt the Indian aversion to a new religion. Massasoit tried to stipulate with the Pilgrims that no effort should ever be made to change the religion of the Wampanoags; and his son Philip saw with chagrin the towns of "praying Indians" quite drawn away from their allegiance to the sachems, and in his interview with Rhode Islanders, a week before the outbreak, he made the proselyting of his men a matter of complaint.

It is not more natural for acid to react upon alkali than for civilization — especially a half-civilization — to fall out with savagery. In the case of the long peace between Penn's colony and the Delawares, the circumstances were exceptional. The Delawares had been subjected by the all-conquering Iroquois and compelled to "put on the petticoat." Gallatin has well said that, since the Quaker and the Delaware were both forbidden to take

up arms, they alike had motives to avoid a collision. Penn was not more just in buying land than others had been before him; but he was as sagacious in his plans for winning the favor of the Indians as he was adroit in insinuating himself at the royal court. He advised his agent to treat the savages with gravity: "They like not to be smiled upon." On the other hand, the grave proprietary made the Indians happy by sitting on the ground with them, eating their roasted corn, and showing his agility in one of their jumping matches.

III.

INDIAN MODES OF WARFARE.

Lion Gardiner, to prove the force of Indian projectiles, sent to Boston a rib of one of his men, who had been transfixed and killed by an arrow which broke the bone on the side opposite to that at which it had entered. But in a fight in the open ground, the Indian arrows were of little avail against men in corselets and head-pieces; the soldiers even dodged the approaching missiles and then calmly picked them up. The Indians, however, began very early to secure fire-arms, and they were always ready to pay a high price for the best guns. Every effort was made by the English colonial authorities to restrict the supply of arms and ammunition sold to the Indians. The French, sure of their ascendancy, pursued a bolder course, and even sent gunsmiths to keep the pieces of their savage allies in repair.

Fire-arms added greatly to the effectiveness of Indian warfare, but the Indian's strategy did not change its essential character. To win by crafty device, by sudden surprise, and by unlooked-for perfidy, and to strike terror by ferocious cruelty, were principles of war grained in the very nature of the American savage. For the most part, Indian war was an ingenious system of assassination. A company of braves painted, as the first Dutch parson at Albany expressed it, to "look like the devil himself," and carrying no rations but a slender supply of meal of parched maize, would creep for days through swamps and thickets, stepping each in the track of his predecessor, to surprise and put to fire and hatchet some unsuspecting hamlet of peaceful settlers. If compelled to fight with armed troops, it was not in pitched battle, but rather by ambuscade and perhaps with feigned retreat. The more ingenious the trick, the greater the glory. Piskaret, the Algonkin, whose very name was a terror to the Five Nations, approached alone a village of the Iroquois, with his snow-shoes reversed, and then, hiding in a wood-pile, entered the cabins night after night, and killed some of the enemy, returning each time to his place of concealment in the midst of enraged foes, who sent runners out to find him. The Catawbas planted, point upward, arrow-tips poisoned with rattlesnake's venom in the path down which their barefoot foes were sure to come in pursuit of them. Innumerable devices were resorted to for firing the garrison houses into which the settlers fled for defense, and even more ingenious tricks were played to decoy the defenders into the open field. In a Virginia fort, a young man eagerly loaded his gun to shoot a wild turkey, whose note he heard not far away; but the famous frontiersman, Hughs, promised him the turkey and went out himself, coming back with the scalp of an Indian who had imitated the note of the bird to decoy some one from the fort.

To analyze Indian warfare too closely would make these pages intolerable. Not only men, but sometimes women, and in rarer instances even children, were subjected to long-drawn deviltries of torment that cause the wildest imaginings of mediæval theologians and poets to seem tame. The Indian warrior deemed cruelty a virtue, and sometimes trained himself in boyhood for a warrior's career by exercising his inhumanity on the animals captured in the chase. On his own part, the brave was prepared to suffer the most extreme torments with the sublimest fortitude, provoking his enemies and inflicting on himself additional torture by way of ostentation. The women evinced as much fortitude in suffering and as much ferocity in inflicting pain as the men. This superfluous diabolism of savage nature vented itself on the dead by ghastly and grotesque mutilations. The frequent cannibalism in the northern tribes arose, no doubt, from a fondness for punishing an enemy after death, though it had a religious significance in some tribes, and was often a resort to satisfy hunger in war time. A Mohegan is said to have broiled and eaten a piece of Philip's body, probably with some notion of increasing his own strength. Acts of cruelty to the living and outrages on the dead were meant, like the painting of the warrior's face, to excite the enemy's fear, and consequently may be said to have had a legitimate place in Indian warfare.

IV.

THE COLONISTS' METHODS OF WAR.

For forest warfare, the Indian way of fighting, by ambuscade and surprise and with much individual independence, was certainly

more effective than a more orderly method would have been. The savages had an advantage, at the outset of a war, in the mobility of their villages and the smallness of their property stake. They always knew where to find the white man; but the latter could not always strike an enemy whose village might take flight in a night, leaving little behind but bare poles and the embers of yesterday's fires. It was only when the stubborn self-conceit of the English settlers had been overcome by many disasters, and when lessons in forest strategy had been learned from the enemy, that the settlers became equal to their foes. By the time of the outbreak of Philip's war, in 1675, the colonists had begun to see the folly of poking Indians out of a thicket with a pike, and the pikemen in the train-bands were required to be otherwise armed. But even so late as this some of the colonial troops were encumbered with the matchlock gun and the required "two fathoms of match," though the Indians all had the newer and better flint-lock or "snaphance." The cumbrous defensive armor of the English survived its usefulness. While the Indians shot only arrows, men in armor were tolerably safe, though for the most part rather harmless. The sixty coats of mail sent to Virginia by Lord St. John, in 1622, were probably of more service than the "old cast arms, unfit for modern use," which King James sent from the Tower. In the first year of the Pequot war, men "completely armed" with corselets, muskets, bandaliers for powder, portable rests from which to shoot, and swords, "did much daunt" the Indians, if we may believe the boastful Underhill; but, in fact, the nimble savages got out of the way, and laughed at the clumsy English methods. "We could not come at them in our armor," says Winthrop.

But out of the exigency comes the man. In the first rude onset of Philip's war, while yet social standing and even opinions about infant baptism went for much in the appointment of officers, and while the Massachusetts men were following orthodox leaders into fatal ambuscades and ineffective engagements, there appeared in Plymouth colony the first born Indian fighter of New England, of a type so often seen upon the frontiers since that time. Benjamin Church was not of any great figure in religious or civil affairs, and he was often treated with shabby neglect by the magnates of the Massachusetts General Court, but he could penetrate the device of an Indian before it was executed. With a keen relish for personal adventure and a hearty love of brave men, he drew around him a motley company of devoted followers, who could enter a thicket as nimbly and silently as the most agile barbarian. Notwithstanding his inconspicuous rank, he was the most striking figure in Philip's war, and he afterward became the terror of the savages and the chief protector of the settlements in the tedious and sanguinary conflicts with the Indians of Maine and New Hampshire. He was always vigilant and never for a moment timid or irresolute. When he had entered a swamp, he took care to come out by another road, for fear of being waylaid. He marched with scattered ranks as the Indians did, that his strength might not be easily discovered, and that his whole force might not be cut off in an ambuscade. In his excursions against the savages of the coast of Maine, he first used in war the swift whale-boat, providing five good oars and fifteen or twenty paddles to each boat, and five bars that might be quickly inserted in leathern staples on the gunwales, so that the boat could be lifted over the rocks at a bad landing. "The want of small things prevents the completing of great actions," he said, with the admirable terseness of a man of deeds. He rested by day and rowed by night, and, in order not to give alarm, his rule was never to attack an Indian with a gun who could be reached with a tomahawk. Very careful of his soldiers, and possessing the qualities of a natural leader of men, he never lacked recruits for a new foray against the enemy. Having captured a party of Indians, he would perhaps select a young prisoner, promise him life and liberty and adopt him into his corps. Such captives soon became attached to him, and readily conducted him to their old friends, whom they treacherously entrapped by giving preconcerted signals, such as the wolf's bark, the owl's hoot, and those other well-known sounds of the forest which were the Indian pass-words. Though never actually cruel, he was not above tying prisoners to the stake and getting a small fire ready in order to extort secrets. Like many others of his class, he showed a grotesque humor. When seventeen malingerers, wishing to escape a hard expedition, complained of incipient small-pox, he secured a house already infected, and ordered them into it; but a sudden recovery saved them. One of the boldest of all his hazardous undertakings was the adventuring of himself alone, and against all warning, in the hostile camp of Awashonks, a squaw sachem and an ally of Philip, whose band he persuaded to surrender to the authorities of Plymouth, in spite of certain warriors who wished to kill him out of hand. When, after innumerable perils, this man with a charmed life made a hasty visit to his wife, near the close of Philip's war, the poor woman fainted for joy at

seeing him alive; and before she had time to recover breath, Church received intelligence of Philip's hiding-place, and was away on that hurried expedition which closed the great sachem's career. The capture of the chief, Annawon, soon after, in its antique single-handed daring, reminds one of a passage from the Book of Judges, or a Homeric story; and the picturesqueness of Church's figure is enhanced by his standing against the background of old New England primness and rigidity.

The disaster of Philip's war made the authorities willing to accept such help as offered. Piratical privateers threw themselves into the congenial fray, one of them agreeing to take his pay in captives and plunder. This is he of whom it is told that in battle he took off his wig and hung it on a tree in order to fight with more enjoyment; whereupon the Indians, seeing a scalp handled in this inconsiderate way, detected witchcraft and fled. Some of these pirates had a dog trained in their ways which would fetch them five or six pigs a day from Philip's own herds.

The mounted troops in this war with Philip wore back, breast, and head pieces, and buff-coats; but defensive armor seems to have disappeared soon afterward; one does not hear of it in the Eastern wars. The success of the Indians in ravaging the frontiers in the winter, when the white men were helpless from the snow, led to the purchase of snow-shoes for the troops in 1704. It had taken nearly a century to evolve the light-armed scout, with flint-lock gun, moccasins, and show-shoes, from his ancestor with pike and corselet, matchlock and gun-rest.

V.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

THE crafty ingenuity and bold decision that come of desperate perils lend a curious flavor of romance to the history of people in primitive conditions. The hanging of a hat on a stick to draw the fire of a hidden foe was so common in the Indian wars as to become trite. One "friend Indian" in New England, hiding behind the roots of a fallen tree, bored a port-hole in the earth that clung to the roots, and so saved himself by picking off the foe. If the old narratives of the Indian wars were not so dry, one could fancy himself reading Cooper when he comes upon the scout clad in vest and cap of green leaves that he might observe the savages from the bushes without detection. In 1694, when Oyster River suffered so severely, Thomas Bickford sent his family out in a boat from the rear of his fortified house, he alone remaining. By frequently changing his hat and coat, and by appearing sometimes without a hat, and then without a coat, and then without either, putting himself through all possible permutations of costume, giving orders in a loud voice to imaginary soldiers here and there, and rejecting with scorn all propositions for surrender, he convinced the enemy that his house was too strongly garrisoned to be attacked with any hope of success.

The strenuous persistency of the savage warrior got into the white men after years of conflict. "Let me kill one more before I die," cried a young fellow wounded in a battle between Indians in canoes and the crew of a shallop on the coast of Maine; but death came on too swiftly for him to take another aim. So, after Lovewell's famous fight in Maine, one of the mortally wounded that had to be left behind asked that his gun might be charged, so that when the Indians should come to scalp him he might have the satisfaction of killing one more before he could be dispatched.

The women of those times developed a readiness and courage as remarkable as that of the men. The Swedish women near the site of Philadelphia, while boiling soap, were warned that the Indians were coming. They took refuge, soap and all, in the fortified church, blew the conch-shell horns to alarm the men, and when the Indians tried to undermine the building ladled the scalding soap upon them, and so saved themselves from destruction until their husbands arrived. The renowned Hannah Bradley, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, who had more than her share of captivities and adventures, killed an Indian who was rushing into the open gate of her husband's garrison, by throwing boiling soap upon him; and when the savages came to capture her a third time, she saved herself by shooting the foremost one dead. In 1676, the battle which Talcott was fighting in defense of Hadley was decided by the promptness of the women, who loaded with small shot and nails a cannon that had just arrived from Boston and conveyed it to the defenders; these discharged it, to the dismay and rout of the savages. A story is told of a maid-servant in Dorchester who defeated an Indian single-handed by the use of a musket and a shovelful of live coals. A young girl in Maine shut a door and held it, and thirteen women and children had time to reach a block-house while the Indians were chopping down the door and knocking down, though they did not kill, its defender. Twelve years after Bickford's ingenious defense of his house at Oyster River,

some women at the same place imitated it. There being no men in the garrison, they fired an alarm, loosened their hair to appear like men, and used their guns so briskly that the savages fled. In 1712, Esther Jones saved Heard's garrison, in the township of Dover, in New Hampshire, by mounting guard and calling so loudly and confidently as to make the Indians believe that help was at hand. The stalwart Experience Bogarth, of Dunkard's Creek, in Pennsylvania, in a hand-to-hand fight in a door-way, in which two white men were killed, slew three Indians with an ax.

VI.

DEFENSE OF THE FRONTIER.

FORTIFICATIONS more or less elaborate were built in all the earlier and all the frontier settlements. The Pilgrims, with six cannon on the roof of their church, were not the only ones that made the house of worship a sanctuary from the savage. Fortified churches stood convenient to the water in some places in the middle colonies, that the cedar canoes of the settlers might reach them quickly in case of danger; and in all the colonies it was the custom to have a part or all of the men come to church on Sunday with arms in their hands. In many neighborhoods, houses were palisaded or inclosed with a wall of heavy, well-fitted logs, as a garrison for neighborhood resort in time of danger. Some of these houses were of stone or of brick, and we hear of one roof in Pennsylvania covered with lead. It was once proposed to inclose twenty towns of Massachusetts by a stockade, eight feet high, from the Charles to the Concord River. One of the early settlements on the James River and that part of Manhattan Island below Wall street were thus protected. The people of Milford, in Connecticut, inclosed with palisades their whole town plot in 1645, and the foiled Indians taunted them by shouting: "White men all same as pigs!" Among curious devices for defense was that of Lion Gardiner at Saybrook. He drove long nails "as sharp as awl-blades" through some old doors, and then placed these on the ground, so that the Pequots seeking to set fire to the redoubt trod on the nail-points in the dark.

During Bacon's war in Virginia, the widely scattered backwoodsmen above tide-water were compelled to bring the smaller families into the houses of those who were stronger, where palisades and redoubts were built; while strong companies of armed laborers, moving from place to place, did the work on the farms in succession, with sentinels always on the lookout. No man stirred out of doors unarmed. In Maryland, three guns in succession were to be fired in case of alarm. On hearing the three guns, each plantation fired a new alarm, and help was dispatched in the direction of the first signal heard. The custom of firing three guns was apparently brought from England, as it was used in several of the colonies. In all the Southern colonies, the freemen were enrolled and trained and required to carry arms on going abroad. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century, arms were carried to church in South Carolina, and it was during this period of peril that the habit of carrying fire-arms became a fixed one. Among the isolated planters of the South, companies of half-savage woodsmen were employed as "rangers" to protect the frontiers.

Among the devices for defense, the keeping of fierce dogs was a common one; these dogs were sometimes used to track the foe, a custom suggested, no doubt, by the use of blood-hounds in England, in the seventeenth century, to follow the trail of moss-troopers, and on the Scottish border to pursue cattle thieves. The Indians had a horror of mastiffs; some of these were killed at their request just before the first Virginia massacre. At the destruction of the early Dutch settlement on the Delaware, the savages did not feel safe until they had shot the solitary mastiff with twenty-five arrows, though the dog was securely chained. In Massachusetts, dogs for the pursuit of Indians were regularly kept and used with the sanction of the authorities. A South Carolina planter, named Donovan, provided himself with a kennel of mastiffs, which he trained to seek, kill, and devour the savages, like veritable beasts of prey.

Here and there, settlers maintained themselves by courage and good fortune in remote and isolated situations, though the settlements were usually made so that a combination of several families for defense was possible. The terror suffered by households in the more exposed places was often extreme and continual. Men might have been seen creeping along the trails with guns on the make-ready, expecting a war-whoop from behind every clump of bushes; women scanned even the dark corners of their own cabins for a skulking foe. Sometimes in the dead of night a courier would tap at a back window and whisper "Indians," whereupon old and young would rise swiftly, and, gathering in the dark a few needful articles, hurry away in dead silence to the fort. In the Appalachian region of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the dogs were trained never to bark without a command.

NDIAN WARRIOR OF FLORIDA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM LE MOYNE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

The colonists often acquired a fortunate insen-sibility to imminent peril; the people of one exposed settlement in New Hampshire are found making merry together over "water-melons and flip" on the eve of an assault from the Indians.

VII.

CAPTIVITY IN THE WILDERNESS.

But the deepest tragedy of colonial life lay in captivity. For the last hundred years of the colonial period, in particular, the captivity of men and especially of women and little chil-dren became a household theme; there were few who had not some friend or acquaintance who had been lost in the impenetrable mys-tery of the wilderness, tomahawked by the way-side, tortured to death, adopted into a savage tribe, ransomed by friends, or sold into slavery in Canada. Every father on the long frontier looked upon his children with insecurity. Melancholy tales of captivity were the favorite fireside stories, and books of captivity came to be preferred even in New England to the weightiest sermons, and to take a place on the shelf beside the esteemed almanac. Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of a minister at Lancaster, was carried away in the sacking of that place during Philip's war, and her narrative passed through many editions, as did that of the Rev. John Williams, the "Redeemed Captive," of Deerfield, who was carried off in 1704, and formed one of that long procession of captives sold into Canada, of whom I shall have occasion to speak in a future paper. The chapter of Indian captivities is too long and too har-rowing to be entered upon here, except in so far as it throws light on human character and development in the colonial era. The pen falters at the outset of any attempt to mass and generalize sufferings, the recital of which served to harden the resentment of the colonists into implacable hatred. These sor-rows fell most heavily upon women, who were obliged to travel half starved and with little clothing, under heavy burdens, through a win-try wilderness, until death seemed better than life. In many cases they saw their exhausted children dashed against trees or rocks. The women taken by northern and middle tribes were generally, though not always, saved from those worst forms of outrage, common enough now on the Western frontier, by a notion the Indians had that such offenses would render them unlucky. If pursued, the captives were generally slain, and every attempt at escape was visited, in case of recapture, by a linger-

INDIAN WARRIOR OF NORTH CAROLINA IN 1585. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

The towne of Pomeiock and trine some of their houses couered
and enclosed some w^th mats, and some w^th barks of trees. All compassed
about w^th Smale poles stuck thick together in stead of a wall.

INDIAN VILLAGE INCLOSED WITH PALISADES. (FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM MADE BY JOHN WHITE IN 1585.)

ing and horrible death. Occasional torments of a milder type were the lot of many prisoners. The Indians were fond of dancing, and nothing made a dance so exhilarating as to have a prisoner in the midst. The dancers would kick him, or throw him into the air and let him fall flat on his back on the ground; or some shriveled hag would shovel hot embers into his bosom, while the rest would cry: "What a brave thing our old grandmother has done!" John Gyles, during his six years' captivity, learned to fly to a swamp whenever a dance was in preparation. Peter Williamson, a Pennsylvanian, was tortured every now and then for the diversion of his captors, with threats that if he cried out he would be put to death. In one case, where a child was just about to be roasted alive to satisfy the hunger of a party of captors, some Catholic Mohawks bought it for a gun.

Nothing can be more pathetic than the farewells of the wife of the Deerfield minister, Williams. She confessed to her husband that she must soon faint from exhaustion, and of course be dispatched by the tomahawk. Her words "justified God," says the stern Puritan husband in his account. A little while later she fell in wading through an icy river, and the fatal blow of the hatchet was given. One morning, during this march, another Deerfield matron came to bid her minister good-bye; she was sick, and knew that her strength would fail that day. She calmly quoted Scripture like a true disciple of such an iron-side pastor, and was soon after lying dead in the path.

Now and then there were refreshing instances of compassion for captives on the part of squaws and even of warriors. Some of the prisoners taken in later wars experienced a good deal of kindness; it seems probable that the Jesuits had softened the character of Indian captivity among their converts. Running the gauntlet at St. Francis appears to have become a mere ceremony of tapping on the shoulder, a faint shadow of the old barbarity. It is a curious instance of kindness mingled with cruelty, that the inhuman band which laid Deerfield waste brought letters from captives already domesticated in the tribe, which they took pains to hang up in a bag by the road-side so that the settlers should get them. In one notable instance gratitude was shown. Church having released two Indian women and some children at Androscoggin, in Maine, the Indians afterward set free two old white women and five children at York. And let the Indian woman be remembered who brought back the lad Timothy Abbot to Andover, because she pitied his mother.

VIII.

ESCAPE, RESCUE, AND RETURN OF CAPTIVES.

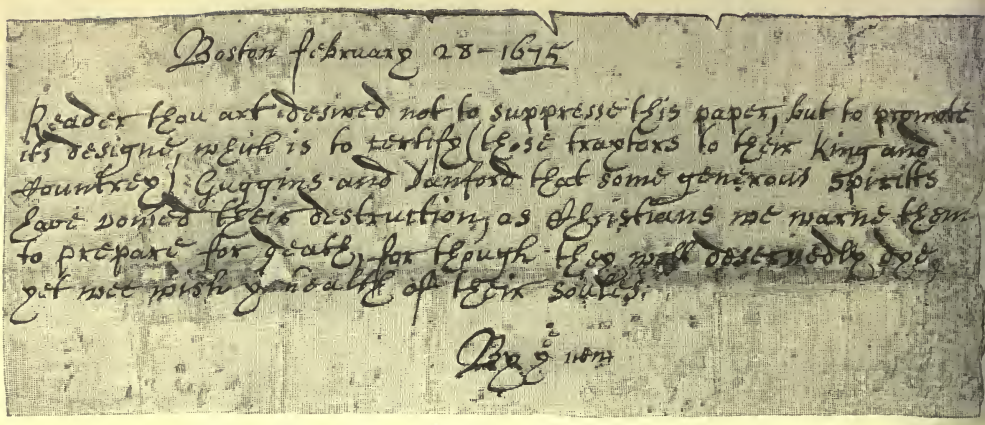
STORIES of marvelous and ingenious escapes were the romance of the colonies, and such

adventures date back to the earliest Indian war in Virginia, where a man and his wife, who had been spared in the wholesale slaughter, found their opportunity while the Indians were dancing for joy over the acquisition of a white man's boat that had drifted ashore. These captives got into a canoe, and soon afterward surprised their friends in the settlements, who had believed them to be dead. Very like this was the escape of Anthony Bracket and his wife in Maine. They were left to follow on after their captors, who were eager to reach a plundering party in time to share in the spoil. Bracket's wife found a broken bark canoe, which she mended with a needle and thread; the whole family then put to sea in this rickety craft, and at length reached Black Point, where they got on board a vessel. A little lad of eleven years named Eames, taken in Philip's war, made his way thirty miles or more to the settlements. Two sons of the famous Hannah Bradley, previously mentioned, effected an ingenious escape, lying all the first day in a hollow log and using their provisions to make friends with the dogs that had tracked them. They journeyed in extreme peril and suffering for nine days, and one of them fell down with exhaustion just as they were entering a white settlement. A young girl in Massachusetts, after three weeks of captivity, made a bridle of bark, and catching a horse, rode all night through the woods to Concord. Mrs. Dean, taken at Oyster River in 1694, was left, with her daughter, in charge of an old Indian while the rest finished their work of destruction. The old fellow asked his prisoner what would cure a pain in his head. She recommended him to drink some rum taken from her house. This put him to sleep, and the woman and child got away. Another down-east captive with the fitting name of Toogood, while his captor during an attack on a settlement was disentangling a piece of string with which to tie him, jerked the Indian's gun from under his arm, and leveling it at his head got safely away.

Escaping captives endured extreme hardships. One Bard, taken in Pennsylvania, lived nine days on a few buds and four snakes. Mrs. Inglis, captured in the valley of Virginia, escaped in company with a German woman from a place far down the Ohio River. After narrowly avoiding discovery and recapture, they succeeded in ascending the south bank of the Ohio for some hundreds of miles. When within a few days' travel of settlements, they were so reduced by famine that the German woman, enraged that she had been persuaded to desert the Indian flesh-pots, and crazed with hunger, made an unsuccessful attack on her companion with cannibal intentions.

The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff, and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off with many others, in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill, Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captors had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an island in the Merrimac River. At midnight, the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men, two women, and six children—one favorite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman, escaping. After they had left the camp, the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlements would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and scalped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimac, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners.

Many captives never returned. Besides those who were put to death, and those who died of famine, fatigue, and disease, a large number of the younger ones adopted Indian habits, intermarried with the savages, and remained in the tribes. These were spoken of with bitterness in New England as contributing to increase the enemies of their country. A lad, Timothy Rice, captured in Massachusetts during Philip's war, became one of the six chiefs of the Catholic Mohawks in Canada; and Eunice Williams, daughter of the Deerfield minister, married and remained in the tribe from which her family had suffered so much. She visited Deerfield in after years, wearing a blanket and a crucifix. Children were now and then recovered who had forgotten their mother-tongue and who had become savages in habit. When Mrs. Johnson, of New Hampshire, after a tedious captivity, got her children together again, one son was an accomplished savage, handling the bow and speaking only the Mohawk, and one daughter knew nothing but the language, religion, and culture of a Montreal convent. A lad from the mountains of Pennsylvania, when released, refused to return home; his father


Boston February 28–1675

Reader Thou art desired not to suppresse this paper, but to promote
its designe, which is to terrifie those traytors to their king and
country Guggins and Danforth Hath some generous Spirritts
Ever Domed theire destruction, as Christians not warned them
to prepare for death, for though they will assemble and
yet not relish generallie of their soules.

ONE OF THE PLACARDS POSTED IN BOSTON DURING PHILIP'S WAR, THREATENING GOOKINS ("GUGGINS") AND DANFORTH. (FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES.)

visited him among the Indians of Ohio, and won his affection, and so brought him back, but he spent his life as a pioneer, and was to the last an Indian in habit and feeling.

Formal rites of adoption, not unlike those in use in some ancient communities, were sometimes performed in the case of adults who were taken to replace some dead tribesman. Colonel James Smith, who was captured while a young man in Pennsylvania and beaten to insensibility in running the gauntlet, was at length formally adopted to replace a chief. He was taken into the water, immersed, and roughly scrubbed by some young squaws to get all the white blood out of his veins. After living six years among the Indians, he returned home to find that his betrothed had married a few days before his arrival. The Indians usually insisted that adopted captives should marry. One Pennsylvania woman only accepted a husband after she had been tied to a stake and threatened with fire; and a Mrs. Bard, among the same Indians, avoided taking a husband by refusing to learn the language. Hugh Gibson, another Pennsylvania captive, was whipped for refusing the advances of a squaw, after which he contrived to escape, in company with two captive girls who had also been notified that they must marry in the tribe.

Curious complications arose from long captivities. A Pennsylvanian, taken in Chester County, reached home just as the administrator of his estate had finished selling off at auction all of his goods, which he proceeded to reclaim from his surprised neighbors before they had removed them. Tedious litigation in one instance resulted from doubt of the identity of a girl returned from captivity; and Mary Jamieson, who was taken from Pennsylvania in childhood and was twice married to Indians, spent her old age among white people in New York.

IX.

TREATMENT OF THE SAVAGES.

ONE of the worst results of Indian atrocities was their barbarizing effect on white men. During the greater part of the colonial period, the people were stirred to vindictive hatred by the ever-recurring cruelties of the savages, and it is strange that any philanthropic movements for the benefit of the Indians could outlive this irritation. Often, in an access of fury, the lower order of colonists did things unworthy of any but savages. One of the worst of the Pequots, captured by the Mohegans near Saybrook fort, was given over to them for torture, at their request, in retaliation for Pequot enormities. But the white men could not endure to see his sufferings, and Captain Underhill delivered the victim by shooting him. A captive Indian in Philip's war who would not tell secrets had them extorted by "wooding of his head with a cord,"—a nautical torture in use a few years previous to this among the buccaneers of the West Indies, and it is fair to suppose that the "pirates" in the Massachusetts troops had a hand in it. Toward the close of the war, one of Philip's men begged, with savage vanity, that he might be given over to the torture of the Mohegans, and so have the honor of dying like a brave. The soldiers, willing to gratify their savage allies, acceded to his request, and he endured infernal torments with unfaltering firmness and exultant defiance to the end, though the white

men wept with horror and pity at sight of his prolonged sufferings. The most monstrous case recorded of cruelty on the part of white men is, perhaps, the sentencing of an old squaw at Hatfield, in Massachusetts, in 1675, to be "baited by dogs," after the manner of treating wild beasts in that time.

It is to be remembered that the seventeenth was not a humane century in Europe or America; nor was the first half of the eighteenth much better. And even in our own time, sudden massacres and scenes of savage cruelty have a tendency to extinguish pity in the bosoms of people on an exposed frontier. The slaughter at the Pequot fort had some extenuation in the dangerous situation of the feeble settlements and the horrible outrages of the Pequot tribe. It is more difficult to excuse the destruction by fire of the innocent and helpless in the Narragansett stronghold. Policy as well as humanity should have suggested a more lenient course in this case. The apologetic tone of the narratives of the Pequot affair shows that there was an adverse public opinion which even the citation of Joshua's destruction of the Canaanites could not allay; and some of the soldiers of the Narragansett fight "were in much doubt then, and afterward seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the benevolent principles of the Gospel." But the "elders," whose voice had so much weight, spoke no word against these cruelties; and for the most part, the old New England histories of the affair, though written by clergymen, are perfectly ruthless. We learn that, after the Narragansett breastwork was carried, the Indians, "in most abject terms, begged for quarter," which the English refused. The troops had nothing to do but to load and fire upon a despairing mass of human beings of all ages, the enemy being penned up and huddled together in such a manner that scarcely a shot was lost, says Dr. Trumbull. Hubbard tells the story of the burning women and children without a qualm. "We have heard of two and seventy Indian captives slain and brought down to hell, all of them, in one day," exults Dr. Increase Mather in a sermon on the prevalency of prayer. The horrors of continued war had infuriated New England against the whole red race. The Christian Indians were in imminent danger, and Gookins and Danforth, their friends, were threatened by placards in public places. Those in authority were borne upon the same current of angry passion. The serious formality of Massachusetts laws was broken by the hot lava of wrath against the "barbarous crew," and week after week captive Indians were executed, the hanging taking place at the time of the weekly lecture, in order to augment the solemnity of the occasion, perhaps. The historian, Hubbard, calls Canonchet "a damned wretch"; but as the young sachem was already dead, this is to be taken in a pulpit, rather than in a profane, sense. Because Henchman did not favor a massacre of friendly Indians, the Boston soldiers refused to march under him, and demanded the bloody-minded Thomas Oliver for their leader. A suspected Christian Indian was rather sacrificed to the fury of a Boston mob than executed; and the circumstances of his execution were most revolting, but they were surpassed in a similar cruel execution that occurred in New Amsterdam at an earlier period. In the rough, sea-faring town of Marblehead, the people were yet more uncontrollable than in Boston. The women coming out of meeting on Sunday, seeing two Indian prisoners led through the streets, fell upon them and beat them to death.

Fortunately for their fair fame, the records of the Southern colonies in the seventeenth century have not been so well preserved as those of New England; but it is easy to see that their retaliation on the Indians was not less sanguinary and cruel. Bacon put a whole Indian village to fire and sword upon suspicion of treachery. The South Carolinians suffered repeatedly from the horrible perfidy of the savages, and the whites became so incensed that they wrought many acts of positive barbarity. I shall have occasion, in speaking of the French wars, to show how remorselessly sanguinary the Pennsylvania borderer became under many provocations, and how Indian methods came to be adopted in all the colonies.

In the Northern and in the Southern colonies, the hopeless doom of most of the Indian prisoners — women and children as well as men — was to be sold away to slavery in the sugar islands. The prostrate colonies recovered a part of the cost of the wars by this measure, which at the same time cleared the forests of revengeful enemies. Only now and then a brave, but solitary and unheeded, voice, like that of the apostle Eliot, was lifted up against the monstrous inhumanity of this practice.

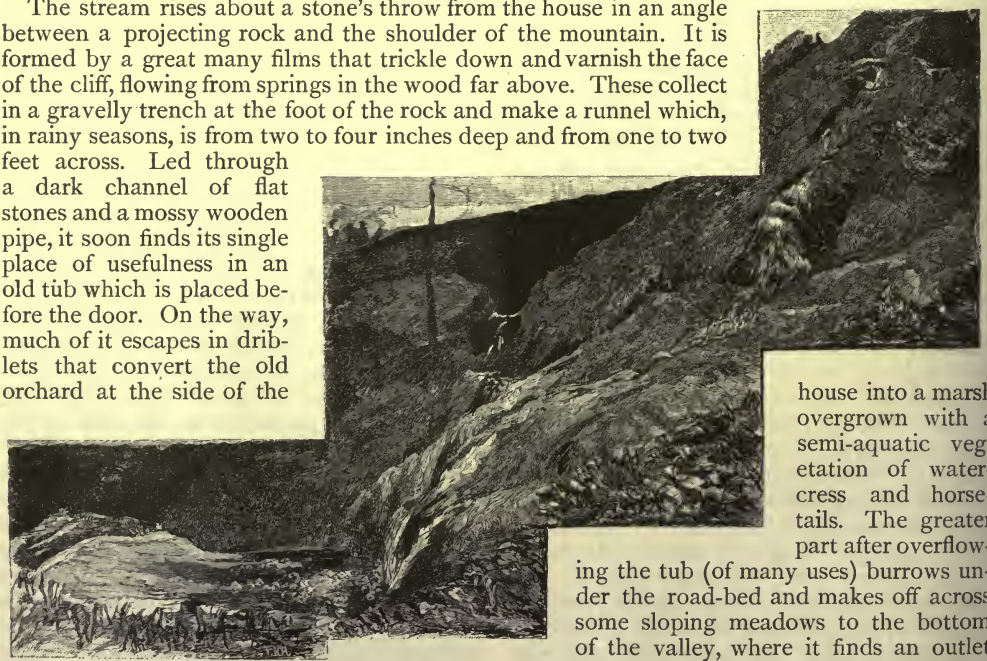
The Indian wars threw a shadow over all colonial life. Popular sympathy is deeply awakened now for parents whose child has wandered or has been abducted. But there were always many families in the colonies whose children were gone, no man knew whither,—lost in the obscurity and horror of hostile savagery. A certain melancholy came into the thought and feeling of the colonists,

through the ever-recurring bereavement and the bitterness of the never-ending strife. The somber features of the popular religious beliefs seem to have been intensified by the cruel assaults of the savages, which were sometimes regarded as visitations of divine wrath; and the gross notions of witches, tormenting fiends, and a material perdition of everlasting tortures, which filled so large a place in the thought of that time, were no doubt reënforced by the impressions which captivity and its accompanying barbarities had made upon the imaginations of men and by the vindictive feeling that is born of a chronic and cruel war. The military virtues of courage and fortitude and a daring spirit of enterprise were fortified by such a strife. Rude and strenuous energy is inconsistent with elevation of feeling and refinement of manners; but it is a quality very necessary in nation-builders and the subduers of a savage continent, and this, by the Indian wars and other tempestuous buffetings, was developed in our forefathers and remains yet a characteristic trait of the planters of new states on the Western border and of many who carry forward great schemes of material improvement. In that hard time the perseverance, alertness, and hardihood persistent to-day in American national character were brought to maturity; learning and refinement were, for the most part, pushed to the wall.

ORNAMENTAL FORMS IN NATURE.

A RIVULET runs past the door of the log-house that has stood for seventy years upon the edge of the road, squeezed between that and the nearly perpendicular wall of rock behind. The miserable little mountain farm through which it flows produces nothing salable but a stack or two of hay mixed with thistles. Its owners have to go off its bounds to earn their bread; but people who want to fill their eyes, not their mouths, might stay on it all the year round. It bears splendid crops of weeds. It is part wooded and rocky, part swampy; and in its patchy meadows, its stony and briery woods, a taste for what is beautiful may be gratified, one's interest may be excited over new objects, and his knowledge of art as well as of nature improved by the observation of countless forms, such as have furnished the types from which most of our stock of ornament has been derived.

The stream rises about a stone's throw from the house in an angle between a projecting rock and the shoulder of the mountain. It is formed by a great many films that trickle down and varnish the face of the cliff, flowing from springs in the wood far above. These collect in a gravelly trench at the foot of the rock and make a runnel which, in rainy seasons, is from two to four inches deep and from one to two feet across. Led through a dark channel of flat stones and a mossy wooden pipe, it soon finds its single place of usefulness in an old tub which is placed before the door. On the way, much of it escapes in driblets that convert the old orchard at the side of the house into a marsh overgrown with a semi-aquatic vegetation of watercress and horsetails. The greater part after overflowing the tub (of many uses) burrows under the road-bed and makes off across some sloping meadows to the bottom of the valley, where it finds an outlet to the lowlands through a miniature



THE STREAM.

ravine. There can be no finer study of crystalline effect than is afforded by the ripples and eddies of the stream. It coils around small obstacles and dashes over foot-high precipices, flashing and shining, mixing up in a most charming manner reflections of clouds and sky and perspective of weeds and pebbles. The chimeras and the dragons that the Chinese carve in rock crystal, with their glittering spines and horns, their undulations and their gleaming wave-like scales, are not half so well managed for the play of transparencies and sudden lights. The art of diamond cutting is vulgar in comparison. The little stream has the fiber and the flow of old Venetian glass in places where a mere thread of water, drawn out to the utmost fineness, flashes to a sheet over the smooth roundness of a nodule of granite.

When satiated with color, nothing is so restful to the eye as a clear substance such as this; and nothing so readily leads one back to the enjoyment of color as the constantly bright and fresh mosses, the shining quartz and vari-colored pebbles over which it flows. And then, the matters that, being a mountain streamlet, it bears along submerged or dissolved in it, —rootlets, scales of mica, cloudings of earthy substance, ocherous, milky from white marl, tawny yellow from soaking beds of dead leaves,—for a colorist, what a feast is all this!

About twenty feet from the house, and the same distance above the ground, there is a recess in the face of the cliff. It is partially hidden from view by branches and hanging vines. It has been made easy of access by steps, some of them built of flat slabs of stone, and some cut in the rock. It is commodious and sheltered enough to be used as a sort of out-of-doors sitting room; and it is furnished with a table, a couple of chairs, a settee of squared stone cushioned with moss, a few books shoved away on one of the ledges, and some odds and ends belonging to the young ladies who generally occupy it. Its walls and its shelving roof are tufted with ferns and brambles and wisps of delicate long grass. The dark rock is veined with white quartz and colored with metallic oxides and scintillates with mica. The whole place is dotted with lichens and gray mold and seamed with iridescent tracks of snails.

A NATURAL WALL-COVERING.

This "cave" is in the most advanced part of the projecting rock before mentioned. Its roof is a big bowlder which has fallen into its present position, two-thirds of it resting on a ledge of the solid rock, the other third overhanging the lower platform that makes the floor. On the outside, the mass is as richly tapestried as within, and, in addition, trees rooted in its larger clefts and flowers springing from every crevice make a rich covering of wall-space that no art can parallel.

Most of these flowers and plants recall, with endless variety, the beautiful ornamental forms of ancient art. There is a clump of

willows where the stream reaches the bottom of the valley whose growing twigs, seen against the sky, repeat the form of the well-known anthemion design common on Greek temples and Yankee table-cloths. Each shoot is tipped by a few close-curled leaves, which stand straight up together with incurved points almost meeting. Those next lower straighten out slowly from the stem, their curled margins becoming at first wavy and finally plain. At last, they curve downward, so that the tips of the leaves are much farther apart than their stalks. It is the general form (in elevation) of all growing plants; and, as such, it was copied by the Chaldeans, from whom the Greeks had it. Across the stream, a thicket of sassafras has every spray adorned with a more elegant variety of "anthemion," most of the spreading shoots enriched with small greenish-white flower-clusters which help to push apart the folded leaves. Blackberry-vines, wild cherries, young shoots of the oak put forth different versions.

The horse-tail, which grows all through the orchard and makes deceitful patches of bright green in wet, sandy places in the woods, offers a very ornamental variety of the pattern. It may usually be compared to a miniature model of a basalt column, or to a pile of fairy thimbles. It is composed of small, hollow joints, each finished at the rim with an upright, toothed fringe, and at the top it bears a flower-spike, that resembles in shape an Egyptian capital. Several of these little pillars appear in a sort of Druidic ring; and then, in the center, another with longer joints, branched, and apparently flowerless, springs up and dominates the group. The proportions of these joints and branches, the regular radiation of the latter and the gradual change of the angle at which they leave the stem, and the repetition throughout of the little toothed cup, which is, as it were, the unit of construction of the plant, make it almost solemn in its strict adherence to decorative laws.

BED-STRAW.

HORSE-TAILS.

The bed-straw is another plant which is almost as simple in plan as the horse-tail, and which offers particularly beautiful variations on the usual theme. Its jointed stem is ringed with circles of lance-shaped leaves, from the base of some of which start angular branches bearing small white flower-clusters. The stem is weaker than the horse-tail's and the joints much longer in proportion. Stem and leaves are covered with asperities, which help, very often, to bind the plants together in tangled masses of a disorderly appearance, belying their true character. The leaves and branches of these two plants being set like the spokes of a wheel, and not, as in most plants, spirally, produce a very definite anthemion, really comparable to a flower, and very like the ornament which we have derived from Chaldean plant-worshipers through the Greeks. The thousands of architects and others who, every year, weary their own souls and those of their neighbors with clumsy imitations of antique styles which were themselves based on an intelligent observation of nature, might draw a needed fresh inspiration from the study of these common plant-forms.

The type of the growing plant has furnished us, from the most ancient times, with another extremely popular ornament, the rosette. It is the plan of a plant, as the anthemion is the elevation. With the ancients, though at first a line; the rosette was good to fill out a circle; the vine was a rich and beautified waved line or scroll. With conceptions so general as these, it was no trouble to an inventive people to vary their patterns to any extent, and, in

1. Wild geranium or crane's-bill.
2. Currant.
3. Shepherd's-purse.
4. Moss.
5. Willow.
6. Cherry.
7. Sassafras.
8. Plum.
9. Water-cress.
10. Ground leaves of the shepherd's-purse.
11. Cinquefoil.
12. Anthemion designs from the Erechtheum
13. Rosette from temple of Nike Apteros.
14. Oak leaves.

ANTHEMIONS AND ROSETTES.

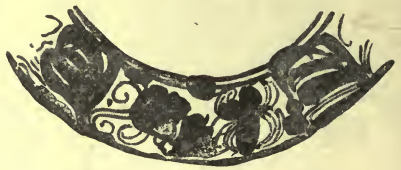
symbol of plant life, and though it always preserved somewhat of its original signification, it was used in the best periods of art simply as a beautiful radiant figure, exactly as if it were a geometrical form, but with a clear perception that it was much handsomer than any geometrical figure. Simple as were the ideas of the growth of plants conveyed by antique ornaments, the most important ideas connected with them in the designers' minds were simpler yet. The upright growing plant-form was useful to suggest or carry out a perpendicular fact, good Greek and Roman art is varied enough in its ornamental portions as well as in its figures, and that without showing much direct reference to nature. The hint once got from nature of some graceful arrangement of leaves or petals, or some notching of their edges, or modeling of their surfaces, was carried out with an eye single to the production of something elegant, rich, refined, and fitting to fill a space which, without it, would be a painful blank. There is, judged by modern standards, little nature in the anthemions

and rosettes from the buildings on the Athenian acropolis, and as little in the vine-scrolls on Greek vases, which might be intended for ivy, or for grape-vines, or for any other plant of vine-like habit. But the little that there is is put to the very best use. The Greek designer took only what he needed; the modern, when he works after nature, grabs at everything and can get no good of anything.

If we would or could work in the proper way, there is no reason why the splendid Greek system of ornament, which, through all its variations, is one of the heir-looms of our race, might not be kept always fresh and living. If we would change only on occasion, and with strict reference to the occasion, we would always find in nature what we wanted of more pliant or more sturdy, of broader or longer, of sparser or more close. But our designer goes to nature or to the past, not as a man might go to a store-house that belongs to him, to select what he wants, but, like a thief, to take whatever he can lay hands upon.

Our modern designer after nature goes to work in one of three ways. He makes a copy, a picture of his chosen object (which may bear some remote likeness to a proper ornamental form, as in the opposite sketches the branches laden with crab-apples do to the festoon from the antique); or he makes a botanical diagram of the parts of the plant or its flower and uses it as a "repeat"; or, worst of all, he takes anything that seems to him curious or striking and forces it, by hook or by crook, into some symmetrical arrangement. These two latter processes he calls conventionalizing. The picture-maker may "conventionalize" also; for he may drop his work at some preparatory stage, or may put a heavy black outline around it, or he may use a gold background: these and a number of other dodges being supposed to make a thing more ornamental. It is sorry ornament that is thus turned out. It belongs nowhere. It is fitted for no position. It is a fraud and a sham, for it is not even intended to ornament anything in particular. If painted on a plate to-day, it may be sprawled on a ceiling to-morrow.

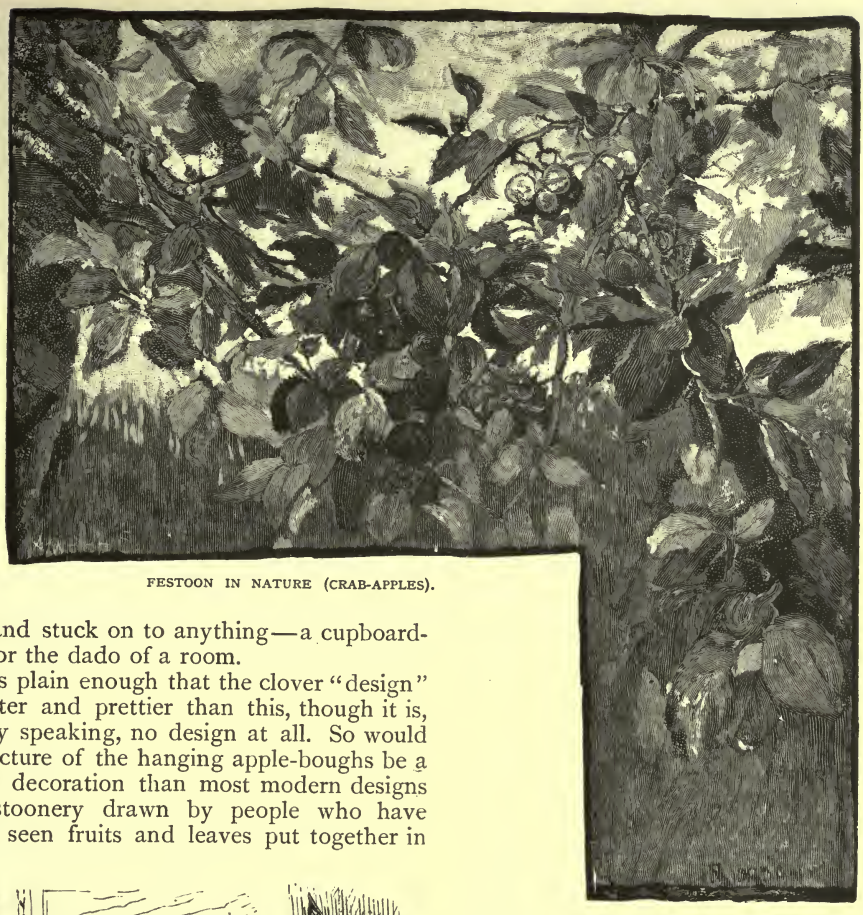
Among some designs after nature recently published is a clover design for a plate. The artist plucked his flowers and leaves and stuck them around loosely in a circle; then copied them bit by bit, as well as he could, without any further attempt at order. They fill the rim of the platter badly. They would look worse when colored, for the pink blossoms and the green leaves are disposed at hazard and would not balance. The arrangement at first suggests that it was intended to convey the idea that the flowers and leaves grow from the center out, in a ring, a way in which clover does not grow; and then one perceives that, even if the broken stems were produced, there never would be anything like organic connection between them. There is no more design about the thing than there is about a child's nosegay, after it has been flung away by the roadside, and its "naturalism" consists in merely copying a number of unrelated objects without understanding them. Nature is travestied in such work, not represented, and the requirements of art are ignored.



PAINTED DECORATION. HISPANO-MORESQUE.

Compare the Spanish-Moorish design here given. It repeats itself, with constant variations, around the rim of the plate. The circular form has been considered and has been made the basis of the pattern. All the lines flow out of the bounding circles and flow on with them. It is divided pretty regularly into segments, by the straight side of the large recurring leaf, and those panels, one of which is always opposite the eye, are filled up less evenly with the flowers and their curling pistils and stamens. This being all that was wanted from nature that time, it is all that was taken. The general idea of some flowering plant with long curving stamens and deeply cut leaves is given with great freshness and vigor, but it would be difficult to guess just what the plant was. The rim of the platter, however, has been filled by its aid with appropriate and graceful ornament, and that was the main point with the designer, who evidently did not care three straws for what all the botanists and florists on earth might think of his work.

There is a specimen of modern "conventionalizing" by a trained designer and a very learned man, Dr. Dresser. There is no mistaking the plant intended this time, though it is to be recognized by ear-marks, so to speak, rather than by any important feature. It is that victim of modern decorators, the alisma. Its stems are tortured into ugly predetermined curves; its leaves are slit in half and provided with æsthetical curly-wurlies. With machine-like regularity the first half of the first division is reversed for symmetry, and then the "motive" is repeated without a change all along the wretched band, as if that were to be chopped off wherever it might happen to be conven-



FESTOON IN NATURE (CRAB-APPLES).

ient and stuck on to anything—a cupboard-door or the dado of a room.

It is plain enough that the clover "design" is better and prettier than this, though it is, strictly speaking, no design at all. So would the picture of the hanging apple-boughs be a better decoration than most modern designs of festoonery drawn by people who have never seen fruits and leaves put together in a festoon, but who have copied from copies of the antique until all meaning, pictorial or decorative, has gone out of their work.

FESTOON IN MARBLE. (FROM THE ANTIQUE.)

Bad ornamenters as the naturalists are, the copyists are worse. In fact, if it were not for the badness and the baldness of their copies, no branch of the naturalistic school would ever have arisen. If people had continued on the old lines, exercising judgment, taste, discretion, invention, eked out when necessary by a reference to nature, no one would have thought of painting pictures of solidagos on plush for a portière, or of making pin-wheels with milkweed pods for a frieze. It is the copyists, in fact, that are responsible for all that is wrong in our arts of design. They are the people who have pandered to the vulgar desire for all sorts of ornament at once, and as much of it as possible for the money. They have debauched all known styles by running them together without rhyme or reason, and they have lacked the imagination to create out of them a new style. They have applied their invention to contriving processes by which

THE VINE IN NATURE.

work which ought to be costly might be cheaply travestied, and to "adapting" to machinery the old patterns, all the beauty of which was due to their being wrought by hand.

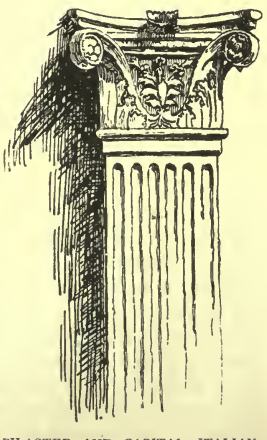
All this is to be changed, and indeed is being changed under our eyes. The man who last year was satisfied with bad copies of fine things, only was not satisfied with any reasonable number of them, must now have originals. It has begun to be understood that machine work is poor and uninteresting; and, most important, our social life is taking form and demanding to find expression in those arts that have so long helped to obfuscate and disorganize it. A new spirit is creeping into the arts of design (beginning, as is right, with architecture) which must end in completely revolutionizing them. Opinions differ about it, from that of the Georgia man who writes to the "American Architect" to say that the American mind requires "sky-scrapers," cheap elaboration, and Fourth-of-July sentiments expressed in stone and metal; who thinks that the art of the future will include wonderful combinations of dome and steeple, zinc roosters and spread eagles, and stars and stripes everywhere in red, white, and blue paint—from this gentleman's notions to the judgments of good architects who have endeavored, with some modification of the Romanesque or the early French Renaissance, to meet the requirements of our time and circumstances. The choice of these styles is suggestive, as they agree in using active rather than passive support.

THE VINE IN ART. (FROM CEILING AT RAVENNA.)

If we can assume that the architectural style of the near future will embody our ideas of wholesomeness, active strength, vitality, and our common sense, unmystic views, the demand will soon be made on the decorator that he also give form and expression in his work to the same conceptions. We shall want more action than has been put into European ornament for a long period; a high vitality will demand pure and splendid coloring; a sound intelligence will see to it that the entire arrangement is understandable, governed by exact relations and definite canons of proportion. Neither Romanesque, nor Gothic, nor Renaissance ornament answers all of these demands. The first two systems contain too much of religious symbolism; the last, with all its beauty, is too flat, tame, and meaningless for our uses. In all the fine work of the Italian Renaissance there is visible a self-satisfied smirk, a look of greasy contentment which does not suit a sharp-set generation; and the livelier French styles were but the beginning of that wonderful artistic spree which the French people have been keeping up ever since the fifteenth century, but which they have not succeeded in getting other nations to participate in. We shall have to return to ornaments such as are common to all styles, based upon necessary structure and the capacities of materials, and are given beauty and character by the adaptation of proper natural forms. There are precedents enough to guide designers and others in making such a change. In many ways the present art movement is similar to that which brought Byzantine architecture to life, and remodeled all classic ornamentation at the beginning of our era. Then, as at present, among a great commingling of races, a new and freer life had begun which had its say in a fresh and logical architecture, in the splendid coloring of mosaics, and in exuberant and fanciful ornament. Variations of the old designs were made necessary by the new shapes of arch and dome and pendentive, but not less by the

PLANT-FORMS ADAPTED TO DECORATIVE TREATMENT FOR PILASTER AND CAPITAL: FERN, DICENTRA, SKUNK-CABBAGE.

quickened feeling for a truth and power and grace that all could understand, and which, as much as any religious need, had produced the new forms of building themselves. The novel designs of the Byzantines show a closer and keener observation of nature than that of the ancient Greeks or Romans. The acanthus foliage of the capitals, from the soft and graceful ornament of the Greeks, became crisp and sharp, like the stronger variety of the plant. The rolling scrolls, borrowed from the Romans, were given life, growth, and variety. The vine especially (its significance in Christian symbolism made it specially important) became more like the natural vine than it has ever been before or since in decorative work. In a sketch of a portion of a ceiling at Ravenna, the grape-vine, with its large leaves and bunches of fruit, is not, it is true, so thoroughly naturalistic as modern French drawings from nature of sprays of the same plant, with leaves and their shadows, which admirably suggest an ornament but do not furnish one. But it states, nevertheless, a clearer and more virile conception of the nature of a vine. The top of the big bowlder that overhangs the cave before described is clambered over by a Virginia creeper. It has this barren spot all to itself, and is at perfect liberty to run straight ahead over it, or to indulge in caprices and zigzags to any extent. It does both. It stops and gathers itself up occasionally to fling some budding sprays in the air; but, for the most part, it proceeds by the shortest road in search of nourishment. This double propensity of all vines struck the Byzantine workman as a useful thing to note about them. The grapes and the large leaves of the grape-vine he was interested in, both for their symbolic meaning and their decorative appearance; but the long bare coils of brown stem, and the sudden bursting out into leaves and tendrils which are characteristic of vines in general, — these were still more to his purpose, and he was more earnestly bent upon reproducing them in his work than upon giving exact representations of foliage or of fruit. His barren lengths of stem he needed to frame in the lanky figures of his saints; the luxuriance of grape cluster and leaf and tendril served to fill the blanks between them. The resulting ornament is more like nature than the soft and regularly foliaged vine-forms that preceded it. And it was the attention which the designers of early Christian times gave to the development of their own



PILASTER AND CAPITAL, ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

superior principles of elasticity and strength in construction that opened their minds to the perception of the same qualities in nature and enabled them to make such excellent use of natural forms in their decorations.

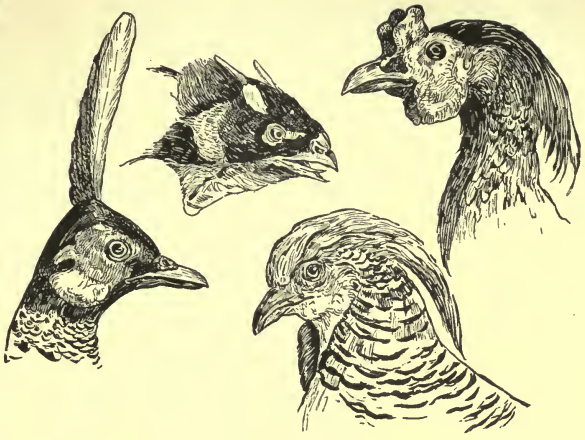
The new needs and ideas of life which have produced so many constructive problems ingraft upon them a new expression of force or grace, and to fit them for positions and purposes not, in all respects, like the old. He may get on such points plenty of useful hints from the nature that surrounds him. Every twig and ground plant will furnish him with crestings and rosettes, every vine and creeper

NATURAL FORMS SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF COLOR: FEATHERS OF GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER; WING OF CECROPIA MOTH; PETALS OF FLOWERS, LEAVES, ETC.

which architects and engineers have found means to solve must soon begin to exercise an important influence on ornamental design. The artist in this way will have to put into his work some of the feeling for constructive truth, for economy of materials and of work, and for practical usefulness that is beginning to distinguish our architecture. He will be expected to enliven and beautify whatever he touches, without taking from its apparent strength and effectiveness; to add an elegance, a magnificence, a wealth of real meaning that without him the work would lack. In doing this he will doubtless have constant opportunities to base his endeavors upon the traditional forms whose uses and general significance are well known; but he will have to with new scrolls. He will find that at times it may be better to follow the leaf of the crowfoot or of the columbine than that of the acanthus, which he has never seen. The beautifully divided leaves of the dicentra and its pretty drooping racemes of two-horned white flowers might readily suggest the leafage and the flower ornament between the volutes of a capital, as in the cut of the Renaissance capital here shown. Curled ferns might answer for the volutes themselves, and the channelings of the shaft might be copied from those of the skunk-cabbage as it pushes up through the black mud in early spring.

In the meantime, and in the absence of a sound and living art, the student may find in nature exemplifications without end of the

laws which should always govern the creation and application of ornament. In nature, most things owe whatever beauty of form they possess to perfect adaptation to their use and circumstances. An animal or plant which is only partly adapted to its conditions of existence is ugly in exact proportion to its lack of viability. In nature, any excess of force beyond what is needed for structural or functional purposes is immediately applied to the production of ornamental excrescences or fine colors. Ornament is turned again to use: the bright colors of flowers serve to attract insects; the markings of animals are for disguise or recognition, or to create fear or inspire affection.



PHEASANTS' HEADS.

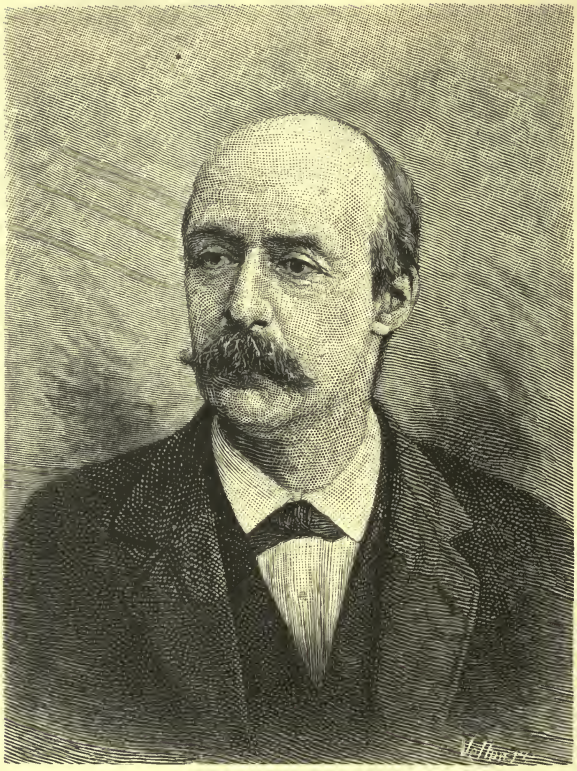
The strictest utilitarian cannot find fault with the way in which the crane's-bill and the meadow-violet expend their surplus revenue in adding to their attractiveness. In their case, as in that of the dark chevrons of the chick-weed leaf and the white crescents of the clover, the distribution of the color is guided both by the radiating or branching structure of leaf or petal and by the distances from the source of supply. The leaves of the dog-tooth violet, which have a frame-work of parallel veins bound together by cross veins, are spotted with dark color in the centers of the rectangular spaces between them. These ornamental markings represent a remnant of force left over from the construction of the leaf, and not sufficient to flush it all with color. They occupy the exact place where a good decorator would put them, close to the important points and lines but seldom upon them. This relation of color to vitality in its intensity and power, and to structure in its distribution, is very obvious in birds. The head, the gorge, breast, back, wings, and tail — the most important parts of the superficies — get the most of it. In the neighborhood of these parts, at least in vigorous species, there is sure to be some accumulation of force, which shows itself in ornamental appendages like crests and gorgets and wing covers, or in striking colors, or both. The heads and necks of several varieties of pheasants show this very plainly, but it is easily observable even in our smaller and more plain colored birds, in the tesselated wings of the hairy woodpecker, and in the painted eyebrows and quill-feathers of the wood warbler (in the same picture with dicentra, etc.). The color is seldom applied upon the working parts. It is vague and diffuse on the larger, unimportant spaces. In feathers, it is at some distance from the shaft and between it and the edge that the darkest color shows itself. In butterfly wings, the bands and spots show the same dependence on the general form and on the veining.

THE HAIRY WOODPECKER.

There is a strict analogy between all this and the way in which the work of decoration should always be carried on. In amount and intensity it should bear a relation to the importance of the work. Its distribution should be as if the builders or manufacturers, after the completion of the necessary portions of their work, would not rest at that, but proceeded to cover the contiguous spaces with decorations. Some such feeling has always regulated the distribution of ornament in every good period of art; and the corresponding notion that it is true economy, for either nation or individual, to hold surplus wealth in the form of splendid decorations seems to have been general in all former periods of great social activity and power.

Roger Riordan.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S LABORATORY.



ALEXANDER AGASSIZ. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.)

STUDENTS of the geographical distribution of animals find that the key-word to their department of science is *temperature*. That is to say, the most important of all those combined circumstances of food, altitude, soil, etc., which affect the localization of a species, or cause a fauna to be made up as we find it in any particular district, is the matter of average heat and cold. This is particularly true of marine organisms, which, in a general way, are not only less active in winter than in summer, but far more abundant near the surface,—both in variety of kinds and in number of individuals,—than at chilly depths, and in warm waters than in northern and colder seas. The Gulf Stream, therefore, forms a very important factor in estimating the distribution of the animal life of the ocean, since its warm current permits many a southern form to wander far to the northward in its genial track; just as, conversely, a range of high mountains, such as the Rockies, enables many a snow-loving animal to creep almost to tropical limits along the lofty ridges, defying by the aid of cold altitudes the arbitrary limits which latitude used to set to the "zones" of organic life that were supposed to encircle the globe.

There is thus found to be a startling difference in the oceanic fauna north and south of Cape Cod; the bather who has tried the surf at Nahant and then at Newport needs no thermometer to understand the immense contrast of temperature between the two coasts. The reason is plain: into Massachusetts Bay pours the icy flood from Labrador and the berg-haunted banks of Newfoundland, while the south shore is washed by the great tepid current from the tropics, which the Cape swerves off until it strikes straight out to sea to warm the Irish coast. North of Cape Cod, one picks up on the beaches, and dredges from the bottom of the bay, few sea-animals (at least of invertebrates) except those of arctic habit, and these grow more abundant as he proceeds northward;

while he misses dozens and dozens of species that he knows may be collected merely by crossing the narrow peninsula which has stood for ages in some shape, a barrier to the southward extension of northern forms and to the northward travel of those animals whose home is in the southern seas.

The naturalist, then, who would study to greatest advantage the pelagic life of our part of the Atlantic must go south of Cape Cod; and if he proposes to remain in New England, he is practically restricted to the mouths of Buzzard's and Narragansett bays, since the coast of Long Island affords few advantages for his pursuit, and the Sound is too land-locked. It was with an appreciation of these facts that the late Professor Louis Agassiz settled upon Penikese Island, below New Bedford, Massachusetts, as the site of his Summer School of Natural History; and the profusion of species of marine animals and plants procured there proved his wisdom, so far as the question of locality was concerned. When Professor Agassiz died, however, and his son and successor at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy in Cambridge, Mr. Alexander Agassiz, undertook to continue the enterprise and pursue his own investigations at the same locality, he met with difficulties.

It was discovered that, owing to inaccessibility and other circumstances, the expense of continuing the school would be too great to make it profitable in any sense, and that the oversight of so large a class involved a greater tax upon his time than Mr. Agassiz could afford. The school was therefore closed, and a position was sought which should be equally rich in material for study, but more convenient for the erection of such a laboratory as is about to be described,—a laboratory which should not attempt to carry out the widely educational idea of the elder professor, but should simply be the best desirable workshop for Mr. Agassiz and such of his assistants and advanced special students at the Cambridge Museum as he could find accommodation for. These facts are plainly stated in order to dispel a current error that the present institution is only a weak perpetuation of Professor Louis Agassiz's school at Penikese in 1873.

After very careful examination, the terminus of The Neck, at Newport, R. I., was fixed upon by Mr. Agassiz as the most suitable location. Here a promontory of solid rock, well clothed with turf, stands out boldly from the coast line. With the open ocean westward and in front as you look toward the south, and the entrance to the harbor, divided by Conanicut and other islands from the shining breadth of Narragansett Bay, beside you on the right, few points on our coast or any other give a more inspiring outlook. In 1812, some defensive earth-works crowned the bluff, giving the name Castle Hill to the promontory, the crest of which is now occupied by Mr. Agassiz's summer home. On the harbor side, at the bottom of the hill, a little winding cove "makes in,"—a mere rift in the rocks, so deep that no unsightly mud-banks are left exposed, and where boats can easily make a landing at low tide. Here stands the laboratory, sheltered from the ocean's winds, but overlooking the beautiful harbor.

No one would suspect its purpose from the appearance of the building; all the prettiness of tasteful sea-side architecture—many-gabled roof, outer stair-ways, external beams and braces, latticed porticoes, and slate-brown paint, overgrown with masses of vinery—feign romance rather than the realism to which it is devoted. A few rods away, nearer the shore, stands a windmill—not such an old-fashioned, shingle-sided relic as those which used to flap their massive arms in the face of frightened horses all around the ancient town, but a new and ingenious contrivance of iron, which, if it adds nothing to the fair picture, at least does not disfigure it. This refinement of a windmill, moving readily under the touch of a zephyr that the nerves of the old Hollandish structures never would have recognized, supplies to the laboratory the pure water and steady currents of air that preserve its vitality. The soft clucking of its musical motion is rarely silent, for day after day the south-west summer breeze comes lazily but steadily in, as though Newport lay under the track of a trade-wind.

Out from the windmill, some twenty-five yards into the harbor channel, runs a pipe which is bent up vertically at the end, and capped with a pair of Ts, through the screened, hanging tips of which the clean sea-water is sucked in in such a way that no sea-weed can enter and clog the pipe. Through this pipe the windmill will draw ten gallons a minute, at a moderate speed, pumping it into a cistern in the attic of the laboratory which holds about 1400 gallons. When this is full, the overflow—for the mill goes on regardless of the demand—escapes into an open sink downstairs, so that the condition of the cistern is always apparent. The water used in the laboratory, however, does not come by direct flow from the bottom of the cistern, but is drawn through a siphon. This secures the regular pressure and avoids the variation of "head" at different stages of water which would result from the other method. This water (as I have

already mentioned) is all clean sea-water, salt as the open ocean and is incessantly renewed.

The windmill also drives an air-pump, which forces the air into a drum, whence it escapes to the laboratory under an equal and steady pressure (secured by proper valves) of five pounds to the square inch. These arrangements for a constant and uniform supply of water and air under easy control are the foundation of the facilities here afforded for the continued and successful study of living marine animals.

There is a large cellar-basement, useful for dissection of great fishes and general storage, and a third story having a suite of chambers charming for an artist's or other delicate work for which a good light and the encouragement of pleasant surroundings are needed; but the "laboratory" proper is a room perhaps forty-five feet long by twenty-five wide, entered from the ground, with which its floor is level on the uphill side of the house.

The southern side of this room is occupied wholly by glass shelving, closets, etc. A part of the shelves hold the working library,—not many books, nor in fine bindings, but in all sorts of languages, full of strange diagrammatic figures and Latin names, of anatomical descriptions and tables of classification,—unentertaining volumes to the layman, not at all of the sort which form the "summer reading" of the publishers, yet costly and precious, for each one is the monument of months or years of patient labor, and lays bare a little corner of the globe's history unseen before. These plain books all are laid on their sides to prevent their warping. Among them are portfolios full of original drawings and manuscript notes that have grown out of the studies of the master and his students, which are left for years to season under the watchful experience which shall confirm or condemn their presumed truth before the test of publication is risked.

The rest of the glass shelving on the south wall is covered with glass dishes of all kinds. Room is precious, so the cupboards have doors of slate which, when shut, form a blackboard (every working and teaching naturalist must of necessity be a pretty good draughtsman, both with pencil and chalk); and there are everywhere hooks and other devices for convenience.

The eastern and western ends of the room have windows so guarded by shutters as to exclude the light, but admit a cool breeze; but the north wall is full of long windows, having only space between for five tables, which (though there are two extra ones in the corners) limit the number of persons who can work at one time. This north light is excellent, the bay reflecting it, while the grassy plat near by prevents any glare. Across each window may be placed a movable shelf, fixed at any height, on which a glass jar may be set between the observer and the light in such a way that the motions of any little creatures in this improvised aquarium can be seen with great plainness.

It would seem as though so well constructed a building as this, founded upon the granite core of the primitive globe, was solid enough; but microscopists—and the men who work here are nearly all microscopists—will tell you that their instruments are sensitive to a jar which the most acute of our nerves would fail to perceive, and that the least tremble is sufficient to disturb that precise focus upon the keeping of which the success of an observation depends. Independent of his foundations, therefore, Mr. Agassiz has built a line of massive arches, nowhere touched by the floors or walls of the building. It is upon these arches that the working tables and the little three-cornered microscope-stools stand, feeling the shock of no gale that may beat against the house, nor the tremor of any footfall upon the floor.

The tables are not of large size,—about like a library desk,—but are firmly constructed and serviceable. They are covered with English glazed tiles,—white, except two black rows at the end, furnishing opposite backgrounds to the glass vessel in which the often almost invisible morsel of animal life is floating. What cannot readily be seen against a white surface may become plainly apparent in front of a black one. On the long middle tables (hereafter described) Mr. Agassiz has enlarged upon this idea by covering them with spaces of variously colored tiles simulating natural sea-bottoms. The clear gray does well enough for sand; dark leaden gray for mud; a mottled castile-soap pattern in brown for pebbles; and dulse-green for sea-weed. It is a popular error, or, at any rate, prevalent thoughtlessness, that sea animals pay no attention to the sort of bottom underneath them as they move about. If this is true of any, it certainly is not of a large number of kinds. Some are confined to districts limited by one sort of bottom because it provides their only food; others because there they are safer from harm than they would be elsewhere; a third class perhaps from choice, or for some reason not readily discernible. In any case, it has been both suspected and proved that the character of the bottom has great influence, particularly in the matter of color, upon the fishes and others frequenting a district of mud or sand

or rocky or weed-grown bottom respectively. It was in order to experiment in this direction that Mr. Agassiz invented and provided these imitative surfaces, which should form an artificial bottom resembling sand, pebbles, etc., when the dish containing a fish or invertebrate to be deceived should be set upon it.

I can mention here only one of the interesting results of the experiments. The flounder, as everybody knows, is an ill-looking, dark-colored, flat fish, which creeps close along the bottom, and frequents for the most part banks of mud, from which it is almost indistinguishable. Occasionally the flounder occurs in sandy districts, in which case it is of a yellowish tinge, though not otherwise different from its black neighbor of the mud. Taking young flounders, Mr. Agassiz experimented upon their power of changing color. Placing them upon the blackish tiles, they quickly turned mud-color; moved thence to the "sand" tiles, only a few moments elapsed before their leaden skins had paled to dull yellowish white; transferred to the mimic "sea-weed," in less than five minutes a greenish hue overspread their skins, which would have served well in their native element to keep them unobserved against a mass of algæ. As the flounders grew older, the rapidity and facility with which these changes were effected lessened, and perhaps they would altogether cease in aged individuals who had never practiced as turncoats; but the readiness with which the youngsters altered their complexions to suit their circumstances, as shown by experiments in this laboratory, would give them high rank in partisan politics.

Between the ends of the two tables which, as I have said, extend lengthwise of the room as far as convenience will allow, stands a sink made of soap-stone, where overflows go and where water may be drawn by the pailful. This sink is covered like an old-fashioned well, with a flat canopy of glass resting at a convenient height upon four corner posts, so that jars may be set upon it and their contents examined from underneath with the important help of transmitted light.

The central tables each side of this are intended not for study,—that is to be done at the small desks near the windows,—but for the preservation of specimens; and to this end there is suspended over them an elaborate system of pipes, supplying air and water and bearing faucets every few inches. This system consists of eight sub-pipes connecting with two branches from the cistern siphon, which hangs well above the operator's head, but within easy reach of the hand. Each sub-pipe may be closed or opened by a stop-cock so as to admit either air or sea-water at will,—the air being brought to them by a special connection with the air-main from the windmill. Besides this, a portion of the branches can be cut off and used to supply rain-water also, which is stored in a small cistern of its own near by. Sea-water, fresh water, and air may therefore be supplied all at once and continuously, and the arrangement for each may be changed and interchanged to suit the student's convenience, while no anxiety is felt, either lest the supply may cease or lest any irregularities may occur, since automatic contrivances guard against accident to the machinery. Even if water should fly loose, or overflow somewhat, no harm would be done, for copper gutters carry away all drippings, and the cement floor, covered only with neat oil-cloth, defies injury from wetting. In case of a failure of the windmill, the cistern could be filled daily by a hand force-pump.

I have explained that this particular locality is highly favorable to the study of marine zoölogy, because the jutting headlands on each side of the harbor make a funnel into which, twice a day, the entrapped tide drives the pure ocean waters fresh from the warm path of the Gulf Stream, bringing a harvest of living things that elsewhere along the coast remain far outside. Mr. Agassiz is therefore able to get, at the very door of his laboratory, a large series of thoroughly pelagic animals which other naturalists (at least, everywhere north of Hatteras) must go far afloat for, and would regard as wholly extra littoral.

One may see anchored in the little cove behind Castle Hill a small steam-launch (it can outspeed anything of its size at Newport!), a trim sloop or two, and various dories and punts; these constitute the fleet with which materials for investigation are gathered. Two methods are practiced, according to the sort of animals desired or hoped for. If mollusks, sea-urchins, star-fishes, annelids, or mature non-swimming animals generally, or some kinds of bottom-feeding fishes, are wanted, then the launch is sent out to trawl.

The trawl used by Mr. Agassiz is a miniature of the improved apparatus designed by him and employed in his deep-sea dredging in the West Indies on board the Coast Survey steamer *Blake*. It consists of a pair of Us set on edge and fastened in that position by horizontal connecting bars of iron. Behind this frame so constructed is fastened a sack of chain-netting or canvas, or both, and in front a sort of bail-handle to which the drag-rope is attached. It is of no consequence upon which side the trawl falls when thrown overboard, since the round ends of the "Us" give equal runners on both sides; and, as it is pulled along,

the weight, position, and blade-like form of the lower bar cause the machine to hold to the bottom, and scrape every easily movable thing into the strong bag which trails, open-mouthed, behind. The "feel" of the rope tells the dredger when it is full; it is then hauled up hand over hand or by means of a windlass, and its contents are emptied out and sorted before the next load arrives. Dredging in Newport harbor, or, as we used to do it, back and forth through Vineyard Sound (to the great perturbation of weak stomachs), is a very simple matter; but when it comes to dropping the great deep-sea dredge two miles or more, and taking all day to the experiment, with the help of a donkey-engine, it becomes an art. In the two cases the apparatus differs little, except as to size and strength.

The laboratory I am describing, however, mainly is connected, thus far, with inquiries into the embryology and youthful life of fishes, and the embryology of radiates, crustacea, and worms. Materials for this, in the shape of eggs and larvæ, are almost wholly to be got just under the surface of the sea, where the wandering, playful children of all sorts of sea life—fishes, mollusks univalve and bivalve, crabs and shrimps, jelly-fishes, sea-stars, urchins, worms, etc., etc.—swarm and drift in happy aimlessness until their ranks are thinned by countless enemies, and the survivors sink to safer depths or settle on some public and preëmpted homestead among the surf-showered rocks. When the glare of the sun has left the water, and the tide stands high off the torpedo station or is just beginning to settle seaward at Beaver Tail, the professor and his students slowly cruise in search of such tiny prey. Behind them is towed a gauze net, which skims the surface and ingulfs every unlucky midget in its path, while all hands continually dip up at random gauze dipperfuls of water and carefully rinse their nets in the small tubs, on the chance of getting something worth having. It is by this sort of pleasant sea-prospecting that we have learned how rich are the tidal currents setting into Narragansett Bay in representatives of all the crowding pelagic life of the Gulf Stream; and if Mr. Agassiz neglects to drag his nets on the incoming tide, it is a small matter, for the outgoing rush leaves a thousand sea-born youngsters captives in the pocket-like cove just under his windows, where they have been entrapped and may be scooped up at leisure.

Returning from such an excursion, the buckets and tubs containing the net result are brought to the laboratory and sorted out. The visitor then would find the long central tables covered with glassware—jars and pans and bowls, white and clear as crystal, capacious as if to hold punch for the Chaplain of the Fleet, every one with a mouth as big as its body, or even bigger. Some of these high, straight-sided, flashing jars will hold several gallons; some of the shallow ones are like six-quart milk-pans, and the sizes of the others lessen to the minimum of a watch crystal, where a single egg, or gastræa larva, or dancing animalcule may be isolated from his fellows. This glassware is all made to order for the laboratory and for the Cambridge Museum. It is altogether unequaled for the purpose, since it is capacious, clean, transparent, and not affected by sea-water as metal or wood would be, while it is cheaper, lighter, and more handsome than porcelain.

Having roughly sorted and cared for the dredgings that same night, the next morning the student examines them more carefully, and arranges for preservation the specimens which he especially desires to keep alive. The method will depend upon the age, character, and known hardihood of the object, but the two requisites in all cases are cleanness of water and constant aëration. Turning off the water from one of the pipes, a rubber tube from the air-main is led to it, and it becomes an air-pipe. The jar containing the living specimen is placed on that part of the table at which, by means of the tiles underneath, it can be seen to the best advantage; a small rubber tube attached to a faucet on one pipe is made to supply to it a steady stream of clean sea-water, and another tube brings fresh air to replace the oxygen exhausted by the animal's respiration; the overflow takes care of itself, and there is no further trouble.

But this simple proceeding can be trusted only in the case of large, mature, tough animals, such as rarely have the honor of reposing in these scientific precincts. More gentle treatment is usually required, and the methods now successful have only been learned through long and costly experience.

In the first place, isolation, entire or in part, is necessary. This is accomplished by subdividing the tubes which lead from the iron pipes overhead. An inch or two from the faucet there will be slipped in an inverted T of glass bearing two tubes; these in turn may be similarly subdivided by inverted Ts, and so on, the number of outlets supplied by the one original faucet and neck being limited only by convenience. Every terminus of a tube, whether delivering water or air, is closed by a glass tip, which not only gives exit to a safely diminished stream, but does no harm to the inhabitants of the jar, as the corrupting influence of rubber in contact with salt water might. These tips are bits of glass tubing cut off as required,

melted in a spirit-lamp, drawn to a fine point, and perforated by a hole, which allows the escape of only a thread of water or a bubble of air so small as to cause no disturbance. Each man makes these glass tips for himself, bending and twisting them to suit his needs. The rubber tubing, too, is a great convenience. It is of various sizes, can be cut into any required length, pieced out by stretching over a joint of glass tubing, fitted air-tight upon iron pipes, faucets, glass rods, and the like, and bent about in the most handy and time-saving way.

Though the water comes clear enough, it will not do to allow the air supplied by the windmill to enter at once the water in which the very delicate organisms are being kept alive. It is likely to contain some moisture gathered on the way, and this moisture is liable to have been charged with iron-rust or some other mineral ingredient. The air from the pipe, therefore, is led first through a large Woulfe bottle, such as chemists are familiar with, where it leaves its deleterious moisture and goes clean to its work. That this precaution is a judicious one, is shown by the fact that the Woulfe bottles gradually become clouded within by a deposit of iron and dirt. Sometimes ducts of rubber connect two or three jars to one or more of these Woulfe bottles and to each other, and so there is a constant circulation among a community of little aquaria, economizing apparatus. All these contrivances together, and two hundred and fifty jars and bowls, can be taken care of at once on these tables, though there are only a score or so of supplying faucets.

Reckoned by their vitality in captivity, marine animals fall into three categories:

First. Those that are large and strong enough to allow water to be introduced in a steady stream directly to their jars, and that do not require any more air than the constant current of water brings; these are the crabs, shell-fish, annelids, and common full-grown shore animals, such as are ordinarily seen in aquaria.

Second. Those that will survive simple aëration of the water in which they are placed, the water itself not being changed, usually, but only added to to make up for evaporation. To this class belong crabs and other small animals that are just about to lay their eggs, together with young of all sorts in their swimming or larval stages. In these cases, however, the "injector" is often made use of. This consists of a spindle-shaped chamber of brass, with external openings, so that, as the stream of water passes through, it sucks into its current a quantity of air which goes to the jar mingled with the stream. This little injector is, in fact, a miniature Catalan blow-pipe, being constructed on exactly the same principle as that which supplies the tweers of a blast-furnace. It is a contrivance of great value in the laboratory.

Third. The morsels of almost invisible life too delicate to resist ever so feeble a current, and too volatile and minute not to escape in an overflow, however well guarded. To the receptacle of these only a very gentle though unremitting supply of air can be given, while the water must frequently be changed by cautious dipping out and pouring in by hand, a trifle at a time. No mother attends to her infant with more tender and scrupulous care than the zoölogist to these babies of the sea.

And what are they? Eggs of fishes, mollusks, crustaceans, and radiates; embryos of similar animals and of jelly-fishes — filmy, fragile, nineteen-twentieths water — which would perish under the slightest injury, and can only be kept alive by the greatest painstaking. That Mr. Agassiz has been successful beyond all precedent in preserving these excessively delicate pelagic forms in his laboratory, shows how admirable are all his methods and appliances to reproduce the most healthy conditions of nature. It was no mean triumph, for instance, to have reared those young flounders and goose-fish from eggs scooped up in the open sea, and to have kept them all summer, while he noted and sketched the various aspects of their growth. But the highest surety of the suitability of his arrangements was afforded when the vapory, translucent siphonophores, in which no one before had been able to maintain vitality for more than two or three hours, lived contentedly in their glass prison last summer during fifteen days. One highly favorable circumstance, no doubt, is that the temperature of the water in the Newport laboratory is cooler than that of the open sea. Heated by the ever-present Gulf Stream, the ocean in summer rises to a warmth of seventy-six or seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit; by the time it has passed through the pipes and the shaded cistern, this water has been considerably cooled down, and remains at a lower temperature than that of the native element from which the subjects for study are brought. This is greatly to their advantage (the hatching of fish eggs may be checked, yet without loss of vitality, and held back indefinitely, by steady cold), and it was because of the opposite condition that sea-side students at Nahant and Salem and Gloucester have always been less successful. English laboratories have an equal difficulty, overcome only by the expensive use of ice.

But to go into all the details of laboratory

expedients employed here is beyond space, and perhaps would interest very few. Everything is intended for work and study, not for show; there is nothing in the way of an "aquarium." If it happens that the apparatus or the zoölogical specimens are pleasing, that is a happy chance, not the first intention. No living object is kept longer than there is use for it; mere curiosity must make way for original investigation into something else more obscure.

The studies at the laboratory have continued through half a dozen summers, and have been conducted by Mr. Agassiz, the late Count L. F. de Pourtalès, Professor Walter Faxon, Dr. W. K. Brooks, and Mr. T. W. Fewkes, with a few others at intervals.

Mr. Agassiz's work here has been mainly on the embryology of fishes, radiates, crustacea, annelids, and pelagic tunicates. Several contributions to the National Academy of Science and to the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (Boston) have grown out of them, chiefly upon the young stages of flounders, goose-fish, and various other genera; and embryological observations on the ctenophoric jelly-fishes, on the garpike (*Lepidosteus*), and on *Balanoglossus*. Mr. Agassiz was also employed for a long time in working up the sea-urchins brought home by the *Challenger* deep-sea expedition, the results of which have been embodied in the special scientific reports of that famous cruise.

Count Pourtalès spent his energies chiefly on his favorite corals, *Foraminifera* and their kin, publishing his results in the memoirs of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, of which he was the keeper. Mr. Faxon, who is assistant professor of zoölogy at Harvard, made a specialty of crustacea, and wrote several papers on their embryology from here.

Dr. Brooks, who is now assistant professor of biology at Johns Hopkins University, and who carries on a marine laboratory of his own at Beaufort, North Carolina, busied himself with the embryology of mollusks, publishing one paper. Dr. Fewkes, now Mr. Agassiz's assistant in the Zoölogical Museum at Cambridge, did the same thing with jelly-fishes. Much of the work of these and other students (among them some ladies) remains unpublished in note-books and manuscript (for "rushing into print" is frowned upon by this cautious coterie), so that future results may be expected, the chief preparation for which has already been done. As to the further progress of the laboratory, Mr. Agassiz says the chief field will naturally be the study of the youth of marine animals,—not simply of their embryology, but of the successive phases presented in the development of their infant growth, and the relations these bear to adult forms and to general questions of biology and classification.

Ernest Ingersoll.

WONDERLAND.

My heart to-day is like a summer flower
Which lifts its blooming chalice to absorb
Sweet odors from the air. For, like a flower,
My heart absorbs the fiery life that dwells
Within the blossoming matter of the world
And naked strength of nature. Here, where earth
Seems peaceful as a dreamer's paradise,
I trace the movement of the universe,
The splendor that inspires the thought of man,
And glory that outshines the fancy. Here
I learn the clear and simple speech of truth,
And feel the buoyant spirit of forest birds
That fill a whole bright summer with their song.
I look upon the old world as a child
Looks with a vague and tender trust upon
Its mother's face; and, strangely moved, I see
Beyond the beauty of familiar things,
As one may see into another's heart
With the fine sense of love.

No harsh voice falls
Along the solemn quietude of the air.
Yet I can hear faint voices, which are like
Echo of unseen music: there is speech
In the melodious breeze, and there is song
Within the soft hush of the languorous noon,—
Song that would roar like thunder if the ear
Could catch its undertone. The fire and stir
Of a dædalian impulse throb beneath
The outward slumber of a life which is
Sleepless and everlasting. There is not
A leaf, a rose, a tree, nor animate thing
Which does not add a language to the world;
And I, that am a part of earth and sky,
Feel that divinity and kinship born
Of truth and noble knowledge. Oh, I love
To watch the pageant of the world unroll,
To search within its sorcery, and to drink
Its wild enchantment, even as men were wont,
In the dead days of fable, to give form
To sprite, and gnome, and god.

Our living world
Is a translucent fairyland, wherein
The infinite force of nature moves alone
To marvelous and mysterious issues. Men
May feel the spirit and witchery of its life,
Breathed forth like fragrance from a field of wheat
In ripe midsummer. For a space I dream
That I am borne through ocean spaces hence
To some vague heaven, where souls are said to dwell
In bodiless beauty, where existence is
A vision without substance: brief delight,
Less beautiful than what mine eyes have known,
Unreal as fancy when it strives to make
Being and love of empty nothingness.
True nature is a joy that ministers
To the strong, passionate heart; and here I feel
Her kiss upon me like a chastening flame,
And I am clothed in all her glory, one
Drawn to her sovereignty, like some fresh fount
Drained back to earth. Yet often nave I, too, felt
The hot blood rush into my cheeks, and fire
Leap to my brain, when, like sweet music blown,
Over a waste of water, I have heard
The story of ancient fable, tender myth
Of lands and peoples, and bewitching tales
Of quick enchantment wrought by viewless hands
Beneath the slumberous vigil of the moon.
Then I imagined me a thing of air—
A mad and protean spirit that loved to make
Blithe havoc of men's lives; or else I seemed
One of the race of conjuring giants, leagued
Against the race of mortals; or, perchance,
A magic knight in golden armor clad,
Riding with windy speed upon the trace
Of some phantasmal love.

But now all thought,
All dream, and joy, and wonder are become

One with that sense which has outlived the youth
And credulous mind of ages; which has pierced
The obscurity of the earth, and boldly flown
To the pale light of stars; whose rule has made
Man more than beast and slave, and raised his soul
To flashing heights of freedom. Here I trace
Conceptions of the first creation, forms
Transcending fancy, and the wands that guide
Each drop of dew and each propulsive power
Of our revolving planet. Here I look
Upon the magic of material things,
The witchcraft of the day, and that divine
Incarnate unity of adjusted works
Which is the body of nature. Eye, and ear,
And mind, and heart, and the transfiguring spirit
Here mingle like the colors of the earth
And elements of the air; here, too, all parts
Of truth, and wisdom, knowledge, and deep sight
Of prophecy are the mighty wings whereon
My life is borne and floated like a bird
Throughout this fairyland. Ah! who could be
Untouched and uninspired, when, face to face
With the illimitable sense of force
Embodied thus sublimely, common things
Take on the hues of dream, and wonderment
Thrills the young heart?

I am as one led forth
From somber prison darkness to some place
Whereon the sun beats fiercely; free to look
Upon the life and motion which are springs
Of deathless evolution; free to find
The deep and subtle spell of nature through
All colors, shapes, and natural substances.
I trace the secret of the mutable hills,
Of the soft meadow-grass which steals the dew,
And delicate cobwebs of the leaves; I see
The sponge-like mouths of savage plants that drink
The cooling rain, and find in crumbling rocks
Romances of the black, primeval years.
I watch the breeze-blown currents of the air
Which glide to distant lands, and bear their weight
Of heat and moisture — the creative work
Of sun-waves and the wind — the god-wise growth
Of infinite order and design. I watch
The water drawn invisibly from its streams,
Or dream that I can feel the frozen breath
Of the chilled, vapor-shaping clouds, and rise
Into the fine, sun-bosoming ether. Thus
I grow to loftier contemplation, mount
And soar upon the summits of the world;
Till, in the very strength and sweep of thought,
I stumble, and I know that I have reached
One mystery which dwells deeper than the sea—
Beyond the glow of throbbing spheres, beyond
The calm and vast eternity of skies.

George Edgar Montgomery.

[Begun in August.]

THE BREAD-WINNERS.

V.

A PROFESSIONAL REFORMER.

SLEENY walked moodily down the street, engaged in that self-torture which is the chief recreation of unhappy lovers. He steeped his heart in gall by imagining Maud in love with another. His passion stimulated his slow wits into unwonted action, until his mind began to form exasperating pictures of intimacies which drove him half mad. His face grew pale, and his fists were tightly clinched as he walked. He hardly saw the familiar street before him; he had a far clearer vision of Maud and Farnham by the garden gate: her beautiful face was turned up to the young man's with the winning sweetness of a flower, and Sam's irritated fancy supplied the kisses he had watched for in the shadow of the pear-trees. "I 'most wish't he'd 'a' done it," he growled to himself. "I had my hammer in my hand, and I could 'a' finished him then and had no more bother."

He felt a hand on his shoulder, and, turning, saw a face grinning a friendly recognition. It was a face whose whole expression was oleaginous. It was surmounted by a low and shining forehead covered by reeking black hair, worn rather long, the ends being turned under by the brush. The mustache was long and drooping, dyed black and profusely oiled, the dye and the grease forming an inharmonious compound. The parted lips, which were coarse and thin, displayed an imperfect set of teeth, much discolored with tobacco. The eyes were light green, with the space which should have been white suffused with yellow and red. It was one of those gifted countenances which could change in a moment from a dog-like fawning to a snaky venomousness.

The man wore a black hat of soft felt; his clothes were black and glistening with use and grease. He was of medium height, not especially stout, but still strong and well knit; he moved too briskly for a tramp, and his eyes were too sly and furtive to belong to an honest man.

"Well, Samivel!" he began, with a jolly facetiousness, "what's your noble game this evenin'? You look like you was down on your luck. Is the fair one unkind?"

Sam turned upon him with an angry gesture.

"Hold your jaw, or I'll break it for you! Ever since I was fool enough to mention that thing to you, you've been cacklin' about it. I've had enough of it."

"Go slow, Quaker!" the man rejoined. "If you can't take a joke, I'll stop jokin'—that settles it. Come along and get a glass of beer, and you'll feel better."

They soon came to a garden near the lake, and sat down by a little table at their beer. The consumers were few and silent. The garden was dimly lighted, for the spring came slowly up that way, and the air was not yet conducive to out-door idling. The greasy young man laid a dirty hand on the arm of Sleeny, and said:

"Honor bright, now, old fellow, I didn't mean to rough you when I said that. I don't want to hurt your feelings or lose your confidence. I want you to tell me how you are gettin' along. You aint got no better friend than me nowhere."

"Oh," said Sam, sulkily, "I got nothin' to say. She don't no more care for me than that there mug."

The expression that came over his friend's face at these discouraged words was not one of sympathetic sorrow. But he put some sympathy into his voice as he said:

"Jest think of that! Such a fine young fellow as you are, too. Where can her eyes be? And I seen you walking this evenin' by the lake just like two robins. And yet you don't get ahead any!"

"Not a step," said Sam.

"Anybody in your light, you think? Hullo there, Dutchy, swei glass. Any other fellow takin' your wind?" and his furtive eyes darted a keen interrogation. Sam did not answer at once, and his friend went on: "Why, she don't hardly know anybody but me and you, and, he-he! I wouldn't stand no chance at all against you—hum?"

"Of course you wouldn't," said Sam, with slow contempt, which brought the muddy blood into the sallow cheek in front of him. "She wouldn't look at you. I'm not afraid of no man, Andy Offitt,—I'm afraid of money."

He flattered his jealous heart by these words. It was too intolerable to think that any mere man should take his sweetheart away from him; and though he felt how hopeless was any comparison between himself and Farnham, he tried to soothe himself by the lie that they were equal in all but money.

His words startled his friend Offitt. He

exclaimed: "Why, who does she know that's got money?"

But Sleeny felt a momentary revolt against delivering to even his closest confidant the name of the woman he loved coupled with the degrading suspicions by which he had been tormented all day. He gruffly answered: "That's none of your business; you can't help me in this thing, and I aint agoin' to chin about it any more."

They sat for awhile in silence, drank their beer, and ordered more. Offitt at last spoke again:

"Well, I'll be hanged if you aint the best grit of any fellow I know. If you don't want to talk, a team of Morgan horses couldn't make you. I like a man that can hold his tongue."

"Then I'm your huckleberry," said Sleeny, whose vanity was soothed by the compliment.

"That's so," said Offitt, with an admiring smile. "If I wanted a secret kept, I'd know where to come." Then changing his manner and tone to an expression of profound solemnity, and glancing about to guard against surprise, he said: "My dear boy, I've wanted to talk to you a long time,—to talk serious. You're not one of the common kind of cattle that think of nothin' but their fodder and stall—are you?"

Now, Sam was precisely of the breed described by his friend, but what man ever lived who knew he was altogether ordinary? He grinned uneasily and answered:

"I guess not."

"Exactly!" said Offitt. "There are some of us laboring men that don't propose to go on all our lives working our fingers off to please a lot of vampires; we propose to have a little fairer divide than heretofore; and if there is any advantage to be gained, we propose to have it on the side of the men who do the work. What do you think of that?"

"That's all solid," said Sleeny, who was indifferently interested in these abstractions. "But what you goin' to do about it?"

"Do!" cried Offitt. "We are goin' to make war on capital. We are goin' to scare the blood-suckers into terms. We are goin' to get our rights—peaceably, if we can't get them any other way. We are goin' to prove that a man is better than a money-bag." He rattled off these words as a listless child says its alphabet without thinking of a letter. But he was closely watching Sam to see if any of these stereotyped phrases attracted his attention. Sleeny smoked his cigar with the air of polite fatigue with which one listens to abstract statements of moral obligations.

"What are we, anyhow?" continued the greasy apostle of labor. "We are slaves; we are Roosian scurfs. We work as many hours as our owners like; we take what pay they choose to give us; we ask their permission to live and breathe."

"Oh, that's a lie!" Sleeny interrupted, with unbroken calmness. "Old Saul Matchin and me come to an agreement about time and pay, and both of us was suited. Ef he's got his heel onto me, I don't feel it."

Offitt darted a glance of scorn upon the ignoble soul who was content with his bondage; but the mention of Matchin reminded him that he had a final shot in reserve, and he let it off at once.

"Yes, Saul Matchin is a laborin' man himself; but look at his daughter. She would die before she would marry a workman. Why?" and his green eyes darted livid fire as they looked into the troubled ones of Sleeny.

"Well, why?" he asked, slowly.

"Because she loves money more than manhood. Because she puts up her beauty for a higher bidder than any——"

"Now, shet up, will you?" cried Sam, thoroughly aroused. "I wont set here and hear her abused by you or any other man. What business is it of yours, anyway?"

Offitt felt that his shot had gone home, and pursued his advantage.

"It's my business, Sam, because I'm your friend; because I hate to see a good fellow wronged; because I know that a man is better than a money-bag. Why, that girl would marry you in a minute if you was rich. But because you're not she will strike for one of them rose-water snobs on Algonquin Avenue." Sam writhed, and his wheedling tormentor continued, watching him like a ferret. "Perhaps she has struck for one of them already—perhaps—oh, I can't say what may have happened. I hate the world when I see such doin's. I hate the heartless shams that give labor and shame to the toilers and beauty and luxury to the drones. Who is the best man," he asked, with honest frankness, "you, or some high-steppin' snob whose daddy has left him the means to be a sucker all his days? And who would the prettiest girl in Buffland prefer, you or the sucker? And you intend to let Mr. Sucker have it all his own way?"

"No, I don't!" Sam roared, like a baited bull. "Ef any man crosses my path, he can find out which is the best man."

"There, that's more like you. But what can you do alone? That's where they get us foul. The erristocrats, the money power, all hang together. The laborin' men fight singly, and alwuz get whipped. Now, we are goin' to change that. We are goin' to organize. Look here, Sam, I am riskin' my

head in tellin' you this—but I trust you, and I like you, and I'll tell you. We *have* organized. We've got a society in this town pledged to the cause of honest labor and against capital—for life or death. We want you. We want men of sand and men of sense, and you've got both. You must join."

Sam Sleeny was by this time pretty well filled with beer and wrath. He felt himself in a certain sense bound by the weighty secret which Offitt had imparted to him and flattered by his invitation. A few touches more of adroit flattery, and the agitator's victory was complete. Sleeny felt sore and tired to the very heart. He had behaved like a brute to the girl he loved; he had been put clearly in the wrong in his quarrel with her, and yet he was certain that all was not well with either of them. The tormenting syllogism ran continually through his head: "She is the prettiest woman in the world—rich fellows like pretty women,—therefore—death and curses on him!" Or sometimes the form of it would change to this: "He is rich and handsome—girls like men who are rich and handsome,—therefore——," the same rage and imprecations, and the same sense of powerless fury. He knew and cared nothing about Offitt's Labor Reform. He could earn a good living by his trade, no matter who went to Congress, and he hated these "chinny bummers," as he called them, who talked about "State help and self-help" over their beer. But to-night he was tormented and badgered to such a point that he was ready for anything which his tempter might suggest. The words of Offitt, alternately wheedling and excoriating, had turned his foolish head. His hatred of Farnham was easily extended to the class to which he belonged, and even to the money which made him formidable.

He walked away from the garden with Offitt, and turned down a filthy alley to a squalid tenement house,—called by its proprietor Perry Place, and by the neighbors Rook's Ranch,—to the lodge room of the Brotherhood of Bread-winners, which proved to be Offitt's lodging. They found there a half dozen men lounging about the entrance, who scowled and swore at Offitt for being late, and then followed him sulkily up two flights of ill-smelling stairs to his room. He turned away their wrath by soft answers, and hastily lighting a pair of coal-oil lamps, which gave forth odor more liberally than illumination, said briskly:

"Gentlemen, I have brought you a recruit this evenin' that you will all be glad to welcome to our brotherhood."

The brothers, who had taken seats where they could find them, on a dirty bed, a wooden trunk, and two or three chairs of doubtful integrity, grunted a questionable welcome to the new-comer. As he looked about him, he was not particularly proud of the company in which he found himself. The faces he recognized were those of the laziest and most incapable workmen in the town—men whose weekly wages were habitually docked for drunkenness, late hours, and botchy work. As the room gradually filled, it seemed like a roll-call of shirks. Among them came also a spiritual medium named Bott, as yet imperfectly developed, whose efforts at making a living by dark séances too frequently resulted in the laughter of skeptics and the confusion of his friends. His forehead and cheek were even then purple with an aniline dye, which some cold-blooded investigator had squirted in his face a few nights before while he was gliding through a twilight room impersonating the troubled shade of Pocahontas. This occurrence gave, for the moment, a peculiarly sanguinary and sinister character to his features, and filled his heart with a thirst for vengeance against an unbelieving world.

After the meeting had been called to order, and Sam had taken an oath of a hot and lurid nature, in which he renounced a good many things he had never possessed, and promised to do a lot of things of which he had no idea, Mr. Offitt asked "if any brother had anything to offer for the good of the order." This called Mr. Bott to his feet, and he made a speech, on which he had been brooding all day, against the pride of so-called science, the arrogance of unrighteous wealth, and the groveling superstition of Christianity. The light of the kerosene lamp shone full on the decorated side of his visage, and touched it to a ferocious purpose. But the brotherhood soon wearied of his oratory, in which the blasphemy of thought and phrase was strangely contrasted with the ecclesiastical whine which he had caught from the exhorters who were the terror of his youth. The brothers began to guy him without mercy. They requested him to "cheese it"; they assisted him with uncalled-for and inappropriate applause, and one of the party got behind him and went through the motion of turning a hurdy-gurdy. But he persevered. He had joined the club to practice public speaking, and he got a good half hour out of the brothers before they coughed him down.

When he had brought his speech to a close, and sat down to wipe his streaming face, a brother rose and said, in a harsh, rasping voice, "I want to ask a question."

"That's in order, Brother Bowersox," said Offitt.

The man was a powerful fellow, six feet

high. His head was not large, but it was as round as an apple, with heavy cheek-bones, little eyes, close-cut hair, and a mustache like the bristles of a blacking-brush. He had been a driver on a street-car, but had recently been dismissed for insolence to passengers and brutality to his horses.

"What I want to ask is this: I want to know if we have joined this order to listen to chin-music the rest of our lives, or to do somethin'. There is some kind of men that kin talk tell day of jedgment, lettin' Gabrel toot and then beginnin' ag'in. I aint that kind; I j'ined to do somethin';—what's to be done?"

He sat down with his hand on his hip, squarely facing the luckless Bott, whose face grew as purple as the illuminated side of it. But he opened not his mouth. Offitt answered the question:

"I would state," he said glibly, "the objects we propose to accomplish: the downfall of the money power, the rehabitation of labor, the——"

"Oh, yes!" Bowersox interrupted, "I know all about that,—but what are we goin' to *do?*"

Offitt paled a little, but did not flinch at the savage tone of the surly brute. He began again in his smoothest manner:

"I am of the opinion that the discussion of sound principles, such as we have listened to to-night, is among the objects of our order. After that, organization for mutual profit and protection against the minions of the money power,—for makin' our influence felt in elections,—for extendin' a helpin' hand to honest toil,—for rousin' our bretheren from their lethargy, which, like a leaden pall——"

"I want to know," growled Bowersox, with sullen obstinacy, "what's to be done."

"Put your views in the form of a motion, that they may be properly considered by the meetin'," said the imperturbable president.

"Well, I motion that we stop talkin' and commence doin'——"

"Do you suggest that a committee be appointed for that purpose?"

"Yes, anything." And the chairman appointed Bowersox, Bott, and Folgum such a committee.

All breathed more freely and felt as if something practical and energetic had been accomplished. The committee would, of course, never meet nor report, but the colloquy and the prompt action taken upon it made every one feel that the evening had been interesting and profitable. Before they broke up, Sleeny was asked for his initiation fee of two dollars, and all the brethren were dunned for their monthly dues.

"What becomes of this money?" the neophyte bluntly inquired of the hierophant.

"It pays room rent and lights," said Offitt, with unabashed front, as he returned his greasy wallet to his pocket. "The rest goes for propagatin' our ideas, and especially for influencin' the press."

Sleeny was a dull man, but he made up his mind on the way home that the question which had so long puzzled him—how Offitt made his living—was partly solved.

VI.

TWO MEN SHAKE HANDS.

SLEENY, though a Bread-winner in full standing, was not yet sufficiently impressed with the wrongs of labor to throw down his hammer and saw. He continued his work upon Farnham's conservatory, under the direction of Fergus Ferguson, the gardener, with the same instinctive fidelity which had always characterized him. He had his intervals of right feeling and common sense, when he reflected that Farnham had done him no wrong, and probably intended no wrong to Maud, and that he was not answerable for the ill luck that met him in his wooing, for Maud had refused him before she ever saw Farnham. But, once in a while, and especially when he was in company with Offitt, an access of jealous fury would come upon him, which found vent in imprecations which were none the less fervid for being slowly and haltingly uttered. The dark-skinned, unwholesome-looking Bread-winner found a singular delight in tormenting the powerful young fellow. He felt a spontaneous hatred for him, for many reasons. His shapely build, his curly blonde hair and beard, his frank blue eye, first attracted his envious notice; his steady, contented industry excited in him a desire to pervert a workman whose daily life was a practical argument against the doctrines of socialism, by which Offitt made a part of his precarious living; and after he had met Maud Matchin and had felt, as such natures will, the force of her beauty, his instinctive hate became an active, though secret, hostility. She had come one evening with Sleeny to a spiritualist conference frequented by Offitt, and he had at once inferred that Sleeny and she were either engaged to be married or on the straight road toward it. It would be a profanation of the word to say that he loved her at first sight. But his scoundrel heart was completely captivated so far as was possible to a man of his sort. He was filled and fired with a keen cupidity of desire to possess and own such beauty and grace. He railed against marriage, as he did

against religion and order, as an invention of priests and tyrants to enslave and degrade mankind; but he would gladly have gone to any altar whatever in company with Maud Matchin. He could hardly have said whether he loved or hated her the more. He loved her much as the hunter loves the fox he is chasing to its death. He wanted to destroy anything which kept her away from him: her lover, if she had one; her pride, her modesty, her honor, if she were fancy-free. Aware of Sleeny's good looks, if not of his own ugliness, he hated them both for the comeliness that seemed to make them natural mates for each other. But it was not in his methods to proceed rashly with either. He treated Maud with distant respect, and increased his intimacy with Sleeny until he found, to his delight, that he was not the prosperous lover that he feared. But he still had apprehensions that Sleeny's assiduity might at last prevail, and lost no opportunity to tighten the relations between them, to poison and pervert the man who was still a possible rival. By remaining his most intimate friend, he could best be informed of all that occurred in the Matchin family.

One evening, as Sam was about leaving his work, Fergus Ferguson said:

"You'll not come here the morn. You're wanted till the house—a bit o' work in the library. They'll be tellin' you there."

This was faithfully reported by Sam to his confessor that same night.

"Well, you are in luck. I wish I had your chance," said Offitt.

Sam opened his blue eyes in mute wonder.

"Well, what's the chance, and what would you do with it, ef you had it?"

Offitt hesitated a moment before replying.

"Oh, I was just a jokin'. I meant it was such an honor for common folks like us to git inside of the palace of a high-toned cuss like Farnham; and the fact is, Sammy," he continued, more seriously, "I *would* like to see the inside of some of these swell places. I am a student of human nature, you know, in its various forms. I consider the lab'rin' man as the normal healthy human—that is, if he don't work too hard. I consider wealth as a kind of disease; wealth and erristocracy is a kind of dropsy. Now, the true reformer is like a doctor,—he wants to know all about diseases, by sight and handlin'! I would like to study the symptoms of erristocracy in Farnham's house—right in the wards of the hospital."

"Well, that beats me," said Sam. "I've been in a lot of fine houses on Algonquin Avenue, and I never seen anything yet that favored a hospital."

This dense stupidity was almost more than Offitt could bear. But a ready lie came to his aid.

"Looky here!" he continued, "I'll tell you a secret. I'm writin' a story for the 'Irish Harp,' and I want to describe the residence of jess such a vampire as this here Farnham. Now, writin', as I do, in the cause of humanity, I naturally want to git my facts pretty near right. You kin help me in this. I'll call to-morrow to see you while you're there, and I'll get some p'ints that'll make Rome howl when they come out."

Sam was hardly educated up to the point his friend imagined. His zeal for humanity and the "rehabitation" of labor was not so great as to make him think it a fine thing to be a spy and a sneak in the houses of his employers. He was embarrassed by the suggestion, and made no reply, but sat smoking his pipe in silence. He had not the diplomatist's art of putting a question by with a smile. Offitt had tact enough to forbear insisting upon a reply.

He was, in fact, possessed of very considerable natural aptitude for political life. He had a quick smile and a ready tongue; he liked to talk and shake hands; he never had an opinion he was not willing to sell; he was always prepared to sacrifice a friend, if required, and to ask favors from his worst enemies. He called himself Andrew Jackson Offitt—a name which, in the West, is an unconscious brand. It generally shows that the person bearing it is the son of illiterate parents, with no family pride or affections, but filled with a bitter and savage partisanship which found its expression in a servile worship of the most injurious personality in American history. But Offitt's real name was worse than Andrew Jackson—it was Ananias, and it was bestowed in this way: When he was about six years old, his father, a small farmer in Indiana, who had been a sodden, swearing, fighting drunkard, became converted by a combined attack of delirium tremens and camp-meeting, and resolved to join the church, he and his household. The morning they were going to the town of Salem for that purpose, he discovered that his pocket had been picked, and the money it contained was found on due perquisition in the blue jeans trowsers of his son Andrew Jackson. The boy, on being caught, was so nimble and fertile in his lies that the father, in a gust of rage, declared that he was not worthy the name of the great President, but that he should be called Ananias; and he was accordingly christened Ananias that morning in the meeting-house at Salem. As long as the old man lived, he called him by that dreadful

name; but when a final attack of the trembling madness had borne him away from earth, the widow called the boy Andrew again, whenever she felt careless about her spiritual condition and the youth behaved himself, but used the name of Sapphira's husband when the lad vexed her, or the obligations of the christening came strongly back to her superstitious mind. The two names became equally familiar to young Offitt, and always afterward he was liable to lapses of memory when called on suddenly to give his prenomen; and he frequently caused hateful merriment among his associates by signing himself Ananias.

When Sam presented himself at Captain Farnham's house the next morning, he was admitted by Budsey, who took him to the library and showed him the work he was to do. The heat of the room had shrunk the wood of the heavy doors of carved oak so that the locks were all out of position. Farnham was seated by his desk, reading and writing letters. He did not look up as Sam entered, and paid no attention to the instructions Budsey was giving him. For the first time in his life, Sleeny found that this neglect of his presence was vaguely offensive to him. A week before, he would no more have thought of speaking to Farnham, or being spoken to by him, than of entering into conversation with one of the busts on the bookcases. Even now he had no desire to talk with the proprietor of the house. He had come there to do certain work which he was capable of doing well, and he preferred to do it and not be bothered by irrelevant gossip. But, in spite of himself, he felt a rising of revolt in his heart, as he laid out his tools, against the quiet gentleman who sat with his back to him, engaged in his own work and apparently unconscious of Sleeny's presence. A week before, they had been nothing to each other, but now a woman had come between them, and there is no such powerful conductor in nature. The quiet in which Farnham sat seemed full of insolent triumph to the luckless lover, and scraps of Offitt's sounding nonsense went through his mind: "A man is more than a money-bag"; "the laborer is the true gentleman"; but they did not give him much comfort. Not until he became interested in his work did he recover the even beat of his pulse and the genuine workmanlike play of his faculties. Then he forgot Farnham's presence in his turn, and enjoyed himself in a rational way with his files and chisels and screw-drivers.

He had been at work for an hour at one door, and had finished it to his satisfaction, and sat down before another, when he heard the bell ring, and Budsey immediately afterward ushered a lady through the hall and into the drawing-room. His heart stood still at the rustle of the dress,—it sounded so like Maud's; he looked over his shoulder through the open door of the library and saw, to his great relief, that there were two female figures taking their seats in the softly lighted room beyond. One sat with her back to the light, and her features were not distinctly visible; the other was where he could see three-quarters of her face clearly relieved against the tapestry portière. There is a kind of beauty which makes glad every human heart that gazes on it, if not utterly corrupt and vile, and it was such a face as this that Sam Sleeny now looked at with a heart that grew happier as he gazed. It was a morning face, full of the calm joy of the dawn, of the sweet dreams of youth untroubled by love, the face of Aurora before she met Tithonus. From the little curls of gold on the low brow to the smile that hovered forever, half formed, on the softly curving lips and over the rounded chin, there was a light of sweetness, and goodness, and beauty, to be read of all men, and perhaps in God's good time to be worshiped by one.

Budsey announced "Mrs. Belding and Miss Halice," and Farnham hastened to greet them.

If Sam Sleeny had few happy hours to enjoy, he could at least boast himself that one was beginning now. The lovely face bore to his heart not only the blessing of its own beauty, but also a new and infinitely consoling thought. He had imagined till this moment, in all seriousness, that Maud Matchin was the prettiest woman in the world, and that therefore all men who saw her were his rivals, the chief of whom was Farnham. But now he reflected, with a joyful surprise, that in this world of rich people there were others equally beautiful, and that here, under Farnham's roof, on terms of familiar acquaintance with him, was a girl as faultless as an angel,— one of his own kind. "Why, of course," he said to himself, with a candid and happy self-contempt, "that's *his* girl — you dunderheaded fool — what are you botherin' about?"

He took a delight which he could not express in listening to the conversation of these friends and neighbors. The ladies had come over, in pursuance of an invitation of Farnham's, to see the additions which had recently arrived from Europe to his collection of bronzes and pottery, and some little pictures he had bought at the English water-color exhibition. As they walked about the rooms, expressing their admiration of the profusion of pretty things which filled the cabinets and encumbered the tables, in words equally pretty and profuse, Sleeny listened to their

voices as if it were music played to cheer him at his work. He knew nothing of the things they were talking about, but their tones were gentle and playful; the young lady's voice was especially sweet and friendly. He had never heard such voices before; they are exceptional everywhere in America, and particularly in our lake country, where the late springs develop fine high sopranos, but leave much to be desired in the talking tones of women. Alice Belding had been taught to use her fine voice as it deserved, and Cordelia's intonations could not have been more "soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

After awhile, the voices came nearer, and he heard Farnham say:

"Come in here a moment, please, and see my new netsukes; I got them at a funny little shop in Ostend. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and the man of the house was keeping the shop, and I should have got a great bargain out of him, but his wife came in before we were through, and scolded him for an imbecile and sent him into the back room to tend the baby, and made me pay twice what he had asked for my little monsters."

By this time they were all in the library, and the young lady was laughing, not loudly, but musically, and Mrs. Belding was saying:

"Served you right for shopping on Sunday. But they are adorable little images, for all that."

"Yes," said Farnham, "so the woman told me, and she added that they were authentic of the twelfth century. I asked her if she could not throw off a century or two in consideration of the hard times, and she laughed, and said I blagued, and honestly she didn't know how old they were, but it was *drôle, tout de même, qu'on pût adorer un petit bon Dieu d'une laideur pareille.*"

"Really, I don't see how they can do it," said Mrs. Belding, solemnly; at which both the others laughed, and Miss Alice said, "Why, mamma, you have just called them adorable yourself."

They went about the room, admiring, and touching, and wondering, with the dainty grace of ladies accustomed to rare and beautiful things, until the novelties were exhausted and they turned to go. But Budsey at that moment announced luncheon, and they yielded to Farnham's eager importunity, and remained to share his repast.

They went to the dining-room, leaving Sleeny more than content. He still heard their voices, too distant to distinguish words; but he pleased himself by believing that there was a tender understanding in the tones of Farnham and Miss Belding when they addressed each other, and that it was altogether a family party. He had no longer any feeling of slight or neglect because none of them seemed aware of his presence while they were in the room with him. There was, on the contrary, a sort of comfort in the thought that he belonged to a different world from them; that he and Maud were shut out—shut out together—from the society and the interests which claimed the Beldings and the Farnhams. "You was a dunderheaded fool," he said, cheerfully apostrophizing himself again, "to think everybody was crazy after your girl." And he did an honest and hearty day's work for Farnham that day.

He was brought down to a lower level by hearing the door open, and the voice of Offitt asking if Mr. Sleeny was in.

"No one of that name here," said Budsey.

"I was told at Matchin's he was here."

"Oh! the young man from Matchin's. He is in the library," and Offitt came in, looking more disreputable than usual, as he had greased his hair inordinately for the occasion. Budsey evidently regarded him with no favorable eye; he said to Sleeny, "This person says he comes from Matchin's; do you know him?"

"Yes, it's all right," said Sam, who could say nothing less; but when Budsey had left them, he turned to Offitt with anything but welcome in his eye.

"Well, you're come, after all."

"Yes," Offitt answered, with an uneasy laugh. "Curiosity gets us all, from Eve down. What a lay-out this is, anyhow," and his small eyes darted rapidly around the room. "Say, Sam, you know Christy Fore, that hauls for the Safe Company? He was telling me about the safe he put into this room—said nobody'd ever guess it *was* a safe. Where the devil is it?"

"I don't know. It's none of my business, nor yours either."

"I guess you got up wrong foot foremost, Sam, you're so cranky. Where can the —— thing be? Three doors and two winders and a fire-place, and all the rest bookcases. By Jinx! there it is, I'll swear." He stepped over to one of the cases where a pair of oaken doors, rich with arabesque carving, veiled a sort of cabinet. He was fingering at them when Sam seized him by the shoulder, and said:

"Look here, Andy, what *is* your game, anyhow? I'm here on business, and I aint no fence, and I'll just trouble you to leave."

Offitt's face turned livid. He growled:

"Of all Andylusian jacks, you're the beat. I aint agoin' to hurt you nor your friend

Farnham. I've got all the p'ints I want for my story, and devilish little thanks to you, neither. And say, tell me, aint there a back way out? I don't want to go by the dinin'-room door. There's ladies there, and I aint dressed to see company. Why, yes, this fits me like my sins," and he opened the French window, and stepped lightly to the gravel walk below, and was gone.

Sleeny resumed his work, ill content with himself and his friend. "Andy is a smart fellow," he thought; "but he had no right to come snoopin' around where I was at work, jist to get points to worry Mr. Farnham with."

The little party in the drawing-room was breaking up. He heard their pleasant last words, as the ladies resumed their wraps and Farnham accompanied them to the door. Mrs. Belding asked him to dinner, "with nobody but ourselves," and he accepted with a pleased eagerness. Sleeny got one more glimpse of the beautiful face under the gray hat and feather, and blessed it as it vanished out of the door. As Farnham came back to the library, he stood for a moment by Sam, and examined what he had done.

"That's a good job. I like your work on the green-house, too. I know good work when I see it. I worked one winter as a boss carpenter myself."

It seemed to Sleeny like the voice of a brother speaking to him. He thought the presence of the young lady had made everything in the house soft and gentle.

"Where was you ever in that business?" he asked.

"In the Black Hills. I sawed a million feet of lumber and built houses for two hundred soldiers. I had no carpenters; so I had to make some. I knew more about it when I got through than when I began."

Sleeny laughed — a cordial laugh that wagged his golden beard and made his white teeth glisten.

"I'll bet you did!" he replied.

The two men talked a few minutes like old acquaintances; then Sleeny gathered up his tools and slung them over his shoulder, and as he turned to go both put out their hands at the same instant, with an impulse that surprised each of them, and said "Good-morning."

VII.

GHOSTLY COUNSEL.

A MAN whose intelligence is so limited as that of Sam Sleeny is always too rapid and rash in his inferences. Because he had seen Farnham give Maud a handful of roses, he was ready to believe things about their relations that had filled him with fury; and now, because he had seen the same man talking with a beautiful girl and her mother, the conviction was fixed in his mind that Farnham's affections were placed in that direction, and that he was therefore no longer to be dreaded as a rival. He went home happier, in this belief, than he had been for many a day; and so prompt was his progress in the work of deceiving himself, that he at once came to the conclusion that little or nothing now stood between him and the crowning of his hopes. His happiness made him unusually loquacious, and at the supper-table he excited the admiration of Matchin and the surprise of Maud by his voluble history of the events of the day. He passed over Offitt's visit in silence, knowing that the Matchins detested him; but he spoke with energetic emphasis of the beauty of the house, the handsome face and kindly manners of Farnham, and the wonderful beauty and sweetness of Alice Belding.

"Did that bold thing go to call on him alone?" cried Miss Maud, thoroughly aroused by this supposed offense against the proprieties of life.

"Why, no, Mattie," said Sam, a little disconcerted. "Her ma was along."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" asked the unappeased beauty.

"I forgot all about the old lady, though she was more chinny than the young one. She just seemed like she was a-practicin' the mother-in-law, so as to do it without stumblin' when the time come."

"Hullo! Do you think they are strikin' a match?" cried Saul, in high glee. "That would be first-rate. Keep the money and the property all together. There's too many of our rich girls marryin' out of the State lately — keeps buildin' dull."

"I don't believe a word of it," Maud interposed. "He aint a man to be caught by a simperin' school-girl. And as to money, he's got a plenty for two. He can please himself when he marries."

"Yes, but may be he wont please you, Mattie, and that would be a pity," said the ironical Saul.

The old man laughed loudly at his own sarcasm, and pushed his chair back from the table, and Maud betook herself to her own room, where she sat down, as her custom was, by the window, looking over the glowing lake, and striving to read her destiny as she gazed into the crimson and golden skies. She did not feel at all so sure as she pretended that there was no danger of the result that Sleeny had predicted; and now that she was brought face to face with it, she was confounded at discovering how much it meant to her. She was carrying a dream in her heart which would make or

ruin her, according as it should prove true or false. She had not thought of herself as the future wife of Farnham with any clearness of hope, but she found she could not endure the thought of his marrying any one else and passing forever out of her reach. She sat there, bitterly ruminating, until the evening glow had died away from the lake and the night breeze spread its viewless wings and flapped heavily in over the dark ridge and the silent shore. Her thoughts had given her no light of consolation; her chin rested on her hands, her elbows on her knees; her large eyes, growing more luminous in the darkness, stared out at the gathering night, scarcely noting that the sky she gazed at had changed from a pompous scene of red and yellow splendor to an infinite field of tender and dark violet, fretted with intense small stars.

"What shall I do?" she thought. "I am a woman. My father is poor. I have got no chance. Jurildy is happier to-day than I am, and got more sense."

She heard a timid rap at her door, and asked, sharply:

"Who's there?"

"It's me," said Sleeny's submissive voice.

"What do you want?" she asked again, without moving.

"Mr. Bott give me two tickets to his séance to-night,"—Sam called it "seeuns,"—"and I thought mebbe you'd like to go."

There was silence for a moment. Maud was thinking: "At any rate, it will be better than to sit here alone and cry all the evening." So she said: "I'll come down in a minute." She heard Sam's heavy step descending the stairs, and thought what a different tread another person had; and she wondered whether she would ever "do better" than take Sam Sleeny; but she at once dismissed the thought. "I can't do that; I can't put my hand in a hand that smells so strong of sawdust as Sam's. But he is a good soul, and I am sorry for him, every time I look in the glass."

Looking in the glass, as usual, restored her good humor, and she started off to the ghostly rendezvous with her faithful attendant. They never talked very much when they were alone together, and this evening both were thoughtful. Maud had never taken this commerce with ghosts much to heart. She had a feeling, which she could hardly have defined, that it was a common and plebeian thing to believe in it, and if she ever heard it ridiculed she joined in the cry without mercy. But it was an excitement and an interest in a life so barren of both that she could not afford to throw it away. She had not intelligence enough to be disgusted or shocked by it. If pressed to explain the amount of her faith in the whole business, she would probably have said she thought "there was something in it," and stopped at that. In minds like hers, there is no clearly drawn line between the unusual and the supernatural. An apparent miracle pleased her as it would please a child, without setting her to find out how it was done. She would consult a wizard, taking the chances of his having occult sources of information, with the same irregular faith in the unlikely with which some ladies call in homeopathic practitioners.

All the way to the rooms of Bott, she was revolving this thought in her mind: "Perhaps he could tell me something about Mr. Farnham. I don't think much of Bott; he has too many knuckles on his hands. I never saw a man with so many knuckles. I wouldn't mention Mr. Farnham to him to save his life, but I might get something out of him without telling him anything. He is certainly a very smart man, and whether it's spirits or not, he knows lots of things."

It was in this mood that she entered the little apartment where Bott held what he called his "Intermundane Séances." The room was small and stuffy. A simulacrum of a chest of drawers in one corner was really Bott's bed, where the seer reposed at night, and which, tilted up against the wall during the day, contained the rank bedclothes, long innocent of the wash-tub. There were a dozen or so of cane-bottom chairs, a little table for a lamp, but no other furniture. At one side of the room was a small closet without a door, but with a dark and dirty curtain hung before its aperture. Around it was a wooden railing, breast high.

A boy with a high forehead, and hair combed behind ears large and flaring like those of a rabbit, sat by the door, and took the tickets of invited guests and the half-dollars of the casuals. The seer received everybody with a nerveless shake of a clammy hand, showed them to seats, and exchanged a word or two about the weather, and the "conditions," favorable or otherwise, to spiritual activity. When he saw Maud and Sam his tallowy face flushed, in spots, with delight. He took them to the best places the room afforded, and stammered his pleasure that they had come.

"Oh! the pleasure is all ours," said Maud, who was always self-possessed when she saw men stammering. "It's a great privilege to get so near to the truth as you bring us, Mr. Bott."

The prophet had no answer ready; he merely flushed again in spots, and some new arrivals called him away.

The room was now pretty well filled with

the unmistakable crowd which always attend such meetings. They were mostly artisans, of more intellectual ambition than their fellows, whose love of the marvelous was not held in control by any educated judgment. They had long, serious faces, and every man of them wore long hair and a soft hat. Their women were generally sad, broken-spirited drudges, to whom this kind of show was like an opera or a ball. There were two or three shame-faced believers of the better class, who scoffed a little but trembled in secret, and a few avowed skeptics, young clerks on a mild spree, ready for fun if any should present itself.

Bott stepped inside the railing by the closet, and placing his hands upon it, addressed the assembly. He did not know what peculiar shape the manifestations of the evening might take. They were in search of truth; all truth was good. They hoped for visitors from the unseen speers; he could promise nothing. In this very room the spirits of the departed had walked and talked with their friends; perhaps they might do it again; he knew not. How they mingled in the earth-life, he did not pretend to say; perhaps they materialized through the mejum; perhaps they dematerialized material from the audience which they rematerialized in visible forms; as to that, the opinion of another—he said with a spacious magnanimity—was as good as his. He would now request two of the audience to step up and tie him. One of the long-haired ruminant men stood up, and a young fellow, amid much nudging and giggling among the scorners, was also forced from his chair. They came forward, the believer with a business-like air, which showed practice, and the young skeptic blushing and ill at ease. Bott took a chair inside the curtain, and showed them how to tie him. They bound him hand and foot, the believer testified that the binding was solid, and the skeptic went to his seat, playfully stepping upon the toes of his scoffing friends. The curtain was lowered, and the lamp was turned down.

In a few moments, a scuffling sound was heard in the closet, and Bott's coat came flying out into the room. The believer pulled back the curtain, and Bott sat in his chair, his shirt sleeves gleaming white in the dusk. His coat was laid over his shoulders, and almost as soon as the curtain was lowered he yelled for light, and was disclosed sitting tied as before, clothed in his right coat.

Again the curtain went down, amid a sigh of satisfaction from the admiring audience, and a choking voice, which tried hard not to sound like Bott's, cried out from the closet: "Turn down the light; we want more power." The kerosene lamp was screwed down till hardly a spark illumined the visible darkness, and suddenly a fiery hand appeared at the aperture of the closet, slowly opening and shutting its long fingers.

A half dozen voices murmured: "A spirit hand"; but Sam Sleeny whispered to Maud: "Them are Bott's knuckles, for coin." The hand was withdrawn and a horrible face took its place—a pallid corpse-like mask, with lambent fire sporting on the narrow forehead and the high cheek-bones. It staid only an instant, but Sam said, "That's the way Bott will look in ——."

"Hush!" said Maud, who was growing too nervous to smile, for fear of laughing or crying.

A sound of sobbing came from a seat to the right of them. A poor woman had recognized the face as that of her husband who had died in the army, and she was drawing the most baleful inferences from its fiery adjuncts.

A moment later, Bott came out of the closet, crouching so low that his head was hardly two feet from the ground. He had a sheet around his neck, covering his whole person, and a white cap over his head, concealing most of his face. In this constrained attitude he hopped about the clear space in front of the audience with a good deal of dexterity, talking baby-talk in a shrill falsetto. "Howdy, pappa! Howdy, mamma! Itty Tudie tum adin!"

A rough man and woman, between joy and grief, were half hysterical. They talked to the toad-like mountebank in the most endearing tones, evidently believing it was their dead baby toddling before them. Two or three times the same horrible imposture was repeated. Bott never made his appearance without somebody recognizing him as a dear departed friend. The dim light, the unwholesome excitement, the servile credulity fixed by long habit, seemed to produce a sort of passing dementia upon the regular habitués.

With these performances the first part came to an end. The light was turned on again, and the tying committee was requested to come forward and examine the cords with which Bott still seemed tightly bound. The skeptic remained scornfully in his seat, and so it was left for the believer to announce that not a cord had been touched. He then untied Bott, who came out from the closet, stretching his limbs as if glad to be free, and announced that there would be a short intermission for an interchange of views.

As he came toward Maud, Sam rose and said:

"Whew! he smells like a damp match. I'll go out and smoke a minute, and come back."

Bott dropped into the seat which Sleeny had left.

To one who has never attended one of these queer *cenacula*, it would be hard to comprehend the unhealthy and even nauseous character of the feeling and the conversation there prevalent. The usual decent restraints upon social intercourse seem removed. Subjects which the common consent of civilized creatures has banished from mixed society are freely opened and discussed. To people like the ordinary run of the believers in spiritism, the opera, the ballet, and the annual Zola are unknown, and they must take their excitements where they can find them. The dim light, the unhealthy commerce of fictitious ghosts, the unreality of act and sentiment, the unwonted abandon, form an atmosphere in which these second-hand mystics float away into a sphere where the morals and the manners are altogether different from those of their working days.

Miss Matchin had not usually joined in these morbid discussions. She was of too healthy an organization to be tempted by so rank a mental feast as that, and she had a sort of fierce maidenhood about her which revolted at such exposures of her own thought. But to-night she was sorely perplexed. She had been tormented by many fancies as she looked out of her window into the deepening shadows that covered the lake. The wonders she had seen in that room, though she did not receive them with entire faith, had somewhat shaken her nerves; and now the seer sat beside her, his pale eyes shining with his own audacity, his lank hair dripping with sweat, his hands uneasily rubbing together, his whole attitude expressive of perfect subjection to her will.

"Why isn't this a good chance?" she thought. "He is certainly a smart man. Horrid as he looks, he knows lots. May be he could tell me how to find out."

She began in her airiest manner: "Oh, Mr. Bott, what a wonderful gift you have got! How you must look down on us poor mortals!"

Bott grew spotted, and stammered:

"Far from it, Miss Matchin. I couldn't look down on you."

'Oh, you're flattering. That's not right, because I believe every word you say — and 'that aint true."

She rushed desperately on in the same light tone.

"I'm going to ask you something very particular. I don't know who can tell me, if you can't. How can a young lady find out whether a young gentleman is in love with her or not? Now, tell me the truth this time," she said, with a nervous titter, "for it's very important."

This question from any one else would not have disconcerted Bott in the least. Queries as absurd had frequently been put to him in perfect good faith, and answered with ready and impudent ignorance. But, at those rattling words of Maud Matchin, he turned livid and purple, and his breath came heavily. There was room for but one thought in that narrow heart and brain. He had long cherished a rather cowardly fondness for Maud, and now that this question was put to him by the agitated girl, his vanity would not suffer him to imagine that any one but himself was the subject of her dreams. There was, to him, nothing especially out of the way in this sort of indirect proposal on the part of a young woman. It was entirely in keeping with the general tone of sentiment among the people of his circle, which aimed at nothing less than the emancipation of the world from its old-fashioned decencies.

But he would not answer hastily; he had a coward's caution. He looked a moment at the girl's brilliant color, her quick, high breathing, her eager eyes, with a gloating sense of his good luck. But he wanted her thoroughly committed. So he said, with an air in which there was already something offensively protecting:

"Well, Miss Matchin, that depends on the speer. If the affection be unilateral, it is one thing; if it be recippercal, it is another. The currents of soul works in different ways."

"But what I mean is, if a young lady likes a young gentleman pretty well, how is she going to find out for sure whether he likes her?" She went intrepidly through these words, though her cheeks were burning, and her eyes would fall in spite of her, and her head was singing.

There was no longer any doubt in Bott's mind. He was filled with an insolent triumph, and thought only of delaying as long as possible the love chase of which he imagined himself the object. He said, slowly and severely:

"The question is too imperious to be answered in haste. I will put myself in the hands of the sperruts, and answer it as they choose after the intermission."

He rose and bowed, and went to speak a word or two to his other visitors. Sam came back and took his seat by Maud, and said:

"I think the fun is about over. Less go home."

"Go home yourself, if you want to," was the petulant reply. "I am going to stay for the inspirational discourse."

"Oh, my!" said Sam. "That's a beautiful word. You don't know how pretty your mouth looks when you say that." Sam had had his beer, and was brave and good-natured.

Bott retired once more behind the railing, but took his seat in a chair outside the cur-

tain, in full view of the audience. He sat for some minutes motionless, staring at vacancy. He then slowly closed his eyes, and a convulsive shudder ran through his frame. This was repeated at rapid intervals, with more or less violence. He next passed his hands alternately over his forehead, as if he were wiping it, and throwing some invisible, sticky substance, with a vicious snap, to right and left. At last, after a final shudder, which stiffened him into the image of death for a moment, he rose to his feet and, leaning on the railing, began to intone, in a dismal whine, a speech of which we need give only the opening words.

"Dear brothers and sisters of the earth-life! On pearly wings of gossamer-down we float down from our shining speers to bring you messages of the higher life. Let your earth-soul be lifted to meet our sperrut-soul; let your earth-heart blend in sweet accordion with our heaven-heart; that the beautiful and the true in this weary earth-life may receive the bammy influence of the Eden flowrets, and rise, through speers of disclosure, to the plane where all is beautiful and all is true."

He continued in this strain for some time, to the evident edification of his audience, who listened with the same conventional tolerance, the same trust that it is doing your neighbor good, with which the ordinary audience sits under an ordinary sermon. Maud, having a special reason for being alert, listened with a real interest. But during his speech proper he made no allusion to the subject on which she had asked for light. It was after he had finished his harangue, and had gone through an *entr'acte* of sighs and shudders, that he announced himself once more in the hands of the higher intelligences, and ready to answer questions. "It does not need," he whined, "the word of the mouth or the speech of the tongue to tell the sperruts what your souls desire. The burden of your soul is open to the sperrut-eye. There sits in this room a pure and lovely soul in quest of light. Its query is, How does heart meet heart in mutual knowledge?"

Maud's cheek grew pale and then red, and her heart beat violently. But no one noticed her, and the seer went on. "If a true heart longs for another, there is no rest but in knowledge, there is no knowledge but in trewth, there is no trewth but in trust. Oh, my brother, if you love a female, tell your love. Oh, my sister, if you love—hum—if you love—hum—an individual of the opposite sex—oh, tell your love! Down with the shams of a false-hearted society; down with the chains of silence that crushes your soul to the dust! If the object of your hearts' throbs is noble, he will respond. Love claims love. Love has a right to love. If he is base, go to a worthier one. But from your brave and fiery heart a light will kindle his, and dual flames will wrap two chosen natures in high-menial melodies, when once the revelating word is spoke."

With these words he subsided into a deep trance, which lasted till the faithful grew tired of waiting and shuffled slowly out of the door. When the last guest had gone, he rose from his chair, with no pretense of spiritual dignity, and counted his money and his tickets. He stretched himself in two chairs, drew his fingers admiringly through his lank locks, while a fatuous grin of perfect content spread over his face, as he said aloud to himself, "She has got it bad. I wonder whether she will have the nerve to ask me. I'll wait awhile, anyhow. I'll lose nothing by waiting."

Meanwhile, Maud was walking rapidly home with Sam. She was excited and perplexed, and did not care to answer Sam's rather heavy pleasantries over the evening's performance. He ridiculed the spirit-lights, the voices, and the jugglery, without provoking a reply, and at last he said:

"Well, what do you think of his advising the girls to pop? This aint leap year!"

"What of that?" she answered, hastily. "I don't see why a girl hasn't as good a right to speak her mind as a man."

"Why, Mattie," said Sam, with slow surprise, "no decent girl would do that."

They had come to Matchin's gate. She slipped in, then turned and said:

"Well, don't be frightened, Mr. Sleeny; I'm not going to propose to you," and she was gone from his sight.

She went directly to her room, and walked up and down a few moments without taking off her hat, moving with the easy grace and the suppressed passion of an imprisoned panther. Then she lighted her lamp and placed it on her bureau at one side of her glass. She searched in her closet and found a candle, which she lighted and placed on the other side of the glass. She undressed with reckless haste, throwing her clothes about on the floor, and sat down before her mirror with bare arms and shoulders, and nervously loosened her hair, watching every movement with blazing eyes. The thick masses of her blue-black curls fell down her back and over her sloping shoulders, which glowed with the creamy light of old ivory. The unequal rays of the lamp and candle made singular effects of shadow on the handsome face, the floating hair, and the strong and wholesome color of her neck and arms. She gazed at herself with eager eyes and parted lips, in an anxiety too great to be assuaged by her girlish pride

in her own beauty. "This is all very well," she said, "but he will not see me this way. Oh! if I only dared to speak first. I wonder if it would be as the spirits said. 'If he is noble, he will respond!' He *is* noble, that's sure. 'Love claims love,' they said. But I don't know as I love him. I *would*, if that would fetch him, quick enough;" and the hot blood came surging up, covering neck and brow with crimson.

VIII.

A BUD AND A BLOSSOM.

FARNHAM was sitting the next evening in his library, when Budsey entered and said Mr. Ferguson desired to see him. The gaunt Scotchman came in and said with feverish haste: "The cereus grandiflorus will be goin' to bloom the night. The buds are tremblin' and laborin' now." Farnham put on his hat and went to the conservatory, which was separated from the house by the entire extent of the garden. Arriving there, the gardener took him hurriedly to an inner room, dimly lighted, — a small square piece between the ferns and the grapes,— where the regal flower had a wall to itself. Two or three garden chairs were disposed about the room. Ferguson mounted on one of them, and turned up the gas so that its full light shone upon the plant. The bud was a very large one, perfect and symmetrical; the strong sheath, of a rich and even brown, as yet showed only a few fissures of its surface, but even now a faint odor stole from the travailing sphere, as from a cracked box of alabaster filled with perfume.

The face of the canny Fergus was lighted up with an eager joy. He had watched the growth and progress of this plant from its infancy. He had leaned above its cradle and taken pride in its size and beauty. He had trained it over the wall — from which he had banished every rival — in large and graceful curves, reaching from the door of the fernery to the door of the grapery, till it looked, in the usual half light of the dim chamber, like a well-regulated serpent maturing its designs upon the neighboring paradise; and now the time was come when he was to see the fruit of his patience and his care.

"Heaven be thankit," he murmured devoutly, "that I was to the fore when it came."

"I thank you, Fergus, for calling me," said Farnham, smiling. "I know it must have cost you an effort to divide such a sight with any one."

"It's your siller bought it," the Scotchman answered sturdily; "but there's nobody knows it, or cares for it, as I do,—and that's the truth."

His glance was fixed upon the bud, which seemed to throb and stir as he spoke. The soft explosive force within was at work so strongly that the eye could watch its operation. The fissures of the sheath widened visibly and turned white as the two men looked at them.

"It is a shame to watch this beautiful thing happening for only us," Farnham said to the gardener. "Go and tell Mrs. Belding, with my compliments, and ask her and Miss Belding to come down." But observing his crestfallen expression, he took compassion on him, and said: "No, you had better remain, for fear something should happen in your absence. I will go for the ladies."

"I hope ye'll not miss it," said Fergus, but his eyes and his heart were fixed upon the bud, which was slowly gaping apart, showing a faint tinge of gold in its heart.

Farnham walked rapidly up the garden, and found the Beldings at the door, starting for evening service with their prayer-books in their hands.

"Do you wish to see the prettiest thing you ever saw in your lives? of course I except your mirrors when in action," he began, without salutation. "If so, come this moment to my conservatory. My night-blooming cereus has her coming-out party to-night."

They both exclaimed with delight, and were walking with him toward the garden. Suddenly, Mrs. Belding stopped and said:

"Alice, run and get your sketch-book and pencil. It will be lovely to draw the flower."

"Why, mamma! we shall not have time for a sketch."

"There, there! do as I tell you, and do not waste time in disputing."

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then, with instinctive obedience, went off to fetch her drawing materials, while her mother said to Farnham:

"Madame de Veaudry says Alice is very clever with her pencil; but she is so modest I shall have to be severe with her to make her do anything. She takes after me. I was very clever in my lessons, but never would admit it."

Alice came down the steps. Farnham, seeing her encumbered by her books, took them from her, and they went down the walks to the conservatory. They found Ferguson sitting, with the same rapt observation, before his tropical darling. As the ladies entered, he rose to give them seats, and then retired to the most distant corner of the room, where he spent the rest of the evening entirely unaware of any one's presence, and given up to

the delight of his eyes. The bud was so far opened that the creamy white of the petals could be seen within the riven sheath, whose strong dark color exquisitely relieved the pallid beauty it had guarded so long. The silky stamens were still curled about the central style, but the splendor of color which was coming was already suggested, and a breath of intoxicating fragrance stole from the heart of the immaculate flower.

They spoke to each other in low tones, as if impressed with a sort of awe at the beautiful and mysterious development of fragrant and lovely life going forward under their sight. The dark eyes of Alice Belding were full of that vivid happiness which strange and charming things bring to intelligent girlhood. She was looking with all her soul, and her breath was quick and high, and her soft red lips were parted and tremulous. Farnham looked from her to the flower and back again, gazing on both with equal safety, for the one was as unconscious of his admiring glances as the other.

Suddenly, the sound of bells floated in from the neighboring street, and both of the ladies started. "No, don't you go," said Mrs. Belding to her daughter. "I must, because I have to see my 'Rescue the Perishing.' But you can just as well stay here and make your sketch. Mr. Farnham can take care of you, and I will be back in an hour."

"But, mamma!" cried Miss Alice, too much scandalized to speak another word.

"I wont have you lose this chance," her mother continued. "I am sure Mr. Farnham will not object to taking care of you a little while; and if he hasn't the time, Fergus will bring you home—hm, Fergus?"

"Ay, madam, with right guid will," the gardener said, his hard face softening into a smile.

"There, sit down in that chair and begin your sketch. It is lovely just as it is." She waited until Alice, whose confusion had turned her face crimson, had taken her seat, opened her sketch-book, and taken her pencils in her trembling hands, and then the brisk and hearty woman drew her shawl about her and bustled to the door.

"I will walk to the church door with you," said Farnham, to the infinite relief of Alice, who regained her composure at the instant, and began with interest to sketch the flower. She thought, while her busy fingers were at work, that she had perhaps been too prudish in objecting to her mother's plan. "He evidently thinks nothing of it, and why should I?"

By the time Farnham returned, the cereus had attained its full glory of bloom. Its vast petals were thrown back to their fullest extent, and shone with a luminous beauty in which its very perfume seemed visible; the countless recurved stamens shot forth with the vigorous impulse and vitality of sun rays; from the glowing center to the dark fringe with which the shattered sheath still accented its radiant outline it blazed forth, fully revealed; and its sweet breath seemed the voice of a pride and consciousness of beauty like that of the goddess on Mount Ida, calmly triumphant in the certainty of perfect loveliness.

Alice had grown interested in her task, and looked up for only an instant with her frank, clear eyes as Farnham entered. "Now, where shall I sit?" he asked. "Here, behind your right elbow, where I can look over your shoulder and observe the work as it goes on?"

"By no means. My hand would lose all its little cunning in that case."

"Then I will sit in front of you and study the artistic emotions in your face."

"That would be still worse, for you would hide my subject. I am sure you are very well as you are," she added, as he seated himself in a chair beside her, a little way off.

"Yes, that is very well. I have the flower three-quarters and you in profile. I will study the one for a panel and the other for a medal."

Miss Alice laughed gently. She laughed often from sheer good humor, answering the intention of what was said to her better than by words.

"Can you sketch and talk too?" asked Farnham.

"I can sketch and listen," she said. "You will talk and keep me amused."

"Amusement with malice aforethought! The order affects my spirits like a Dead March. How do the young men amuse young ladies nowadays? Do they begin by saying, 'Have you been very gay lately?'"

Again Miss Alice laughed. "She is an easy-laughing girl," thought Farnham. "I like easy-laughing girls. When she laughs, she always blushes a very little. It is worth while talking nonsense to see a girl laugh so pleasantly and blush so prettily."

It is not worth while, however, to repeat all the nonsense Farnham uttered in the next hour. He got very much interested in it himself, and was so eager sometimes to be amusing that he grew earnest, and the gentle laugh would cease and the pretty lips would come gravely together. Whenever he saw this, he would fall back upon his trifling again. He had the soldier's fault of point-blank compliment, but with it an open sincerity of manner which relieved his flattery of any offensiveness. He had practiced it in several capitals with some success. A dozen times this even-

ing, a neat compliment came to his lips and stopped there. He could hardly understand his own reserve before this laughing young lady. Why should he not say something pretty about her hair and eyes, about her graceful attitude, about the nimble play of her white fingers over the paper? He had uttered frank flatteries to peeresses without rebuke. But he held his hand before this school-girl, with the open dark-brown eyes and a club of yellow hair at the back of her neck. He could not help feeling that, if he talked to her with any forcing of the personal accent, she would stop laughing and the clear eyes would be troubled. He desired anything rather than that, and so the conversation went rattling on as free from personalities as the talk of two light-hearted and clever school-boys.

At one moment he was describing a bill of fare in a Colorado hotel.

"With nice bread, though, one can always get on," she said.

"True," Farnham answered; "but this bread was of a ghostly pallor and flatness, as if it had been baked by moonlight on a grave-stone."

"The Indian women cook well, do they not?" she asked.

"Some are not so bad as others. One young chief boasted to me of his wife's culinary accomplishments. He had been bragging all the morning about his own exploits, of the men he had killed and the horses he had stolen, and then to establish his standing clearly in my mind, he added: 'My squaw same white squaw—savey pie.'"

"Even there, then, the trail of the pie-crust is over them all."

"No! only over the aristocracy."

"I should like so much to see that wonderful country."

"It is worth seeing," he said, with a curious sinking of the heart, "if you are not under orders."

He could not help thinking what a pleasant thing a journey through that Brobdingnaggian fairy-land would be with company like the young girl before him. Nature would be twice as lovely reflected from those brown eyes. The absurdities and annoyances of travel would be made delightful by that frank, clear laugh. The thought of his poor Nellie flitted by him an instant, too gentle and feeble for reproach. Another stronger thought had occupied his mind.

"You ought to see it. Your mamma will need rest before long from her Rescue-the-Perishings, and you are overworking yourself dreadfully over that sketch-book. There is a touch of malaria about the fountain in Bluff Park. Colorado will do you both no end of good. I feel as if I needed it myself. I haven't energy enough to read Mr. Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort.' I shall speak to Mrs. Belding as soon as she returns."

"Do, by all means. I should like to go, but mamma would not spend three nights in a sleeping-car to see the Delectable Mountains themselves."

He rose and walked about the room, looking at the flower and the young artist from different points of view, and seeing new beauties in each continually. There were long lapses of conversation, in which Alice worked assiduously and Farnham lounged about the conservatory, always returning with a quick word and a keen look at the face of the girl. At last he said to himself: "Look here! She is not a baby. She is nearly twenty years old. I have been wondering why her face was so steady and wise." The thought that she was not a child filled his heart with pleasure and his face with light. But his volubility seemed to die suddenly away. He sat for a good while in silence, and started a little as she looked up and said:

"Now, if you will be very gentle, you can see my sketch and tell me what to do next."

It was a pretty and unpretentious picture that she had made. The flower was faithfully though stiffly given, and nothing especially remarkable had been attempted or achieved. Farnham looked at the sketch with eyes in which there was no criticism. He gave Alice a word or two of heartier praise for her work than she knew she deserved. It was rather more than she expected, and she was not altogether pleased to be so highly commended, though she could hardly have said why. Perhaps it was because it made her think less of his critical faculty. This was not agreeable, for her admiration of him from her childhood had been one of the greatest pleasures of her life. She had regarded him as children regard a brilliant and handsome young uncle. She did not expect from him either gallantry or equality of treatment.

"There! Do not say too much about it—you will make me ashamed of it. What does it lack?"

"Nothing, except something on the right to balance the other side. You might sketch in roughly a half-opened flower on the vine about there," indicating the place.

She took her pencils and began obediently to do what he had suggested. He leaned over her shoulder, so near her she could feel his breath on the light curls that played about her ear. She wished he would move. She grew nervous, and at last said:

"I am tired. You put in that flower."

He took the book and pencils from her, as she rose from her chair and gave him her place, and with a few strong and rapid strokes finished the sketch.

"After all," she said to herself, with hearty appreciation, "men do have the advantage of girls. He bothered me dreadfully, and I did not bother him in the least. And yet I stood as near to him as he did to me."

Mrs. Belding came in a moment later. She was in high spirits. They had had a good meeting — had converted a Jew, she thought. She admired the sketch very much; hoped Alice had been no trouble to Farnham. He walked home with the ladies, and afterward smoked a cigar with great deliberation under the limes.

Mrs. Belding asked Alice how they had got on.

"He did not eat you, you see. You must get out of your ideas of men, especially men of Arthur Farnham's age. He never thinks of you. He is old enough to be your father."

Alice kissed her mother and went to her own room, calculating on the way the difference between her age and Captain Farnham's.

(To be continued.)

A BURNS PILGRIMAGE.

A SHINING-BEACHED crescent of country facing to the sunset, and rising higher and higher to the east till it becomes mountain, is the county of Ayrshire, fair and famous among the southern Scotch Highlands. To a sixty-mile measure by air, between its north and south promontories, it stretches a curving coast of ninety; and when Robert Burns strolled over its breezy uplands, he saw always beautiful and mysterious silver lines of land thrusting themselves out into the mists of the sea, pointing to far-off island peaks, seeming sometimes to bridge and sometimes to wall vistas ending only in sky. These lines are as beautiful, elusive, and luring now as then, and in the inalienable loyalty of nature bear testimony to-day to their lover.

This is the greatest crown of the hero and the poet. Other great men hold fame by failing records which moth and fire destroy. The places that knew them know them no more when they are dead. Marble and canvas and parchment league in vain to keep green his memory who did not love and consecrate by his life-blood, in fight or in song, the soil where he trod. But for him who has done this,— who fought well, sang well,— the morning cloud, and the wild rose, and broken blades of grass under men's feet, become immortal witnesses; so imperishable, after all, are what we are in the habit of calling the "perishable things of this earth."

More than two hundred years ago, when the followers and holders of the different baronies of Ayrshire compared respective dignities and values, they made a proverb which ran:

"Carrick for a man; Kyle for a coo;
Cunningham for butter and cheese; Galloway for woo."

Before the nineteenth century set in, the proverb should have been changed, for Kyle is the land through which "Bonny Doon" and Irvine Water run; and there has been never a man in all Carrick of whom Carrick can be proud, as is Kyle of Robert Burns. It has been said that a copy of his poems lies on every Scotch cottager's shelf, by the side of the Bible. This is probably not very far from the truth. Certain it is, that in the villages where he dwelt there seems to be no man, no child, who does not apparently know every detail of the life he lived there, nearly a hundred years ago.

"Will ye be drivin' over to Tarbolton in the morning?" said the pretty young vice-landlady of the King's Arms at Ayr, when I wrote my name in her visitors' book late one Saturday night.

"What made you think of that?" I asked, amused.

"And did ye not come on account o' Burns?" she replied. "There's been a many from your country here by reason of him this summer. I think you love him in America a'most as well as we do oursel's. It's vary seldom the English come to see anythin' aboot him. They've so many poets o' their own, I suppose, is the reason o' their not thinkin' more o' Burns."

All that there was unflattering in this speech I forgave by reason of the girl's sweet low voice, pretty gray eyes, and gentle, refined hospitality. She might have been the daughter of some country gentleman, welcoming a guest to the house. And she took as much interest in making all the arrangements for my drive to Tarbolton the next morning as if it had been a pleasure excursion for herself. It is but a dull life she leads, helping her widowed mother keep the King's Arms — dull, and unprofitable too, I fear, for it takes four men-servants and seven women to keep up the house, and I saw no

symptom of any coming or going of customers in it. A stillness as of a church on week-days reigned throughout the establishment. "At the races and when the yeomanry come," she said, there was something to do; but "in the winter nothing, except at the times of the county balls. You know, ma'am, we've many county families here," she remarked with gentle pride, "and they all stop with us."

There is a compensation to the lower orders of a society where rank and castes are fixed, which does not readily occur at first sight to the democratic mind naturally rebelling against such defined distinctions. It is very much to be questioned whether, in a republic, the people who find themselves temporarily lower down in the social scale than they like to be or expect to stay, feel, in their consciousness of the possibility of rising, half so much pride or satisfying pleasure as do the lower classes in England, for instance, in their relations with those whom they serve, whose dignity they seem to share by ministering to it.

The way from Ayr to Tarbolton must be greatly changed since the day when the sorrowful Burns family trod it, going from the Mount Oliphant farm to that of Lochlea. Now it is for miles a smooth road, on which horses' hoofs ring merrily, and neat little stone houses, with pretty yards, line it on both sides for some distance. The ground rises almost immediately, so that the dwellers in these little suburban houses get fine off-looks seaward and a wholesome breeze in at their windows. The houses are built joined by twos, with a yard in common. They have three rooms besides the kitchen, and they rent for twenty-five pounds a year; so no industrious man of Ayr need be badly lodged. Where the houses leave off, hedges begin—thorn and beech, untrimmed and luxuriant, with great outbursts of white honeysuckle and sweet-brier at intervals. As far as the eye could see were waving fields of wheat, oats, and "rye-grass," which last being just ripe was of a glorious red color. The wheat-fields were rich and full, sixty bushels to the acre. Oats, which do not take so kindly to the soil and air, produce sometimes only forty-eight.

Burns was but sixteen when his father moved from Mount Oliphant to the Lochlea farm, in the parish of Tarbolton. It was in Tarbolton that he first went to dancing-school, joined the Freemasons, and organized the club which, no doubt, cost him dear, "The Bachelors of Tarbolton." In the beginning, this club consisted only of five members besides Burns and his brother; afterward it was enlarged to sixteen. Burns drew up the rules, and the last one—the tenth—is worth remembering, as an unconscious defining on his part of his ideal of human life:

> "Every man proper for a member of this society must have a friendly, honest, open heart, above everything dirty or mean, and must be a professed lover of one or more of the sex. The proper person for this society is a cheerful, honest-hearted lad, who, if he has a friend that is true, and a mistress that is kind, and as much wealth as genteelly to make both ends meet, is just as happy as this world can make him."

Walking to-day through the narrow streets of Tarbolton, it is well-nigh impossible to conceive of such rollicking good cheer having made abiding-place there. It is a close, packed town, the houses of stone or white plaster,—many of them low, squalid, with thatched roofs and walls awry; those that are not squalid are grim. The streets are winding and tangled; the people look poor and dull. As I drove up to the "Crown Inn," the place where the Tarbolton Freemasons meet now, and where some of the relics of Burns's Freemason days are kept, the "first bells" were ringing in the belfry of the old church opposite, and the landlord of the inn replied with a look of great embarrassment to my request to see the Burns relics:

"It's the Sabbath, mem."

Then he stood still, scratching his head for a few moments, and then set off, at full run, down the street without another word.

"He's gone to the head Mason," explained the landlady. "It takes three to open the chest. I think ye'll na see it the day," and she turned on her heel with a frown and left me.

"They make much account o' the Sabbath in this country," said my driver. "Another day ye'd do better."

Thinking of Burns's lines to the "Unco Guid," I strolled over into the church-yard opposite, to await the landlord's return. The bell-ringer had come down, and followed me curiously about among the graves. One very old stone had carved upon it two high-top boots; under these, two low shoes; below these, two kneeling figures, a man and a woman, cut in high relief; no inscription of any sort.

"What can it mean?" I asked.

The bell-ringer could not tell; it was so old nobody knew anything about it. His mother, now ninety years of age, remembered seeing it when she was a child, and it looked just as old then as now.

"There's a many strange things in this grave-yard," said he; and then he led me to a corner where, inclosed by swinging chains and stone posts, was a carefully kept square of green turf, on which lay a granite slab. "Every year comes the money to pay for

keeping that grass green," he said, "and no name to it. It's been going on that way for fifty years."

The stone wall around the grave-yard was dilapidated and in parts was falling down.

"I suppose this old wall was here in Burns's time," I said.

"Ay, yes," said the bell-ringer, and pointing to a low, thatched cottage just outside it, "and yon shop — many's the time he's been in it playin' his tricks."

The landlord of the inn now came running up, with profuse apologies for the ill success of his mission. He had been to the head Mason, hoping he would come over and assist in the opening of the chest, in which were kept a Mason's apron worn by Burns, some jewels of his, and a book of minutes kept by him. But "bein' 's it's the Sabbath," and "he's sick in bed," and it was "against the rules to open the regalia chest unless three Masons were present," the kindly landlord, piling up reason after reason, irrespective of their consistency with each other, went on to explain that it would be impossible; but I might see the chair in which Burns always sat. This was a huge oaken chair, black with age, and furrowed with names cut deep in the wood. It was shaped and proportioned like a child's high chair, and had precisely such a rest for the feet as is put on children's high chairs. To this day the Grand Mason sits in it at their meetings, and will so long as the St. James Lodge exists.

"They've been offered hundreds of pounds for that chair, mem, plain as it is. You'd not think it; but there's no money'd buy it from the lodge," said the landlord.

The old club-house where the jolly "Bachelors of Tarbolton" met in Burns's day is a low, two-roomed, thatched cottage, half in ruins. The room where the bachelors smoked, drank, and sang is now little more than a cellar filled with rubbish and filth,—nothing left but the old fire-place to show that it was ever inhabited. In the other half of the cottage lives a laborer's family,—father, mother, and a young child: their one room, with its bed built into the wall, and their few delf dishes on the dresser, is probably much like the room in which Burns first opened his wondrous eyes. The man was lying on the floor playing with his baby. At the name of Burns, he sprang up with a hearty "Ay, weel," and ran out in his blue stocking feet to show me the cellar, of which, it was plainly to be seen, he was far prouder than of his more comfortable side of the house. The name by which the inn was called in Burns's day he did not know. But "He's a Mason over there: he'll know," he cried; and, before I could prevent him, he had darted, still shoeless, across the road, and asked the question of a yet poorer laborer, who was taking his Sunday on his door-sill with two bairns between his knees. He had heard, but had "forgotten." "Feyther'll know," said the wife, coming forward with the third bairn, a baby, in her arms. "I'll rin an ask feyther." The old man tottered out and gazed with a vacant, feeble look at me, while he replied impatiently to his daughter: "Manson's Inn, 'twas called; ye've heard it times eneuch."

"I dare say you always drink Burns's health at the lodge when you meet," I said to the laborer.

"Ay, ay, his health's ay dronkit," he said, with a coarse laugh, "weel dronkit."

A few rods to the east, and down the very road Burns was wont to come and go between Lochlea and Tarbolton, still stands "Willie's mill,"— cottage, and mill, and shed, and barn, all in one low, long, oddly joined (or jointed) building of irregular heights, like a telescope pulled out to its full length; a little brook and a bit of gay garden in front. In the winter the mill goes by water from a lake near by; in the summer by steam — a great change since the night when Burns went

> "Todlin' down on Willie's mill,"

and though he thought he

> "Was na fou, but just had plenty,"

could not for the life of him make out to count the moon's horns.

> "To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
> I set mysel';—
> But whether she had three or four
> I could na tell."

To go by road from Tarbolton to Lochlea farm is to go around three sides of a square, east, north, and then west again. Certain it is that Burns never took so many superfluous steps to do it; and as I drove along I found absorbing interest in looking at the little cluster of farm buildings beyond the fields, and wondering where the light-footed boy used to "cut across" for his nightly frolics. There is nothing left at Lochlea now of him or his; nothing save a worn lintel of the old barn. The buildings are all new, and there is a look of thrift and comfort about the place, quite unlike the face it must have worn in 1784. The house stands on a rising knoll, and from the windows looking westward and seaward there must be a fine horizon and headlands to be seen at sunset. Nobody was at home on this day except a barefooted servant-girl, who was keeping the house while the family were at church. She came to the

door with an expression of almost alarm, at the unwonted apparition of a carriage driving down the lane on Sunday, and a stranger coming in the name of a man dead so long ago. She evidently knew nothing of Burns except that, for some reason connected with him, the old lintel was kept and shown. She was impatient of the interruption of her Sabbath, and all the while she was speaking kept her finger in her book—"Footprints of Jesus"—at the place where she had been reading, and glanced at it continually, as if it were an amulet which could keep her from harm through the worldly interlude into which she had been forced.

"It's a pity ye came on the Sabba-day," remarked the driver again, as we drove away from Lochlea. "The country people 'ull not speak on the Sabbath." It would have been useless to try to explain to him that the spectacle of this Scottish "Sabba-day" was of itself of almost as much interest as the sight of the fields in which Robert Burns had walked and worked.

The farm of Mossgiel, which was Burns's next home after Lochlea, is about three miles from Tarbolton, and only one from Mauchline. Burns and his brother Gilbert had become tenants of it a few months before their father's death in 1784. It was stocked by the joint savings of the whole family; and each member of the family was allowed fair rates of wages for all labor performed on it. The allowance to Gilbert and to Robert was seven pounds a year each, and it is said that, during the four years that Robert lived there, his expenses never exceeded this pittance.

To Mossgiel he came with new resolutions. He had already reaped some bitter harvests from the wild oats sown during the seven years at Lochlea. He was no longer a boy. He says of himself at this time:

"I entered on Mossgiel with a full resolution, 'Come, go; I will be wise.'"

Driving up the long straight road which leads from the highway to the hawthorn fortress in which the Mossgiel farm buildings stand, one recalls these words, and fancies the brave young fellow striding up the field, full of new hope and determination. The hawthorn hedge to-day is much higher than a man's head, and completely screens from the road the farm-house and the outbuildings behind it. The present tenants have lived on the farm forty years, the first twenty in the same house which stood there when Robert and Gilbert Burns pledged themselves to pay one hundred and twenty pounds a year for the farm. When the house was rebuilt, twenty years ago, the old walls were used in part, and the windows were left in the same places; but, instead of the low, sloping-roofed, garret-like rooms upstairs, where Burns used to sleep and write, are now comfortable chambers of modern fashion.

"Were you not sorry to have the old house pulled down?" I said to the comely, aged farm-wife.

"'Deed, then, I was very prood," she replied; "it had na 'coomodation, and the thatch took in the rain an' all that was vile."

In the best room of the house hung two autograph letters of Burns's plainly framed: one, his letter to the lass of ——, asking her permission to print the poem he had addressed to her; the other, the original copy of the poem. These were "presented to the house by the brother of the lady," the woman said, and they had "a great value now." But when she first came to this part of the country she was "vary soorpreezed" to find the great esteem in which Burns's poetry was held. In the North, where she had lived, he was "na thocht weel of." Her father had never permitted a copy of his poems to be brought inside his doors, and had forbidden his children to read a word of them. "He thocht them too rough for us to read." It was not until she was a woman grown, and living in her husband's house, that she had ever ventured to disobey this parental command, and she did not now herself think they were "fitted for the reading of young pairsons." "There was much more discreet writin's," she said severely; an opinion which there was no gainsaying.

There is a broader horizon to be seen, looking westward from the fields of Mossgiel, than from those of Lochlea; the lands are higher and nobler of contour. Superb trees, which must have been superb a century ago, stand to right and left of the house,—beeches, ashes, oaks, and planes. The fields which are in sight from the house are now all grass-grown. I have heard that, twenty years ago, it was confidently told in which field Burns, plowing late in the autumn, broke into the little nest of the

"Wee sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,"

whom every song-lover has known and pitied from that day to this, and whose misfortunes have answered ever since for a mint of re-assuring comparison to all of us, remembering that "the best-laid schemes o' mice an' men" must "gang aft aglee"; and the other field, also near by, where grew that mountain daisy,

"Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower,"

whose name is immortal in our hearts as that of Burns. This farm-wife, however, knew nothing about them. The stern air of the

north country in which she had been reared still chilled somewhat her thoughts of Burns and her interest in his inalienable bond on the fields of her farm.

It is but a mile from Mossgiel's gate to Mauchline, the town of "bonnie Jean" and Nansie Tinnoch and Gavin Hamilton. Surely a strange-assorted trio to be comrades of one man. Their houses are still standing: Jean's, a tumble-down, thatched cottage, looking out-of-place enough between the smart, new houses built on either side of it; Gavin Hamilton's, a dark, picturesque stone house, joined to the ruins of Mauchline Castle; and Nansie Tinnoch's, a black and dilapidated hovel, into which it takes courage to go. It stands snugged up against the wall of the old grave-yard, part below it and part above it — a situation as unwholesome as horrible; a door at the head of the narrow stair-way opening out into the grave-yard itself, and the slanting old stones leering in at the smoky windows by crowds. In the days when all the "country side" met at the open air services in this church-yard,

"Some thinkin' on their sins, an' some on their claes,"

no doubt Nansie Tinnoch's was a lighter, whiter, cheerier place than now; else the "Jolly Beggars" would never have gone there to tipple.

It was the nooning between services when I reached Mauchline, and church-goers from a distance were taking their beer and crackers decorously in the parlor of the inn. As the intermission was only three-quarters of an hour long, this much of involuntary dissipation was plainly forced on them; but they did not abuse it, I can testify. They partook of it as of a Passover: young men and maidens as sober and silent as if they had been doing solemn penance for sins, as indeed, from one point of view, it might perhaps be truly said that they were.

By dint of some difficult advances I drew one or two of them into conversation about the Mossgiel farm and the disappearance of the old relics of Burns's life in that region. It was a great pity, I said, that the Mossgiel house had to be taken down.

"'Deed, then, it was na such thing," spoke up an elderly man. "It was na moor than a wreck, an' I'm the mon who did it."

He was the landlord of the farm, it appeared. He seemed much amused at hearing of the farm-wife's disapproval of Burns's verses and of her father's prohibition of them.

"He was a heepocritical auld Radical, if ye knows him," he said, angrily. "I hope we'll never have ony worse readin' in our country than Robert Bur-r-r-ns." The prolongation of the "r" in the Scotch way of saying "Burns" is something that cannot be typographically represented. It is hardly a rolling of the "r," nor a multiplication of it; but it takes up a great deal more time and room than any one "r" ought to.

After the landlady had shown to me the big hall where the Freemasons meet, "the Burns' Mother Lodge," and the chest which used to hold the regalia at Tarbolton in Burns's day, and the little bedroom in which Stedman and Hawthorne had slept, — coming also to look at Burns's fields, — she told me in a mysterious whisper that there was a nephew of Burns's in the kitchen, who would like to see me, if I would like to see him. "A nephew of Burns's!" I exclaimed. "Weel, not exactly," she explained, "but he's a grand-nephew of Burns's wife; she thet was Jean, ye know," with a deprecating nod and lowering of the eyelid. So fast is the clutch of a Scotch neighborhood on its traditions of offended virtue, even to-day poor Jean cannot be mentioned by a landlady in her native town without a small stone cast backward at her.

Jean's grand-nephew proved to be a middle-aged man; not "ower weel-to-do," the landlady said. He had tried his hand at doctoring both in Scotland and America, — a rolling stone evidently, with too much of the old fiery blood of his race in his veins for quiet and decorous prosperity. He, too, seemed only half willing to speak of poor "Jean" — his kinswoman; but he led me to the cottage where she had lived, and pointed out the window from which she was said to have leaned out many a night listening to the songs of her lover when he sauntered across from the Whiteford Arms, Johnny Pigeon's house, just opposite, "not fou, but having had plenty" to make him merry and affectionate. Johnny Pigeon's is a "coöperative store" now; and new buildings have altered the line of the street so that "Rob Mossgiel" would lose his way there to-day.

The room in which Burns and his "bonnie Jean" were at last married in Gavin Hamilton's house, by Hamilton himself, is still shown to visitors. This room I had a greater desire to see than any other spot in Mauchline. "We can but try," said the grand-nephew; "but it's a small chance of seeing it the Sabba."

The sole tenant of this house now is the widow of a son of Gavin Hamilton's. Old, blind, and nearly helpless, she lives there alone with one family servant, nearly as old as herself, but hale, hearty, and rosy as only an old Scotch woman can be. This servant opened the door for us, her cap, calico gown,

and white apron all alike bristling with starch, religion, and pride of family. Her mistress would not allow the room to be shown on the Sabbath, she said. Imploringly it was explained to her that no other day had been possible, and that I had come "all the way from America."

"Ye did na do weel to tak the Sabbath," was her only reply, as she turned on her heel to go with the fruitless appeal to her mistress. Returning, she said curtly,

"She winna shew it on the Sabbath."

At this crisis my companion, who had kept in the background, stepped forward with:

"You don't know me, Elspie, do ye?"

"No, sir," she said stiffly, bracing herself up mentally against any further heathenish entreaties.

"What, not know —— ——?" repeating his name in full.

Presto! as if changed by a magician's trick, the stiff, starched, religious, haughty family retainer disappeared, and there stood, in the same cap, gown, and apron, a limber, rollicking, well-nigh improper old woman, who poked the grand-nephew in the ribs, clapped him on the shoulder, chuckling, ejaculating, questioning, wondering, laughing, all in a breath. Reminiscence on reminiscence followed between them.

"An' do ye mind Barry, too?" she asked. (This was an old man-servant of the house.) "An' many's the quirrel, an' many's the gree we had."

Barry was dead. Dead also was the beautiful girl whom my companion remembered well — dead of a broken heart before she was eighteen years of age. Forbidden to marry her lover, she had drooped and pined. He went to India and died. It was in a December the news of his death came, just at Christmas time, and in the next September she followed him.

"Ay, but she was a bonnie lass," said Elspie, the tears rolling down her face.

"I dare say she (nodding his head toward the house) — I dare say she's shed many a salt tear over it, but naebody 'll ever know she repentit," quoth the grand-nephew.

"Ay, ay," said Elspie. "There's a wee bit closet in every hoos."

"'Twas in that room she died," pointing up to a small ivy-shaded window. "I closed her eyes wi' my hands. She's never spoken of. She was a bonnie lass."

The picture of this desolate old woman, sitting there alone in her house, helpless, blind, waiting for death to come and take her to meet that daughter whose young heart was broken by her cruel will, seemed to shadow the very sunshine on the greensward in the court. The broken arches and crumbling walls of the old stone abbey ruins seemed, in their ivy mantles, warmly, joyously venerable by contrast with the silent, ruined, stony old human heart still beating in the house they joined.

In spite of my protestations, the grand-nephew urged Elspie to show us the room. She evidently now longed to do it; but, casting a fearful glance over her shoulder, said:

"I daur na! I daur na! I could na open the door that she'd na hear't," and she seemed much relieved when I made haste to assure her that on no account would I go into the room without her mistress's permission. So we came away, leaving her gazing regretfully after us, with her hand shading her eyes from the sun.

Going back from Mauchline to Ayr, I took another road, farther to the south than the one leading through Tarbolton, and much more beautiful, with superb beech trees meeting overhead, and gentlemen's country seats, with great parks, on either hand.

On this road is Montgomerie Castle, walled in by grand woods, which Burns knew so well.

> "Ye banks and braes and streams around
> The castle o' Montgomery,
> Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
> Your waters never drumlie!
> There simmer first unfauld her robes,
> And there the langest tarry,
> For there I took the last fareweel
> O' my sweet Highland Mary."

Sitting in the sun, on a bench outside the gate-house, with his little granddaughter on his lap, was the white-haired gate-keeper. As the horses' heads turned toward the gate, he arose slowly, without a change of muscle, and set down the child, who accepted her altered situation also without a change of muscle in her sober little face.

"Is it allowed to go in?" asked the driver.

"Eh — ye'll not be calling at the hoos?" asked the old man, surprised.

"No, I'm a stranger; but I like to see all the fine places in your country," I replied.

"I've no orders," looking at the driver reflectively; "I've no orders — but — a decent pairson" — looking again scrutinizingly at me, — "I think there can be no hairm," and he opened the gate.

Grand trees, rolling tracts of velvety turf, an ugly huge house of weather-beaten stone, with white pillars in front; conservatories joining the wings to the center; no attempt at decorative landscape art; grass, trees, distances, — these were all; but there were miles of these. It was at least a mile's drive to the other entrance to the estate, where the old

stone gate-way house was in ruin. I fancy that it was better kept up in the days before an Earl of Eglinstoune sold it to a plain Mr. Patterson.

At another fine estate nearer Ayr, where an old woman was gate-keeper and also had "no orders" about admitting strangers, the magic word "America" threw open the gates with a sweep, and bent the old dame's knees in a courtesy which made her look three times as broad as she was long. This estate had been "always in the Oswald family, an' is likely always to be, please God," said the loyal creature, with another courtesy at the mention, unconsciously devout as that of the Catholic when he crosses himself. "An' it's a fine country ye've yersel' in America," she added, politely. The Oswald estate has acres of beautiful curving uplands, all green and smooth and open; a lack of woods near the house, but great banks of sunshine instead, make a beauty all their own; and the Ayr Water running through the grounds, and bridged gracefully here and there, is a possession to be coveted. From all points is a clear sight of sea, and headlands north and south,—Ayr harbor lying like a crescent, now silver, now gold, afloat between blue sky and green shore, and dusky gray roof-lines of the town.

The most precious thing in all the parish of Ayr is the cottage in which Burns was born. It is about two miles south from the center of the town, on the shore of "Bonnie Doon," and near Alloway Kirk. You cannot go thither from Ayr over any road except the one Tam o' Shanter took: it has been straightened a little since his day, but many a rod of it is the same that Maggie trod; and Alloway Kirk is as ghostly a place now, even at high noon, as can be found "frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's." There is nothing left of it but the walls and the gable, in which the ancient bell still hangs, intensifying the silence by its suggestion of echoes long dead.

The Burns cottage is now a sort of inn, kept by an Englishman whose fortunes would make a tale by themselves. He fought at Balaklava and in our civil war; and side by side on the walls of his dining-room hang, framed, his two commissions in the Pennsylvania Volunteers and the menu of the Balaklava Banquet, given in London to the brave fellows that came home alive after that fight. He does not love the Scotch people.

"I would not give the Americans for all the Scotch ever born," he says, and is disposed to speak with unjust satire of their apparent love of Burns, which he ascribes to a perception of his recognition by the rest of the world and a shamefaced desire not to seem to be behindhand in paying tribute to him.

"Oh, they let on to think much of him," he said. "It's money in their pockets."

The room in which Burns was born is still unaltered, except in having one more window let in. Originally, it had but one small square window of four panes. The bed is like the beds in all the old Scotch cottages, built into the wall, similar to those still seen in Norway. Stifling enough the air surely must have been in the cupboard bed in which the "waly boy" was born.

> "The gossip keekit in his loof;
> Quo' scho, 'Wha lives will see the proof,—
> This waly boy will be nae coof;
> I think we'll ca' him Robin.'"

Before he was many days old, or, as some traditions have it, on the very night he was born, a violent storm "tirled" away part of the roof of the poor little "clay biggin," and mother and babe were forced to seek shelter in a neighbor's cottage. Misfortune and Robin early joined company and never parted. The little bedroom is now the showroom of the inn, and is filled with tables piled with the well-known boxes, pincushions, baskets, paper-cutters, etc., made from sycamore wood grown on the banks of Doon and Ayr. These articles are all stamped with some pictures of scenery associated with Burns or with quotations from his verses. It is impossible to see all this money-making without thinking what a delicious, rollicking bit of verse Burns would write about it himself if he came back to-day. There are those who offer for sale articles said to be made out of the old timbers of the Mossgiel house; but the Balaklava Englishman scouts all that as the most barefaced imposture. "There wasn't an inch of that timber," he says,—and he was there when the house was taken down—"which wasn't worm-eaten and rotten; not enough to make a knife-handle of!"

One feels disposed to pass over in silence the "Burns Monument," which was built in 1820, at a cost of over three thousand pounds; "a circular temple supported by nine fluted Corinthian columns emblematic of the nine muses," say the guide-books. It stands in a garden overlooking the Doon, and is a painful sight. But in a room in the base of it are to be seen some relics at which no Burns lover can look unmoved: the Bibles he gave to Highland Mary, the ring with which he wedded Jean (taken off after her death), and two rings containing some of his hair.

It is but a few steps from this monument down to a spot on the "banks o' bonnie Doon," from which is a fine view of the "auld brig."

This shining, silent water, and the overhanging, silent trees, and the silent bell in the gable of Alloway Kirk, speak more eloquently of Burns than do all nine of the Corinthian muse-dedicated pillars in his monument.

So do the twa brigs of Ayr, which still stand at the foot of High street, silently recriminating each other as of old.

"I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye'r nae sheep-shank
When ye are streekit o'er frae bank to bank,"

sneers the Auld; and

"Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruined, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonny brigs o' modern time?"

retorts the New; and "the sprites that owre the brigs of Ayr preside" never interrupt the quarrel. Spite of all its boasting, however, the new bridge cracked badly two years ago, and had to be taken down and entirely rebuilt.

The dingy little inn where

"Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious,"

is still called by his name, and still preserves, as its chief claims to distinction, the big wooden mug out of which Tam drank and the chair in which he so many market nights

"gat planted unco richt."

The chair is of oak, well-nigh black as ebony, and furrowed thick with names cut upon it. The smart young landlady who now keeps the house commented severely on this desecration of it, and said that for some years the house had been "keepit" by a widow, who was "in no sense up to the beesiness," and "a' people did as they pleased in the hoos in her day." The mug has a metal rim and base, but spite of these it has needed to be clasped together again by three ribs of cane, riveted on. "Money couldn't buy it," the landlady said. It belongs to the house, is mentioned always in the terms of lease, and the house has changed hands but four times since Tam's day.

In a tiny stone cottage in the southern suburbs of Ayr live two nieces of Burns, daughters of his youngest sister Isabella. They are vivacious still, and eagerly alive to all that goes on in the world, though they must be well on in the seventies. The day I called they had "just received a newspaper from America," they said. "Perhaps I knew it. It was called 'The Democrat.'" As I was not able to identify it by that description, the younger sister made haste to fetch it. It proved to be a paper printed in Madison, Iowa. The old ladies were much interested in the approaching American election, had read all they could find about General Garfield, and were much impressed by the wise reticence of General Grant. "He must be a vary cautious man; disna say enough to please people," they said, with sagacious nods of approbation. They remembered Burns's wife very well, had visited her when she was living, a widow, at Dumfries, and told with glee a story which they said she herself used to narrate, with great relish, of a peddler lad who, often coming to the house with wares to sell in the kitchen, finally expressed to the servant his deep desire to see Mrs. Burns. She accordingly told him to wait, and her mistress would no doubt before long come into the room. Mrs. Burns came in, stood for some moments talking with the lad, bought some trifle of him, and went away. Still he sat waiting. At last the servant asked why he did not go. He replied that she had promised he should see Mrs. Burns.

"But ye have seen her. That was she," said the servant.

"Eh, eh?" said the lad. "Na! never tell me now that was 'bonnie Jean'!"

Burns's mother, too, their grandmother, they recollected well, and had often heard her tell of the time when the family lived at Lochlea, and Robert, spending his evenings at the Tarbolton merry-makings with the Bachelors' Club or the Masons, used to come home late in the night, and she used to sit up to let him in. These doings sorely displeased the father, and at last he said grimly, one night, that he would sit up to open the door for Robert. Trembling with fear, the mother went to bed and did not close her eyes, listening apprehensively for the angry meeting between father and son. She heard the door open, the old man's stern tone, Robert's gay reply, and in a twinkling more the two were sitting together over the fire, the father splitting his sides with half unwilling laughter at the boy's inimitable descriptions and mimicry of the scenes he had left. Nearly two hours they sat there in this way, the mother all the while cramming the bedclothes into her mouth, lest her own laughter should remind her husband how poorly he was carrying out his threats. After that night "Rob" came home at what hour he pleased, and there was nothing more heard of his father's sitting up to reprove him.

They believed that Burns's intemperate habits had been greatly exaggerated. Their mother was a woman twenty-five years old and the mother of three children when he died, and she had never once seen him the "waur for liquor." "There were vary mony idle people i' the warld, an' a great deal o' talk," they said.

After his father's death, he assumed the position of the head of the house, and led in family prayers each morning, and everybody said, even the servants, that there were never such beautiful prayers heard. He was a generous soul. After he left home he never came back for a visit, however poor he might be, without bringing a present for every member of the family; always a pound of tea for his mother, "and tea was tea then," the old ladies added. To their mother he gave a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," which they still have. They have also some letters of his, two of which I read with great interest. They were to his brother and were full of good advice. In one he says:

"I intended to have given you a sheetful of counsels, but some business has prevented me. In a word, learn taciturnity. Let that be your motto. Though you had the wisdom of Newton or the wit of Swift, garrulousness would lower you in the eyes of your fellow-creatures."

In the other, after alluding to some village tragedy, in which great suffering had fallen on a woman, he says:

"Women have a kind of steady sufferance which qualifies them to endure much beyond the common run of men; but perhaps part of that fortitude is owing to their short-sightedness, as they are by no means famous for seeing remote consequences in their real importance."

The old ladies said that their mother had liked "Jean" on the whole, though "at first not so weel, on account of the connection being what it was." She was kindly, cheery, "never bonny"; but had a good figure, danced well and sang well, and worshiped her husband. She was "not intellectual"; "but there's some say a poet shouldn't have an intellectual wife," one of the ingenuous old spinsters remarked, interrogatively. "At any rate, she suited him, an' it was ill speering at her after all that was said and done," the younger niece added, with real feeling in her tone. Well might she say so. If there be a touching picture in all the long list of faithful and ill-used women, it is that of "bonnie Jean"—the unwedded mother of children, the forgiving wife of a husband who betrayed others as he had betrayed her—when she took into her arms and nursed and cared for her husband's child, born of an outcast woman, and bravely answered all curious questioners with, "It's a neebor's bairn I'm bringin' up." She wrought for herself a place and an esteem of which her honest and loving humility little dreamed.

There is always something sad in seeking out the spot where a great man has died. It is like living over the days of his death and burial. The more sympathetically we have felt the spell of the scenes in which he lived his life, the more vitalized and vitalizing that life was, the more are we chilled and depressed in the presence of places on which his wearied and suffering gaze rested last. As I drove through the dingy, confused, and ugly streets of Dumfries, my chief thought was, "How Burns must have hated this place!" Looking back on it now, I have a half regret that I ever saw it, that I can recall vividly the ghastly grave-yard of St. Michael's, with its twenty-six thousand grave-stones and monuments, crowded closer than they would be in a marble-yard, ranged in rows against the walls without any pretense of association with the dust they affect to commemorate. What a ballad Burns might have written about such a show! And what would it not have been given to him to say of the "Genius of Coila finding her favorite son at the plow, and casting her mantle over him," *i. e.*, the sculptured monument, or, as the sexton called it, "Máwsolem," under which he has had the misfortune to be buried. A great Malvern bath-woman, bringing a bathing-sheet to an unwilling patient, might have been the model for the thing. It is hideous beyond description, and in a refinement of ingenuity has been made uglier still by having the spaces between the pillars filled in with glass. The severe Scotch weather, it seems, was discoloring the marble. It is a pity that the zealous guardians of its beauty did not hold it precious enough to be boarded up altogether.

The house in which Burns spent the first eighteen months of his dreary life in Dumfries is now a common tenement-house at the lower end of a poor and narrow street. As I was reading the tablet let into the wall, bearing his name, a carpenter went by, carrying his box of tools slung on his shoulder.

"He only had three rooms there," said the man, "those three up there," pointing to the windows; "two rooms and a little kitchen at the back."

The house which is usually shown to strangers as his is now the home of the master of the industrial school, and is a comfortable little building joining the school. Here Burns lived for three years; and here, in a small chamber not more than twelve by fifteen feet in size, he died on the 21st of July, 1796, sadly harassed in his last moments by anxiety about money matters and about the approaching illness of his faithful Jean.

Opening from this room is a tiny closet lighted by one window.

"They say he used to make up his poetry in here," said the servant-girl; "but I dare say it is only a supposeetion; still, it 'ud be a quiet place."

"They say there was a great lot o' papers up here when he died," she added, throwing open the narrow door of a ladder-like stairway that led up into the garret, "writin's that had been sent to him from all over the world, but nobody knew what become of them. Now that he's so much thought aboot, I wonder his widow did not keep them. But, ye know, the poor thing was just comin' to be ill; that was the last thing he wrote when he knew he was dyin', for some one to come and stay with her; and I dare say she was in such a sewither she did not know about anything."

The old stone stairs were winding and narrow—painted now, and neatly carpeted, but worn into depressions here and there by the plodding of feet. Nothing in the house, above or below, spoke to me of Burns so much as did they. I stood silent and rapt on the landing, and saw him coming wearily up, that last time; after which he went no more out forever, till he was borne in the arms of men, and laid away in St. Michael's graveyard to rest.

That night, at my lonely dinner in the King's Arms, I had the Edinburgh papers. There were in them three editorials headed with quotations from Burns's poems, and an account of the sale in Edinburgh, that week, of an autograph letter of his for ninety-four pounds!

Does he think sadly, even in heaven, how differently he might have done by himself and by Earth, if Earth had done for him then a tithe of what it does now? Does he know it? Does he care? And does he listen when, in lands he never saw, great poets sing of him in words simple and melodious as his own?

"For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth: his hand
Guides every plow;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

"His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!"*

*Longfellow.

H. H.

LOVE'S POWER.

If I were blind, and thou shouldst enter
E'er so softly in the room,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And a glory round thee center
That would lighten up the gloom.
And my heart would surely guide me,
With Love's second-sight provide me,
One amid the crowd to find,
If I were blind!

If I were deaf, and thou hadst spoken
Ere thy presence I had known,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And the seal at once be broken
By Love's liquid undertone.
Deaf to other, stranger voices,
And the world's discordant noises,—
Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art,
'Twill reach my heart!

If I were dead, and thou shouldst venture
Near the coffin where I lay,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And no look of mildest censure
Rest upon that face of clay.
Shouldst thou kiss me, conscious flashes
Of Love's fire through Death's cold ashes
Would give back the cheek its red,
If I were dead!

Josephine Pollard.

OUR STORY.

I.

I BECAME acquainted with Miss Bessie Vancouver at a reception given by an eminent literary gentleman in New York. The circumstances were a little peculiar. Miss Vancouver and I had each written and recently published a book, and we were introduced to each other as young authors whose works had made us known to the public, and who, consequently, should know each other. The peculiarity of the situation lay in the fact that I had not read Miss Vancouver's book, nor had she read mine. Consequently, although each felt bound to speak of the work of the other, neither of us could do it except in the most general and cautious way. I was quite sure that her book was a novel, but that was all that I knew about it, except that I had heard it well spoken of; but she supposed my book was of a scientific character, whereas, in reality, it also was a novel, although its title did not indicate the fact. There was therefore an air of restraint and stiffness about our first interview which it might not have had if we had frankly acknowledged our short-comings. But, as the general conversation led her to believe that she was the only person in the room who had not read my book, and me to believe that I was the only one who had not read hers, we were naturally loath to confess the truth to each other.

I next met Miss Vancouver in Paris, at the house of a lady whose parlors are the frequent rendezvous of Americans, especially those given to art or literature. This time we met on different ground. I had read her book and she mine; and as soon as we had shaken hands we began to talk of each other's work, not as if it had been the beginning of a new conversation, but rather as the continuation of one broken off. Each liked the book of the other extremely, and we were free to say so.

"But I am not satisfied with my novel," said Miss Vancouver. "There is too much oneness about it; by which I mean that it is not diversified enough. It is all, or nearly all, about two people, who, of course, have but one object in life, and it seems to me now that their story might have been finished a great deal sooner; though, of course, in that case it would not have been long enough to make a book."

To this I politely answered that I did not agree with her, for the story was interesting to the very end; but, of course, if she had put more characters into it, and they had been as good in their way as those she already had, the book would have been that much the better. "As for me," I continued, "my trouble is entirely the other way. I have no oneness whatever. My tendency is much more to fifteen or twenty-ness. I carry a story a little way in one direction, and then I stop and go off in another. It is sometimes difficult to make it understood why a character should have been brought into the story at all; and I have had a good deal of trouble in making some of them do something toward the end to show that they are connected with the general plot."

She said she had noticed that there was a wideness of scope in my book; but what she would have said further I do not know, for our hostess now came down upon us and carried off Miss Vancouver to introduce her to an old lady who had successfully steered about fifty barques across that sea on which Miss Vancouver had just set out.

Our next meeting was in a town on the Mediterranean, in the south of France. I had secured board at a large *pension* there, and was delighted to find that Miss Bessie Vancouver and her mother were already inmates of the house. As soon as I had the opportunity, I broached to her an idea which had frequently possessed my mind since our conversation in Paris. I proposed that we should write a story together, something like Erckmann-Chatrian, or Mark Twain and Mr. Warner in "The Gilded Age." Since she had too much unity of purpose and traveled in too narrow a path, and I branched off too much, and had too great a tendency to variety, our styles, if properly blended, would possess all the qualities needed in a good story; and there was no reason why we should not, writing thus together, achieve a success greater, perhaps, than either of us could expect writing alone. I had thought so much on this subject that I was able to say a great deal, and to say it pretty well, too, so far as I could judge. Miss Vancouver listened with great attention, and the more I said, the more the idea pleased her. She said she would take the afternoon to consider the matter, and in the evening she told me in the parlor that she had made up her mind, if I still thought well of the plan, to assist me in writing a story,—this being the polite way in which she

chose to put it,—but that she thought it would be better for us to begin with a short story, and not with a book, for in this way we could sooner see how we would be likely to succeed. Of course I agreed to this proposition, and we arranged that we should meet the next morning in the garden and lay out a plan for our story.

The garden attached to the house in which we lived was a very quaint and pleasant one. It had been made a hundred years ago or more by an Italian nobleman, whose mansion, now greatly altered, had become our present *pension*. The garden was laid out in a series of terraces on the side of a hill, and abounded in walks shaded by orange and lemon trees, arbors, and vine-covered trellises; fountains, half concealed by overhanging ivy; and suddenly discovered stair-ways, wide and shadowy, leading up into regions of greater quaintness and seclusion. Flowers were here, and palm-trees, and great cactus-bushes, with their red fruit half hollowed out by the nibbling birds. From the upper terraces we could see the blue Mediterranean spreading far away on one side, while the snow-covered tops of the Maritime Alps stood bright against the sky. The garden was little frequented, and altogether it was a good place in which to plan a story.

We consulted together for several days before we actually began to work. At first, we sat in an arbor on one of the lower terraces, where there were a little iron table and some chairs; but now and then a person would come there for a morning stroll, and so we moved up higher to a seat under a palm-tree, and the next day to another terrace, where there was a secluded corner overshadowed by huge cacti. But the place which suited us best of all was the top of an old tower at one end of the garden. This tower had been built many, many hundred years before the garden was thought of, and its broad, flat roof was level with one of the higher terraces. Here we could work and consult in quiet, with little fear of being disturbed.

Not finding it easy to plan out the whole story at once, we determined to begin by preparing backgrounds. We concluded that as this was to be a short story, it would be sufficient to have descriptions of two natural scenes in which the two principal incidents should occur; and as we wished to do all our work from natural models, we thought it best to describe the scene which lay around us, than which nothing could be more beautiful or more suitable. One scene was to be on the sea-shore, with a mellow light upon the rippling waves, and the sails of fishing-vessels in the distance. This Miss Vancouver was to do, while I was to take a scene among the hills and mountains at the back of the town. I walked over there one afternoon when Miss Vancouver had gone out with her mother. I got on a high point, and worked up a very satisfactory description of the frowning mountains behind me, the old monasteries on the hills, and the town stretching out below, with a little river rushing along between two rows of picturesque washerwomen to the sea.

We read our backgrounds to each other, and were both very well satisfied. Our styles were as different as the scenes we described. Hers was clear and smooth, and mine forcible and somewhat abrupt, and thus the strong points of each scene were better brought out; but, in order that our styles might be unified, so to speak, by being judiciously blended, I suggested some strong and effective points to be introduced into her description, while she toned down some of my phrases and added a word here and there which gave a color and beauty to the description which it had not possessed before.

Our backgrounds being thus satisfactory,—and it took a good deal of consultation to make them so,—our next work was to provide characters for the story. These were to be drawn from life, for it would be perfectly ridiculous to create imaginary characters when there were so many original and interesting personages around us. We soon agreed upon an individual who would serve as a model for our hero; I forget whether it was I or Miss Vancouver who first suggested him. He was a young man, but not so very young either, who lived in the house with us, and about whom there was a mystery. Nobody knew exactly who he was, or where he came from, or why he was here. It was evident he did not come for society, for he kept very much to himself; and the attractions of the town could not have brought him here, for he seemed to care very little about them. We seldom saw him except at the table and occasionally in the garden. When we met him in the latter place, he always seemed anxious to avoid observation; and as we did not wish to hurt his feelings by letting him suppose that he was an object of curiosity to us, we endeavored, as far as possible, to make it apparent that we were not looking at him or thinking of him. But still, whenever we had a good chance, we studied him. Of course we could not make out his mystery, but that was not necessary, nor did we, indeed, think it would be proper. We could draw him as we saw him, and then make the mystery what we pleased; its character depending a good deal upon the plot we devised.

Miss Vancouver undertook to draw the hero, and she went to work upon him immediately. In personal appearance, she altered the model a good deal. She darkened his hair, and took off his whiskers, leaving him only a mustache. She thought, too, that he ought to be a little taller, and asked me my height, which is five feet nine. She considered that a very good height, and brought the hero up to it. She also made him some years younger, but endeavored, as far as seemed suitable to the story, to draw him exactly as he was.

I was to do the heroine, but found it very hard to choose a model. As I said before, we determined to draw all our characters from life, but I could think of no one, in the somewhat extensive company by which we were surrounded, who would answer my purpose. Nor could I fix my mind upon any person in other parts of the world, whom I knew or had known, who resembled the idea I had formed of our heroine. After thinking this matter over a good deal, I told Miss Vancouver that I believed the best thing I could do would be to take her for my model. I was with her a good deal, and thus could study out and work up certain points as I wrote, which would be a great advantage. She objected to this, because, as she said, the author of a story should not be drawn as its heroine. But I asserted that this would not be the case. She would merely suggest the heroine to me, and I would so do my work that the heroine would not suggest her to anybody else. This, I thought, was the way in which a model ought to be used. After we had talked the subject over a good deal, she agreed to my plan, and I went to work with much satisfaction. I gave no definite description of the lady, but endeavored to indicate the impression which her person and character produced upon me. As such impressions are seldom the same in any two cases, there was no danger that my description could be referred back to her.

When I read to her the sketch I had written, she objected to parts of it as not being correct; but as I asserted that it was not intended as an exact copy of the model, she could not say it was not a true picture; and so, with some slight modifications, we let it stand. I thought myself that it was a very good piece of work. To me it seemed very life-like and piquant, and I believed that other people would think it so.

We were now ready for the incidents and the plot, but at this point we were somewhat interrupted by Mrs. Vancouver. She came to me one morning, when I was waiting to go with her daughter to our study in the garden, and told me that she was very sorry to notice that Miss Vancouver and I had attracted attention to ourselves by being so much together; and, while she understood the nature of the literary labor on which we were engaged, she did not wish her daughter to become the object of general attention and remark in a foreign *pension*. I was very angry when I heard that people had been directing upon us their impertinent curiosity, and I discoursed warmly upon the subject.

"Where is the good," I said, "of a person or persons devoting himself or themselves, with enthusiasm and earnestness, to his or their life-work, if he or they are to be interfered with by the impertinent babble of the multitude?"

Mrs. Vancouver was not prepared to give an exact answer to this question, but she considered the babble of the multitude a very serious thing. She had been talking to her daughter on the subject, and thought it right to speak to me.

That morning we worked separately in our rooms, but we accomplished little or nothing. It was, of course, impossible to do anything of importance in a work of this kind without consultation and coöperation. The next day, however, I devised a plan which would enable us, I thought, to pursue our labors without attracting attention; and Mrs. Vancouver, who was a kind-hearted woman, and took a great interest in her daughter's literary career, told me if I could successfully carry out anything of the kind, I might do so. She did not inquire into particulars, nor did I explain them to Miss Bessie; but I told the latter that we would not go out together into the garden, but I would go first, and she should join me about ten minutes afterward on the tower; but she was not to come if she saw any one about.

Near the top of the hill, above the garden, once stood an ancient mansion, of which nothing now remained but the remnants of some massive masonry. A court-yard, however, of this old edifice was still surrounded by a high wall, which formed the upper boundary of our garden. From a point near the tower a flight of twisting stone steps, flanked by blank walls, which turned themselves in various directions to suit the angles of the stair-way, led to a green door in this wall. Through this door Miss Vancouver and myself, and doubtless many other persons, had often wished to pass; but it was locked, and, on inquiry, we found that there was no key to be had. The day previous, however, when wandering by myself, I had examined this door, and found that it was fastened merely by a snap-lock which had no handle,

but was opened by a key. I had a knife with a long, strong blade, and pushing this into the hasp, I easily forced back the bolt. I then opened the door and walked into the old court-yard.

When Miss Vancouver appeared on the tower, I was standing at the top of the stone steps just mentioned, with the green door slightly ajar. Calling to her in a low tone, she ran up the steps, and, to her amazement, I ushered her into the court-yard and closed the door behind us.

"There," I exultingly exclaimed, "is our study, where we can write our story without interruption. We will come and go away separately; the people of the *pension* will not know that we are here or have been here, and there will be no occasion for that impertinent attention to which your mother so properly objects."

Miss Vancouver was delighted, and we walked about and surveyed the court-yard with much satisfaction. I had already selected the spot for our work. It was in the shade of an olive-tree, the only tree in the inclosure, beneath which there was a rude seat. I spread a rug upon the grass, and Miss Bessie sat upon the seat, and put her feet upon the rug, leaving room for me to sit thereon. We now took out our little blank-books and our stylograph pens and were ready for work. I explained that I had done nothing the day before; and Miss Vancouver said that had also been the case with her. She had not wished to do anything important without consultation; but supposing that, of course, the hero was to fall in love with the heroine, she thought she might as well make him begin, but she found she could not do it as she wished. She wanted him to indicate to the lady that he was in love with her without exactly saying so. Could I not suggest some good form for giving expression to this state of things? After a little reflection, I thought I could.

"I will speak," said I, "as if I were the hero, and then you can see how it will suit."

"Yes," said she, "but you must not forget that what you say should be very gradual."

I tried to be as gradual as I could, and to indicate by slow degrees the state of mind in which we wished our hero to be. As the indication became stronger and stronger, I thought it right to take Miss Vancouver's hand; but to this she objected, because, as she said, it was more than indication, and besides, it prevented her from writing down what I said. We argued this point a little while without altering our position, and I asserted that the hand-holding only gave point and earnestness to the hero's remarks, which otherwise would not be so natural and true to life; and if she wanted to use her right hand, her left hand would do to hold. We made this change, and I proceeded with the hero's remarks.

There was in our *pension* a young German girl named Margarita. She was a handsome, plump maiden, and spoke English very well. There was another young lady, also a German, named Gretzel. She was a little creature and the fast friend of Margarita. These two had a companion whose name I did not know. She was a little older than the others, and was, I think, a Pole. She also understood English. As I was warming up toward the peroration of our hero's indication, I raised my eyes, and saw, on the brow of the hill, not a stone's throw from us, these three girls. They were talking earnestly and walking directly toward us. The place where they were was used as a public pleasure-ground, and was separated from the old court-yard by a pale-fence. Although the girls could not come to us, there was nothing to prevent their seeing us if they chose to look our way, for they were on ground which was higher than the top of the fence.

When I saw these girls, I was horror-stricken, and my knees, on which I rested, trembled beneath me. I did not dare to rise, nor to change my position, for fear the motion should attract attention; nor did I cease my remarks, for had I suddenly done so, my companion would have looked around to see what was the matter, and would certainly have jumped up, or have done something which would have brought the eyes of those girls upon us; but my voice dropped very low, and I wondered if there was any way of my gently rolling out of sight.

But at this moment our young man with a mystery suddenly appeared on the other side of the fence, walking rapidly toward the girls. There was something on the ocean, probably a ship, to which he directed their attention, and then he actually led them off, pointing, as it appeared, to a spot from which the distant object could be more plainly seen. They all walked away and disappeared behind the brow of the hill. With a great feeling of relief, I arose and recounted what had happened. Miss Vancouver sprang to her feet, shut up her blank-book, and put the stopper on her stylograph.

"This place will not do at all to work in," she said. "I will not have those girls staring at us."

I was obliged to admit that this particular spot would not do. I had not thought of any one walking in the grounds immediately above us, especially in the morning, which was our working time.

"They may return," she said, "and we must go away immediately and separately."

But I could not agree thus to give up our new-found study. The inclosure was quite extensive, with ruins at the other end, near which we might find some spot entirely protected from observation. So I went to look for such a place, leaving Miss Vancouver under the olive-tree, where; if she were seen alone, it would not matter. I found a spot which might answer, and, returning to the tree, sent her to look at it. While we were thus engaged, we heard the report of the noon cannon. This startled us both. The hour for *déjeûner à la fourchette* at the *pension* was twelve o'clock, and people were generally very prompt at that meal. It would not do for us to be late. Snatching up our effects, we hurried to the green door, but when I tried to open it as before, I found it impossible—a projecting strip of wood on the inside of the door-way preventing my reaching the bolt with my knife-blade. I tried to tear away the strip, but it was too firmly fastened. We both became very nervous and troubled. It was impossible to get out of the inclosure except through that door, for the wall was quite high and the top covered with broken glass imbedded in the mortar. The party on the hill had had time to go down and around through the town to the *pension*. Our places at the table would be the only ones empty. What could attract more attention than this? And what would Mrs. Vancouver think and say? At this moment, we heard some one working at the lock on the other side. The door opened, and there stood our hero.

"I heard some one at this door," he said, "and supposing it had been accidentally closed, I came up and opened it."

"Thank you; thank you very much!" cried Miss Vancouver.

And away she ran to the house. If only I were late, it did not matter at all. I followed with our hero, and endeavored to make some explanation of the predicament of myself and the young lady. He took it all as a matter of course, as if the old court-yard were a place of general resort.

"When persons stroll through that door," he said, "they should put a piece of stick or of stone against the jamb, so that if the door is blown shut by the wind the latch may not catch."

And then he called my attention to a beautiful plant of the aloe kind which had just begun to blossom.

Miss Vancouver reached the breakfast-table in good time, but she told me afterward she would work in the old court-yard no more. The perils were too many.

For some days after this our story made little progress, for opportunities for consultation did not occur. I was particularly sorry for this, because I wanted very much to know how Miss Vancouver liked my indicative speech and what she had made of it. Early one afternoon about this time our hero, between whom and myself a slight acquaintance had sprung up, came to me and said:

"The sea is so perfectly smooth and quiet to-day that I thought it would be pleasant to take a row, and I have hired a boat. How would you like to go with me?"

I was pleased with his friendly proposition, and I am very fond of rowing; but yet I hesitated about accepting the invitation, for I hoped that afternoon to find some opportunity for consultation in regard to the work on which I was engaged.

"The boat is rather large for two persons," he remarked. "Have you any friends you would like to ask to go with us?"

This put a different phase upon affairs. I instantly said that I thought a row would be charming that afternoon, and suggested that Mrs. Vancouver and her daughter might like to take advantage of the opportunity.

The ladies were quite willing to go, and in twenty minutes we set off, two fishermen in red liberty caps pushing us from the pebbly beach. Our hero took one oar and I another, and we pulled together very well. The ladies sat in the stern and enjoyed the smooth sea and the lovely day. We rowed across the little bay and around a high promontory, where there was a larger bay with a small town in the distance. The hero suggested that we should land here, as we could get some good views from the rocks. To this we all agreed; and when we had climbed up a little distance, Mrs. Vancouver found some wild flowers which interested her very much. She was, in a certain way, a floraphobist, and took an especial delight in finding in foreign countries blossoms which were the same as or similar to flowers she was familiar with in New England. Our hero had also a fancy for wild flowers, and it was not long before he showed Mrs. Vancouver a little blossom which she was very sure she had seen either at East Gresham or Milton Center. Leaving these two to their floral researches, Miss Vancouver and I climbed higher up the rocks, where the view would be better. We found a pleasant ledge, and, although we could not see what was going on below us, and the view was quite cut off in the direction of the town, we had an admirable outlook over the sea, on which, in the far distance, we could see the sails of a little vessel.

"This will be an admirable place to do a little work on our story," I said. "I have brought my blank-book and stylograph."

"And so have I," said she.

I then told her that I had been thinking over the matter a good deal, and that I believed in a short story two long speeches would be enough for the hero to make, and proposed that we should now go on with the second one. She thought well of that, and took a seat upon a rocky projection, while I sat upon another quite near.

"This second speech," said I, "ought to be more than indicative, and should express the definite purpose of the hero's sentiments; and I think there should be corresponding expressions from the heroine, and would be glad to have you suggest such as you think she would make." I then began to say what I thought a hero ought to say under the circumstances. I soon warmed up to my task wonderfully, and expressed with much earnestness and ardor the sentiments I thought proper for the occasion. I first held one of Miss Vancouver's hands, and then both of them, she trusting to her memory in regard to memoranda. Her remarks in the character of the heroine were, however, much briefer than mine, but they were enough. If necessary, they could be worked up and amplified. I think we had said all or nearly all there was to say when we heard a shout from below. It was our hero calling us. We could not see him, but I knew his voice. He shouted again, and then I arose from the rock on which Bessie was sitting and answered him. He now made his appearance some distance below us, and said that Mrs. Vancouver did not care to come up any higher to get the views, and that she thought it would be better to reach home before the sun should set.

That evening, in the *salon*, Bessie spoke to me apart. "Our hero," she said, "is more than a hero; he is a guardian angel. You must fathom his mystery. I am sure that it is far better than anything we can invent for him."

I set myself to work to discover, if possible, not only the mystery which had first interested us in our hero, but also the reason and purpose of his guardian-angelship. He was an American, and now that I had come to know him better, I found him a very agreeable talker.

II.

Our hero was the first person whom I told of my engagement to Bessie. Mrs. Vancouver was very particular that this state of affairs should be made known. "If you are engaged," she said, "of course you can be together as much as you please. It is the custom in America, and nobody need make any remarks."

In talking to our hero, I told him of a good many little things that had happened at various times, and endeavored by these friendly confidences to make him speak of his own affairs. It must not be supposed that I was actuated by prying curiosity, but certainly I had a right to know something of a person to whom I had told so much; but he always seemed a great deal more interested in us than in himself, and I took so much interest in his interest, which was very kindly expressed, that his affairs never came into our conversation.

But just as he was going away,—he left the little town a few days before we did,—he told me that he was a writer, and that for some time past he had been engaged upon a story.

Our story was never finished. His was. This is it.

Frank R. Stockton.

DEATH'S FIRST LESSON.

Three sad, strange things already death hath shown
To me who lived but yesterday. My love,
Who loved to kiss my hands and lips above
All other joys,—whose heart upon my own
So oft has throbbed,—fears me, now life has flown,
And shuddering turns away. The friend who strove
My trust to win, and all my faith did prove,
Sees, in my pale, still form, a bar o'erthrown
To some most dear desire. While one who spake
No fond and flattering word of love or praise,
Who only cold and stern reproof would give
To all my foolish, unconsidered ways—
This one would glad have died that I might live,
This heart alone lies broken for my sake.

Susan Marr Spalding.

NEWE YORK, ye 1st Aprile, 1883.

YE worste of my ailment is this, yt it groweth not Less with much nursinge, but is like to those fevres wch ye leeches Starve, 'tis saide, for that ye more Bloode there be in ye Sicke man's Bodie, ye more foode is there for ye Distemper to feede upon.—And it is moste fittinge yt I come backe to ys my Journall (wherein I have not writt a Lyne these manye months) on ye 1st of Aprile, beinge in some Sort myne owne foole and ye foole of Love, and a poore Butt on whome his hearte hath play'd a Sorry tricke.—

For it is surelie a strange happenninge, that I, who am ofte accompted a man of ye Worlde, (as ye Phrase goes,) sholde be soe Overtaken & caste downe lyke a Schoole-boy or a countrie Bumpkin, by a meere Mayde, & sholde set to Groaninge and Sighinge, &, for that She will not have me Sighe to Her, to Groaninge and Sighinge on paper, wch is ye greter Foolishnesse in Me, yt some one maye reade it Here-after, who hath taken his dose of ye same Physicke, and made no Wrye faces over it; in wch case I doubte I shall be much laugh'd at.—Yet soe much am I a foole, and soe enamour'd of my Foolishnesse, yt I have a sorte of Shamefull Joye in tellinge, even to my Journall, yt I am mightie deepe in Love withe ye yonge Daughter of Mistresse Ffrench, and all maye knowe what an Angell is ye Daughter, since I have chose Mrs. French for my Mother in Lawe.—(Though she will have none of my choosinge.)—And I likewise take comforte in ye Fancie, yt this poore Sheete, whon I write, may be made of ye Raggs of some lucklesse Lover, and, and maye ye more readilie drinke up my complaininge Inke.—

This muche I have learnt yt Fraunce distilles not, nor ye Indies growe not, ye Remedie for my Aile.—For when I 1st became sensible of ye folly of my Suite, I tooke to drynkinge & smoakinge, thinkinge to cure my minde, but all I got was a head ache, for fellow to my Hearte ache.—A sorrie Payre!—I then made Shifte, for a while, withe a Bicycle, but breakinge of Bones mendes no breakinge of Heartes, and 60 myles a Daye bringes me no nearer to a Wèddinge.—This beinge Lowe Sondaye, (wch my Hearte telleth me better than ye Allmanack,) I will goe to Churche; wh. I maye chaunce to see her.—Laste weeke, her Eastre bonnett vastlie pleas'd me, beinge most cunninglie devys'd in ye mode of oure Grandmothers, and verie lyke to a coales Scuttle, of white satine.—

2nd Aprile.

I trust I make no more moane, than is just for a man in my case, but there is small comforte in lookinge at ye backe of a white Satine bonnett for two Houres, and I maye saye as much.—Neither any cheere in Her goinge out of ye Churche, & walkinge downe ye Avenue, with a Puppe by ye name of Williamson.

4th Aprile.

Because a man have a Hatt with a Brimme to it like ye Poope-Decke of a Steam-Shippe, and breeches lyke ye Case of an umbrella, and have loste money on Hindoo, he is not therefore in ye beste Societie.—I made this observation, at ye Clubbe, last nighte, in ye hearinge of Wmson, who made a mightie Pretence, to reade ye Spt of ye Tymes.—I doubte it was scurvie of me, but it did me muche goode.

7th Aprile.

Ye manner of my meetinge with Her and fallinge in Love with Her (for ye two were of one date) is thus—I was made acquainte withe Her on a Wednesdaie, at ye House of Mistresse Varick, ('twas a Reception,) but did not hear Her Name, nor She myne, by reason of ye noise, and of Mrsse Varick having but lately a newe sett of Teethe, of wh. she had not yet gott, as it were, ye just Pitche and accordance.—I sayde to Her that ye Weather was warm for that season of ye yeare.—She made answer She thought I was right, for Mr Williamson had saide ye same thinge to Her not a minute past—I tolde Her She muste not holde it originall or an Invention of Wmson, for ye Speache had beene manie yeares in my Familie.—Answer was made, She wolde be muche bounden to me if I wolde maintaine ye Rightes of my Familie, and lett all others from usinge of my propertie, when perceivinge Her to be of a livelie Witt, I went about to ingage her in converse, if onlie so I mighte looke into Her Eyes, wh. were of a coloure suche as I have never seene before, more like to a Pansie, or some such flower, than anything else I can compair with them.—Shortlie we grew most friendlie, so that She did aske me if I colde keepe a Secrett.—I answering I colde, She saide She was anhungred, having Shopp'd all ye forenoone since Breakfast.—She pray'd me to gett Her some Foode.—What, I ask'd.—She answer'd merrilie, a Beafe-

steake.—I tolde Her y^t^ that *Confection* was not on y^e^ Side-Boarde; but I presentlie brought Her such as there was, & She beinge behinde a Screane, I stoode in y^e^ waie, so y^t^ none mighte see Her, & She did eate and drynke as followeth, to witt —

iij cupps of Bouillon (w^ch^ is a Tea, or Tisane, of Beafe, made verie hott & thinne)
iv Alberte biscuit
ij éclairs
i creame-cake

together with divers small cates & comfeits wh^of^ I know not y^e^ names.

So y^t^ I was grievously afeard for Her Digestion, leste it be over-tax'd. Saide this to Her, however addinge it was my Conceite, y^t^ by some Processe, lyke Alchemie, wh^by^ y^e^ baser metals are transmuted into golde, so y^e^ grosse mortall foode was on Her lippes chang'd to y^e^ fabled Nectar & Ambrosia of y^e^ Gods.—She tolde me 'twas a sillie Speache, yet seam'd not ill-pleas'd withall.—She hath a verie prettie Fashion, or Tricke, of smilinge, when She hath made an end of speakinge, and layinge Her finger upon Her nether Lippe, like as She wolde bid it be stille.—After some more Talke, wh^in^ She show'd that Her Witt was more deepe, and Her minde more seriouslie inclin'd, than I had Thoughte from our first Jestinge, She beinge call'd to go thence, I did see Her mother, whose face I knewe, & was made sensible, y^t^ I had given my Hearte to y^e^ daughter of a House wh. with myne owne had longe been at grievous Feud, for y^e^ folly of oure Auncestres.—Havinge come to wh. heavie momente in my Tale, I have no Patience to write more to-nighte.

22^nd^ Aprile.

I was mynded to write no more in y^s^ journall, for verie Shame's sake, y^t^ I shoude so complayne, lyke a Childe, whose toie is taken f^m^ him, butt (mayhapp for it is nowe y^e^ fulle Moone, & a moste greavous period for them y^t^ are Love-strucke) I am fayne, lyke y^e^ Drunkarde who maye not abstayne f^m^ his cupp, to set me anewe to recordinge of My Dolorous mishapp.—When I sawe Her agayn, She beinge aware of my name, & of y^e^ division betwixt oure Houses, wolde have none of me, butt I wolde nott be putt Off, & made bolde to question Her, why She sholde showe me suche exceed^g^ Coldness.—She answer'd, 'twas wel knowne what Wronge my Grandefather had done Her G.father.—I saide, She confounded me with My G.father—we were nott y^e^ same Persone, he beinge muche my Elder, & besydes Deade.—She w^d^ have it, 'twas no matter for jestinge.—I tolde Her, I wolde be resolv'd, what grete Wronge y^is^ was.—Y^s^ more for to make Speache th^n^ for mine owne advertisem^t^, for I knewe wel y^e^ whole Knaverie, wh. She rehears'd, Howe my G. father had cheated Her G.father of Landes upp y^e^ River, with more, howe my G.father had impounded y^e^ Cattle of Hern.—I made answer, 'twas foolishnesse, in my mynde, for y^e^ iii^d^ Generation to so quarrell over a Parsel of rascallie Landes, y^t^ had long ago beene solde for Taxes, y^t^ as to y^e^ Cowes, I wolde make them goode, & th^r^ Produce & Offspringe, if it tooke y^e^ whole Wash^tn^ Markett.—She however tolde me y^t^ y^e^ Ffrenche familie had y^e^ Where w^al^ to buye what they lack'd in Butter, Beafe & Milke, and likewise in *Veale*, wh. laste I tooke much to Hearte, wh. She seeinge, became more gracious &, on my pleadinge, accorded y^t^ I sholde have y^e^ Privilege to speake with Her when we next met.—Butt neyther then, nor at anie other Tyme th^after^ wolde She suffer me to visitt Her. So I was harde putt to it to compass waies of gettinge to see Her at such Houses as She mighte be att, for Routs or Feasts, or y^e^ lyke.—

But though I sawe Her manie tymes, oure converse was ever of y^is^ Complex^n^, & y^e^ accursed G.Father satt downe, & rose upp with us.—Yet colde I see by Her aspecte, y^t^ I had in some sorte Her favoure, & y^t^ I mislyk'd Her not so gretelie as She w^d^ have me thinke.—So y^t^ one daie, ('twas in Januarie, & verie colde,) I, beinge moste distrackt, saide to Her, I had tho't 'twolde pleasure Her more, to be frends w. a man, who had a knave for a G.father, y^n^ with One who had no G.father att alle, lyke W^mson^ (y^e^ Puppe).—She made answer, I was exceedinge fresshe, or some such matter. She cloath'd her thoughte in phrase more befittinge a Gentlewoman.—Att this I colde no longer contayne myself, but tolde Her roundlie, I lov'd Her, & 'twas my Love made me soe unmannerlie.—And w. y^is^ speache I att y^e^ leaste made an End of my Uncertaintie, for She bade me speake w. Her no more.—I wolde be determin'd, whether I was Naught to Her.—She made Answer She colde not justlie say I was Naught, seeing y^t^ wh^ever^ She mighte bee, I was One too manie.—I saide, 'twas some Comforte, I had even a Place in Her thoughtes, were it onlie in Her disfavour.—She saide, my Solace was indeede grete, if it kept pace with y^e^ measure of Her Disfavour, for, in plain Terms, She hated me, & on Her intreatinge of me to goe, I went.—Y^is^ happ'd att y^e^ house of M^rss^ Varicke, wh. I 1^st^ met Her, who (M^rss^ Varicke) was for staying me,

yt I might eate some Ic'd Cream, butt of a Truth I was chill'd to my Taste allreadie.—Albeit I afterwards tooke to walkinge of ye Streets till near Midnight.—'Twas as I saide before in Januarie & exceedinge colde.

20th Maie.

How wearie is yis dulle procession of ye Yeare! For it irketh my Soule yt eache Monthe shoude come so aptlie after ye Month afore, & Nature looke so Smug, as She had done some grete thinge.—Surelie if she make no Change, she hath work'd no Miracle, for we knowe wel, what we maye look for.—Ye Vine under my Window hath broughte forth Purple Blossoms, as itt hath eache Springe these xii Yeares.—I wolde have had them Redd, or Blue, or I knowe not what Coloure, for I am sicke of likinge of Purple a Dozen Springes in Order.—And wh. moste galls me is yis, I knowe howe yis sadd Rounde will goe on, & Maie give Place to June, & she to July, & onlie my Hearte blossom not nor my Love growe no greener.

2nd June.

I and my Foolishnesse, we laye Awake last night till ye Sunrise gun, wh. was Shott att 4½ o'ck, & wh. beinge hearde in yt stillnesse fm. an Incredible Distance, seem'd lyke as 'twere a Full Stopp, or Period putt to yis Wakinge-Dreminge, what I did turne a newe Leafe in my Counsells, and after much Meditation, have commenc't a newe Chapter, wh. I hope maye leade to a better Conclusion, than them yt came afore.—For I am nowe resolv'd, & havinge begunn wil carry to an Ende, yt if I maie not over-come my Passion, I maye at ye least over-com ye Melancholie, & Spleene, borne yof, & beinge a Lover, be none ye lesse a Man.—To wh. Ende I have come to yis Resolution, to departe fm. ye Towne, & to goe to ye Countrie-House of my Frend, Will Winthrop, who has often intreated me, & has instantlie urg'd, yt I sholde make him a Visitt.—And I take much Shame to myselfe, yt I have not given him yis Satisfaction since he was married, wh. is nowe ii Yeares.—A goode Fellowe, & I minde me a grete Burden to his Frends when he was in Love, in wh. Plight I mockt him, who am nowe, I much feare me, mockt myselfe.

3rd June.

Pack'd my cloathes, beinge Sundaye. Ye better ye Daie, ye better ye Deede.

4th June.

Goe downe to Babylon to-daye.

5th June.

Att Babylon, att ye Cottage of Will Winthrop, wh. is no Cottage, but a grete House, Red, w. Verandahs, & builded in ye Fashn of Her Maiestie Q. Anne.—Found a mightie House-full of People.—Will, his Wife, a verie proper fayre Ladie, who gave me moste gracious Reception, Mrss Smithe, ye ii Gresham girles (knowne as ye Titteringe Twins), Bob White, Virginia Kinge & her Mothr, Clarence Winthrop, & ye whole Alexander Family.—A grete Gatheringe for so earlie in ye Summer.—In ye afternoone play'd Lawne-Tenniss.—Had for Partner one of ye Twinns, agst Clarence Winthrop & ye other Twinn, wh. by beinge Confus'd, I loste iii games.—Was voted a Duffer.—Clarence Winthrop moste unmannerlie merrie.—He call'd me ye Sad-Ey'd Romeo, & lykewise cut down ye Hammocke whin I laye, allso tied up my Cloathes wh. we were att Bath.—He sayde, he Chaw'd them, a moste barbarous worde for a moste barbarous Use.—Wh. we were Boyes, & he did yis thinge, I was wont to trounce him Soundlie, but nowe had to contente Myselfe w. beatinge of him iii games of Billyardes in ye Evg., & w. daringe of him to putt on ye Gloves w. me, for Funne, wh. he mighte not doe, for I coude knocke him colde.

10th June.

Beinge gon to my Roome somewhatt earlie, for I found myselfe of a peevish humour, Clarence came to me, and prayd a few minutes' Speache.—Sayde 'twas Love made him so Rude & Boysterous, he was privilie betroth'd to his Cozen, Angelica Robertes, she whose Father lives at Islipp, & colde not containe Himselfe for Joye.—I sayinge, there was a Breache in ye Familie, he made Answer, 'twas true, her Father & His, beinge Cozens, did hate each other moste heartilie, butt for him he cared not for that, & for Angelica, She gave not a Continentall.—But, sayde I, Your Consideration matters mightie Little, synce ye Governours will not heare to it.—He answered 'twas for that he came to me, I must be his allie, for reason of our olde Friendsp. With that I had no Hearte to heare more, he made so Light of suche a Division as parted me & my Happinesse, but tolde him I was his Frend, wolde serve him when he had Neede of me, & presentlie seeing my Humour, he made excuse to goe, & left me to write downe this, sicke in Mynde, and thinkinge ever of ye Woman who wil not oute of my Thoughtes for any change of Place, neither of employe.—For indeede I doe love Her moste heartilie, so yt my Wordes can not saye it, nor will yis Booke containe it.—So I wil even goe to Sleepe, yt in my Dreames perchaunce my Fancie maye do my Hearte better Service.

12th June.

She is here.—What Spyte is yis of Fate & ye alter'd gods! That I, who mighte nott gett

to see Her when to See was to Hope, muste nowe daylie have Her in my Sighte, stucke lyke a fayre Apple under olde Tantalus his Nose.— Goinge downe to ye Hotell to-daye, for to gett me some Tobackoe, was made aware yt ye Ffrench familie had hyred one of ye Cottages round-abouts.—'Tis a goodlie Dwellinge Without—Woude I coude speake with as much Assurance of ye Innsyde!

13th June.

Goinge downe to ye Hotell againe To-daye, for more Tobackoe, sawe ye accursed name of Wmson on ye Registre.—Went about to a neighbouringe Farm & satt me downe behynd ye Barne, for a ½ an Houre.—Frighted ye Horned Cattle w. talkinge to My Selfe.

15th June.

I wil make an Ende to yis Businesse.—Wil make no longer Staye here.—Sawe Her to-day, driven Home fm. ye Beache, about 4½ of ye After-noone, by Wmson, in his Dogge-Carte, wh. ye Cadde has broughten here.—Wil betake me to ye Boundlesse Weste—Not yt I care aught for ye Boundlesse Weste, butt yt I shal doe wel if haplie I leave my Memourie amg ye Apaches & bringe Home my Scalpe.

16th June.

To Fyre Islande, in Winthrop's Yacht—ye Twinnes w. us, so Titteringe & Choppinge Laughter, yt 'twas worse yn a Flocke of Sandpipers.— Found a grete Concourse of people there, Her amonge them, in a Suite of blue, yt became Her bravelie.— She swimms lyke to a Fishe, butt everie Stroke of Her white Arms (of a lovelie Roundnesse) clefte, as 't were, my Hearte, rather yn ye Water.— She bow'd to me, on goinge into ye Water, w. muche Dignitie, & agayn on Cominge out, but yis Tyme w. lesse Dignitie, by reason of ye Water in Her Cloathes, & Her Haire in Her Eyes.—

17th June.

Was for goinge awaie To-morrowe, butt Clarence cominge againe to my Chamber, & mightilie purswadinge of me, I feare I am comitted to a verie sillie Undertakinge.—For I am promis'd to Help him, secretlie to wedd his Cozen.— He wolde take no Deniall, wolde have it, his Brother car'd Naughte, 'twas but ye Fighte of theyre Fathers, he was bounde it sholde be done, & 'twere best I stoode his Witnesse, who was wel lyked of bothe ye Braunches of ye Family.— So 'twas agree'd, yt I shal stay Home to-morrowe fm. ye Expedition to Fyre Islande, feigning a Head-Ache, (wh. indeede I meante to do, in any Happ, for I cannot see Her againe,) & shall meet him at ye little Churche on ye Southe Roade.— He to drive to Islipp to fetch Angelica, lykewise her Witnesse, who sholde be some One of ye Girles, she hadd not yet made her Choice.— I made yis Condition, it sholde not be either of ye Twinnes.— No, nor Bothe, for that matter.— Inquiringe as to ye Clergyman, he sayde ye Dominie was allreadie Squar'd.

Newe York, ye Buckingham Hotell,
19th June.

I am come to ye laste Entrie I shall ever putt downe in ys Booke, and needes must yt I putt it downe quicklie, for all hath Happ'd in so short a Space, yt my Heade whirles w. thynkinge of it. Ye after-noone of Yesterdaye, I set about Counterfeittinge of a Head-Ache, & so wel did I compasse it, yt I verilie thinke one of ye Twinnes was mynded to Stay Home & nurse me.— All havinge gone off, & Clarence on his waye to Islipp, I sett forth for ye Churche, where arriv'd I founde it emptie, w. ye Door open.—Went in & writh'd on ye hard Benches a ¼ of an Houre, when, hearinge a Sounde, I look'd up & saw standinge in ye Door-waye, Katherine Ffrench.—She seem'd muche astonished, saying You Here! or ye lyke.— I made Answer & sayde yt though my Familie were greate Sinners, yet had they never been Excommunicate by ye Churche.— She sayde, they colde not Putt Out what never was In.—While I was bethynkinge me wh. I mighte answer to yis, she went on, sayinge I must excuse Her, She wolde goe upp in ye Organ-Lofte.— I enquiringe what for? She sayde to practice on ye Organ.—She turn'd verie Redd, of a warm Coloure, as She sayde this.— I ask'd Do you come hither often? She replyinge Yes, I enquir'd how ye Organ lyked Her.— She sayde Right well, when I made question more curiously (for She grew more Redd eache moment) how was ye Action? ye Tone? how manie Stopps? Wht She growinge gretelie Confus'd, I led Her into ye Churche, & show'd Her yt there was no Organ, ye Choire beinge indeede a Band, of i Tuninge-Forke, i Kitt, & i Horse-Fiddle.— At this She fell to Smilinge & Blushinge att one Tyme.— She perceiv'd our Errandes were ye Same, & crav'd Pardon for Her Fibb.— I tolde Her, If She came Thither to be Witness at her Frend's Weddinge, 'twas no greate Fibb, 'twolde indeede be Practice for Her.—This havinge a rude Sound, I added I thankt ye Starrs yt had bro't us Together. She sayde if ye Starrs appoint'd us to meete no oftener yn this Couple shoude be Wedded, She was wel content. This cominge on me lyke a last Buffett of Fate, that She shoude so despitefully intreate

me, I was suddenlie Seized with so Sorrie a Humour, & withal so angrie, yt I colde scarce Containe myselfe, but went & Sat downe neare ye Doore, lookinge out till Clarence shd. come w. his Bride.— Lookinge over my Sholder, I sawe yt She wente fm. Windowe to Windowe within, Pluckinge ye Blossoms fm. ye Vines, & settinge them in her Girdle.—She seem'd most tall and faire, & swete to look uponn, & itt Anger'd me ye More.—Meanwhiles, She discours'd pleasantlie, askinge me manie questions, to the wh. I gave but shorte and churlish answers. She ask'd Did I nott Knowe Angelica Roberts was Her best Frend? How longe had I knowne of ye Betrothal? Did I thinke 'twolde knitt ye House together, & Was it not Sad to see a Familie thus Divided?—I answer'd Her, I wd. not robb a Man of ye precious Righte to Quarrell with his Relations.—And then, with meditatinge on ye goode Lucke of Clarence, & my owne harde Case, I had suche a sudden Rage of peevishnesse yt I knewe scarcelie what I did.—Soe when She ask'd me merrilie why I turn'd my Backe on Her, I made Reply, I had turn'd my Backe on muche Follie.—Wh. was no sooner oute of my Mouthe than I was mightilie Sorrie for it, and turninge aboute, I perceiv'd She was in Teares & weepinge bitterlie. Wht my Hearte wolde holde no More, & I rose upp & tooke Her in my arms & Kiss'd & Comforted Her, She makinge no Denyal, but seeminge gretelie to Neede such Solace, wh. I was not Loathe to give Her.—Whiles we were at This, onlie She had gott to Smilinge, & to sayinge of Things which even yis paper shal not knowe, came in ye Dominie, sayinge, He judg'd We were the Couple he came to Wed.—With him ye Sexton & ye Sexton's Wife.— My swete Kate, alle as rosey as Venus's Nape, was for Denyinge of yis, butt I wolde not have it, & sayde Yes.— She remonstrating w. me, privilie, I tolde Her She must not make me Out a Liar, yt to Deceave ye Man of God were a greavous Sinn, yt I had gott Her nowe, & wd. not lett her Slipp from me, & did soe Talke Her Downe, & w. suche Strengthe of joie, yt allmost before She knewe it, we Stoode upp, & were Wed, w. a Ringe (tho' She Knewe it nott) wh. belong'd to My G.father. (Him yt Cheated Hern.)—

Wh. was no sooner done, than in came Clarence & Angelica, & were Wedded in theyre Turn.—The Clergyman greatelie surprised, but more att ye Largenesse of his Fee.

This Businesse beinge Ended, we fled by ye Trayne of 4½ o'cke, to yis Place, where we wait till ye Bloode of all ye Ffrenches have Tyme to coole downe, for ye wise Mann who meeteth his Mother in Lawe ye 1st tyme, wil meete her when she is Milde.—

And so I close yis Journall, wh., tho' for ye moste Parte 'tis but a peevish Scrawle, hath one Page of Golde, whon I have writt ye laste strange Happ whby I have layd Williamson by ye Heeles & found me ye sweetest Wife yt ever

* * *

stopp'd a man's Mouthe w. kisses for writinge of Her Prayses.

H. C. Bunner.

NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS.*

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," "At Teague Poteet's," etc.

XII.

"IN SOME LADY'S GARDEN."

WHEN the little boy next visited Uncle Remus, the old man was engaged in the somewhat tedious operation of making shoe-pegs. Daddy Jack was assorting a bundle of sassafras roots, and Aunt Tempy was transforming a meal-sack into shirts for some of the little negroes—a piece of economy of her own devising. Uncle Remus pretended not to see the child.

"Hit's des lak I tell you all," he remarked, as if renewing a conversation; "I monstus glad dey aint no bad chilluns on dis place fer ter be wadin' in de spring-branch, en flingin' mud on de yuther little chilluns, w'ich de goodness knows dey er nasty 'nuff widout dat. I monstus glad dey aint none er dat kinder young uns 'roun' yer—I is dat."

"Now, Uncle Remus," exclaimed the little boy, in an injured tone, "somebody's been telling you something on me."

The old man pretended to be very much astonished.

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"Heyo! whar you bin hidin', honey? Yer 'tis mos' way atter supper en you aint in de bed yit. Well—well—well! Set over ag'in de chimbly jam dar whar you kin dry dem shoes. En de ve'y nex' time w'at I see you wadin' in dat branch, wid de sickly season comin' on, I'm a gwine ter take you 'cross my shoulder en kyar you ter Miss Sally, en ef dat aint do no good, den I'll kyar you ter Mars John, en ef dat aint do no good den I'm done wid you: so dar now!"

The little boy sat silent a long time, listening to the casual talk of Uncle Remus and his guests, and watching the vapor rise from his wet shoes. Presently there was a pause in the talk, and the child said:

"Uncle Remus, have I been too bad to hear a story?"

The old man straightened himself up and pushed his spectacles back on his forehead.

"Now, den, folks, you year w'at he say. Shill we pursue on atter de creeturs? Shill er shant?"

"Bless you' soul, Brer Remus, I mos' 'shame' myse'f, yit I tell you de Lord's trufe, I'm des ez bad atter dem ar tales ez dat chile dar."

"Well, den," said Uncle Remus, "a tale hit is. One time dey wuz a man, en dish yer man he had a gyardin. He had a gyardin, en he had a little gal fer ter min' it. I don't speck dish yer gyardin wuz wide lak Miss Sally gyardin, but hit 'uz lots longer. Hit 'uz so long dat it run down side er de big road, 'cross by de plum thicket, en back up de lane. Dish yer gyardin wuz so nice en long dat it tuck 'n 'trac' de 'tention er Brer Rabbit; but de fence wuz built so close en so high, dat he can't git in nohow he kin fix it."

"Oh, I know about that!" exclaimed the little boy. "The man catches Brother Rabbit and ties him, and the girl lets him aloose to see him dance."

Uncle Remus dropped his chin upon his bosom. He seemed to be humbled.

"Sis Tempy," he said, with a sigh, "you'll hatter come in some time w'en we aint so crowded, en I'll up en tell you 'bout Billy Malone en Miss Janey."

"*That* wasn't the story I heard, Uncle Remus," said the little boy. "*Please* tell me about Billy Malone and Miss Janey."

"Ah-yi!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, with a triumphant smile; "I 'low'd may be I wa'n't losin' de use er my 'membrence, en sho nuff I aint. Now, den, we'll des wuk our way back en start fa'r en squar'. One time dey wuz a man, en dish yer man he had a gyardin en a little gal. De gyardin wuz chock full er truck, en in de mawnin's, w'en de man hatter go off, he call up de little gal, he did, en tell 'er dat she mus' be sho en keep ole Brer Rabbit outer de gyardin. He tell 'er dis eve'y mawnin'; but one mawnin' he tuck en forgit it twell he git ter de front gate, en den he stop en holler back:

"'Oh, Janey! You Janey! Min' w'at I tell you 'bout ole Brer Rabbit. Don't you let 'im git my nice green peas.'

"Little gal, she holler back: 'Yes, daddy.'

"All dis time, Brer Rabbit he 'uz settin' out dar in de bushes dozin'. Yit, w'en he year he name call out so loud, he cock up one year en lissen, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he bleedz ter outdo Mr. Man. Bimeby, Brer Rabbit, he went 'roun' en come down de big road des ez natchul ez ef he bin trafflin' som'ers. He see de little gal settin' by de gate, en he up'n 'low:

"'Aint dish yer Miss Janey?'

"Little gal say: 'My daddy call me Janey.'" Uncle Remus mimicked the voice and manner of a little girl. He hung his head, looked excessively modest, and spoke in a shrill tone. The effect was so comical that even Daddy Jack seemed to enjoy it.

"'My daddy call me Janey; w'at yo' daddy call you?'

"Brer Rabbit look on de groun', en sorter study lak folks does w'en dey feels bad. Den he look up en 'low:

"'I bin lose my daddy dis many long year, but w'en he 'live he call me Billy Malone.' Den he look at de little gal hard en 'low: 'Well, well, well! I aint seed you sence you 'uz a little bit er baby, en now yer you is mighty nigh a grown 'oman. I pass yo' daddy in de road des now, en he say I mus' come en tell you fer ter gimme a mess er sparrer-grass.'

"Little gal, she fling de gate wide open, en let Mr. Billy Malone git de sparrer-grass.

"Man come back en see whar somebody done bin tromplin' on he gyardin truck, en den he call up de little gal, en up 'n ax 'er who bin dar sence he bin gone; en de little gal, she 'low, she did, dat Mr. Billy Malone bin dar. Man ax who in de name er goodness is Mr. Billy Malone. Little gal 'low hit's des a man w'at say 'er daddy sont 'im fer ter git some sparrer-grass on account er ole acquaintance. Man got his 'spishuns, but he aint say nothin'.

"Nex' day, w'en he start off, he holler en tell de little gal fer ter keep one eye on ole Brer Rabbit en don't let nobody git no mo' sparrer-grass. Brer Rabbit, he settin' off dar in de bushes, en he year w'at de man say, en he see 'im w'en he go off. Bimeby, he sorter run 'roun', ole Brer Rabbit did, en he come hoppin' down de road, twell he git close up by de little gal at de gyardin gate. Brer Rabbit

drapt 'er his biggest bow, en ax 'er how she come on. Den, atter dat, he 'low, he did:

"'I see yo' daddy gwine 'long down de road des now, en he gimme a rakin' down kaze I make 'way wid he sparrer-grass, yit he say dat bein's how I sech a good fr'en' er de fambly I kin come en ax you fer ter gimme a mess er Inglish peas.'

"Little gal, she tuck 'n fling de gate wide open, en ole Brer Rabbit, he march in, he did, en he git de peas in a hurry. Man come back atter w'ile, en he 'low:

"'Who bin tromplin' down my pea-vines?'

"'Mr. Billy Malone, daddy.'

"Man slap he han' on he forrud*; he dunner w'at ter make er all dis. Bimeby, he 'low:

"'W'at kinder lookin' man dish yer Mr. Billy Malone?'

"'Split lip, pop eye, big year, en bob-tail, daddy.'

"Man say he be bless ef he aint gwine ter make de 'quaintance er Mr. Billy Malone; en he went ter wuk, he did, en fix 'im up a box-trap, en he put some goobers in dar, en he tell de little gal nex' time Mr. Billy Malone come fer 'vite 'im in. Nex' mawnin', Man git little ways fum de house en tuck 'n holler back, he did:

"'W'atsumever you does, don't you dast ter let nobody git no mo' sparrer-grass, en don't you let um git no mo' Inglish peas.'

"Little gal holler back: 'No, daddy.'

"Den, atter dat, 'twant long 'fo' yer come Mr. Billy Malone hoppin' 'long down de big road. He drapt a bow, he did, en he 'low:

"'Mawnin', Miss Janey, mawnin'! Met yo' daddy down de big road, en he say dat I can't git no mo' sparrer-grass en green peas, but you k'n gimme some goobers.'

"Little gal, she lead de way, en tell Mr. Billy Malone dar dey is in de box. Mr. Billy Malone, he lick he chops, he did, en 'low:

"'You oughter be monstus glad, honey, dat you got sech a good daddy lak dat.'

"Wid dat, Mr. Billy Malone wink he off eye, en jump in de box."

"W'at I done tell you!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy.

"He jump in de box," continued Uncle Remus, "en dar he wuz, en ef de little gal hadder bin a minnit bigger, I lay she'd 'a' tuck 'n done some mighty tall winkin'.

"Man aint gone fur, en 'twant long 'fo' yer he come back. W'en Brer Rabbit year 'im comin' he bounce 'roun' in dar same ez a flea in a piller-case, but 'taint do no good. Trap done fall, en Brer Rabbit in dar. Man look thro' de slats, en 'low:

"'Dar you is—same ole hoppum-skippum run en jumpum. Youer de ve'y chap I'm atter. I want yo' foot fer ter kyar in my pocket, I want yo' meat fer ter put in de pot, en I want yo' hide fer ter w'ar on my head.'

"Dis make cole chill rush up en down Brer Rabbit backbone, en he git more 'umble dan a town nigger w'at bin kotch out atter nine erclock.* He holler en cry, en cry en holler:

"'Do pray, Mr. Man, tu'n me go! I done 'ceive you dis time, but I aint gwine ter 'ceive you no mo'. Do pray, Mr. Man, tu'n me go des dis little bit er time.'

"Man he aint sayin' nothin'. He look lak he studyin' 'bout sump'n n'er way off yan', en den he take de little gal by de han' en go off todes de house."

"Sholy Brer Rabbit time done come now!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, in a tone of mingled awe and expectation.

Uncle Remus paid no attention to the interruption, but went right on.

"Hit seem lak dat Brer Rabbit got no mo' luck, kaze de man en de little gal aint good en gone skacely twell yer come Brer Fox a pirootin' 'roun'. Brer Fox year Brer Rabbit hollin', en he up 'n ax w'at de 'casion er sech gwines on right dar in de broad open daylight. Brer Rabbit squall out:

"'Lordy, Brer Fox! you better make 'as'e 'way fum yer, kaze Mr. Man ull ketch you en slap you in dish yer box en make you eat mutton twell you ull des nat'ally bus' right wide open. Run, Brer Fox, run! He bin feedin' me on mutton de whole blessid mawnin', en now he done gone atter mo'. Run, Brer Fox, run!'

"Yit, Brer Fox aint run. He up 'n ax Brer Rabbit how de mutton tas'e.

"'He tas'e mighty good 'long at fus, but nuff's a nuff, en too much is a plenty. Run, Brer Fox, run! He ull ketch you sho!'

"Yit, Brer Fox aint run. He up 'n 'low dat he b'leeve he want some mutton hisse'f, en wid dat he onloose de trap en let Brer Rabbit out, en den he tuck 'n git in dar. Brer Rabbit aint wait fer ter see w'at de upshot gwine ter be, needer—I boun' you he aint. He des tuck 'n gallop off in de woods, en he laff en laff twell he hatter hug a tree fer ter keep fum drappin' on de groun'."

"Well, but what became of Brother Fox?" the little boy asked, after waiting some time for Uncle Remus to proceed.

"Now, den, honey," said the old man, falling back upon his dignity, "hit een about takes all my spar' time fer ter keep up wid you en

*Forehead.

*During slavery, the ringing of the nine o'clock bell in the towns and villages at night was the signal for all negroes to retire to their quarters.

Brer Rabbit, let 'lone keepin' up wid Brer Fox. Ole Brer Rabbit tuck 'n tuck keer hisse'f, en now let Brer Fox take keer hisse'f."

"I say de word!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy.

.XIII.

BROTHER 'POSSUM GETS IN TROUBLE.

WHEN Uncle Remus began his story of Billy Malone and Miss Janey, Daddy Jack sat perfectly quiet. His eyes were shut, and he seemed to be dozing; but, as the story proceeded, he grew more and more restless. Several times he was upon the point of interrupting Uncle Remus, but he restrained himself. He raised his hands to a level with his chin, and beat the ends of his fingers gently together, apparently keeping time to his own thoughts. But his impatience exhausted itself, and when Uncle Remus had concluded, the old African was as quiet as ever. When Brother Fox was left so unceremoniously to his fate, Daddy Jack straightened himself temporarily and said:

"Me yent bin a yerry da tale so. 'E nice, fer true, 'e mek larf come; oona no bin-a yerry um lak me."

"No," said Uncle Remus, with grave affability, "I speck not. One man, one tale; 'n'er man, 'n'er tale. Folks tells um diffunt. I boun' yo' 'way de bes', Brer Jack. Out wid it—en we ull set up yer, en hark at you en laff wid you plum twell de chick'ns crow."

Daddy Jack needed no other invitation. He clasped his knee in his hands and began:

"Dey is bin lif one Màn wut plan' some pea in 'e geerden. 'E plan' some pea, but 'e mek no pea: B'er Rabbit, 'e is fine um. 'E fine um un 'e eat um. Màn mek no pea, B'er Rabbit 'e do 'stroy um so. 'E plan' dem pea; dey do grow, un 'e go off. 'E come bahk; pea no dere. B'er Rabbit teer um up un mek 'e cud wit' dem. So long tam, Màn say 'e gwan ketch um, un 'e no ketch um. Màn go, B'er Rabbit come; Màn come, B'er Rabbit go. Bumbye, Màn, 'e is git so mad, 'e y-eye bin-a come red; 'e crack 'e toof, 'e do cuss. 'E say 'e gwan ketch B'er Rabbit nohow. Dun 'e is bin-a call 'e lilly gal. 'E talk, 'e tell 'im fer let B'er Rabbit troo da geerden gett. Lil gal say yasser. 'E talk, 'e tell 'im wun B'er Rabbit go troo da gett, dun 'e mus' shed da gett, un no le'm come pas' no mo.' Lil gal say yasser.

"Ole Màn is bin-a gone 'bout 'e wuk; lil gal, 'e do lissun. B'er Rabbit, 'e come tippy-toe, tippy-toe; gone in da geerden; eat dem pea tell 'e full up; eat tell he mos' git seeck wit' dem pea. Dun 'e start fer go out; 'e fine da gett shed. 'E shek um, 'e no open; 'e push um, 'e no open; 'e fair grunt, 'e push so hard 'e no open. 'E bin-a call da lil gal; 'e do say:

"'Lil gal, lil gal! cum y-open da gett. 'Tis hu't me feelin' fer fine da gett shed lak dis.'

"Lil gal no talk nuttin'. B'er Rabbit say:

"''Tis-a bin hu't me feelin', lil gal! Come y-open da gett, lil gal, less I teer um loose from da hinch.'

"Lil gal v'ice come bahk. 'E talk:

"'Daddy say mus'n'.'

"B'er Rabbit open 'e mout'. 'E say:

"'See me long sha'p toof? 'E bite you troo un troo!'

"Lil gal skeer; 'e tu'n loose da gett un fly! B'er Rabbit *gone!* Ole Màn come bahk; 'e ahx 'bout B'er Rabbit. Lil gal say:

"''E done gone, daddy. I shed da gett, I hol' um fas'. B'er Rabbit bin show 'e toof; 'e gwan fer bite-a me troo un troo. I git skeer', daddy.' Màn ahx:

"'How 'e gwan fer bite you troo un troo, wun 'e toof fix fer bite grass? B'er Rabbit tell one big tale. 'E no kin bite-a you. Wun 'e come 'g'in, you shed dem gett, you hol'um tight, you no le'm go pas' no mo'.' Lil gal say yasser.

"Nex' day mawnin', Màn go 'long 'bout 'e wuk. Lil gal, 'e play 'roun', un 'e play 'roun'. B'er Rabbit, 'e is come tippy-tippy. 'E fine gett open; 'e slip in da geerden. 'E chaw dem pea, 'e gnyaw dem pea; 'e eat tell dem pea tas'e bad. Dun 'e try fer go out; gett shed fas'. 'E no kin git troo. 'E push, gett no open; 'e keek wit' um fut, gett no open; 'e butt wit' um head, gett no open. Dun 'e holler:

"'Lil gal, lil gal! come y-open da gett. 'E berry bad fer fool wit' ole màn lak me. I no kin hol' me feelin' down wun you is do lak dis. 'E berry bad.'

"Lil gal hol' 'e head down; e' no say nuttin'. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Be shame, lil gal, fer do ole màn lak dis. Me feelin' git wusser. Come y-open de gett 'fo' I is teer um down.'

"Lil gal say: 'Daddy say mus'n'.'

"B'er Rabbit open 'e y-eye wide; 'e is look berry mad. 'E say:

"'See me big y-eye? I pop dis y-eye stret at you, me kill-a you dead. Come y-open da gett 'fo' me y-eye pop.'

"Lil gal skeer for true. 'E loose de gett, 'e fair fly. B'er Rabbit done *gone!* Lil gal daddy come bahk. 'E ahx wey is B'er Rabbit. Lil gal say:

"''E done gone, daddy. I hol' gett fas'; 'e is bin-a 'come berry mad. 'E say he gwan pop 'e y-eye at me, shoot-a me dead.' Màn say:

"'B'er Rabbit tell-a two big tale. How 'e gwan shoot-a you wit' 'e y-eye? 'E y-eye sem lak turrer folks' y-eye. Wun 'e come some mo', you shed dem gett, you hol' um fas'.' Lil gal say yasser.

"Nex' day mawnin', Màn go, B'er Rabbit come. 'E is ma'ch in da gett un eat-a dem pea tell 'e kin eat-a no mo'. 'E sta't out; gett shed. 'E no kin come pas'. 'E shek, 'e push, 'e pull; gett shed. Dun 'e holler:

"'Lil gal, lil gal! come y-open da gett. 'Tis berry bad fer treat you kin lak dis. Come y-open da gett, lil gal. 'Tis full me up wit' sorry wun you do lak dis.'

"Lil gal, 'e no say nuttin'. B'er Rabbit say:

"''E berry bad fer treat you' kin lak dis. Tu'n go da gett, lil gal.' Lil gal say:

"'How you is kin wit' me, B'er Rabbit?'

"'You' gran'daddy foller at' me nuncle wit' 'e dog. Da mek we is kin. Come y-open da gett, lil gal.'"

"Dat ole Rabbit wuz a-talkin', mon!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, enthusiastically.

"Lil gal no say nuttin' 'tall," Daddy Jack went on, with renewed animation. "Dun B'er Rabbit say:

"'See me long, sha'p toof, lil gal? Me bite-a you troo un troo.' Lil gal say:

"'Me no skeer da toof. 'E bite nuttin' 'tall 'cep' 'e bite grass.' B'er Rabbit say:

"'See me big y-eye? I pop um at you, shoot-a you dead.' Lil gal say:

"'Me no skeer da y-eye. 'E sem lak turrer folks' y-eye.' B'er Rabbit say:

"'Lil gal, you mek me 'come mad. I no lak fer hu't-a me kin. Look at me ho'n! I run you troo un troo.'

"B'er Rabbit lif' 'e two year up; 'e p'int um stret at da lil gal. Lil gal 'come skeer da ho'n; 'e do tu'n go da gett; 'e fly fum dey-dey."

"Well, ef dat don't beat!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, laughing as heartily as the little boy. "Look at um one way, en Rabbit year does look lak sho 'nuff ho'ns."

"Lil gal tu'n go da gett," Daddy Jack continued; "B'er Rabbit *gone!* Màn come bahk; 'e ahx wey is B'er Rabbit. Lil gal cry; 'e say 'e skeer B'er Rabbit ho'n. Màn say 'e is hab no ho'n. Lil gal is stan' um down 'e see ho'n. Màn say da ho'n is nuttin' 'tall but B'er Rabbit year wut 'e yeddy wit'. 'E tell lil gal nex' tam B'er Rabbit come, 'e mus' shed da gett; 'e mus' run fum dey-dey un leaf um shed. Lil gal say yasser.

"Màn gone, B'er Rabbit come. 'E is go in da gett; 'e eat-a dem pea tell 'e tire'. 'E try fer go pas' da gett; gett shed. 'E call lil gal; lil gal *gone!* 'E call, call, call; lil gal no yeddy. 'E try fer fine crack in da palin': no crack dey. 'E try fer jump over: da palin' too high. 'E 'come skeer; 'e is 'come so skeer, 'e squot 'pun da groun'; 'e shek, 'e shiver.

"Màn come bahk. 'E ahx wey B'er Rabbit. Lil gal say 'e in da geerden. Màn hug lil gal, 'e is lub um so. 'E go in da geerden; 'e fine B'er Rabbit. 'E ketch um—'e ca' um off fer kill um; 'e mad fer true. Lil gal come holler:

"'Daddy, daddy! missus say run dere! 'E wan' you come stret dere!'

"Màn tie B'er Rabbit in da bag; 'e hang um on tree-lim'. 'E say:

"'I gwan come bahk. I l'arn you fer mek cud wit' me green pea.'

"Màn gone fer see 'e missus. Bumbye, B'er 'Possum is bin-a come pas'. 'E look up, 'e ketch glimp' da bag 'pun da lim'. 'E say:

"'Ki! Wut dis is bin-a hang in da bag 'pun da tree-lim'?' B'er Rabbit say:

"'Hush, B'er 'Possum! 'Tis-a me. I bin-a lissen at dem sing in da cloud.'

"B'er 'Possum lissen. 'E say:

"'I no yed dem sing, B'er Rabbit.'

"'Hush, B'er 'Possum! How is I kin yeddy dem sing wun you is mek-a da fuss dey-dey?'

"B'er 'Possum, 'e hol' 'e mout' still, 'cep' 'e do grin. B'er Rabbit say:

"'I yed dem now! I yed dem now! B'er 'Possum, I wish you is yeddy dem sing!'

"B'er 'Possum say 'e mout' water fer yeddy dem sing in da cloud. B'er Rabbit, 'e say 'e is bin-a hab so long tam 'quaintun wit' B'er 'Possum, 'e le'm yeddy dem sing. 'E say:

"'I git fum da bag, I tun-a you in tell you is yeddy dem sing. Dun you is git fum da bag, tell I do come bahk un 'joy mese'f.'

"B'er 'Possum, 'e do clam up da tree; 'e git dem bag, 'e bring um down. 'E tak off da string; 'e tu'n B'er Rabbit go. 'E crawl in un 'e quile up. 'E say:

"'I no yeddy dem sing, B'er Rabbit!'

"'Hi! wait tell da bag git tie, B'er 'Possum. You yed dem soon 'nuff!' 'E wait.

"'I no yeddy dem sing, B'er Rabbit!'

"'Hi! wait tell I clam da tree, B'er 'Possum. You yed dem soon 'nuff!' 'E wait.

"'I no yeddy dem sing, B'er Rabbit!'

"'Wait tell I fix um 'pun da lim', B'er 'Possum. You yed dem soon 'nuff!' 'E wait.

"B'er Rabbit clam down; 'e run 'way fum dey-dey; 'e hide in da bush side. Màn come bahk. 'E see da bag moof. B'er 'Possum say:

"'I no yeddy dem sing. I wait fer yed um sing!'

"Màn tink 'e B'er Rabbit in da bag. 'E say:

"'Ah-yi-ee! I mekky you yed dem sing!'

"Màn tek-a da bag fum da tree-lim'; 'e do slam da bag 'gin da face da ye't'. 'E tek-a 'e walkin'-cane, un 'e do beat B'er 'Possum wut is do um no ha'm tell e' is mos' kill um. Màn tink B'er Rabbit mus' bin dead by dis. 'E look in da bag; 'e 'tretch 'e y-eye big; 'e 'stonish. B'er Rabbit, 'e do come fum da bush side; 'e do holler, 'e do laff. 'E say:

"'You no is ketch-a me! I t'ief you' green pea,—I t'ief um some mo',—I t'ief um tel I dead!'

"Màn, 'e 'come so mad, 'e is fling hatchet at B'er Rabbit un chop off 'e tail."

At this moment Daddy Jack subsided. His head drooped forward, and he was soon in the land of Nod. Uncle Remus sat gazing into the fire-place, as though lost in reflection. Presently, he laughed softly to himself, and said:

"Dat's des 'bout de long en de short un it. Mr. Man clip off Brer Rabbit tail wid de hatchet, en it bleed so free dat Brer Rabbit rush off ter de cotton-patch en put some lint on it, en down ter dis day dat lint mos' de fus t'ing you see w'en Brer Rabbit jump out'n he bed en tell you good-bye."

"But, Uncle Remus, what became of Brother 'Possum?"

Uncle Remus smacked his lips and looked wise.

"Don't talk 'bout Brer 'Possum, honey. Ef dat ar Mr. Man wuz nice folks lak we all is, en I aint 'spute it, he tuck' n tuck B'er 'Possum en bobbycue 'im, en I wish I had a great big piece right now. Dat I does."

XIV.

WHY THE GUINEA-FOWLS ARE SPECKLED.

One night, while the little boy was watching Uncle Remus broil a piece of bacon on the coals, he heard a great commotion among the guinea-fowls. The squawking and *pot-racking* went on at such a rate that the geese awoke and began to scream, and finally the dogs added their various voices to the uproar. Uncle Remus leaned back in his chair and listened.

"I speck may be dat's de patter-rollers gwine by," he said, after awhile. "But you can't put no 'pen'unce in dem ar guinny-hins, kaze dey'll wake up en holler ef dey year deyse'f sno'. Dey'll fool you sho."

"They are mighty funny, anyhow," said the little boy.

"Dat's it!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Dey looks quare, en dey does quare. Dey aint do lak no yuther kinder chick'n, en dey aint look lak no yuther kinder chick'n. Yit folks tells me," the old man went on, reflectively, "dat dey er heap mo' kuse lookin' now dan w'at dey use' ter be. I year tell dat dey wuz one time w'en dey wuz all blue, 'stid er havin' all dem ar teenchy little spots on um."

"Well, how did they get to be speckled, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, seeing that the old man was disposed to leave the subject and devote his attention to his broiling bacon.

Uncle Remus did not respond at once. He turned his meat over carefully, watched it a little while, and then adroitly transferred it to the cover of a tin bucket, which was made to answer the purpose of a plate. Then he searched about in the embers until he found his ash-cake, and in a little while his supper was ready to be eaten.

"I aint begrudgin' nobody nothin'," said Uncle Remus, measuring the victuals with his eye; "yit I'm monstus glad Brer Jack aint nowhar's 'roun', kaze dey aint no tellin' de gawm dat ole nigger kin eat. He look shaky, en he look dry up, en he aint got no toof, yit w'ence he set hisse'f down whar dey any vittles, he des nat'ally laps hit up. En let 'lone dat, he ull wipe he mouf en look 'roun' des lak he want mo'. Time Miss Sally see dat ole nigger eat one meal er vittles, I boun' you he hatter go back down de country. I aint begrudgin' Brer Jack de vittles," Uncle Remus went on, adopting a more conciliatory tone, "dat I aint, kaze folks is got ter eat; but, gentermens! you be 'stonish' w'en you see Brer Jack 'pesterin' 'long er he dinner."

The little boy sat quiet awhile, and then reminded Uncle Remus of the guinea-fowls.

"Tooby sho, honey, tooby sho! W'at I doin' runnin' on dis a-way 'bout ole Brer Jack? W'at he done ter me? Yer I is gwine on 'bout Brer Jack, en dem ar guinny-hins out dar waitin'. Well, den, one day Sis Cow wuz a-grazin' 'bout in de ole fiel' en lookin' atter her calf. De wedder wuz kinder hot, en de calf, he tuck 'n stan', he did, in he mammy shadder, so he kin keep cool, en so dat one flip un he mammy tail kin keep de flies off 'n bofe un um. Atter w'ile, 'long come a drove er guinnies. De guinnies, dey howdied, en Sis Cow, she howdied, en de guinnies, dey sorter picked 'roun' en sun deyse'f; en Sis Cow, she crap de grass en ax um de news er de neighborhoods. Dey went on dis a-way twell 'twant 'long 'fo' dey year mighty kuse noise out dar t'er side er de old fiel'. De guinnies, dey make great 'miration, des lak dey does deze days, en old Sis Cow fling up 'er head en look all 'roun'. She aint see nothin'.

"Atter w'ile dey year de kuse fuss 'gin, en dey look 'roun', en bless gracious! stan'in,

right dar, 'twix' dem en sundown, wuz a great big lion!"

"A lion, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, in amazement.

"Des ez sho ez you er settin' dar, honey,—a great big lion. You better b'leeve dey wuz a monstus flutterment 'mungs de guinnies, en ole Sis Cow, she look mighty skeer'd. De lion love cow-meat mos' better dan he do any yuther kinder meat, en he shake he head en 'low ter hisse'f dat he'll des about ketch ole Sis Cow en eat 'er up, en take en kyar de calf ter he fambly.

"Den he tuck 'n shuck he head, de lion did, en make straight at Sis Cow. De guinnies dey run dis a-way, en dey run t'er way, en dey run all 'roun' en 'roun'; but ole Sis Cow, she des know she got ter stan' 'er groun', en w'en she see de lion makin' todes 'er, she des tuck 'n drapt 'er head down en pawed de dirt. De lion, he crope up, he did, en crope 'roun', watchin' fer good chance fer ter make a jump. He crope 'roun', he did, but no diffunce which a-way he creep, dar wuz ole Sis Cow hawns p'intin' right straight at 'im. Ole Sis Cow, she paw de dirt, she did, en show de white er her eyes, en beller way down in 'er stomach.

"Dey went on dis a-way, dey did, twell bimeby de guinnies, dey see dat Sis Cow aint so mighty skeerd, en den dey 'gun ter take heart. Fus' news you know, one un um sorter drap he wings en fuzzle up de fedders, en run out 'twix' Sis Cow en de lion. W'en he git dar, he sorter dip down, he did, en fling up dirt des lak you see um do in de ash-pile. Den he tuck 'n run back, he did, en time he git back, 'n'er one run out en raise de dus' 'twix' Sis Cow en de lion. Den 'n'er one, he run out en dip down en shoo up de dus'; den 'n'er one run out en dip down, en a 'n'er one, en yit a 'n'er one, twell, bless gracious! time dey all run out en dip down en raise de dus', de lion wuz dat blin' twell he aint kin see he han' befo' 'im. Dis make 'im so mad dat he make a splunge at Sis Cow, en de ole lady, she kotch him on her hawns en got 'im down, en des nat'ally to' he intruls out."

"Did she kill the lion, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, incredulously.

"Dat she did—dat she did! Yit 'taint make 'er proud, kaze atter de lion done good en dead, she tuck en call up de guinnies, she did, en she 'low dey bin so quick fer ter he'p 'er out, dat she wanter pay um back. De guinnies, dey say, sezee:

"'Don't bodder 'long er we all, Sis Cow,' sezee. 'You had yo' fun en we all had ourn, en 'ceppin dat ar blood en ha'r on yo' hawn,' sezee, 'dey aint none un us any de wuss off,' sezee.

"But ole Sis Cow, she stan' um down, she did, dat she got ter pay um back, en den atter w'ile she ax um w'at dey lak bes'.

"One un um up en make answer dat w'at dey lak bes', Sis Cow, she can't gi' um. Sis Cow, she up en 'low dat she dunno 'bout dat, en she ax um w'at is it.

"Den de guinnies, dey tuck 'n huddle up, dey did, en hol' er confab wid one er n'er, en w'iles dey er doin' dis, ole Sis Cow, she tuck 'n fetch a long breff, en den she call up 'er cud, en stood dar chawin' on it des lak she aint had no tribalation dat day.

"Bimeby one er de guinnies step out fum de huddlement en make a bow en 'low dat dey all 'ud be mighty proud ef Sis Cow kin fix it some way so dey can't be seed so fur troo de woods, kaze dey look blue in de sun, en dey look blue in de shade, en dey can't hide deyse'f nohow. Sis Cow, she chaw on 'er cud, en shet 'er eyes, en study. She chaw en chaw, en study en study. Bimeby she 'low:

"'Go fetch me a pail!' Guinny-hin laff!

"'Law, Sis Cow! w'at de name er goodness you gwine do wid a pail?'

"'Go fetch me a pail!'

"Guinny-hin, she run'd off, she did, en atter w'ile yer she come trottin' back wid a pail. She sot dat pail down," continued Uncle Remus, in the tone of an eye-witness to the occurrence, "en Sis Cow, she tuck 'er stan' over it, en she let down 'er milk in dar twell she mighty nigh fill de pail full. Den she tuck 'n make dem guinny-hins git in a row, en she dip 'er tail in dat ar pail, en she switch it at de fust un en sprinkle 'er all over wid de milk; en eve'y time she switch 'er tail at um she low:

"'I loves dis un!' Den she 'ud sing:

> "'Oh, Blue go 'way! you shill not stay!
> Oh, Guinny, be Gray, be Gray!'

"She tuck 'n sprinkle de las' one un um, en de guinnies, dey sot in de sun twell dey git dry, en fum dat time out dey got dem little speckles on um."

XV.

BROTHER RABBIT'S LOVE-CHARM.

"Dey wuz one time," said Uncle Remus one night, as they all sat around the wide hearth,—Daddy Jack, Aunt Tempy, and the little boy in their accustomed places,—"Dey wuz one time w'en de t'er creeturs push Brer Rabbit so close dat he tuck up a kinder idee dat may be he wa'nt ez smart ez he mout be, en he study 'bout dis plum twell he git humble ez de nex' man. 'Las' he 'low ter hisse'f dat he better make inquirements——"

"Ki!" exclaimed Daddy Jack, raising both hands and grinning excitedly, "wut tale dis? I bin yerry da tale wun I is bin wean't fum me mammy."

"Well, den, Brer Jack," said Uncle Remus, with instinctive deference to the rules of hospitality, "I speck you des better whirl in yer en spin 'er out. Ef you git 'er mix up anywhars I ull des slip in front er you en ketch holt whar you lef' off."

With that, Daddy Jack proceeded:

"One tam, B'er Rabbit is bin lub one noung leddy."

"Miss Meadows, I speck," suggested Uncle Remus, as the old African paused to rub his chin.

"'E no lub Miss Meadow nuttin' 'tall!" exclaimed Daddy Jack, emphatically. "'E bin lub turrer noung leddy fum dat. 'E is bin lub werry nice noung leddy. 'E lub 'um hard, 'e lub 'um long, un 'e is gwan try fer mek dem noung leddy marry wit' 'im. Noung leddy seem lak 'e no look 'pon B'er Rabbit, un dis is bin-a mek B'er Rabbit feel werry bad all da day long. 'E moof 'way off by 'ese'f; 'e lose 'e fat, un 'e heer is bin-a come out. Bumbye, 'e see one ole Affiky mans wut is bin-a hunt in da fiel' fer root un yerrub fer mek 'e met'cine truck. 'E see um, un he go toze um. Affiky mans open 'e y-eye big; 'e 'stonish'. 'E say:

"'Ki, B'er Rabbit! you' he'lt' is bin-a gone; 'e bin-a gone un lef you. Wut mekky you is look so puny lak dis? Who is bin hu't-a you' feelin'?'

"B'er Rabbit larf wit' dry grins. 'E say:

"'Shoo! I bin got well. Ef you is see me wun I sick fer true, 'twill mekky you heer stan' up, I skeer you so.'

"Affiky mans, 'e mek B'er Rabbit stick out 'e tongue; 'e is count B'er Rabbit pulse. 'E shekky 'e head; 'e do say:

"'Hi, B'er Rabbit! Wut all dis? You is bin ketch-a da gal-fever, un 'e strak in 'pon you' gizzud.'

"Den B'er Rabbit, 'e is tell-a da Affiky mans 'bout dem noung leddy wut no look toze 'im, un da Affiky mans, 'e do say 'e bin know gal sem lak dat, 'e is bin shum befo'. 'E say 'e kin fix all dem noung leddy lak dat. B'er Rabbit, 'e is feel so good, 'e jump up high; 'e is bin crack 'e heel; 'e shekky da Affiky mans by de han'.

"Affiky mans, 'e say B'er Rabbit no kin git da gal 'cep' 'e is mek 'im one cha'm-bag. 'E say 'e mus' git one el'phan' tush, un 'e mus' git one 'gater toof, un 'e mus' git one rice-bud bill. B'er Rabbit werry glad 'bout dis, un 'e hop way fum dey-dey.

"'E hop, 'e run, 'e jump all nex' day night, un bumbye 'e see one great big el'phan' come breakin' 'e way troo da woots. B'er Rabbit, 'e say:

"'Ki! Oona big fer true! I bin-a yeddy talk 'bout dis in me y-own countree. Oona big fer true; too big fer be strong.'

"El'phan' say: 'See dis!'

"'E tek pine tree in 'e snout; 'e pull um by da roots; 'e toss um way off. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Hi! dem tree come 'cause you bin high; 'e no come 'cause you bin strong.'

"El'phan' say: 'See dis!'

"'E rush troo da woots; 'e fair teer um down. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Hoo! dem is bin-a saplin' wey you 'stroy. See da big pine? Oona no kin 'stroy dem.'

"El'phan' say: 'See dis!'

"'E run 'pon da big pine; da big pine is bin too tough. El'phan' tush stick in deer fer true; da big pine hol' um fas'. B'er Rabbit git-a dem tush; 'e fetch um wey da Affiky mans lif. Affiky mans say el'phan' is bin too big fer be sma't. 'E say 'e mus' haf one 'gater toof fer go wit' el'phan' tush.

"B'er Rabbit, 'e do crack 'e heel; 'e do fair fly fum dey-dey. 'E go 'long, 'e go 'long. Bumbye 'e come 'pon 'gater. Da 'sun shiün hot; da 'gater do 'joy' 'ese'f. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Dis road, 'e werry bad; less we mek good one by da crick-side.'

"'Gater lak dat. 'E wek 'ese'f up fum 'e head to 'e tail. Dey sta't fer clean da road. 'Gater, 'e do teer da bush wit' 'e toof; 'e sweep-a da trash way wit' 'e tail. B'er Rabbit, 'e do beat-a da bush down wit' 'e cane. 'E hit lef', 'e hit right; 'e hit up, 'e hit down; 'e hit all 'roun'. 'E hit un 'e hit, tell bumbye 'e hit 'gater in 'e mout' un knock-a da toof out. 'E grab um up; 'e gone fum dey-dey. 'E fetch-a da 'gater toof wey da Affiky mans lif. Affiky mans say:

"'Gater is bin-a got sha'p toof fer true. Go fetch-a me one rice-bud bill.'

"B'er Rabbit gone! 'E go 'long, 'e go 'long, tell 'e see rice-bud swingin' on bush. 'E ahx um kin 'e fly.

"Rice-bud say: 'See dis!'

"'E wissle, 'e sing, 'e shek 'e wing; 'e fly all 'roun' un 'roun'.

"B'er Rabbit say rice-bud kin fly wey da win'. is bin blow, but 'e no kin fly wey no win' blow.

"Rice-bud say, 'Enty?'

"'E wait fer win' stop blowin'; 'e wait, un 'e fly all 'roun' un 'roun'.

"B'er Rabbit say rice-bud yent kin fly in house wey dey no win'.

"Rice-bud say, 'Enty?'

"'E fly in house, 'e fly all 'roun' un 'roun'. B'er Rabbit pull de do' shed; 'e look at dem rice-bud; 'e say, 'Enty!'

"'E ketch dem rice-bud; 'e do git um bill, 'e fetch um wey da Affiky mans lif. Affiky mans say dem rice-bud bill slick fer true. 'E tekky da el'phan' tush, 'e tekky da 'gater toof, 'e tekky da rice-bud bill, he pit um in lil bag; 'e swing dem bag 'pon B'er Rabbit neck. Den B'er Rabbit kin marry dem noung gal. Enty!"

Here Daddy Jack paused and flung a glance of feeble tenderness upon 'Tildy. Uncle Remus smiled contemptuously, seeing which 'Tildy straightened herself, tossed her head, and closed her eyes with an air of indescribable scorn.

"I dunner what Brer Rabbit mout er done," she exclaimed; "but I lay ef dey's any ole nigger man totin' a cunjer-bag in dis neighborhood, he'll git mighty tired un it 'fo' it do 'im any good—I lay dat!"

Daddy Jack chuckled heartily at this, and dropped off to sleep so suddenly that the little boy thought he was playing possum.

XVI.

BROTHER RABBIT SUBMITS TO A TEST.

"UNCLE REMUS," said the child, "do you reckon Brother Rabbit really married the young lady?"

"Bless yo' soul, honey," responded the old man with a sigh, "hit b'long ter Brer Jack fer ter tell you dat. 'Taint none er my tale."

"Wasn't that the tale you started to tell?"

"Who? Me? *Shoo!* I aint 'sputin' but w'at Brer Jack tale des ez purty ez dey er any needs fer, yit 'taint none er my tale."

At this, the little boy laid his hand upon Uncle Remus's knee and waited.

"Now, den," said the old man, with an air of considerable importance, "we er got ter go 'way back behine dish yer yallergater doin's w'at Brer Jack bin mixin' us up wid. 'Ef I makes no mistakes wid my 'membrence, de place wharbouts I lef' off wuz whar Brer Rabbit had so many 'p'intments fer ter keep out de way er de t'er creeturs dat he 'gun ter feel monstus humblyfied. Let um be who dey will, you git folks in a close place ef you wanter see um shed der proudness. Dey beg mo' samer dan a nigger w'en de patter-rollers ketch 'im. Brer Rabbit aint do no beggin', kaze dey aint kotch; yit dey come so nigh it, he 'gun ter feel he weakness.

"W'en Brer Rabbit feel dis a-way, do he set down flat er de groun' en let de t'er creeturs rush up en grab 'im? He mout do it deze days, kaze times done change; but in dem days he des tuck 'n sot up wid hisse'f en study 'bout w'at he gwine do. He study en study, en las' he up 'n tell he ole 'oman, he did, dat he gwine on a journey. Wid dat, ole Miss Rabbit, she tuck 'n fry 'im up a rasher er bacon, en bake 'im a pone er bread. Brer Rabbit tied dis up in a bag en tuck down he walkin' cane en put out."

"Where was he going, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Lemme 'lone, honey! Lemme sorter git hit up, like. De trail mighty cole 'long yer, sho; kaze dish yer tale aint come 'cross my min' not sence yo' gran'pa fotch us all out er Ferginny, en dat's a monstus long time ago.

"He put out, Brer Rabbit did, fer ter see ole Mammy-Bammy Big-Money."

"Dat uz dat ole witch-rabbit," remarked Aunt Tempy, complacently.

"Yasser," continued Uncle Remus, "de ve'y same ole creetur w'at I done tell you 'bout we'n Brer Rabbit los' he foot. He put out, he did, en atter so long a time he git dar. He take time fer ter ketch he win', en den he sorter shake hisse'f up en rustle 'roun' in de grass. Bimeby he holler:

"'Mammy-Bammy Big-Money! Oh, Mammy-Bammy Big-Money! I journeyed fur, I journeyed fas'; I glad I foun' de place at las'.'

"Great big black smoke rise up out er de groun', en ole Mammy-Bammy Big-Money 'low:

"'Wharfo', Son Riley Rabbit, Riley? Son Rabbit Riley, wharfo'?'

"Wid dat," continued Uncle Remus, dropping the sing-song tone by means of which he managed to impart a curious dignity and stateliness to the dialogue between Brother Rabbit and Mammy-Bammy Big-Money,—"Wid dat Brer Rabbit up 'n tell 'er, he did, 'bout how he fear'd he losin' the use er he min', kaze he done come ter dat pass dat he aint kin fool de yuther creeturs no mo', en dey push 'im so closte twell 'twont be long 'fo' dey 'll git 'im. De ole witch-rabbit she sot dar, she did, en suck in black smoke en puff it out 'gin, twell yer can't see nothin 'tall but 'er great big eyeballs en 'er great big years. Atter w'ile she 'low:

"'Dar sets a squer'l in dat tree, Son Riley; go fetch dat squer'l straight ter me, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.'

"Brer Rabbit sorter study, en den he 'low, he did:

"'I aint got much sense lef', yit ef I can't coax dat chap down from dar, den hit's kaze I done got some zeeze w'ich it make me fibble in de min',' sezee.

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit tuck 'n empty de provender out 'n he bag en got 'im two rocks, en put de bag over he head en sot down

und' de tree whar de squer'l is. He wait little w'ile, en den he hit de rocks tergedder—*blip!*

"Squer'l, he holler, 'Hey!'

"Brer Rabbit wait little, en den he tuck 'n slap de rocks tergedder—*blap!*

"Squer'l he run down de tree little bit en holler, 'Heyo!'

"Brer Rabbit aint sayin' nothin'. He des pop de rocks togedder—*blop!*

"Squer'l, he come down little furder, he did, en holler, 'Who dat?'

"'Biggidy Dicky Big-Bag!'

"'What you doin' in dar?'

"'Crackin' hick'y nuts.'

"'Kin I crack some?'

"'Tooby sho, Miss Bunny Bushtail; come git in de bag.'

"Miss Bunny Bushtail hang back," continued Uncle Remus, chuckling; "but de long en de short un it wuz dat she got in de bag, en Brer Rabbit he tuck 'n kyar'd 'er ter ole Mammy-Bammy Big-Money. De ole witch-rabbit, she tuck 'n tu'n de squer'l 'a-loose, en 'low:

"'Dar lies a snake in 'mungs' de grass, Son Riley; go fetch 'im yer, en be right fas', Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.'

"Brer Rabbit look 'roun', en sho 'nuff dar lay de bigges' kinder rattlesnake, all quile up ready fer business. Brer Rabbit scratch he year wid he behine leg, en study. Look lak he gwine git in trouble. Yit atter w'ile he go off in de bushes, he did, en cut 'im a young grape-vine, en he fix 'im a slip-knot. Den he come back. Snake 'periently look lak he sleep. Brer Rabbit ax 'im how he come on. Snake aint say nothin', but he quile up little tighter, en he tongue run out lak it bin had grease on it. Mouf shot, yit de tongue slick out en slick back 'fo' a sheep kin shake he tail. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, he did:

"'Law, Mr. Snake, I mighty glad I come 'cross you,' sezee. 'Me en ole Jedge B'ar bin havin' a turrible 'spute 'bout how long you is. We bofe 'gree dat you look mighty purty w'en you er layin' stretch out full lenk in de sun; but Jedge B'ar, he 'low you aint but th'ee foot long, en I stood 'im down dat you 'uz four foot long ef not mo',' sezee. 'En de talk got so hot dat I come mighty nigh hittin' 'im a clip wid my walkin'-cane, en ef I had I boun' dey'd er bin some bellerin' done roun' dar,' sezee.

"Snake aint say nothin', but he look mo' complassy* dan w'at he bin lookin'.

"'I up 'n tole ole Jedge B'ar,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'dat de nex' time I run 'cross you I gwine take 'n medjer you; en goodness knows I mighty glad I struck up wid you, kaze now dey wont be no mo' 'casion fer any 'sputin' 'twix' me en Jedge B'ar,' sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit ax Mr. Snake ef he wont be so good ez ter onquile hisse'f. Snake he feel mighty proud, he did, en he stretch out fer all he wuff. Brer Rabbit, he medjer, he did, en 'low:

"'Dar one foot fer Jedge B'ar; dar two foot fer Jedge B'ar; dar th'ee foot fer Jedge B'ar; en, bless goodness, dar four foot fer Jedge B'ar, des lak I say!'

"By dat time Brer Rabbit done got ter snake head, en des ez de las' wud drop out 'n he mouf, he slip de loop 'roun' snake neck, en den he had 'im good en fas'. He tuck 'n drag 'im, he did, up ter whar de ole witch-rabbit settin' at; but w'en he git dar, Mammy-Bammy Big-Money done make 'er disappearance, but he year sump'n way off yander, en seem lak it say:

"'Ef you git any mo' sense, Son Riley, you'll be de ruination ev de whole settlement, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.'

"Den Brer Rabbit drag de snake 'long home, en stew 'im down en rub wid de grease fer ter make 'im mo' soopler in de lim's. Bless yo' soul, honey! Brer Rabbit mout 'er bin kinder fibble in de legs, but he want no ways cripple und' de hat." †

*A mixture of "complacent" and "placid." Accent on the second syllable.

†A version of this story makes Brother Rabbit capture a swarm of bees. Mr. W. O. Toggle, of Georgia, who has made an exhaustive study of the mythology of the Creek Indians, has discovered a variant of the legend. The Rabbit (Chufee) becomes alarmed because he has nothing but the nimbleness of his feet to take him out of harm's way. He goes to his Creator and begs that greater intelligence be bestowed upon him. Thereupon the snake test is applied, as in the negro story, and the Rabbit also catches a swarm of gnats. He is then told that he has as much intelligence as there is any need for, and he goes away satisfied.

(END OF THE SERIES.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Temperance Outlook.

THERE is no question, whether of morals or economics, now agitating the public mind, of more importance than the treatment of intemperance. The statistics of some of our prisons show that seven-eighths of their inmates reached their wretched condition through drunkenness. The withdrawal of such a multitude from active industry, the pauperism directly entailed upon thousands, the insecurity of property, and the heavy tax upon the community for their support and for the support of the machinery that seizes and disposes of them, give us the economic side of the giant evil; while the moral side, infinitely more sad and appalling, is represented in the rending asunder of families, the multiplication of criminals, and the disintegration and degradation of society. These facts are patent to all observers, and there is a very general demand for action against this formidable enemy. For many years philanthropists have met and sounded the alarm, and sporadic efforts have been made, mostly of a missionary and persuasive sort, to mitigate the evil. There had been in almost all the States laws regulating the sale of alcoholic liquors with a view to prevent excesses, but these laws had all proved to be dead letters, and nowhere was the evil checked except where small communities became virtually their own police and throttled it. The State of Maine was, we believe, the first State which attempted to sweep the curse from its entire area by an act of legislation, and hence "the Maine law" has become a significant term in general use. Maine not only enacted its law, but has firmly kept it on the statute-book, while elsewhere like action has been afterward annulled. After many years, two more States, Kansas and Iowa, have not only followed Maine's example, but have gone beyond the pattern — having inserted a clause in the State constitution forbidding the sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. And now this style of action against the enemy is prominently suggested as the panacea for the whole land. In many States parties are formed, or forming, for the insertion of such a constitutional amendment in the State fundamental law, and a large number of active minds are busy with the agitation for a like insertion in the national constitution. Will these efforts prove successful? We mean, will they, if successful in gaining the proximate end of constitutional prohibition, be successful in the ultimate object of destroying the rum monster? It is an invidious thing to find fault with a movement whose aim is the noblest and whose spirit is the purest. It is easy and natural to count such a fault-finder as an enemy to the truth, as an ally of the special foe, as seeking adroitly to weaken the progress of reform. And yet conscientious men must do that invidious thing, when they see that a reform, with however noble a purpose, is riding over the clearest principles of right and actually preparing the way for the utter failure of the noble purpose. Reformers should not, in reforming on their line, open other lines of error that shall need reform. It is unwise treatment to cure a chill by producing a fever.

The prime objection to a constitutional amendment on the subject of temperance is that it is wholly unnecessary. Law, as enacted by a legislature, would be just as efficacious. A people will obey a statute just as soon as an article in the fundamental law. Again, a constitution is not the place for such specific applications of principle, but for the general principle itself. If the constitution says that the legislature shall have power to make all laws necessary to the peace and welfare of the community, and then lays down certain principles which limit this grant of power, it has done all a constitution should do. Anything further destroys its character as a constitution. If one detailed law is to be inserted, why not a thousand? If a law against the sale of ardent spirits, why not a law against an equal evil, the prostitution of women? Why not a law against gambling, which slays its thousands annually? Making the constitution a statute-book is to mar its character and influence and to confound things that differ. Such an action must have a reaction. The people will some time see what an error they have made, and when these laws are wiped off the constitution, their prestige will suffer. That which has influence must never be apparently degraded. If so, the influence is gone, or at least modified. To exalt, therefore, a law and put it into the constitution, when afterward it must be removed from its false position, is really to degrade that law. This degradation of the prohibitory law we shall inevitably see in those States which now so eagerly lift it into the constitution. Such a righteous restoration of the law to its own place will be claimed (falsely, and yet effectively) by the rum interest as a victory for them.

But there is another error in this movement, which so greatly involves principle that consciences must speak out. The movement makes no discrimination between things that differ. Fermented wine differs as widely from distilled rum or whisky as coffee differs from opium, and yet this prohibitory movement ties them up in the same bundle and puts the one label on the whole! Human reason revolts at such arbitrary dealing. There is a broad and deep common sense throughout the community, which, without conscious reasoning, rejects all this and will render all attempts of the kind futile in the end. It may be quiet for a time while a wild, panic-like fury impels the reformers, but it will assert itself as surely as water will seek and find its level. Men will not believe that a glass of wine at the dinner-table and a glass of whisky at the bar are the same thing, any more than they will believe that a cup of coffee at the dinner-table and a whiff of opium at Ah-Ching's are the same thing. Men will not believe that a glass of wine is the beginning of drunkenness, although they have heard it asserted *ad nauseam* all their lives. Men will not believe that the fermented

juice of the grape from Nature's own process is to be classed with the results of manufacture through man's alembics. Men will not believe that the universal praise of wine by every people in all ages, including the sacred writers of the Holy Scriptures, is an error and a sin. One of the chief reasons of the ill success of the temperance movements of past years is this failure to discriminate, and by carrying this plan into the present effort the temperance leaders are showing that they learn nothing from the past. The improvement among educated people in the drinking customs of society is due, not to any of these extreme total abstinence movements, but to the general growth of sensible temperance; and yet these fanatical people claim it all as *their* triumph, and so go on in their most mistaken policy. The total abstinence movement has always been a hinderance to true temperance reform, by setting sensible people against all proper effort to help reform on account of the absurd complexion the reform has assumed. The vast numbers in the United States who would have fought as splendid soldiers for temperance have remained comparatively idle all these years, through fear of being identified with the extremists who had usurped the title of Temperance men. All this loss is rightfully laid at the door of the Total Abstinence propaganda. That the temperance question should be made a political question is most desirable. No question more vitally concerns the whole country with respect to its highest welfare. We should have temperance men in office and temperance laws enacted. But temperance must be temperance. It must be a sensible and practical scheme that sensible and practical men will support which shall bring about the desired reformation. It must be a scheme which the great majority of moral men will recognize to be sound in its logic and even in its justice. Anything else than this may, under pressure of an excitement, achieve a temporary success, but only this will be a permanent cure of the rampant abomination. The liquor men are now more defiant and more numerous, in proportion to the population, than in any former period. They work their criminal mills openly in the face of all, and we see the streams of vice and crime pouring forth from these sources to lay waste the community and overwhelm the dikes which philanthropy has erected. The courts, the police, and the public officers generally, seeing the bold mien of these disturbers of the peace, find it easier for their weak natures to humor them and to connive at their wicked works than to oppose them. The great majority of the community are thus oppressed and tyrannized over by this minority, who laugh at law and hound the defenders of law. The only end of this enormity will be in the *union of the majority*, and this can never be effected by extreme measures or fanatical pronunciamentos. Discrimination between liquors that are hurtful and those that are (in moderate use) healthful; discrimination between modes of drinking, as treating and drinking at meals; discrimination between places for drinking only and places for lunch or dinner; discrimination between drinking on the premises where the liquor is sold and drinking it at home; discrimination between day and night in the sale,—these and other like discriminations are to be made in place of the sweeping demands of the ultra men if a union of temperance forces is to be consummated. Without this union the evil must go on propagating itself daily, and on the so-called temperance leaders must rest the blame. They have constituted an unreasonable shibboleth. When they abandon that the enemy will be conquered, unless meanwhile the enemy shall have conquered all the ground and made our land a moral desert. Admirable laws, exactly suited to diminish the curse and destroy the political power of the rum interest, have been introduced into the New York Legislature, and would have been enacted but for the solid vote against them of the so-called temperance members, directed by their "Temperance" constituency at home. This class of reformers will have their zeal intensified by the action of Kansas and Iowa, and they may carry a few more of the States. Would to God their success were really success, that the rum interest were stricken to the heart by it! But not until the reaction takes place, and these men are convinced of their error and are ready to build on truth and not on impulse, can we expect that union of all good elements which will finally dig the grave of Rum and bury him beyond all resurrection.

The Reticence of American Politicians.

ONE of the most singular facts in American politics to-day is the reluctance of party leaders to discuss the public questions of the time. To whatever cause this reluctance is due, the fact itself is too well known to require proof, being constantly apparent in the conduct of our public men without distinction of party. In reading the speeches and debates in Congress, for instance, we rarely find in them a firm grasp of the subject in hand, or anything beyond an attempt to humor some interest, class, or section, or to advance the personal fortunes of the speakers. So also in addressing the people, it is seldom that a politician of either party handles a subject of living interest with the ability and ease of a master, while some of the most important questions are habitually passed over with as little notice as possible.

Take, for instance, the subject of administrative reform. This has been more widely discussed among the people than any other reformatory measure of the time; yet very few of our public officers, administrative or legislative, have contributed anything toward the reform, either by advocating it before the people or by devising methods for putting it into practice. On the subject of the tariff, again, many members of Congress seem to be all at sea, their treatment of it indicating either great ignorance of the subject or great timidity in acting out their convictions. On the question of inter-state commerce and the government of corporations, which bids fair to become the leading issue in American politics, our public men have nothing to say; and the same is true as to nearly every question that now interests the public mind.

Such conduct on the part of the people's representatives can hardly be paralleled in any other country where free government exists. It is the business of leaders to lead; and in all free countries the people look to the leaders of parties to formulate public opinion and prepare the issues of the time. In England, the discussion of all important questions, pending and prospective, is recognized as one of the most essential

functions of a member of Parliament, and particularly of those who hold the leading positions in the councils of parties; and the leaders are not at all backward in discharging this duty, but use every available opportunity to set forth their views and every suitable means to bring over the public to their way of thinking. So also in France, Germany, and Italy, the leaders of parties are men of positive views, and frank and earnest in their advocacy; so that the opposite characteristic in our own politicians is as clearly anomalous as it is out of harmony with the principles of popular government.

Why it is that our public men are thus non-committal on pending questions it is not easy to see. If their reserve is due to the fear of losing their popularity and their influence among the people, they are making a great mistake; for a man of strong convictions and a mind of his own is far more respected by his fellow-citizens than one who waits to find out what the people think before taking his own position. The American people are not tyrants, neither are they a mob, but a body of men of more or less intelligence and interest in political questions, and desirous of hearing these questions treated in all their aspects. Of course, when it comes to action, the people expect their representatives to carry out their views and enact such laws as the popular conscience approves; and if a man has been so unfortunate as to place himself on the wrong side, he must expect, in the end, to be defeated. We do not forget that, according to our present practice, a representative must be a resident of the district from which he is chosen, and that this is, to some extent, a bar to the free expression of his individual views. But this practice is the result of custom merely, and is not required by the national constitution, which recognizes States only, and not districts; and there is little doubt that a man of ability and popular gifts could easily break through the custom, and thus obtain ample freedom in the choice of a constituency. We admit, however, that so long as the practice continues it must, in some cases, hamper the action of men seeking legislative office.

Again: it is possible that some men refrain from expressing their opinions freely for fear of placing themselves in antagonism to the dominant sentiment of their party. Party action being essential to the conduct of a free government, a man who wishes to take part in practical politics must act with some party, and this he cannot do unless he agrees in the main with the party's principles. But our national parties at the present time can hardly be said to have any principles, since neither has yet taken a definite position on any leading question; and so long as this is the case no public man ought to hesitate to express his personal convictions. Such expression is, in fact, essential even for party purposes; for the policy of a party must be determined by the dominant sentiment of its members, and what that sentiment is can be ascertained only by a free interchange of views.

Moreover, a wide latitude of opinion is allowable within the limits of party—is indeed inevitable, if the party contains men of ideas, for such men will not sink their convictions at the bidding of party managers. Nor is a party's usefulness at all impaired by such diversity of views, provided its members agree on certain general principles of action. The Liberal party of England, for instance, contains men of all shades of opinion, from aristocratic Whiggism to democratic Radicalism; yet it is the strongest and most efficient political party in the world, as the history of its achievements during the past fifty years abundantly proves. No public man, then, is justified in hesitating to express his own convictions for fear of alienating himself from his party.

We suspect, however, that in some cases our politicians refrain from expressing themselves on pending questions because they have not studied them enough to understand them, so that they really have no settled convictions with regard to them. The old Southern question so overshadowed all others for a whole generation that most men in public life gave their attention exclusively to that, to the neglect of the commercial and financial questions that have now come to the front. And now that the Southern question is forever settled, the men that were brought up under its shadow are not sufficiently familiar with the new questions to deal with them understandingly; for these questions are not only different from the old one, but of a different kind, so that a preparation for the public life of twenty years ago is by no means a preparation for the public life of to-day.

But whatever may be the reason for the reticence of our public men and their reluctance to express their personal views, the fact itself is not creditable to them, while it is surely an injury to the public welfare. It is the duty of party leaders and men in official position to organize the people for effective political work, and this they cannot do without a full discussion of public questions and the free expression of individual views. And we repeat our conviction that leaders who will take this course, and utter their own opinions without fear or favor, will gain rather than lose in public estimation; and, what is far more important, they will do much to elevate American public life above the low level of commonplace on which it has so long moved.

"College-Bred" Statesmen.

SOME remarks in these columns on "The Outlook for Statesmen in America" (THE CENTURY for June) have been taken as unwarrantably prejudiced in favor of "college-bred" statesmen. That article was partly intended as a defense of "college-bred" men in politics, as against the supposed popular preference for "self-made" men. We used the latter term without definition and in its popular and exterior sense. We did not suppose it necessary to explain that we really think it of no consequence whatever who is a man's maker, in the secular sense, so long as the man is well made. Schools and colleges generally afford the shortest cut to learning and culture; and if any "self-made" man gets learning and culture without school or college, he will be apt to tell you that he has wasted a good part of his life, and has missed accomplishing much that he meant to accomplish for lack of the proper tools.

We are well aware of the fact that there are many men who get learning at college without culture, and that there are many men outside of the colleges who have, with comparatively little accurate learning, a great deal of valuable culture. Besides, there are many "universities" which have no academic foundation whatever, and which people do not generally think of

as institutions of learning. We heard an eminent university president say the other day, that it was idle to call Horace Greeley, for instance, a self-made, *i. e.*, an uneducated man, for he was educated in the great university of the city of New York,—not the institution of that name on Washington Square, but the metropolis itself, with all its thousand influences of culture.

There are a good many "college-bred" men in our present Congress, but not a few of these seem to have gained very little of true culture in their college studies, and count in Congress among the uneducated, prejudiced, immoral, or mentally feeble; while some of the ablest and most influential men at the capital are without any college diploma,—though not, of course, without the advantages of schools and of study. What we say is, that politics under the spoils system does not tend to bring into public life the really well educated and thoughtful men of the country,—who, under present circumstances, as a rule, prefer other professions to that of government. We believe, however, for reasons given in the former editorial, that the prospect has recently improved for the influx into political life of a more thoroughly trained class of politicians and legislators; and we believe that our schools and colleges ought to, and will, give more and more of the training which is especially useful in public life as well as in all practical affairs. The recent extraordinary confession and exhortation of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., at Harvard (no matter how one-sided his comments on Greek may be regarded), will help to make our institutions of learning see their duty in this respect more clearly than ever.

OPEN LETTERS.

New York as a Field for Fiction.

Now that the great literary symposium on the novel has resolved itself into a general experience-meeting, perhaps the man-in-the-corner-under-the-gallery has a right to make his voice heard in the way of modest suggestion.

My text will be found in "The House of a Merchant Prince," by W. H. Bishop, pp. 1 to 420. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is a somewhat ungracious thing to complain of good work that it is not better; but that is exactly what I wish to do. And I choose Mr. Bishop's book because it is the latest, and in some ways the strongest book of a class against which I think I have good grounds of complaint — rather as a reader than as a critic. Its bold sub-title, "A Novel of New York," may fairly be held to imply that its author means to draw us a picture of social life in New York. Now, my point is that he has drawn his picture, not from life, but from a well-worn and conventional model. And if I can make my point in such space as you can afford to give me, I may have some hopes of getting that model sent out of the literary workshop, and of inducing the literary artist to go out among living folk to study character and color — and elsewhere than at the dinner-table or the five-o'clock tea. My crusade is against the model, and in behalf of the artist.

Mr. Bishop gives us a plot which, were his method more dramatic,—less purely narrative,—would be of startling force and interest. As it is, the story is strong and natural. This is much to be thankful for, in a day when the æsthetic elect frown on the telling of a story in picture, poem, or novel, and snub the laymen of the Philistine public who believe that, while Cinderella lasts in her meek youth and beauty, a plain tale will find readers, and that "Little Bo Peep," in its pastoral simplicity and its purely Greek trust in the omnipotence of Fate, gives guarantee that the narrative poem hath some hold on immortality.

But a story is a narration of the doings and sayings of men and women, and it seems to me that Mr. Bishop has intrusted the acting out of his history mainly to mere figures representative of certain classes of men and women. He takes the typical merchant prince, the self-made and self-reliant man; his wife, the typical weak and indulgent mother and ambitious woman of the world; his daughter, the typical spoiled child of wealth and superficial culture; her lovers, the typical patrician noodle and the typical handsome, selfish, undisciplined young parvenu. These are all types, not individuals; they all talk alike, and they all talk too well; they have no dramatic verisimilitude in them; they do not live. They are well described; but we believe in them so long as Mr. Bishop is telling us of them, and no longer.

Yet he has been at the minutest pains to reproduce every detail of their manners and their belongings and their looks. He even goes so far as to inform us that his impetuous young lover, at an important crisis of his life, passed "a cambric handkerchief over his forehead," thereby removing any fears of his readers that the youth's plebeian extraction might have been shown unpleasantly in the use of the humble yet strangely ostentatious bandanna. And, apart from such excesses as this, the work is singularly conscientious and accurate. Nothing has escaped this keen observer's eye — nothing save the vital essence that is all the difference between the conventional figure and the creation of character.

Did this spring from the author's incapacity, it would not be worth the protest I am making. But it is done with deliberate intent. Mr. Bishop has accepted that weary old saying, "There is nothing in New York society to write about"; and, finding that, notwithstanding the people clamor for a novel of New York society, he takes up this old model that has seen so much service, dresses it for a dance and for a dinner and for a walk down "the avenue," and with its aid gives us a picture of New York life as unreal as the lithographed revels on the lid of a bonbon box.

Where the book does not treat of "society," it is written on a different plan. With a sharp eye for

what an artist might call social and intellectual "values," the author sketches the picturesque differences between the hurrying rout that roars up Broadway when night calls her brief truce in life's war of labor, and that calm and pleasing procession that loiters, gracious and fair to look upon, along Fifth Avenue on a mild spring Sunday. His clerks and other plain folk at the shop and in the boarding-house are natural people. The old Irishman, who appears for five minutes on Harvey's Terrace, McFadd, who was "knowin' to it," is a positive bit of character. We can go home with him, and fancy for ourselves how he looks and talks, and what he thinks, after he has left the scene. So with the two young lovers. Mr. Bishop believes in them, and makes us believe in them. Bainbridge is genuine, and a very pleasant fellow to know. Ottilie is only a commonplace girl; but she is just as charming and lovable as many other commonplace girls that we know. Between these two are delightful and delicate episodes of love; and it is not often that they drop into an unpleasant habit, affected by their "society" companions, of writing out their talk—as, for instance, where Ottilie, telling her betrothed of her uncle's business troubles in 1861, says: "Under the influence of the imminent prospect of war, the prices of commodities were advancing almost from moment to moment. Small dealers everywhere were desirous to buy, to realize the further rise themselves." For surely these phrases never came impromptu from between the red lips of even the precisest and best informed of Vassar's daughters—unless, it may be, she had just been reading "Norman Leslie" or "Vassall Morton," of which fine old curiosities of American literature I don't believe the dear girl had ever heard. Yes, they are most agreeable company, these young people; but when they leave us for a chapter, on comes "society" again, a phantasmal parade, with dinners and dog-carts, napery and drapery.

But is not this indeed society, you ask? Does not society "entertain," and dress, and drive? Is it not ambitious, showy, luxurious?

Oh, yes, society is all that, and does all these things; but any society that is worth writing about is a great deal more, and does many other things. You cannot tell all about people from their occupations. That is wherein people differ from machines. Silas Marner was a weaver; but we know something more of him than that "his hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort." Major Pendennis was a "club man"; yet Thackeray introduces us not only into the privacy of his club, but into the intimacy of his very soul—or whatever you please to call it. Giboyer was one of a thousand Bohemians; but he was *one*, a very distinct individuality, not merely a bunching together of the salient characteristics of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine.

But may we find such a field for character-study in New York as Thackeray found in London and Augier in Paris? Must we not import our character, like our fashions, and our dressing-cases, and our wine?

Why?

This city was a well-to-do Dutch colony. It was strengthened by a forced infusion of English blood. Later, it became the home of many political refugees from France, and it drew to itself, in time, some part of the Huguenot colony in Westchester. It grew to maturity in provincial conservatism. Suddenly, within the span of a man's life, it has become the sole receiving port of a marvelously great immigration, the commercial and financial center of the nation, and one of the largest and richest cities of the world. This, it seems to me, is a promising place to look for social phenomena, if only in the clash of the old and the new, and the general struggle to fix standards of society.

Go down to Trinity, whose chimes, heard most clearly by brief-hungry young lawyers and shabby speculators in the skyward stories of tall office buildings, call the unheeding living where Wall street's whirlpool sucks in the tide of Broadway, and bewail the dust-eaten dead within the peaceful pale below. Note the elaborate monuments carved with honored names, and the simple brown stones beneath which lie plain so-and-so, "tallow-chandler, and his beloved wife." This was the fashionable quarter of the city when the century was young—

> "In days when Bleecker street was *rus*,
> And Murray Hill as is to us
> Champlain—Au Sable; when this fuss
> And fret were quiet;
> When ladies yet might think it queer
> To date in '18—'; when all here,
> In brief, was 'up-town'; in the year,
> Say, '08 * * *"

—in the days when citizen Morris, of the United States, gave Louis Philippe, destined to become king of the French, a pair of boots to help him on his way to Canandaigua. (And right grateful was that "king in exile," then and thereafter.) Here we may read a record of the simple social system of that time. Try to trace, to-day, the classes then so clearly defined. And yet it is but two or three generations since then—a couple of turns of the kaleidoscope.

Is this harking back too far? Go up to the Latin quarter of New York, between Fourth and Thirteenth streets and Sixth and Second avenues. Go into any street and pick out the family mansion that was once the pride of the block. It is now a cheap lodging-house. Clinched with nails are the great mahogany folding-doors that in the old years were never closed between room and room. In the parlor tinkles and crashes a cheap grand piano, where once stood Gertrude's inlaid Broadwood—the little spinet-like affair over which her lover leaned when she played—the Battle of Prague, was it? Upstairs is her own room, where she stood, now white and now red, in that awful five minutes before they called her down to be wed, while her mother strained her to her heart in convulsive embraces, and then held her off at arm's length, lest a tear should fall on the snowy satin. There is a young couple to-night in the room that was so dainty then, that is so shabby now. A young couple from England it is. They sit hand in hand before the unhome-like anthracite fire. They are having a hard time of it, waiting for the business men of New York to awake to a sense of their own needs and march in a procession to beg for the services of that able and highly recommended young graduate of Cambridge, who has come to make his fortune in a new country, where, of course, skilled labor is at a premium. She is trying to cheer him up, as young

wives will. Their time will come, she tells him— "for I'm sure there's nothing they can do here that *you* couldn't do, dear." In the next room sit two young Bohemians, smoking bad cigarettes, discussing the best places to get cheap dinners and the best places to sell great poems, incidentally settling questions of art and literature that have bothered the world these many years, and casting glances of not ungenerous calculation at the ever-lessening amber beer in the cracked pitcher between them. It would not much disturb their stout and hopeful young spirits if they knew that in that very chamber the first master of the house once on a time lay dead. Nay, I think they would only write poems about it, could they fancy him stretched out there, a day's growth of gray beard on his stern old chin, pointing at the ceiling from out the folds of the white handkerchief, all the strangeness and distance of death setting the familiar face apart from the household heart.

For Gertrude and her young bridegroom we must perhaps look in Greenwood. But where are their children? Down or up in the world? Their gentlehood crushed out of them by that poverty which is the destruction of the poor, or leading the dance of youth and love in some grander, newer home far uptown? For such changes there are in this city, of which some novelists will have it that it has no more interesting social life than is shown in a report of Mrs. Blank's kettledrum or Mrs. Dash's theater party, or than we may study in the columns of the "Society Journal" or the "Upholsterers' Weekly Chippendale."

To me it has always seemed that there is one class in New York that sits guard over a past full of romance and quaint color. This is what I suppose must be called, conventionally, the Knickerbocker class— not those uncommonly proud Vans and Vanders who stalk loftily through Mr. Augustin Daly's American vaudevilles from the German, but the agreeable relics of the simple provincial society of two generations ago. A class not unthrifty, not extravagant, yet not well fitted to make or to hoard money, they live in a golden mean of comfort, perhaps even in an atmosphere of mild luxury, on the borders of the world of fashion. They know little of Kensington stitch or of Eastern-woven portières: their parlors are upholstered in damask and their bedrooms in chintz. They are outdazzled by the glare and glitter with which the newer folk of vaster fortunes surround themselves. Living mostly upon the rentals of shops and warehouses built upon what were once their country-places, they draw year by year more closely to themselves, forming a sort of little Faubourg St. Germain, a colony of their own, among a faster-going people who respect them and despise their surroundings. It is a colony of rheumatic old beaux and faded old belles; where young faces are rare, and To-day somehow seems half Yesterday.

This is the world which interested Mr. Henry James when he wrote "Washington Square." But Mr. James had but a mild æsthetic sympathy with it; and, in fact, his Washington Square might as well have been the smokiest of sparrow-haunted London parks as that fair old spot that was once the Potter's Field, and then the Parade Ground, and where, for many years, old Pop Willis (a brother of the poet, and he was proud of it) ruled, majestic and many-buttoned, over nurse-maids and grass-plot-invading children.

Truly, it were but a dull life to chronicle now, but it had its youth. You may listen to some gracious and garrulous old lady, with hair in puffs whiter than her widow's cap, purring over her reminiscences, until fancy begins to mimic memory, and to vivify for you some few hours of the dead days, and you almost believe that you yourself were at that fine party in Chambers street, where they had tea and cakes for the ladies, and sherry,— no, sherry-wine, if you please, —and where the gentlemen wrote verses in their hostess's album. And you may see the gentle old gossip, a bright-eyed girl, with brown hair done up in a knot *à la Grecque* high on her pretty nape; you may see her tie her fleecy hood under her chin, when ten o'clock strikes, and set out with mammá and papá — no "mommer" and "popper" then, the gods be thanked! — for her home in Greenwich Village or Chelsea, to lay her innocent head upon her pillow and blush in her dreams with thinking of that young man whose hair was curly, whose cheeks were red, whose black satin stock could not dim the glory of the Newgate collar, which the old people thought rakish and scarcely Christian.

And the young man? Well, you may fancy him sitting with his host and a few choice companions over a bowl of punch, and issuing forth into the lonely street what time the watchman cried "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!"— there to join in a baritone chorus of:

> "Says I, 'Fair maid, where are you going,
> *All* a-blowing,
> All on a day so fine?'
> Says she, 'I'm going to the Bricklayers' Arms.
> Says I, 'Oh, come to mine!'"

— until Mr. Jacob Hays warned them to cease.

A very ungentlemanly performance, you think. So it was. But it occurs to me that I have heard some young gentlemen from Columbia College do pretty much the same thing of winter nights, only the hour was three instead of twelve, and they sang "The Babies on our Block."

But the readers of the present demand a novel of the present? So be it. Let the deodorized American Zola go down into the old Ninth Ward any Sunday, and watch the solid burgesses heading their family processions churchward, as staidly as though they had not been in their youth, every man of them, members of the volunteer fire department, and had not broken the laws of God and the heads of their fellow-men whenever they got a chance.

This is the true bourgeois class of New York, made up of eminently respectable, commonplace, well-to-do, narrow-minded men and women, among whom, of course, there must be, here and there, a few young hearts fluttering with nobler ambitions, a few finer natures yearning for a finer and higher life. Let this deodorized Zola record the fortunes of some Greenwich Dorothy, whose ideas of life were something too delicate for her plain-going elders, who "loved, may be, perfume, soft textures, lace, a half-lit room" — some

> "Poor child—with heart the downiest nest
> Of warmest instincts unconfest,
> Soft, callow things that vaguely felt
> The breeze caress, the sunlight melt,
> But yet, by some obscure decree,
> Unwinged from birth."

Let him record the history of one such, "far too subtly graced" for her surroundings, who, more lucky than her sisters, found a way to a wider, livelier, and more cultured world; and let him tell us what breath of her own she brought into its hot-house atmosphere.

Or who will write us a tale of the New England invaders? New York was a good place for trade; Boston was not. But New Yorkers were a poor lot at trading, and Bostonians had business at their finger-tips. So thousands to whom the ungrateful soil of New England would not give subsistence came hither and made money out of the very stones of New York. They had the largest share in building up the new city north of Fourteenth street, and to this day many of them hold together in a solid phalanx, with one wing there and the other resting on Lenox, Massachusetts. They take all the London reviews, and they believe in the higher culture. They are liberal in religion, and intensely protectionistic in political economy. They were the right arm of loyalty in New York during the late war, and they have never quite got over it — like a certain estimable family, of whom a bored friend once remarked that their grandfather had signed the Declaration of Independence, and they had all been signing it ever since. Contrast this class, which represents what the British would call "progressive conservatism," with the restless, rootless Western element, full of a wild love of magnificence and the luxury of display, full of a hearty bear-a-hand hospitality toward new men and new ideas indiscriminately. What Romeo-and-Juliet dramas may not be enacted between a house in one and a house in the other of these two sets! Let us hear of the loves of Priscilla Hoskins and Calaveras Gashwiler, Jr.

Paris may be Paris, London may be London, Berlin may be Berlin; but every country of the civilized world has had its influence on the social life of New York. Even the troubles of the last French empire troubled us. For that mad whirlwind of shameless and senseless gayety that danced and fluttered along before the deadly leaden deluge of war and revolution, sent a hot puff over to these shores, and blew hither a host of fortuneless and fortune-hunting French aristocrats — and, moreover, alas! blew homeward many American butterflies whose wings had lost their bloom in Louis Napoleon's court. These people, finding themselves unwelcome in this clearer and purer air, settled down together and held a carnival among themselves for a little while, and then their carnival ended in a choice collection of domestic tragedies, most of which were wasted on the newspaper reporter, who measures the interest of a divorce case with a column-rule.

The limitations of space kindly help to cover up my inability to write a condensed gazetteer of New York society. I strive only to show that — if I may allow myself a glittering metaphor — we have here, in one firmament, a number of stellar systems, where one star differeth from another in glory, but where all are very particular about being considered glorious; where color, size, luster, age, is variously esteemed the prime qualification of a good star; where orbits often impinge awkwardly on other orbits; where the planet of one system drops into a mere asteroid in another; and where lights wax and wane and flare and flicker and come and go as in no group lit by the sun of an older civilization.* Or, to put it more simply, I strive to show that here is a field worthy of the same conscientious, earnest, investigating, analytical study that the best English novelists have expended on another, — larger, no doubt, yet scarcely so rich in sharply differentiated products; for class distinction in England has been reduced almost to one of the actual sciences, and, thanks to a well-arranged schedule of social rank, you may, without injustice, clap its appropriate label on almost any British growth, from duke down to navvy.

The field is clear. I do not deny that there are many who have explored it, and successfully to some extent; but I have not yet found the man who has entered it with a full appreciation of its multiform richness, to do work that will live; and I regret to say that no one seems inclined to try the experiment. Mr. Cable has discovered his own city, and has already overpaid the debt that the discoverer owes the world. Mr. Howells and Mr. Lathrop find their account in Boston. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has his duties to his ideal and ennobling hero. Mr. James devotes himself to settling international complications of taste and affection. Mrs. Burnett smiles now exclusively on Thespis.

The novelist of New York will find no competition. Yet none the less will he have, when he comes, a welcome and plenty of work to his hand; for if the mere journalist whose range of vision is bounded by his office walls may see this much, how much more is to be found by the man who has served his apprenticeship to fiction, who has the eye to study and the hand to write!

I cast my hint upon the waters. I hope somebody will fish it out in whose care it will thrive.

H. C. Bunner.

* Dr. J. W. Francis, who certainly should have known whereof he spake, said in 1857, in his address before the New York Historical Society:

"New York is the most cosmopolitan of modern cities; hence, in a great measure, its ineffective municipal government, its rowdyism, its perpetual demolition, its spasmodic and versatile phenomena, its advantages and its nuisances, its dangers and its blessings as a place of abode; larger opportunities with greater risks, more liberality of sentiment with less rectitude of principle, more work and more dissipation, higher achievement and deeper recklessness; in a word, more obvious and actual extremes of fortune, character, violence, philanthropy, indifference and zeal, taste and vulgarity, isolation and gregariousness, business and pleasure, vice and piety. Wherever there is more in quantity, there is a corresponding latitude in quality. Enterprise hath here an everlasting carnival; fashion is often rampant; financial crises sweep away fortunes; reputations are made and lost with magical facility; friends come and go; life and death, toil and amusement, worth and folly, truth and error, poetry and matter of fact alternate with more than dramatic celerity."

["Old New York," p. 377.]

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: I thank you for this opportunity to present a subject of transcendent interest and importance.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the lineal descendant of the woman's crusade of 1874, whose first "praying band" was led from the Presbyterian church of Hillsboro' by Mrs. Thompson, daughter of Governor Trimble. It is, in fact, "the sober second thought" of that marvelous uprising by means of which woman uttered her protest against the

forgetfulness and the neglect as the result of which home has lacked protection from the dram shop. The "praying bands," earnest, impetuous, inspired, have become the woman's Christian temperance unions,—firm, patient, and persevering. Thirty States are already organized, and three thousand local auxiliaries, dotting the continent, fulfill the Bible injunction, "Make a chain, for the cities are full of blood and the land of violence." Our methods of work are quiet, practical, and systematic. We have learned by the argument of defeat and the logic of events what not to do, as well as some things to attempt. The evolution of our activities has been from the individual to the home, thence to society, and finally to the Government itself.

The W. C. T. U. stands as the exponent, not alone of that return to physical sanity which will follow the downfall of the drink habit, but also of the reign of a religion of the body, which shall correlate with Christ's wholesome, practical, yet blessedly spiritual religion of the soul. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you" shall have a new significance to the clear-eyed, steady-limbed Christians of the future, from whose brain, blood, and brawn the taint of alcohol and nicotine has been eliminated by ages of pure habits and noble heredity. "The body is the temple of the Holy Ghost" will not then seem so mystical a statement, nor one indicative of a temple so insalubrious as now. "He that destroyeth this temple, him shall God destroy" will be seen to involve no element of vengeance, but to be, instead, the declaration of such boundless love and pity for our race as would not suffer its deterioration to reach the point of absolute failure and irremediable loss. The women of this land have never had such training as our "Topical Studies" furnish, in the laws by which childhood shall set out upon its endless journey with a priceless heritage of powers laid up in store by the tender, sacred foresight of those by whom the young immortal's being was evoked. The laws of health were never studied by so many mothers, or with such immediate results for good on their own lives and those of their children. The deformed waist and foot of the average fashionable woman never seemed so hideous and wicked, nor the cumbrous dress of the period so unendurable, as now, when, from studying one "poison habit," our minds, by the inevitable laws of thought, reach out to wider researches and more varied deductions than we had dreamed of at first. The economies of a simpler style of living never looked so feasible as to home-makers who have learned something about the priceless value of time and money for the purposes of a Christ-like benevolence. The value of a trained intellect never had such significance as since we have learned what an incalculable advantage results from a direct style; what value resides in the power to classify facts; what boundless resources for illustrating and enforcing truth come as the sequel of a well-stored memory and a cultivated imagination. The puerility of mere talk for talk's sake; the unworthiness of "idle words" and vacuous, purposeless gossip; the waste of long and aimless letter-writing, never looked so egregious as to our workers, who find each day too short for the glorious and gracious deeds waiting for them on every hand.

Frances E. Willard.

The Massachusetts Experiment in Education.

THE conventional school, with its book-lessons and recitations, is familiar to all; but the new public school, with its realistic methods, its entertaining sessions devoted apparently more to talking than recitation, more to amusement than drudgery, is unknown as yet except to the fortunate children of a few towns. We recently visited a model primary school-room in eastern Massachusetts, and, sitting down among the little children, tried to see the system pursued there from the little one's point of view.

It is a plain room, with windows on two sides. In the sunny windows are blossoming plants, and on the walls above the dado-like blackboard are pretty pictures, stuffed birds, and crayon sketches of plants and animals, shells, and curious things from fields and woods. The boys and girls enter the room together, and take their seats behind their little desks, on which are slates and pencils,—nothing more. The teacher comes, a smiling woman with flowers in her hand. She advances to the front of the two-score children, and begins to sing. They all sing: "This is the way we wash our slates, wash our slates, so early in the morning. This is the way we wipe our slates, wipe our slates, so early in the morning." Some of the older girls bring little pails of water, and each child dips a sponge in the water and washes the slate as they sing.

"Pussy Willow's class," says the teacher, "may copy the red words; Tommy Thorndike's class may take the green words; and Jenny's class may take the white words."

These words are already written in colored crayons on the blackboard. Three rows of the children take their slates and begin to copy the colored words,—a happy device for teaching to write and "to tell colors."

"Sophy May's class," resumes the teacher, "may come to the blackboard, and the babies may make a fence and a gate with the sticks."

One of the girls places a handful of large shoe-pegs on the desk of each of the youngest children, and several of the children come to the teacher's desk and stand before the blackboard. They are invited to tell what the teacher holds in her hand. Every hand is raised with almost frantic eagerness. They know what that is. "What is it, Johnny?" "A cat." "Can you tell me a story about it?" Every hand is up. "Well, Katy?" "I see a cat." "Good, now look at this on the board." She writes in script "cat." "What is that?" Not a hand is raised, though every eye is intently studying the unfamiliar letters. "What is this?" says the teacher, rapidly making a sketch of the cat. They all see that. "Now [pointing to the word] what does this stand for?" Two hands are up. "Freddy?" "A cat." "Oh, no. Mary?" "Cat." "Right! Now I will add our old friend," and with this the article is prefixed to the word. "Now Freddy is right—'a cat.' Who can find another?" With this, the word "cat" is written a number of times on different parts of the board, and the children eagerly hunt it up.

The sentence, "I see a cat," is written on the board. That puzzles the children. One has it; another, and another. "Mary?" "I have a cat." "No. Sophy?" "I see a cat." The word "see" is wholly new to the

class, and they get at it from the context, and have its appearance fixed in the mind by association. "Now you may copy this on your slates. Good-bye." This dismisses the class, and they return to their seats to write and rewrite the two new words whose sound, meaning, and aspect they have just learned. The pronoun and the article they learned before; so that now they join them to new words, and study spelling, language, and writing at the same time.

At first sight, there appears no special novelty in this lesson. Other teachers have used objects as a basis of instruction. The thing to be observed is this: These children do not know their letters. They do not study the alphabet at all. The aim is far wider than mere learning to read. First, the child's interest must be won by the sight of some familiar object. Secondly, the word is a substitute for the picture. The child is not told anything. He must arrive at things through his own thinking. There is no reward or punishment, no head or foot of the class. Each one must tell a story; that is, he must say something, make a complete sentence, and not use detached words. Lastly, and perhaps the most important of all, the young scholar must be happy in his pursuit of knowledge, because that which is happily learned is remembered.

The youngest class in numbers is now called up to a large table, on which are scattered a number of wooden blocks, such as are used for toys. The six little men and women have learned already five numerals. They can count five, but no more. To-day they are to learn five more numbers. Again the same merry session, the same stories told, language, expression, grammar, and numbers, all taught at once. Each child has ten blocks, and the game begins. The teacher leads the sport.

"I have five blocks, two and two and one. Now I hold one more. How many are there now?" Half the hands are up. "Well, Teddy?" "Seven," says Ted, with enthusiasm. "How many think Teddy is right? None. Well, Kitty, tell us about it." "I have five blocks, and I add one and have six." "Six what?" "Six blocks." "How many noses have we around the table? Well, Tommy?" "Eight." "No; we will not count company. Tell me something about it." "I see seven noses." "Now we'll all go to sleep." Every head is bent down while the teacher quickly removes two of the six blocks. "We wake up and find something." Every eye is intently studying the blocks. "Tell us about it, Jenny." "There were six blocks, and two have been taken away." "How many are left, Teddy?" "There are four blocks left."

With exhaustless patience, good humor, and ingenuity, the lesson proceeds, every problem being performed with the blocks, and every fact fixed in the mind by a statement made by the child. If bad grammar is used, it is quietly corrected without a word of explanation. The habit of right speaking is the only aim.

By this time the school is becoming weary. They have all worked hard for fifteen minutes. It is time for a change. The class is dismissed, and the teacher begins to sing. It is a merry song about the rain and the snow, and all join with the greatest interest, because at the end, when the snow falls and covers the ground, there are mock snow-balls to be picked up from the floor and tossed all over the room in a jolly riot of fun. Everybody feels better and ready for work again.

The teacher writes a series of simple sums in addition on the board, and the whole school watch her with the keenest interest. Now for a grand competition in language, grammar, arithmetic, and imagination. As soon as the figures are set forth a dozen hands are up. "Well, Lizzy?" Lizzy rises and says: "I was walking in the fields, and I met two butterflies, and then I saw two more, and that made four butterflies." "Good." The answer is put under the sum, and another child is called. "I had seven red roses, and a man gave me three white roses, and then I had ten roses." By this time the school has caught the spirit of the game. Forty hands are up, trying in almost frantic eagerness for a chance to bowl over one of the sums and tell a story. Whispering is plenty. One by one the sums are answered and the quaint stories told. Then all the upper figures of the sums are removed, and the lesson is changed to subtraction. Again the stories. "I had four red apples, and I gave two away, and then I had two apples," etc. Nearly every one mentioned the color of the object described. The children plainly observed color in everything. They took their subjects from out-of-doors, as if all their thoughts were of the woods, the fields, and the street. The most striking feature of the lesson is the intense eagerness to tell something, the alertness, the free play to the imagination of the pupils, and the absence of formality and anything like a task or recitation. It is practically an exercise in imagination, grammar, language, expression, and arithmetic.

Then follows another song. The slates of those who have been writing are examined, and even the babies who were playing with the shoe-pegs are commended for their work. They are not strictly learners. They are like little fellows put in a boy's choir, not to sing, but to sit among singers in an atmosphere of study.

A class in reading is then called up. Each child has a book, and reads a sentence in turn. The manner of reading is peculiar. The pupil first reads the entire sentence over to herself in silence, and then, looking up from the book, speaks it in a natural manner, as if talking to the teacher. The lesson is a story, aptly illustrated by a good picture, and the children not only understand what they read, but enjoy it. This done, they turn back to a story they had read before. Now the exercise is to read the story, a paragraph at a time, in their own words, to practice expression, and to prove that they understand what they read. Next, a new story is taken, and the class gives its attention not to the text, but to the picture. "Can any one tell me something about this picture?" There is an intense study over the book for a moment, and then the hands go up. "I see a dog." "I see a crane." "The crane is standing on one foot." "The dog is a pug." "Tell us something about the dog." "The dog has four legs." "He has two ears." "The crane has wings." "The crane is a bird." "The dog is an animal." "The pug looks very cross. Perhaps he is going to bark at the crane." All these statements are given in breathless eagerness, as if each child were anxious to add something to the sum of human knowledge, and not one of them is over seven years of age.

Another class is called. They form a line before

the blackboard, and the teacher says: "Who can tell me something? Well, Susie?" "I have a red apple in my pocket." The teacher writes this on the board, and before it is half written the hands are up and there is a ripple of laughter through the class. Teacher has made a mistake. "Where is it, Tommy?" "You made a small i at the beginning." "Right. Another story." "It is a cloudy day." This is written: "It's a cloudy Day." The hands go up again. "Where is it, Jane?" "The capital D is wrong." The hands are still up, eagerly thrust right in the teacher's face, in a sort of passionate anxiety to get the chance to explain the error. "She said it *is*, and not *it's*." "Right." Still the hands are up. "The dot has been left out." "Good. Any more mistakes?" Not a hand is raised, though the eyes scan the letters again to see if there be nothing more. They crowd close up to the blackboard, and watch every word as it is written with unflagging interest.

To vary the lesson, a sentence is written on the board containing two words the children have never seen. They swarm, like bees around a plate of honey, standing close up to the strange words, even touching each letter with tiny fingers, and silently trying to spell them out by the sound of the letters. One child tries and fails, plainly showing that nearly all the sentence is understood, but the new words are not wholly mastered. Another tries and gets it right, and is rewarded by dismissal to her seat. Other sentences and new words are tried, and there is a lively competition to read them. No one speaks the new words alone, but each reads the whole sentence in an intelligent manner, as if it were grasped as a whole. As fast as the right answer is given, the pupils return to their seats till all have answered.

The first class in simple fractions then comes up. It is studying the deep science of wholes and halves, quarters and eighths. The first step is really to see a whole divided into eight parts, and then to study a diagram on the board. The class gather around a low table, and each is given a lump of clay. Each one pats his lump down to a square pancake on the table. The object now is to enable each child to see visible quantities by size and weight and the effect of division. The cake of clay is divided into two equal parts, and these again divided, and the portions compared by size and weight. Each experiment with the clay is made the basis of an example of fractions, and must be explained in words. The addition of fractions is studied in the same way. One child's cake is divided into eight parts, and four are taken away and half a cake added from another cake. The children see the one half and the four eighths put together to form one whole, and they speak of it as a real fact, and not as an unmeaning formula read in a book. On the blackboard they draw in white chalk four bands of equal size. Then each is divided by a red line and subdivided by green lines. The pupil sees, by tracing the colors through each band, the exact relation of whole, halves, and quarters.

With all the lessons that have been described there is at frequent intervals a story or some exercise to change the current of the thoughts. Not all these lessons can be seen in one day or in one school. They are only typical lessons as seen by the writer in different primary schools in Boston, Dedham, and Quincy.

If there is any one thing over which the children of the United States have shed floods of useless tears, it is the "Tables of Weights and Measures" in the ancient arithmetics. Here is a new set of miserables just come to the edge of these horrid tables. Shall they go on in the old unhappy way, trying to say "two pints make one quart," or shall they see the things, and, half in sport, learn the easy lesson? After the lesson they can glibly recite the table, because they have seen what it means.

Here are the tin and wooden measures, with a pail of water and a bushel of bran, ranged on the table before the class. The teacher holds up the smallest tin measure and asks what it is. Some say it is a quart, others a pint. After some delay it is decided to be a gill. "Can any one spell it or write it on the board?" This is done, and the next step is to experiment with the measure. One of the girls fills it with water and makes a statement about it: "I have one gill of water." Having obtained a unit of measure, the next is taken, and the pint is considered by filling it with water by means of the gill measure, and counting the number of gills required to fill it. For dry measure, the bran is used instead of water.

This class are from nine to twelve years old. They are in the upper primary classes, and have spent two or three years already at school. It might be thought that they would not care for such a method of instruction. It does not so appear. There is the same alertness of attention, the same eagerness to tell a story or to express themselves, as in the youngest children, with perhaps a little less playfulness and more gravity.

A class in geography is studying the shape, surface, and general features of the continent of Australia. One of the class is appointed to act as its scribe, and write out the facts as learned. The pupils are supposed to have read their books, and are now up for examination. On a table before the class is a pile of brown molding sand. The first step is to spell the name Australia. This, it may be remarked, is the constant practice—to spell all the important words of the lesson as it proceeds, the correct spelling being at the same time written on the board by the scribe. The study of the shape of Australia, its surface, mountain ranges, and plains, is performed entirely with the molding sand. Each pupil volunteers a fact concerning the matter, and illustrates it in the heap of sand. First, the general outline, then the capes, bays, etc., then the mountain ranges, plains, etc. If any one makes a mistake, either in describing the thing or in arranging the sand, there is a vote taken to see if the majority of the class can correct the error. By the end of the lesson, a complete relief map has been constructed in sand on the table. Every subject in geography, the divisions of land and water, etc., that can be shown by a plan or map, is illustrated on the table, in the sand or with modeling clay. The child is not told to read in a book that "an island is a portion of land entirely surrounded by water." These children are given a lump of clay, and instructed to make an island of clay on the table, and then to cover the top of the table (it is really a shallow tank) with water, to show that the island is really surrounded by water. In some schools the table is painted blue to represent the water, and the brown sand aptly indicates the land.

As with the weights and measures, so the measures of length are studied by means of a tape stretched along the wall. Upon this tape the pupils measure off the foot, the yard, the rod. Each child is provided with a foot-rule as part of his school apparatus, and it is frequently used in the various lessons. The study of the rod and yard grows out of this, and they get what no one who merely learns by rote that "twelve inches make one foot, three feet make one yard," etc., ever can get,—an exact and real idea of the yard and rod. From this tape the teacher readily brings out a lesson in numbers. For instance, she writes on the board: "If I paid $9.00 for eighteen feet of land, how much did three yards cost?" The pupils see the foot and yard plainly marked off on the tape. They have a realizing sense of the comparative lengths, and this assists the mental process required to solve the question. In fact, all arithmetical problems can be taught by the blocks, the wet and dry measures, the rules and tapes, without once referring to a book. In point of fact, it does not appear advisable to use books at all, but to study numbers from objects, or by means of the board or stories of imaginary transactions from real life. The study of numbers is confined to the first four rules, simple fractions, and perhaps interest. This carries the pupil about half way through the grammar school, and it covers all that is required in ordinary business transactions. The tables, addition, multiplication, weights, etc., are in time all learned, but they are placed last and not first. I heard a teacher recite rapidly a series of sums in this way: "I had six apples, I took one away, added five, divided by two, squared them, gave away five, lost one, sold two, bought ten and ten and five and four and three, and lost seven, and divided them all with Kate and Jenny and Tommy and Jack and Ned. How many did they have, and how many were left?" For about thirty seconds there was a pause, and then one called out that he had it, and then another and another, till all said they had solved the problem. Perhaps a whole minute elapsed, and then, on calling on one scholar for the answer, it was put to the vote of the school whether or not the answer was right. While there may be nothing specially novel in this method of teaching, this point must be observed: These children had been wholly instructed by the new methods. They were probably weak on the "tables," or in the mere parrot-like recitation of formulas, yet they displayed a degree of quickness, a readiness of memory, comprehension, and reasoning, that was remarkable. With shorter questions involving, say, two sums in one rapidly spoken sentence, the answers came in a volley from the class the instant the sentence was finished, showing that the mental processes had been just as rapid as the spoken words.

It is said that the majority of public school children leave school when about half way through the grammar school. The question is, Does this objective teaching fit or unfit the boy for his probable position in life? Is this the best schooling for the poor man's child? Without venturing our final opinion, it may be observed that the aims of the system are in the right direction, and that all the aims are more or less thoroughly accomplished. First of all, the child must be happy. He must be at ease and pleased with his work, or little will be learned, and the training will be slight. The child has senses through which he receives all he can know, and makes known the thought that is in him. His senses must be trained by use; hence the games, the blocks, the colors, the music, pictures, and real objects. Imagination is perhaps the most valuable mental quality given to human beings: it must be cultivated continually, that the mind may work quickly and surely. This is the aim of the continual story-telling, the imaginary sums, and the use of pictures. The studies are very limited, because reading, writing, and arithmetic are the tools with which the work of the world is performed. These are enough for the boy or girl who must leave school before the grammar term is over. If he has these, the world of work and learning is all before him. It has been said that the boy taken from these schools and made an entry clerk will be a failure, because, while he is quick of observation, lively of imagination, and learned in a thousand things of the fields, the woods, and the sea, his business is to take the numbers from bales and boxes correctly. This is all that is required, and all the rest is useless. This may be true in a certain sense. Let us wait twenty years and see where the boy will be. Will he be still an entry clerk, or a merchant? In mechanical trades there is a fear that such teaching will unfit the boy for tending a nail machine or a shoe-pegging machine. This might be well founded if such trades were to cling to the old minute subdivision of labor, and the Old World notion that a workman must stick to one trade all his life. A celebrated builder of machine tools once said of one of his lathes: "It will take a man of science to run that lathe." The tendency of all tools is toward complexity, and mechanical trades continually demand more "all-round men," more workmen ready to change from tool to tool, and task to task. The American boy from the new schools will be a master at many trades, because he has been taught to use his imagination, to observe, to use his senses and his mind in a workman-like manner.

Charles Barnard.

A Romantic Career.

Dr. Francis Lieber was one of the remarkable characters of our generation. A statesman without station in politics, he was an enthusiastic, versatile, learned, suggestive, vigorous thinker on public affairs, whose works have influenced the ablest men of this country, and whose fame is international. He was not popular in the sense of being one who elicited the applause of multitudes. As a writer, he was too profound for the general reader; as a teacher and lecturer, he was adapted to superior and not to inferior intellects; and so he seemed to have less influence than he really possessed. But he had the power of attracting, informing, and inspiring strong minds. Wherever he lived, he was surrounded by the best of friends, and engaged with them in the discussion of the loftiest themes. In Berlin, Rome, Paris, London, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, he made himself felt by his acquisitions, his good sense, his political wisdom, his love of duty and of right, his adhesion to the truth. He is foremost among many noble emigrants from Germany to America.

His long career was romantic. Follow him in the quick succession of events during an active period of sixty years,—watching the victorious appearance of the French in Berlin; harboring the desire to enter Napoleon's army that he might kill the conqueror; wounded in the battle of Waterloo; imprisoned by the Prussian government for his love of liberty; participating in the struggle of the Greeks for independence; walking through Rome with the historian Niebuhr, and making notes of his pithy sayings; becoming a proficient in athletic sports; confined again in prison for his political views; introduced by Niebuhr to Grote, and hoping to become teacher of German in the new London University; an immigrant in this country, looking for something to do; now writing letters for German journals; now conducting a swimming school (where John Quincy Adams, while President, displayed his skill); now studying the improvement of prisons, as one acquainted with duress; now translating Beaumont and Tocqueville's great work; now drafting, by request, an elaborate plan for Girard College, that it might be organized as a seminary for teachers, and as a technical institute; and now editing an Encyclopædia Americana, with the aid of Joseph Story and many other illustrious writers. At length, he was established as professor in the University of South Carolina at Columbia, where his great books on civil liberty, political ethics, and legal hermeneutics were written; but at last became so uncomfortable that he left his southern home, and was reëstablished in New York as a professor in Columbia College. He was an incessant contributor to the newspapers, and a correspondent who never tired of exchanging letters; he was thoroughly roused by the Civil War, was consulted by Stanton, Halleck, Sumner, and others high in the national councils; was called upon to form a code for the government of armies in the field; was obliged to see, in his own family, brother turned against brother (one son serving with the Confederates, and two with the Union army). He suggested to European publicists the formation of an international council on international law. He became keeper of the public military archives, to which were sent all papers captured in the South, and was invited to serve as an umpire between Mexico and the United States. Honored with many academic titles, he was more honored by the respect of his pupils and by the unqualified homage of the principal writers on public law in this country and abroad. Such is the record of a life now fully revealed to the public by the diaries and letters which he wrote from 1814 to 1872.

His biography, which has recently been published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., under the editorship of Mr. T. S. Perry, illustrates in a very curious manner the growth of ideas in the human intellect. With a little care, we can see over and over again the growth of a good germ, in a good soil, till it produces good fruit,—which, in its turn, may become the seed-corn in another hill.

Mr. Perry tells us, as the result of his observations of Lieber's life, that it was a continual exposition of his favorite motto: "No right without its duties; no duty without its rights." His correspondents have seen this sentence printed on his note-paper; his readers have often met it in his books. Whence came it? A letter to Judge Thayer, in 1869, gives the Genesis of this Deuteronomy. Lieber bound for Greece, with his freedom-loving comrades, in 1822, saw at the end of the schooner's yard-arm a little flame. "That is bad, indeed," said the captain, who explained that the flames (electrical lights) were called Castor and Pollux, or St. Elmo's fire. If both appeared, it foretold fine sailing; if only one, foul weather. "Thought I," says Lieber, "this is like *right* and *duty:* both together, and all is well; *right* alone, despotism; *duty* alone, slavery."

In the great battle of this century, at Waterloo, enthusiastic Lieber took part. His little pocket memorandum-book is still extant in which he noted the passing events, and his fuller narrative has thrice been printed. Here he underwent a personal experience of the conduct of soldiers on the march, in the field, and in the hospital. It made a deep impression on his susceptible mind. The memory of consuming thirst was so vivid that for a long time afterward he could not see liquid of any kind without feeling an intense desire to swallow it. He always remembered the anniversary of Waterloo; and he made use of his experience as a soldier to interpret other historic events. When our Civil War was raging, it was this veteran of Waterloo who was asked by the Government to draw up a code for the government of armies in the field, and this he did with such skill that "General Order No. 100" of the United States Army became the basis of European usages.

Napoleon was Lieber's pet aversion, as the students of his "Civil Liberty" are well aware. He would not allow that the Emperor was even worthy of comparison with Washington. His abhorrence was manifested in many pages; but the beginning of this hostility is indicated in a very remarkable letter addressed to George S. Hillard in 1858, in which he declares that when he was thirteen years old, "in the year '13," he took a solemn oath, with a voice as loud as sobbing would permit, that he "would enter the French army, come near Napoleon's person, and rid the earth of that son of sin and crime." "I did it fervently, devoutly, unreservedly," he adds. The auto-psychological comments which he bases on this recollection are very curious. "Keep this letter," he concludes, "for my biography. Do not think I wrote it all in ten minutes."

Lieber was twice imprisoned in Köpenick, in 1819 and again in 1824, because he was suspected of being too free in his utterances on political liberty. He never lost his interest in the subject of penal discipline; he was a close student of the prison reforms which originated in this country forty years ago; he wrote an elaborate introduction to his translation of the celebrated work of the French commissioners; late in life he coöperated with those citizens of New York who were seeking to secure improvements in prison discipline; but more remarkable than all this is the fact that after he received a political pardon, and returned to Berlin, he used all his efforts to secure good penal administration in Germany, discussed the subject with Humboldt, Bülow, and the King, urged that prison inspectors should be appointed who could lecture in universities, and was himself invited to become a professor in the very university from which, as a political offender, he had been excluded in his youth.

Allusion has been made more than once to the code prepared by Lieber for the government of the United States Army in the field. It was issued by the War Department under the designation General Order No. 100, and was frequently referred to by its author as "the Old Hundred." Perry's memoir throws some interesting light upon its preparation. In February, 1863, he sends the *projet* of the code to General Halleck, earnestly asking for suggestions and amendments. For this purpose, he is going to send one copy to the soldier General Scott, and one to the civilian Horace Binney; fifty copies also to General Hitchcock for distribution.

"You," he says to Halleck, "well read in the literature on this branch of international law, know that nothing of the kind exists in any language. I had no guide, no groundwork, no text-book. I can assure you as a friend, that no counselor of Justinian sat down to his task of the Digest with a deeper feeling of the gravity of his labor than filled my breast in the laying down for the first time such a code, where nearly everything was floating. Usage, history, reason, and conscientiousness, and sincere love of truth, justice, and civilization have been my guides; but, of course, the whole must still be very imperfect."

At a later date, it is evident that he was quite well aware of the significance of this pioneer code. Twenty years have passed, and the idea which he gave birth to has been nurtured by skillful hands with ever increasing vigor, till at length it seems very near its maturity. It seems probable that the manual on this subject, approved by the Institute of International Law, in its meeting at Oxford in 1880, will receive the official sanction of European powers.

Lieber loved correspondence. He gave freely, and freely he received, — not finished, copied, formal epistles, nor the diffuse utterances of dictation, but sharp, lively, racy notes and queries. If his style was sometimes *staccato*, it had the merit of being pointed and of compelling attention. Consequently, the letters now brought together are very readable. The choice has been made with a nice instinct, which has retained personalities, as in his long-continued intimacy with G. S. Hillard; philosophical reflections, like those addressed to Samuel Tyler in Maryland, and to Bluntschli and Mittermaier in Germany; pleasantry, like his letters to Mrs. Ticknor; and patriotism, like his letters during the war. By this course, Mr. Perry has succeeded in giving us a rounded portrait, not a flat one, — the many-sided likeness of a many-sided man. Mittermaier, Bluntschli, and Holtzendorff are the German correspondents, Hilliard, Sumner, Samuel Tyler, Allibone, Thayer, General Halleck, and Hamilton Fish, the Americans, whose letters from Lieber have been most fully printed.

I miss the letters addressed to Binney, Laboulaye, Woolsey, and others who are known to have been his friends; and I venture the surmise that another volume might be collected from the stores at the editor's command. In behalf of many readers, I bespeak from Mr. Perry another volume of Lieber's letters, two or three years hence.

D. C. Gilman.

The Christian League. — A Postscript.

THANK you, Mr. Editor. Your invention of "Open Letters" gives me just the chance I want to grind my own little hatchet. Your types, far better than my hectograph, will multiply the answer that I ought to make to the many who are writing me kind and curious letters about "The Christian League of Connecticut." Mr. Franklin mentioned, at the last Convention, the large correspondence which had grown out of his connection with the League as its Secretary; and upon me, as its historian, an almost equal burden has been thrown. Some of the inquirers write to head-quarters, as they should; but letters directed to the League at Hartford are sometimes forwarded to me. A few of my English correspondents seem to be puzzled by the geography, but that is nothing strange for Englishmen. If Mr. Franklin should visit England, as I hope he may, he will undoubtedly prepare a large map, after the manner of the missionary secretaries, showing the location of the principal League Clubs, and indicating with spots of some bright color the towns in which churches have been consolidated. I trust that my English friends will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing Mr. Franklin's lecture, if for no other purpose, that they may obtain a little information about American geography.

The grateful and appreciative words that have come to me from all quarters give me far greater honor than belongs to me. In making the record that I have made of this beneficent movement, I have only done my duty. The praise is due to those — and they are many, nor do they all live in Connecticut — in whose minds and hearts this impulse toward coöperation in Christian work lives and grows from year to year. It is plain that a destructive analysis has done its worst upon the church, and that we have reached a period of reconstruction and synthesis. The fragments of the great denominations steadily gravitate together; the Presbyterians, North and South, are beginning to talk in their assemblies about coming together, and disunion can never survive discussion. No man can give a Christian reason for opposing reunion; every reason against it is drawn from selfish considerations or hateful passions which Christian men cannot long justify themselves in cherishing. When the Presbyterians come together, the Methodists and the Baptists cannot afford to stay apart, and we shall presently see the centripetal forces acting as vigorously as the centrifugal forces have been acting for a century or two. All this is in the air. He who cannot discern it is dull-witted indeed. I have only reported the movements of the *Zeitgeist*.

Mr. Franklin made a few quotations from his letters. Let me give an extract or two from mine, to indicate the depth of the feeling on this subject, and the social and ecclesiastical conditions out of which this feeling springs. A minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England writes to me as follows:

"You see from my address where I am. Here are five churches and only eight hundred people in the entire township. The —— church has no regular preaching. The other churches are in good order as to buildings and parsonages. The Methodists are said to have the largest congregations. At my first service, last Sunday, there were eighty-six. The salaries

are three hundred and fifty or four hundred dollars and rent, save that the —— clergyman has to pay his rent from his salary of four hundred dollars. * * * It seems to me that as long as such churches can get men to be pastors they will stick to their narrow denominational ideas and have different churches. But I do not think that God has called me into the ministry for any such purpose. One of the clergymen said he had been very happy here for ten years, and thought I should be. I cannot be, unless I can bring about some union of these churches. With the call for men to heathen lands and the West, how can I be happy here? * * * This much is settled. I cannot give my life to the preservation of mere denominational lines. What can I do in the way of the Christian League? Have you those articles in pamphlet form? If I could put one in every family here, and call a meeting in the large, beautiful town hall!"

The good man in his perplexity sees a glimmer of light in the West; but there is reason to fear that his flight thither would prove to be only a translation from a Yankee frying-pan to a prairie fire, as the following extracts will show. The writer of the letter from which they are taken is a Congregational minister in the Far West—a man with the most ample knowledge of all that region, and with a grasp of mind and a temper of soul that speak for themselves:

"I am convinced that if the policy of our missionary societies could be this, to have fewer churches and better, to withdraw from competition in many a hopeless field, that we may do the right thing where the way is open and the need great, we should do a much better work than we do. Only last week I was told by Rev. —— ——, who has long known Kansas, that he knew of fifty places in which the Congregationalists and Presbyterians should unite. If that could be done so that there would be twenty-five less Congregational churches and twenty-five less Presbyterian, there would be (1) a saving of fifteen thousand dollars missionary money; (2) a saving of an indefinite amount for church-buildings; (3) the release of fifty men to preach the Gospel in other places; (4) fifty fields that would be an attraction to men of spirit, in the place of fifty fields that no one but a mendicant would think of taking.

"*I am not at all surprised at the scarcity of ministers.* The policy of our home missionary societies tends to keep men from the ministry. We have a dead and dreary level of little churches that offer no inviting field for young men. It is easy to say that any young man fit for the ministry ought to be ready to enter the smallest field, that he ought to have the spiritual efficiency to make his small field a large one. I have said this myself. It is the true thing to say. But if the field is small, not because of the wickedness of sinners, but because of the folly of saints and the mistakes of the home missionary authorities, the case becomes hopeless. We must expect to begin small in new places; the trouble is that our fields remain small, and must remain so while this mistaken policy continues. If a young man is asked to endure hardships for Christ's sake, by all means let us not take the courage out of him by false pity; but if it turns out that the call for self-sacrifice is not for Christ at all, but for *our church*, we need not wonder if the truest consecration comes to be a forgotten grace, and that the best men cannot be found for the ministry."

The writers of these letters—and I have many like them—are not theorists; they are men who stand in the midst of this sectarian confusion, and who are doing their best to bring a little order out of its tumult, and to mix a little sweetness with its bitter waters. Such voices have a right to be heard, and they will be heard. The men who have the ordering of the work of our home missionary societies must attend to these mischiefs at once. Some of them, as I happen to know, are heartily disposed to do so; others, I fear, are ready to wink at any amount of "scrouging" if it do but inure to the benefit of their respective sects.

I will add but one word more, that the scarcity of ministers, so much complained of, is due, as my Western correspondent shows, to the spirit of schism, perhaps quite as much as to any other cause. There would be no lack of ministers, even numerically, if the churches that have no right to exist were blotted out. And, if that were done, we should soon report a great gain not only in the number but also in the quality of the men seeking the ministry.

Washington Gladden.

[THE following letter has been received by the Editor from the (Protestant Episcopal) Bishop of New Mexico and Arizona:]

I read with great interest Dr. Gladden's series of articles in THE CENTURY, entitled "The Christian League of Connecticut." The subject is handled with marked ability and in an excellent spirit. The Doctor has hit the plague-spot of modern Christianity. I am thoroughly convinced that the needless divisions among Christians is to-day a greater hinderance to the spread of Christ's religion than any other evil, not excepting infidelity and intemperance. If this seems to some to put the case too strongly, let them remember that divisions kill charity, the most important of Christian graces.

Doubtless the evil is sufficiently grave in New England; but it grows worse the farther West you come. I think I understate the case when I say that in the great cities of the West not one in ten of the nominally Protestant population are in the habit of attending any place of worship. Farther West, and in thinly settled districts, the evil is still greater. In the Western States and Territories, you may travel hundreds of miles and not meet with a place where any regular service is held.

You will pass a score of small settlements, around stations with sufficient population to make a congregation; but, not being able to unite on any one denomination, they live practically heathens. When you reach a town of from one thousand to five thousand inhabitants, you will find half a dozen sects, each generally with a handful of followers, a half-starved minister, and a shabby little church; and yet an expert would often fail to discover in what essential particular these denominations differed with each other.

Of course, there must be a cure, but my object in writing this letter is to help men to see the enormity of the evil. When Christian men begin to look in earnest, a remedy will be found.

In conclusion, let me recommend Dr. Gladden's suggestion, in organizing new congregations, to use only the short platform of the Apostles' Creed. I would add to this a request that all sincere followers of Our Lord would use daily that touching prayer of his, "that all may be one," on which is conditioned the concluding sentence "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."

Geo. K. Dunlop.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., June 26, 1883.

Standard Railway Time.

PEOPLE whose journeyings have been limited to short distances can hardly appreciate the perplexity experienced by a traveler who undertakes to make a long tour in this country, when he endeavors to ascertain by what standard he must time his movements in order to catch a train advertised to depart at a certain hour. It is a lamentable fact that our railways are run to-day by no less than fifty different meridian times, varying from each other by all sorts of odd combinations of minutes. The roads using the various standards cross and interlace each other in such a puzzling manner as to render any ready acquisition of knowledge of the standard by which each is governed a sheer impossibility. Studying a map of the system is like tracing the intricacies of a labyrinth.

This condition of affairs has largely arisen from the fact that, in the early days of railroads, the several lines were isolated from each other, and each, as a rule, adopted as its standard the meridian time of the city in which its head-quarters happened to be located. As these lines were extended and branches were constructed, each adhered to its original standard, or compromised upon some intermediate meridian suitable for its own system, without regard to the standards of other lines in the same section. Many new lines of road, using standards varying from all the others, have been constructed across the original lines, thus adding to the confusion, which was bad enough before. So generally does this condition of affairs exist, that there is to-day scarcely a railroad center of any importance in the United States at which the standards used by the roads entering it do not number from two to five. The inconvenience this causes was aptly expressed, not long since, by a bright and intelligent Virginia lady, one of a party of tourists. Finding herself utterly unable to reconcile the time shown by her usually reliable watch to the varying times shown by the railway clocks at different points, she turned to the writer, and, using a provincial expression, asked appealingly: "Please tell me what is *sure enough* time?"

An effort is now being made in railway circles to arrive at a "sure enough" time, which has been not only indorsed but strongly recommended for adoption by the managing officers of a large number of important railway lines.

The system proposed is based, so far as it affects the railway lines, upon readily understood principles.

First. That the same standard should be used by all lines within sections as largely extended as may be possible, without entailing such a difference between local and railroad time as to cause inconvenience to the public. It is believed, however, that as exact time is seldom required except for purposes connected with transportation, standard time could be readily substituted for local time in all cases where the difference would not be much over thirty minutes.

Second. That where a second standard becomes necessary, it should differ from the first by the simplest and most readily calculated variation,—an even hour.

Third. That the changes from one standard to another should be made at well known points of departure, and so far as may be possible at points where changes now occur, and where no practical difficulty would cause danger or inconvenience to railway operations.

The section of country which includes within its limits over eighty per cent. of all the railways lies within thirty degrees of longitude westward from the eastern boundary of the State of Maine.

In railway circles, all roads east of Buffalo, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Bristol (Tennessee), etc., are distinctively known as Eastern roads, and the lines west of those points as Western roads. In examining a map of these Eastern roads, grouped together, we find that a meridian line, drawn centrally between their eastern and western extremities, coincides almost exactly with the seventy-fifth meridian west from Greenwich. A similar grouping of the Western roads between Buffalo, Pittsburg, etc., on the east, and the western boundary of Kansas on the west, develops the fact that the ninetieth meridian west from Greenwich is very approximately the central meridian for the system of roads embraced within that section.

The seventy-fifth and ninetieth meridians being fifteen degrees apart, their time differs, of course, by an even hour. It is proposed that all railroads east of Buffalo, Pittsburg, etc., shall use the seventy-fifth meridian time, which is approximately four minutes slower than the meridian time of New York; and that the Western roads shall use the ninetieth meridian time, which is nine minutes slower than Chicago time.

The meridian equidistant from these central meridians crosses the railway lines in Ohio and other States at points where the peculiarities of railway operations prevent the change being made from one standard to another, and the difficulty has been met by extending the Western standard to the eastern termini of such roads at Buffalo, Salamanca, Pittsburg, etc. Similar practical questions decide the standards for all roads south of the points named to Charleston, South Carolina. In Canada, all roads between Quebec and Detroit would use the seventy-fifth meridian time. The western limit of the ninetieth meridian, or "central time" system, is fixed at points on the great transcontinental lines, where a complete change is now made in the personnel of the hands in charge of trains, or, more technically speaking, at the ends of divisions. The standard for the next western or "Mountain" system is the time of the one hundred and fifth meridian, which coincides with Denver (Colorado) time, and, for the Pacific coast, that of the one hundred and twentieth meridian. The change from the Mountain to the Pacific system is proposed to be made at Yuma, Ogden, and Missoula, all convenient locations. For the extreme eastern section, east of Quebec and Vanceboro, the sixtieth meridian time may be employed.

By the adoption of this system over eighty per cent. of the railroads will use but two standards where they now use forty, and these standards will differ from each other by an even hour. The standard for each section will differ from every other section by one, two, three, or four hours; hence the minutes will be identical in all the sections. At points where the changes are made from one standard to the next, as Pittsburg, Wheeling, etc., similar changes are now made, the distinction being that instead of the readily calculated difference of one hour these changes now consist of differences of odd minutes varying from thirteen to thirty-six, numbers inconvenient to calculate and which constantly cause annoying mistakes.

It has been pretty generally conceded that the system proposed will be, *per se*, advantageous to the railway companies. As affecting the general public, the traveling portion will certainly be benefited. For the rest, numerous instances now exist where railroad time is exclusively used without inconvenience in localities where the railroad standard differs by over thirty minutes from true local time.

Multiples of Greenwich time have been adopted for the system proposed, because they have been found to be the meridians best adapted for the purpose desired to be accomplished. It is a petty, school-boy patriotism which urges that Washington time should be adopted as the prime meridian, in the face of the fact that its adoption would aggravate rather than diminish the difficulties of the situation, so far as the railways at least are concerned.

The adoption of the system proposed will reduce the present uncertainty to comparative if not absolute certainty; and as Greenwich time is the standard by which all navigators' chronometers are regulated, it will give us a national standard time that will be in harmonic accord with a system which may be extended to include within its limits the whole world. For reasons of this nature, every scientific society in this country which has considered the subject has recommended the adoption of the seventy-fifth, ninetieth, etc., meridians west from Greenwich as those upon which time standards should be based.

But the question whether these meridians are also best adapted for the use of the railways, and how they can be practically adopted without serious inconvenience, has been heretofore an open one in railway circles. It is hoped and believed that a solution has now been reached. The question is to be finally decided at conventions of railway managers to be held in Chicago and in New York City in October, 1883.

W. F. Allen.

Reforming the Alfabet.

In "Science" for June 1st, Mr. Alexander M. Bell designates six consonant sounds in the English language as having no proper letters to represent them, and proposes that the deficiency be supplied with "Visibl Speech" symbols. Five of the six sounds which he mentions ar the same as five of the six usually designated by spelling reformers as not properly represented; but he puts in *wh* and leaves out *ch*. Now that the combination *wh* represents, not a singl sound, but two sounds, any one can prove for himself. If there is but one sound it wil be possibl to "hold" it, in the musical sens; but the result of a trial in this case is the sound of *h* followed by that of *u* in *quack*; or els som noise never represented by *wh*.

Then why is *ch* omitted? From his spelling *catch* in his list of exampls with the sign for *sh*, it may be inferred that Mr. Bell would reply that *ch* is made up of *t* and *sh*. The holding test does not giv a distinct result in this case, owing to the peculiarity of the sound; but a trial wil prove that *ch* is pronounct with the vocal organs in one position, and hence stands for a singl sound. That the sound of *ch* does not include that of *sh* becoms evident from it being necessary, after pronouncing the former, to change the positions of the tongue and lips slightly before *sh* can be spoken.

Mr. Bell givs the six "Visibl Speech" letters which he proposes as substitutes, and invites the reader to judg as to the simplicity of their forms and their adaptability for intermixture with Roman letters. They are not prepossessing, for, not having any structural elements in common with Roman characters, they look even more out of place than script letters would if mixt with Roman. The sign for *sh* is almost exactly like an eye such as ar used with hooks on ladies' dreses; that for *zh* (*z* in *azure*) is the same with an aded mark; those for the two sounds of *th* resembl script *w's*; that for *ng* is not so easily described, but the main part of it resembls the apothecary's scrupl mark. Their foreign look is, of course, the least rational objection, but practically it would be found the hardest one to remove. Another disadvantage is that the similarity of two pairs of these letters would cause many mistakes in distributing type. The argument that by these and other fysiological signs the pronunciation of foreign words can be represented, is no reason for introducing them into the alfabet in which our daily papers, our Bibls, and school-books ar printed. "Why not hav two alfabets?" Mr. Bell asks; an excellent suggestion, but let the "Visibl Speech" alfabet be kept distinct for the use of def mutes, for grammars of foreign languages, and other filological uses. There is no more need of continually reminding the reader of the vocal proces he uses in speaking each letter, than of reminding him as often as he sees the word that *husband* was originally *house-band*.

What shal we do, then? for, as Mr. Bell says, the new letters advised by som reformers hav failed to be adopted by the rest. Wel, here is a plan which the writer formed over thre years ago, and which he stil deems the most feasibl. Reformers ar agreed that *q*, *x*, and either *c* or *k* must go. The retaining of *k* rather than *c* would seem preferabl, because when a person sees a *k* he knows alredy what it stands for, and would not hav to forget that it sometimes denoted the same sound as *s*. A tendency in this direction has begun in the spelling of Sokrates, Sanskrit, and som other foreign words. The fact that *k* is preferred in German, to which the Anglo-Saxon part of our language is so closely allied, also pronounces in its favor, for, as Mr. Bell insists, international agrement is highly desirabl. Now, why not use these discarded familiar letters for thre of the unrepresented sounds, insted of offending the eye unnecessarily with newly devised signs, and requiring every foreigner who lerns our language to share the burden? In deciding which sound each letter shal represent, let us invoke again the principl of international agrement. Thus, in Italian, *c* in certain situations has the sound of *ch* in *church;* why not choose a change that makes one more point of agrement between the two languages insted of one that makes another point of differenc? The use of *x* for the *zh* sound would not be far from its present initial use, as in *xylofone*; and, if no weightier determining reason arose, let *q* take the place of *ng*, because it resembls *g* in projecting below the line. Perhaps it wil be decided to replace *w* and *y* by vowels, as in Franklin's scheme; if so, these with one Anglo-Saxon letter, alredy lookt upon with favor, would make up the six lacking consonants.

In THE CENTURY for last December was an articl on the spelling reform by Professor Lounsbury, with all but one of the views in which I desire to expres ful agrement, together with great admiration of the manner of treatment. But Professor Lounsbury, to, deems the introduction of new letters "a necessity of the situation." Besides mentioning the six consonant sounds alredy referred to, he states that we hav fourteen simpl vowel sounds, and only five letters to represent them. But there is a simpl remedy for this deficiency also, and that, to, in conformity with the principl of international agrement. We hav only to use with each of these five letters two of the diacritical marks so frely used in continental languages to hav the means of representing fifteen vowels.

New letters have alredy been devised, and ar used in the organ of the Spelling Reform Association. "Transition letters" hav also been invented, to make the change to ful fonetic spelling a gradual one; but this scheme savors of the wisdom that cut off a dog's tail an inch at a time out of compassion.

Surely, if the growing disposition of the Germans to replace their peculiar alfabet by the one used in writing English, French, Italian, and Spanish is a move in the right direction, and if it would be well for the Russians and Chinese to do the same, then the formation of a peculiarly English alfabet, by the introduction of ten or more new letters, is a long step backward.

Frederick A. Fernald.

The Training of Children's Voices.

THE experience of teachers trained at this college and practicing its methods is exactly that which Mr. W. L. Tomlins relates in your June number. Of those who teach singing by note in English and Scotch elementary schools, seventy per cent. practice our system of singing; hence their experience is wide and various. With Mr. Tomlins, our teachers find that coarse and loud tone limits the compass of the voice; they find, too, that children who are in the habit of shouting, either in the play-ground or at the Sunday-school, have very poor singing voices. As an illustration of Mr. Tomlins's point that children's voices are naturally high, let me mention the work of Mr. Frank Sharp, superintendent of music in the board schools at Dundee, Scotland, and a teacher of our system. Mr. Sharp's children's choir has frequently performed Handel's "Messiah" in public, not only in Dundee, but in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. In these performances, the treble and alto parts both of the solos and choruses are sung by children, without the assistance of a single adult voice, tenors and basses only being brought in to complete the harmony. I have noticed the ease with which the boy and girl trebles attack the G's and A's of Handel's music. They sing these notes with far less effort than most adult sopranos. The reason is that the low and medium voices have been carefully separated from the really high ones, and the registers of the voice have been developed. Mr. Tomlins evidently means that a *fair proportion* of children's voices are high. We find that they differ in compass just as much as the voices of adults.

The habit of singing by ear, once formed, is difficult to cure, and we regard it as of utmost importance that the understanding should keep pace with vocal skill.

J. Spencer Curwen.

THE TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE, London, June 6, '83.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

In Swimming-time.

CLOUDS above, as white as wool,
Drifting over skies as blue
As the eyes of beautiful
Children when they smile at you;
Groves of maple, elm, and beech,
With the sunshine sifted through
Branches, mingling each with each,
Dim with shade and bright with dew;
Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,
Hickory and sycamore,
And the drowsy dogwood bowed
Where the ripples laugh aloud,
And the crooning creek is stirred
To a gayety that now
Mates the warble of the bird
Teetering on the hazel-bough;
Grasses long and fine and fair
As your school-boy sweetheart's hair,
Backward roached and twirled and twined
By the fingers of the wind;
Vines and mosses, interlinked
Down dark aisles and deep ravines,
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,
Round a bend where some one leans
Faint and vague and indistinct
As the like reflected thing
In the current shimmering.
Childish voices farther on,
Where the truant stream has gone,
Vex the echoes of the wood
Till no word is understood,
Save that one is well aware
Happiness is hiding there.
There, in leafy coverts, nude
Little bodies poise and leap,
Spattering the solitude
And the silence everywhere —
Mimic monsters of the deep!
Wallowing in sandy shoals —
Plunging headlong out of sight;
And, with spurtings of delight,
Clutching hands, and slippery soles,
Climbing up the treacherous steep
Over which the spring-board spurns
Each again as he returns.
Ah! the glorious carnival!
Purple lips and chattering teeth —
Eyes that burn — but, in beneath,
Every care beyond recall,
Every task forgotten quite —
And again, in dreams at night,
Dropping, drifting through it all!

James Whitcomb Riley.

Model Children.

DAT fust chile am Abs'lum 'Neezer,
An' dat nex' one's Ephaham;
Ober dar am Potiphar Cæsar —
Him as we fo' short call Sam.

Sorter 'semblin'? Like free pins, sah;
Can't mos' tell which which one am;
Dat, I 'spec', is case dey's twins, sah —
Abs'lum, Ephaham, an' Sam.

Yo' nebber seed sich peaceable chillun;
No, dey nebber disumgree;
Jes' watch 'em eat dat water-millun —
Peaceable, sah, as dey ken be.

Dar, now, chillun, quit yer foolin';
Frow dat piece o' peel away;
Yes, dey likes ter all be rulin',
But dey'll mind jes' when I say.

Luff him be, dar, Ephaham; yo'
Needn't took de biggest share!
Fo' de solem' fack I'll flam yo'
If ye doan divide dat fair!

Did'n ye heah me talkin', Abs'lum?
Luff right go ob Eph'ham's ha'r!
Dar's enuff; ye all ken hab sum,—
Cuff him agin, sah, if yo' dare!

Potiphar, stop dat! Mind yer mudder!
Look out 'fo' ye tear his cloze!
Haint yer 'shamed to scratch yer brudder?
See dat poor little Abs'lum's nose!

Hi! yo' wile-cat, dar! He's stranglin'!
Doan yer da's to frow dat stone!
'Pears yer wuss'n dogs fur janglin',
If I da's to leab yer 'lone!

Whist! I heah de ole man 'wakin'!
Skatter quick, wid all yer might;
Ye ken bet ye'll git a shakin'
If ye doan skoot out o' sight.

See 'em git! Yah! yah! What chillun!
Coorse dey'll jangle when dey's mad;
But dey'll quit, sah, mighty willin',
When I menshum de ole man's gad.

Charles H. Turner.

What's in a Name?

IN letters large upon the frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beërsheba to Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.—
* * *
That night as in his *atelier*
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
He grinned from ear to ear:—
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

R. K. Munkittrick.

A Midsummer Day's Dream.

OH, the bright, the breezy sky,
Blue and boundless, pure and high!
Oh, the winds, the clouds, the bliss,
Wed to woodland hours like this!
Bird and insect! teach me, pray,
Songs to match with yours to-day!

Chirp and chirrup — by my fate
Not too long you bid me wait!
Lovely winglings! Oh, for feather
Light as yours, this summer weather!
Oh, for music like the bee!
Oh, for wild-wasp minstrelsy!

Speckled Spider, venture near!
There is naught for you to fear.
Two-tailed Cricket, come and be
Mine accepted company;
Bring your cousins, too, the Ants;
Here are crumbs for all your wants!

Daddy Long-legs! hither haste,
Thin of leg and thick of waist;
Tell me, Daddy, minus prayers,
Tumbling down the kitchen stairs,
Is it true, what I'm afraid is,
You're a sinner, bound for Hades?

Nonsense — that I'll not believe!
What's this traveling up my sleeve?
Ho! friend Grasshopper, is't you,
With your sharp and rasping shoe?
Skip, old Hammer-head, away —
No molasses, sir, to-day!

Ah, what's here? my Lady fair!
Crimson speck upon the air!
Lady-bird — oh, wherefore roam,
Why so far from hearth and home?
Spotted Lady, fly — return —
Else the fire your house will burn!

Beetle, wood-moth, bird on wing —
Nature's tribes, that own no sting —
Come and flutter by my side,
Here in covert safe abide;
I'll your boon companion be
For your noble company!

Here I'll come, for each bright day,
While the birds and blossoms stay,
While the wooing breezes roll
Sweet content through heart and soul,
And from banks of blowing thistle
I can list yon blackbird's whistle!

Come — oh, come! for you and me
All these summer mornings be;
Come — oh, come! for me and you
Each soft evening drops its dew;
Morn and noon and sunset's glow
Made for you and me, you know!

William M. Briggs.

A Bundle of Letters.

STRANGE how much sentiment
Clings like a fragrant scent
To these love-letters pent
In their pink covers:
Day after day they came
Feeding love's fickle flame;—
Now, she has changed her name,—
Then, we were lovers.

Loosen the silken band
Round the square bundle, and
See what a dainty hand
Scribbled to fill it
Full of facetious chat;
Fancy how long she sat
Molding the bullets that
Came with each billet!

Ah, I remember still
Time that I used to kill
Waiting the postman's shrill,
Heart-stirring whistles,
Calling vague doubts to mind,
Whether or no I'd find
That he had left behind
One of her missals.

Seconds become an age
At this exciting stage;
Two eager eyes the page
Scan for a minute;
Then, with true lover's art,
Study it part by part,
Until they know by heart
Everything in it.

What is it all about?
Dashes for words left out,—
Pronouns beyond a doubt!
Very devoted.
Howells she's just begun;
Dobson her heart has won;
Locker and Tennyson
Frequently quoted.

Criss-cross the reading goes,
Rapturous rhyme and prose,—
Words which I don't suppose
Look very large in
Books on the "ologies";
Then there's a tiny frieze
Full of sweets in a squeeze,
Worked on the margin.

Lastly,— don't pause to laugh! —
That is her autograph
Signing this truce for half
Her heart's surrender;
Post-scriptum, one and two,—
Desserts,— the dinner's through! —
Linking the "I" and "You"
In longings tender.

Such is the type of all
Save one, and let me call
Brief notice to this small
Note neatly written:
'Tis but a card, you see,
Gently informing me
That it can never be! —
This is the mitten!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Massachusetts French.

DEDICATED (WITH APOLOGIES) TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

THE model was a Frenchman; tall and muscular was he,
And the pose was very difficult, as any one might see;
For he shot fictitious arrows from a stout but stringless bow;
And the Life Class sat before him — thirty young men in a row.

He stood stock-still one hour — yet one more, nor moved a hair;
The students still worked steadily with fixed, artistic stare.
The model groaned in secret, and the sweat was on his brow,
And he longed to beg for respite, but alas! he knew not how.

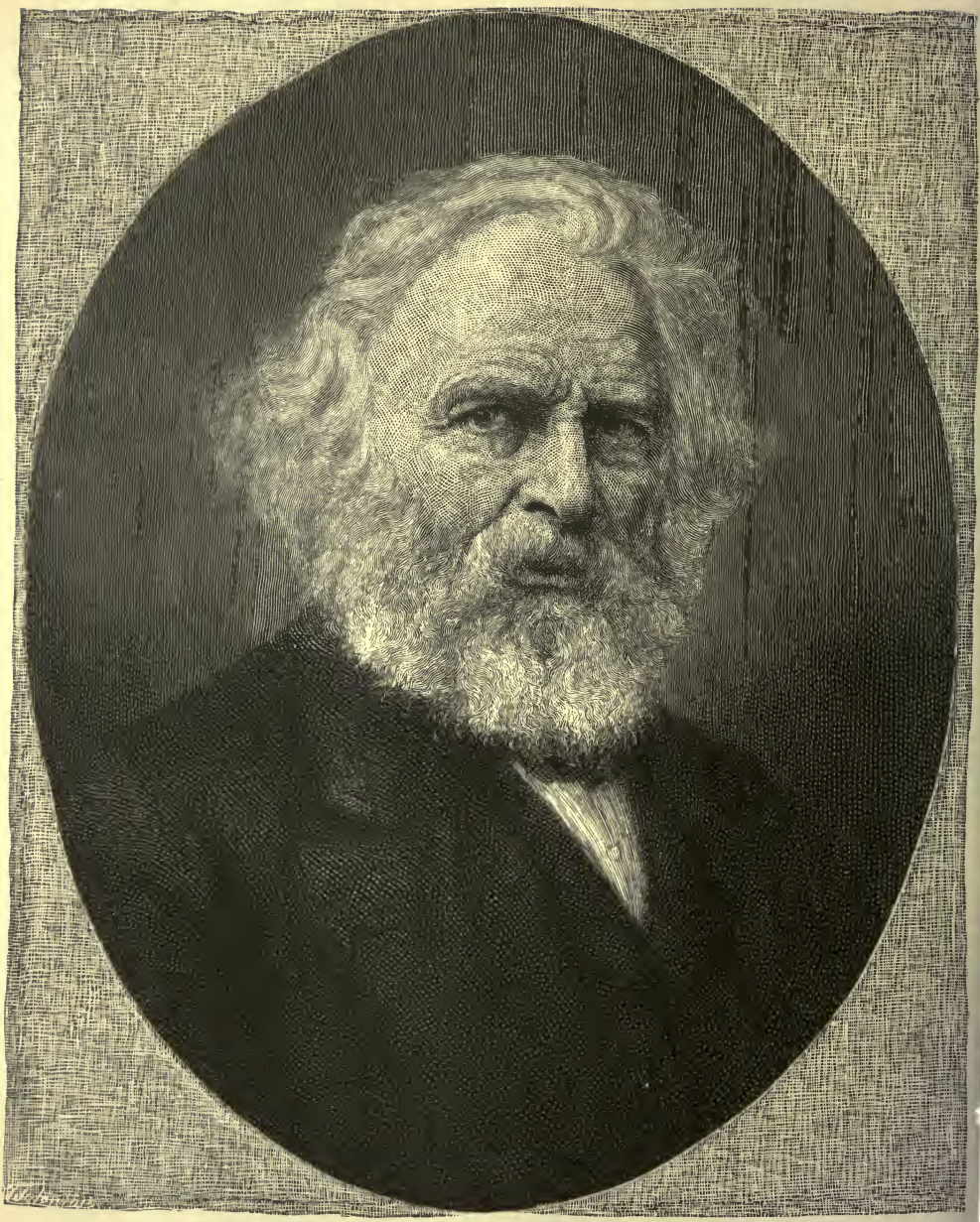
He knew no English, they no French; so all still held their peace,
Though all, no doubt, knew Latin, and were fluent when in Greece;
For Latin school and college had made them "cultured" men,
With no thought that French or German might come handy now and then.
The use of all such knowledge their teachers ne'er could see;
So the sum of their acquirements was a guinea-hen-like "*Oui.*"

At last one youth, more pitiful or lazy than the rest,
Observed the clouding of his eyes, the heaving of his breast;
"Oh, fellows! we are cruel; he must rest awhile," he cried.
But all looked blank and helpless and nobody replied.

Then one young man who felt a pride in his knowledge of the tongue,
But had been too modest to come forth till other hope was gone,
Stepped forward to the model, full in all the students' view,
And lisped in accents dulcet: "*Ah, monsieur, restez-vous!*"

"*Mais non, messieurs!*" the model said, and "*Oui,*" the youth replied;
And still the weary man said "*Non*"; still "*Oui*" the chorus cried.
"What cruel creatures!" thought the man. "Why wont he rest?" said they.
But neither class nor man has seen the point unto this day.

Bell F. Hapgood.



Henry W. Longfellow

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OUTDOOR INDUSTRIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

CLIMATE is to a country what temperament is to a man — Fate. The figure is not so fanciful as it seems, for temperament, broadly defined, may be said to be that which determines the point of view of a man's mental and spiritual vision; in other words, the light in which he sees things. And the word climate is, primarily, simply a statement of bounds defined according to the obliquity of the sun's course relative to the horizon; in other words, the slant of the sun. The tropics are tropic because the sun shines down too straight: vegetation leaps into luxuriance under the nearly vertical ray; but human activities languish; intellect is supine; only the passions, human nature's rank weed growths, thrive. In the temperate zone, again, the sun strikes the earth too much aslant. Human activities develop; intellect is keen; the balance of passion and reason is normally adjusted; but vegetation is slow and restricted. As compared with the productiveness of the tropics, the best that the temperate zone can do is scanty.

There are a few spots on the globe where the conditions of the country override these laws, and do away with these lines of discrimination in favors. Florida, Italy, the south of France and of Spain, a few islands, and South California, complete the list.

These places are doubly dowered. They have the wealths of the two zones, without the drawbacks of either. In South California this results from two causes: first, the presence of a temperate current in the ocean, near the coast; second, the configuration of the mountain ranges which intercept and reflect the sun's rays, and shut South California off from the rest of the continent. It is, as it were, climatically insulated — a sort of island on land. It has just enough of sea to make its atmosphere temperate. Its continental position and affinities give it a dryness no island could have; and its climatically insulated position gives it an evenness of temperature much beyond the continental average.

It has thus a cool summer and a temperate winter; conditions which secure the broadest and highest agricultural and horticultural possibilities. It is the only country in the world where dairies and orange orchards will thrive together.

It has its own zones of climate; not at all following lines parallel to the equator, but following the trend of its mountains. The California mountains are a big and interesting family of geological children, with great gaps in point of age, the Sierra Nevada being oldest of all. Time was when the Sierra Nevada fronted directly on the Pacific, and its rivers dashed down straight into the sea. But that is ages ago. Since then have been born out of the waters the numerous coast ranges, all following more or less closely the shore line. These are supplemented at Point Conception by east and west ranges, which complete the insulating walls of South or semi-tropic California. The coast ranges are the youngest of the children born; but the ocean is still pregnant of others. Range after range, far out to sea, they lie, with their attendant valleys, biding their time, popping their heads out here and there in the shape of islands.

This colossal furrow system of mountains must have its correlative system of valleys; hence the great valley divisions of the country. There may be said to be four groups or kinds of these: the low and broad valleys, so broad that they are plains; the high mountain valleys; the rounded plateaus of the Great Basin, as it is called, of which the Bernardino Mountains are the southern rim; and the

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river valleys or cañons—these last running at angles to the mountain and shore lines.

When the air in these valleys becomes heated by the sun, it rushes up the slopes of the Sierra Nevada as up a mighty chimney. To fill the vacuum thus created, the sea air is drawn in through every break in the coast ranges as by a blower. In the upper part of the California coast it sucks in with fury, as through the Golden Gate, piling up and demolishing high hills of sand every year, and cutting grooves on the granite fronts of mountains.

The country may be said to have three distinct industrial belts: the first, along the coast, a narrow one, from one to fifteen miles wide. In this grow some of the deciduous fruits, corn, pumpkins, and grain. Dairy and stock interests flourish. The nearness of the sea makes the air cool, with fogs at night. There are many *ciénagas*, or marshy regions, where grass is green all the year round, and water is near the surface everywhere. Citrus fruits do not flourish in this belt, except in sheltered spots at the higher levels.

The second industrial belt comprises the shorter valleys opening toward the sea; a belt of country averaging perhaps forty miles in width. In this belt all grains will grow without irrigation; all deciduous fruits, including the grape, flourish well without irrigation. The citrus fruits thrive, but need irrigation.

The third belt lies back of this, farther from the sea; and the land, without irrigation, is worthless for all purposes except pasturage. That, in years of average rain-fall, is good.

The soils of South California are chiefly of the cretaceous and tertiary epochs. The most remarkable thing about them is their great depth. It is not uncommon, in making wells, to find the soil the same to a depth of one hundred feet; the same thing is to be observed in cañons, cuts, and exposed bluffs on the sea-shore. This accounts for the great fertility of much of the land. Crops are raised year after year, sometimes for twenty successive years, on the same fields, without the soil's showing exhaustion; and what are called volunteer crops, sowing themselves, give good yields for the first, second, and even third year after the original planting.

To provide for a wholesome variety and succession of seasons, in a country where both winter and summer were debarred full reign, was a meteorological problem that might well have puzzled even nature's ingenuity. But next to a vacuum, she abhors monotony; and to avoid it, she has, in California, resorted even to the water-cure—getting her requisite alternation of seasons by making one wet and the other dry.

To define the respective limits of these seasons becomes more and more difficult, the longer one stays in California, and the more one studies rain-fall statistics. Generally speaking, the wet season may be said to be from the middle of October to the middle of April, corresponding nearly with the outside limits of the north temperate zone season of snows. A good description of the two seasons would be—and it is not so purely humorous and unscientific as it sounds—that the wet season is the season in which it can rain, but may not; and the dry season is the season in which it cannot rain, but occasionally does.

Sometimes the rains expected and hoped for in October do not begin until March, and the whole country is in anxiety; a drought in the wet season meaning drought for a year, and great losses. There have been such years in California, and the dread of them is well founded. But often, the rains, coming later than their wont, are so full and steady that the requisite number of inches fall, and the year's supply is made good. The average rain-fall in San Diego county is ten inches; in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and Ventura counties, fifteen; in Santa Barbara, twenty. These five counties are all that properly come under the name of South California, resting the division on natural and climatic grounds. The political division, if ever made, will be based on other than natural or climatic reasons, and will include two, possibly three, more counties.

The pricelessness of water in a land where no rain falls during six months of the year cannot be appreciated by one who has not lived in such a country. There is a saying in South California that if a man buys water he can get his land thrown in. This is only an epigrammatic putting of the literal fact that the value of much of the land depends solely upon the water which it holds or controls.

Four systems of irrigation are practiced: First, flooding the land. This is possible only in flat districts, where there are large heads of water. It is a wasteful method, and is less and less used each year. The second system is by furrows. By this system, a large head of water is brought upon the land and distributed in small streams in many narrow furrows. The streams are made as small as will run across the ground, and are allowed to run only twenty-four hours at a time. The third system is by basins dug around tree roots. To these basins water is brought by pipes or ditches; or, in mountain lands, by flumes. The fourth system is by sub-irrigation. This is the most expensive system of all, but is thought to economize water. The water is carried in pipes laid from two to three feet

VALLEY IRRIGATION.

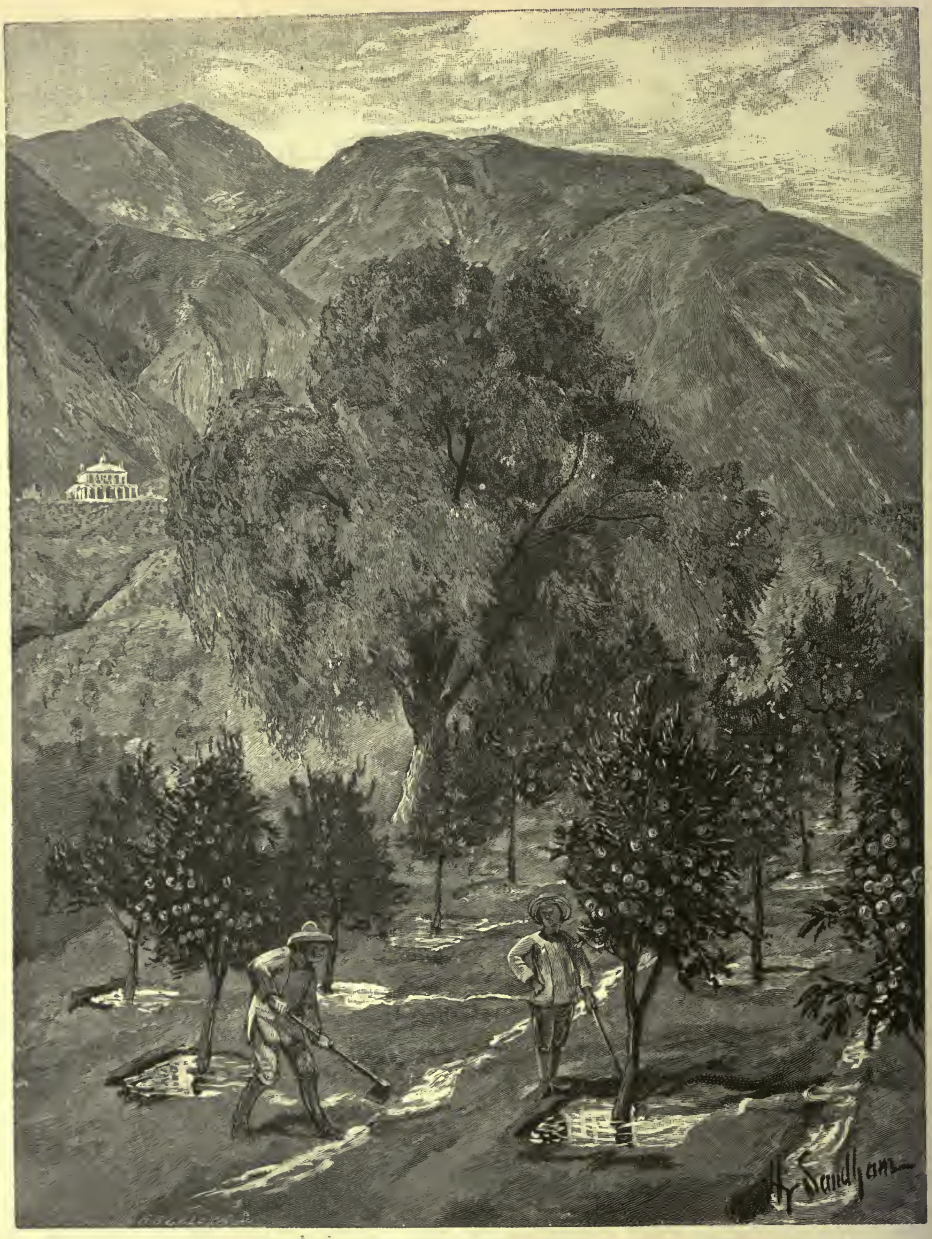
under ground. By opening valves in these pipes the water is let out and up, but never comes above the surface.

The appliances of one sort and another belonging to these irrigation systems add much to the picturesqueness of South California landscapes. Even the huge, tower-like, round-fanned windmills by which the water is pumped up are sometimes, spite of their clumsiness, made effective by gay colors and by vines growing on them. If they had broad, stretching arms, like the Holland windmills, the whole country would seem a-flutter.

The history of the industries of South California since the American occupation is interesting in its record of successions: successions, not the result of human interventions and decisions so much as of climatic fate, which, in epoch after epoch, created different situations.

The history begins with the cattle interest; hardly an industry, perhaps, or at any rate an unindustrious one, but belonging in point of time at the head of the list of the ways and means by which money has been made in the country. It dates back to the old mission days; to the two hundred head of cattle which the wise Galvez brought, in 1769, for stocking the three missions projected in Upper California.

From these had grown, in the sixty years of the friars' unhindered rule, herds, of which it is no exaggeration to say that they covered thousands of hills and were beyond counting. It is probable that even the outside estimates of their numbers were short of the truth. The cattle wealth, the reckless ruin of the secularization period, survived, and was the leading wealth of the country at the time of its surrender to the United States. It was most wastefully handled. The cattle were killed, as they had been in the mission days, simply for their hides and tallow. Kingdoms full of people might have been fed on the beef which rotted on the ground every year, and the California cattle



MOUNTAIN IRRIGATION.

ranch in which either milk or butter could be found was an exception to the rule.

Into the calm of this half barbaric life broke the fierce excitement of the gold discovery in 1849. The swarming hordes of ravenous miners must be fed; beef meant gold. The cattlemen suddenly found in their herds a new source of undreamed-of riches. Cattle had been sold as low as two dollars and a half a head. When the gold fever was at its highest, there were days and places in which they sold for three hundred. It is not strange that the rancheros lost their heads, grew careless and profligate.

Then came the drought of 1864, which killed off cattle by thousands of thousands. By thousands they were driven over steep places into the sea to save pasturage, and to save the country from the stench and the poison of their dying of hunger. In April of that year, fifty thousand head were sold in Santa Barbara for thirty-seven and a half

cents a head. Many of the rancheros were ruined; they had to mortgage their lands to live; their stock was gone; they could not farm; values so sank, that splendid estates were not worth over ten cents an acre.

Then came in a new set of owners. From the north and from the interior poured in the thriftier sheep men, with big flocks; and for a few years the wide belt of good pasturage land along the coast was chiefly a sheep country.

Slowly, farmers followed; settling, in the beginning, around town centers such as Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Ventura. Grains and vegetables were grown for a resource when cattle and sheep should fail. Cows needed water all the year round; corn only a few months. A wheat-field might get time to ripen in a year when by reason of a drought a herd of cattle would die.

Thus the destiny of the country steadily went on toward its fulfilling, because the inexorable logic of the situation forced itself into the minds of the population. From grains and vegetables to fruits was a short and natural step, in the balmy air, under the sunny sky, and with the traditions and relics of the old friars' opulent fruit growths lingering all through the land. Each palm, orange tree, and vineyard left on the old mission sites was a way signal to the new peoples; mute, yet so eloquent, the wonder is that so many years should have elapsed before the road began to be thronged.

Such, in brief, is the chronicle of the development of South California's outdoor industries down to the present time; of the successions through which the country has been making ready to become what it will surely be, the Garden of the world; a garden with which no other country can vie; a garden in which will grow, side by side, the grape and the pumpkin, the pear and the orange, the olive and the apple, the strawberry and the lemon, Indian corn and the banana, wheat and the guava.

The leading position which the fruit interest will ultimately take has been reached only in Los Angeles County. There the four chief industries, ranged according to their relative importance, stand as follows: Fruit, grain, wool, stock and dairy. This county may be said to be preëminently the garden of the Garden. No other of the five counties can compete with it. Its fruit harvest is nearly unintermitted all the year round. The main orange crop ripens from January to May, though oranges hang on the trees all the year. The lemon, lime, and citron ripen and hang, like the orange. Apricots, pears, peaches, nectarines, strawberries, currants, and figs are plentiful in June; apples, pears, peaches, during July and August. Late in July, grapes begin and last till January. September is the best month of all, having grapes, peaches, pomegranates, walnuts, almonds, and a second crop of figs. From late in August till Christmas, the vintage does not cease.

HEAD GATE ON IRRIGATING DITCH.

The county has a sea-coast line of one hundred miles and contains three millions of acres; two-thirds mountain and desert, the remaining million good pasturage and tillable land. What is known as the great Los Angeles valley has an area of about sixty miles in length by thirty in width, and contains the three rivers of the county — the Los Angeles, the Santa Ana, and the San Gabriel. Every drop of the water of these rivers and of the numberless little springs and streams ministering to their system is owned, rated, utilized, and, one might almost add, wrangled over. The chapters of these water litigations

are many and full; and it behooves every new settler in the county to inform himself on that question first of all, and thoroughly.

In the Los Angeles valley lie several lesser valleys, fertile and beautiful; most notable of these, the San Gabriel valley, where was the site of the old San Gabriel Mission, twelve miles east of the town of Los Angeles. This valley is now taken up in large ranches or in colonies of settlers banded together for mutual help and security in matter of water rights. This colony feature is daily becoming more and more an important one in the development of the whole country. Small individual proprietors cannot usually afford the purchase of sufficient water to make horticultural enterprises successful or safe. The incorporated colony, therefore, offers advantages to large numbers of settlers of a class that could not otherwise get foothold in the country,—the men of comparatively small means, who expect to work with their hands and await patiently the slow growth of moderate fortunes,—a most useful and abiding class, making a solid basis for prosperity. Some of the best results in South California have already been attained in colonies of this sort, such as Anaheim, Riverside, and Pasadena. The method is regarded with increasing favor. It is a rule of give and take, which works equally well for both country and settlers.

The South California statistics of fruits, grain, wool, honey, etc., read more like fancy than like fact, and are not readily believed by one unacquainted with the country. The only way to get a real comprehension and intelligent acceptance of them is to study them on the ground. By a single visit to a great ranch one is more enlightened than he would be by committing to memory scores of Equalization Board Reports. One of the very best, if not the best, for this purpose is Baldwin's ranch, in the San Gabriel valley. It includes a large part of the old lands of the San Gabriel Mission, and is a principality in itself.

There are over a hundred men on its pay-roll, which averages $4000 a month. Another $4000 does not more than meet its running expenses. It has $6000 worth of machinery for its grain harvests alone. It has a dairy of forty cows, Jersey and Durham; one hundred and twenty work-horses and mules, and fifty thoroughbreds.

It is divided into four distinct estates: the Santa Anita, of 16,000 acres; Puente, 18,000; Merced, 20,000; and the Potrero, 25,000. The Puente and Merced are sheep ranches, and have 20,000 sheep on them. The Potrero is rented out to small farmers. The Santa Anita is the home estate. On it are the homes of the family and of the laborers. It has fifteen hundred acres of oak grove, four thousand acres in grain, five hundred in grass for hay, one hundred and fifty in orange orchards, fifty of almond trees, sixty of walnuts, twenty-five of pears, fifty of peaches, twenty of lemons, and five hundred in vines; also small orchards of chestnuts, hazel-nuts, and apricots; and thousands of acres of good pasturage.

From whatever side one approaches Santa Anita in May, he will drive through a wild garden — asters, yellow and white; scarlet pentstemons, blue larkspur, monk's-hood; lupines, white and blue; gorgeous golden eschscholtzia, alder, wild lilac, white sage—all in riotous flowering.

Entering the ranch by one of the north gates, he will look southward down gentle slopes of orchards and vineyards far across the valley, the tints growing softer and softer, and blending more and more with each mile, till all melt into a blue or purple haze. Driving from orchard to orchard, down half-mile avenues through orchards skirting seemingly endless stretches of vineyard, he begins to realize what comes of planting trees and vines by hundreds and tens of hundreds of acres, and the Equalization Board Statistics no longer appear to him even large. It does not seem wonderful that Los Angeles County should be reported as having sixty-two hundred acres in vines, when here on one man's ranch are five hundred acres. The last Equalization Board Report said the county had 256,135 orange and 41,250 lemon trees. It would hardly have surprised him to be told that there were as many as that in the Santa Anita groves alone. The effect on the eye of such huge tracts, planted with a single sort of tree, is to increase enormously the apparent size of the tract; the mind stumbles on the very threshold of the attempt to reckon its distances and numbers, and they become vaster and vaster as they grow vague.

The orange orchard is not the unqualifiedly beautiful spectacle one dreams it will be; nor, in fact, is it so beautiful as it ought to be, with its evergreen shining foliage, snowy blossoms, and golden fruit hanging together and lavishly all the year round. I fancy that, if travelers told truth, ninety-nine out of a hundred would confess to a grievous disappointment at their first sight of the orange at home. In South California, the trees labor under the great disadvantage of being surrounded by bare brown earth. How much this dulls their effect one realizes on finding now and then a neglected grove where grass has been allowed to grow under the trees, to their ruin as fruit-bearers, but incomparably heightening their beauty. Another fatal defect in the orange-tree is its contour. It is too round, too stout

CALIFORNIA SHEEP RANCH.

for its height; almost as bad a thing in a tree as in a human being. The uniformity of this contour of the trees, combined with the regularity of their setting in evenly spaced rows, gives large orange groves a certain tiresome quality, which one recognizes with a guilty sense of being shamefully ungrateful for so much splendor of sheen and color. The exact spherical shape of the fruit possibly helps on this tiresomeness. One wonders if oblong bunches of long-pointed and curving fruit, banana-like, set irregularly among the glossy green leaves, would not look better; which wonder adds to ingratitude an impertinence, of which one suddenly repents on seeing such a tree as I saw in a Los Angeles garden in

SHEEP-SHEARING.

the winter of 1882,—a tree not over thirty feet high, with twenty-five hundred golden oranges hanging on it, among leaves so glossy they glittered in the sun with the glitter of burnished metal. Never the Hesperides saw a more resplendent sight.

But the orange looks its best plucked and massed; it lends itself then to every sort and extent of decoration. At a citrus fair in the Riverside colony in March, 1882, in a building one hundred and fifty feet long by sixty wide, built of redwood planks, were five long tables loaded with oranges and lemons; rows, plates, pyramids, baskets; the bright redwood walls hung with great boughs, full as when broken from the tree; and each plate and pyramid decorated with the shining green leaves. The whole place was fairly ablaze, and made one think of the Arabian Nights' Tales. The acme of success in orange culture in California is said to have been attained in this Riverside colony, though it is only six years old, and does not yet number two thousand souls. There are in its orchards two hundred and nine thousand orange trees, of which twenty-eight thousand are in bearing, twenty thousand lemon trees, and eight thousand limes.

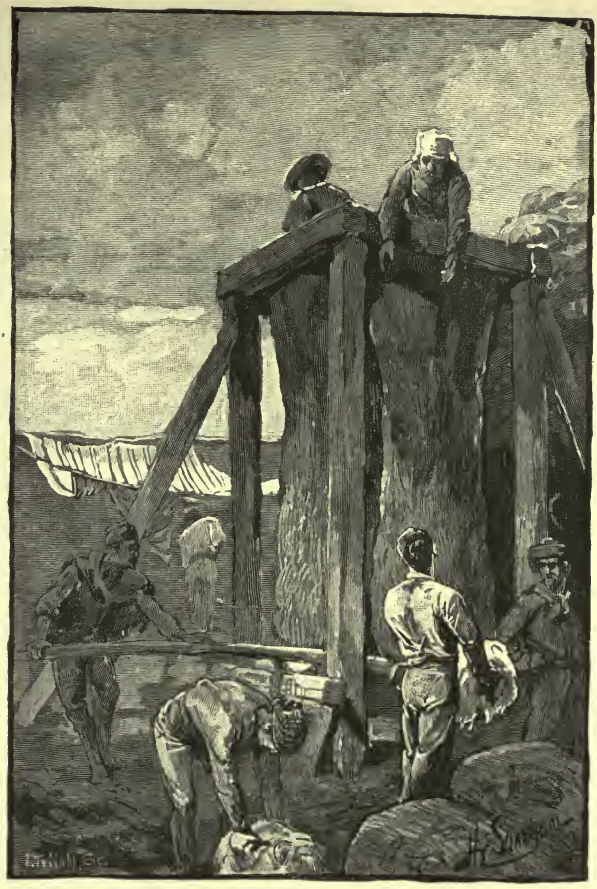
The profits of orange culture are slow to begin, but, having once begun, mount up fast. Orange orchards at San Gabriel have in many instances netted $500 an acre annually. The following estimate, the result of sixteen years' experience, is probably a fair one of the outlay and income of a small orange grove:

10 acres of land, at $75 per acre	$750.00
1000 trees, at $75 per hundred	750.00
Plowing and harrowing, $2.50 per acre	25.00
Digging holes, planting, 10 cents each	100.00
Irrigating and planting	10.00
Cultivation after irrigation	4.50
3 subsequent irrigations during the year	30.00
3 subsequent cultivations the first year	13.50
Total cost, first year	$1683.00

This estimate of cost of land is based on the price of the best lands in the San Gabriel valley. Fair lands can be bought in other sections at lower prices.

Second year.—An annual plowing in January	$25.00
Four irrigations during year	40.00
Six cultivations during year	27.00
Third year	125.00
Fourth year	150.00
Fifth year	200.00
Interest on investment	1000.00
Total	$3250.00

If first-class, healthy, thrifty budded trees are planted, they will begin to fruit the second year. The third year, a few boxes may be marketed. The fourth year, there will be an average yield of at least 75 oranges to the tree, which will equal:



BAGGING WOOL FOR TRANSPORTATION.

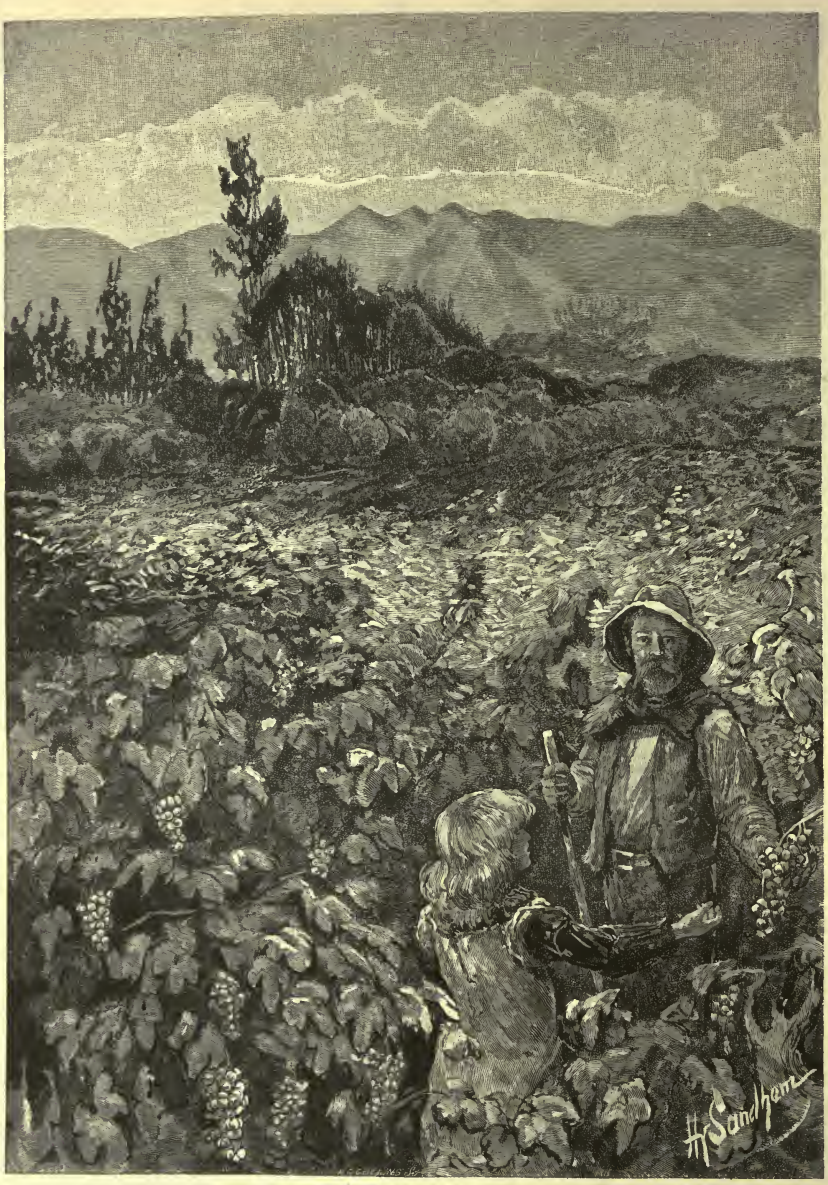
75,000, at $10 per thousand net	$750.00
The fifth year, 250 per tree, 250,000, at $10 per thousand	2500.00
Total	$3250.00

The orchard is now clear gain, allowing $1000 as interest on the investment. The increase in the volume of production will continue, until at the end of the tenth year an average of 1000 oranges to a tree would not be an extraordinary yield.

To all these formulas of reckoning should be added one with the algebraic x representing the unknown quantity, and standing for insect enemies at large. Each kind of fruit has its own, which must be fought with eternal vigilance. No port, in any country, has more rigid laws of quarantine than are now enforced in California against these insect enemies. Grafts, cuttings, fruit, if even suspected, are seized, and compelled to go through as severe disinfecting processes as if they were Cuban passengers fresh from a yellow fever epidemic.

The orange's worst enemy is a curious insect, the scale-bug. It looks more like a mildew than like anything alive; is usually black, sometimes red. Nothing but violent treatment with tobacco will eradicate it. Worse than the scale-bug, in that he works out of sight underground, is the gopher. He has gnawed every root of a tree bare before a tooth-mark on the trunk suggests his presence, and then it is too late to save the tree. The rabbit also is a pernicious ally in the barking business; he, however, being shy, soon disappears from settled localities; but the gopher stands not in fear of man or men. Only persistent strychnine, on his door-sills and thrust down his winding stairs, will save the orchard in which he has founded a community.

The almond and the walnut orchards are beautiful features in the landscape all the year round, no less in the winter, when their branches are naked, than in the season of their full leaf and bearing. In fact, the broad spaces of filmy gray made by their acres when leafless, are delicious values in contrast



A CALIFORNIA VINEYARD.

with the solid green of the orange orchards. The exquisite revelation of tree systems which stripped boughs give is seen to more perfect advantage against a warm sky than a cold one, and is heightened in effect standing side by side with the flowing green pepper trees and purple eucalyptus.

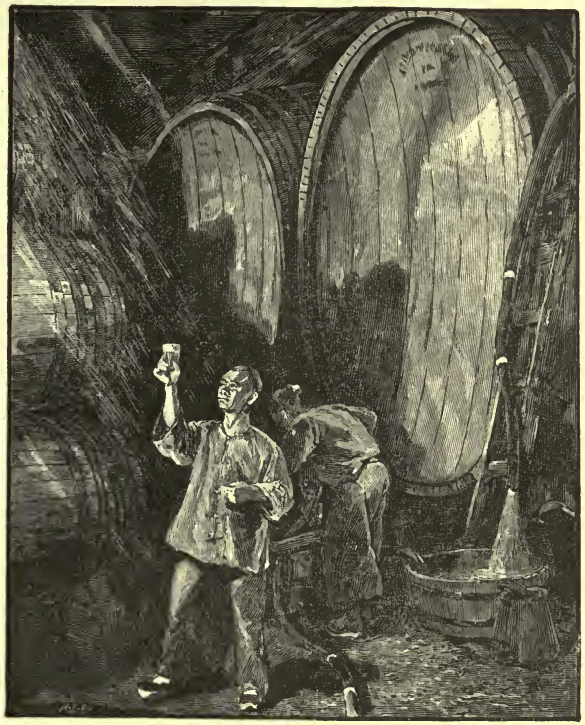
In the time of blossoms, an almond orchard, seen from a distance, is like nothing so much as a rosy-white cloud, floated off a sunset and spread on the earth. Seen nearer, it is a pink snow-storm, arrested and set on stalks, with an orchestra buzz of bees filling the air.

It is a pity that the almond tree should not be more repaying, for it will be a sore loss to the beauty of the country when the orchards are gone, and this is only a question of time. They are being uprooted and cast out. The crop is a disappointing one, of uncertain yield, and troublesome to prepare. The nuts must be five times handled: first picked, then shucked, then dried, then bleached, and then again dried. After the first drying, they are dipped by basketfuls into hot water, then poured into the bleachers—boxes with perforated bottoms. Underneath these is a sulphur

fire to which the nuts must be exposed for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then they are again spread in a drying-house. The final gathering them up to send to market makes really a sixth handling; and, after all is said and done, the nuts are not very good, being flavorless in comparison with those grown in Europe.

The walnut orchard is a better investment, and no less a delight to the eye. While young, the walnut tree is graceful; when old, it is stately. It is a sturdy bearer, and, if it did not bear at all, would be worth honorable place and room on large estates, simply for its avenues of generous shade. It is planted in the seed, and transplanted at two or three years old, with only twenty-seven trees to an acre. They begin to bear at ten years, reach full bearing at fifteen, and do not give sign of failing at fifty.

Most interesting of all South California's outdoor industries is the grape culture. To speak of grape culture is to enter upon a subject which needs a volume. Its history, its riches past and prospective, its methods, its beautiful panorama of pictures, each by itself is worth study and exhaustive treatment. Since the days of Eschol, the vine and the vineyard have been honored in the thoughts and the imaginations of men; they furnished shapes and designs for the earliest sacred decorations in the old dispensation, and suggestions and symbols for divine parables in the new. No age has been without them, and no country whose sun was warm enough to make them thrive. It is safe to predict that, so long as the visible frame of the earth endures, "wine to make glad the heart of man" will be made, loved, celebrated, and sung.



TESTING WINE.

To form some idea of California's future wealth from the grape culture, it is only necessary to reflect on the extent of her grape-growing country as compared with that of France. In France, before the days of the phylloxera, 5,000,000 of people were supported entirely by the grape industry, and the annual average of the wine crop was 2,000,000,000 gallons, with a value of $400,000,000. The annual wine yield of California is already estimated at about 10,000,000 gallons. Nearly one-third of this is made in South California, chiefly in Los Angeles County, where the grape culture is steadily on the increase, five millions of new vines having been set out in the spring of 1882.

The vineyards offer more variety to the eye than the orange orchards. In winter, when leafless, they are grotesque, their stocky, twisted, hunchback stems looking like Hindoo idols or deformed imps, no two alike in

a square mile, all weird, fantastic, uncanny. Their first leafing-out does not do away with this; the imps seem simply to have put up green umbrellas; but presently the leaves widen and lap, hiding the uncouth trunks, and spreading over all the vineyard a beautiful, tender green, with lights and shades breaking exquisitely in the hollows and curves of the great leaves. From this on, through all the stages of blossoms and seed-setting, till the clusters are so big and purple that they gleam out everywhere between the leaves,—sometimes forty-five pounds on a single vine, if the vine is irrigated, twelve if it is left to itself. Eight tons of grapes off one acre have been taken in the Baldwin ranch. There were made there, in 1881, 100,000 gallons of wine and 50,000 of brandy. The vintage begins late in August and lasts many weeks, some varieties of grapes ripening later than others. The vineyards are thronged with Mexican and Indian pickers. The Indians come in bands and pitch their tents just outside the vineyard. They are good workers. The wine-cellars and the great crushing-vats tell the vineyards' story more emphatically even than the statistical figures. A vat that will hold 1000 gallons piled full of grapes, huge wire wheels driving round and round in the spurting, foaming mass, the juice flying off through trough-like shoots on each side into seventy great vats; below, breathless men working the wheels, loads of grapes coming up momently and being poured into the swirling vat, the whole air reeking with winy flavor. The scene makes earth seem young again, old mythologies real; and one would not wonder to see Bacchus and his leopards come bowling up, with shouting Pan behind.

The cellars are still, dark, and fragrant. Forty-eight great oval-shaped butts, ten feet in diameter, holding 2100 gallons each, I counted in one cellar. The butts are made of Michigan oak, and have a fine yellow color, which contrasts well with the red stream of the wine when it is drawn.

Notwithstanding the increase of the grape culture, the price of grapes is advancing, some estimates making it forty per cent. higher than it was five years ago. It is a quicker and probably a more repaying industry than orange-growing. It is reckoned that a vineyard in its fourth year will produce two tons to the acre; in the seventh year, four; the fourth year it will be profitable, reckoning the cost of the vineyard at sixty dollars an acre, exclusive of the first cost of the land. The annual expense of cultivation, picking, and handling is about twenty-five dollars. The rapid increase of this culture has been marvelous. In 1848, there were only 200,000 vines in all California; in 1862, there were 9,500,000; in 1881, 64,000,000, of which at least 34,000,000 are in full bearing.

Such facts and figures are distressing to the advocates of total abstinence; but they may take heart in the thought that a by no means insignificant proportion of these grapes will be made into raisins, canned, or eaten fresh.

The raisin crop was estimated at 160,000 boxes for 1881. Many grape-growers believe that in raisin-making will ultimately be found the greatest profit. The Americans are a raisin-eating people. From Malaga alone are imported annually into the United States about ten tons of raisins, one-half the entire crop of the Malaga raisin district. This district has an area of only about four hundred square miles. In California, an area of at least 20,000 square miles is adapted to the raisin.

A moderate estimate of the entire annual grape crop of California is 119,000 tons. "Allowing 60,000 tons to be used in making wines, 2000 tons to be sent fresh to the Eastern States, and 5000 tons to be made into raisins, there would still remain 52,000 tons to be eaten fresh or wasted—more than one hundred pounds for each resident of California, including children." *

The California wines are as yet of inferior quality. A variety of still wines and three champagnes are made; but even the best are looked on with distrust and disfavor by connoisseurs, and until they greatly improve they will not command a ready market in America. At present, it is to be feared that a large proportion of them are sold under foreign labels.

Prominent among the minor industries is honey-making. From the great variety of flowers and their spicy flavor, especially from the aromatic sages, the honey is said to have a unique and delicious taste, resembling that of the famous honey of Hymettus.

The crop for 1881, in the four southern counties, was estimated at three millions of pounds; a statistic that must seem surprising to General Fremont, who, in his report to Congress of explorations on the Pacific coast in 1844, stated that the honey-bee could not exist west of the Sierra Nevadas.

The bee ranches are always picturesque: they are usually in cañons or on wooded foot-hills, and their villages of tiny bright-colored hives look like gay Lilliputian encampments. It has appeared to me that men becoming guardians of bees acquire a peculiar calm philosophy, and are superior to

* John G. Hittell's "Commerce and Industries of the Pacific Coast."

WIND-BREAK OF EUCALYPTUS TREES TO PROTECT ORCHARDS.

other farmers and outdoor workers. It would not seem unnatural that the profound respect they are forced to entertain for insects so small and so wholly at their mercy should give them enlarged standards in many things; above all, should breed in them a fine and just humility toward all creatures.

A striking instance of this is to be seen in one of the most beautiful cañons of the San Gabriel valley, where, living in a three-roomed, redwood log cabin, with a vine-covered booth in front, is an old man, kings might envy.

He had a soldier's warranty deed for one hundred and sixty acres of land, and he elected to take his estate at the head of a brook-swept gorge, four-fifths precipice and rock. In the two miles between his cabin and the mouth of the gorge, the trail and the brook change sides sixteen times. When the brook is at its best, the trail goes under altogether, and there is no getting up or down the cañon. Here, with a village of bees for companions, the old man has lived for a dozen years. While the bees are off at work, he sits at home and weaves, out of the gnarled stems and roots of manzanita and laurels, curious baskets, chairs, and brackets, for which he finds ready market in Los Angeles. He knows every tree and shrub in the cañon, and has a fancy for collecting specimens of all the native woods of the region. These he shapes into paper-cutters, and polishes them till they are like satin. He came from Ohio forty years ago, and has lived in a score of States. The only spot he likes as well as this gorge is Don Yana, on the Rio Grande River, in Mexico. Sometimes he hankers to go there and sit under the shadow of big oaks, where the land slopes down to the river; but "the bee business," he says, "is a good business only for a man who has the gift of continuance"; and "it's no use to try to put bees with farms: farms want valleys, bees want mountains."

"There are great back-draws to the bee business, the irregularities of the flowers being chief; some years there's no honey in the flowers at all. Some explain it on one hypothesis and some on another, and it lasts them to quarrel over."

His phrases astonish you; also the quiet courtesy of his manner, so at odds with his backwoodsman's garb. But presently you learn that he began life as a lawyer, has been a judge in his time; and when, to show his assortment of paper-cutters, he lifts down the big book they are kept in, and you see that it is Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," you understand how his speech has been fashioned. He keeps a diary of every hive, the genealogy of every swarm.

"No matter what they do,—the least thing,—we note it right down in the book. That's the only way to learn bees," he says.

On the outside wall of the cabin is fastened an observation hive, with glass sides. Here he sits, watch in hand, observing and noting; he times the bees, in and out, and in each one of their operations. He watches the queen on her bridal tour in the air; once the drone bridegroom fell dead on his note-book. "I declare I couldn't help feeling sort of sorry for him," said the old man.

In a shanty behind the house is the great honey-strainer, a marvelous invention, which would drive bees mad with despair if they could understand it. Into a wheel, with perforated spokes, is slipped the comb full of honey, the cells being first opened with a hot knife. By the swift turning of this wheel, the honey flies out of the comb, and pours through a cylinder into a can underneath, leaving the comb whole and uninjured, ready to be put back into the hive for the patient robbed bees to fill again. The receiving-can will hold fifteen hundred pounds; two men can fill it in a day; a single comb is so quickly drained that a bee might leave his

A LIVE-OAK GROVE.

hive on his foraging expedition, and before he could get his little load of honey and return, the comb could be emptied and put back. It would be vastly interesting to know what is thought and said in bee-hives about these mysterious emptyings of combs.

A still more tyrannical circumvention has been devised, to get extra rations of honey from bees: false combs, wonderful imitations of the real ones, are made of wax. Apparently the bees know no difference; at any rate, they fill the counterfeit full of real honey. These artificial combs, carefully handled, will last ten or twelve years in continual use.

The highest yield his hives had ever given him was one hundred and eighty pounds a hive.

"That's a good yield; at that rate, with three or four hundred hives, I'd do very well," said the old man. "But you're at the mercy of speculators in honey as well as everything else. I never count on getting more than four or five cents a pound. They make more than I do."

The bee has a full year's work in South California: from March to August inexhaustible forage, and in all the other months plenty to do,—no month without some blossoms to be found. His time of danger is when apricots are ripe and lady-bugs fly.

Of apricots, bees will eat till they are either drunk or stuffed to death; no one knows which. They do not live to get home. Oddly enough, they cannot pierce the skins themselves, but have to wait till the lady-bug has made a hole for them. It must have been an accidental thing in the outset, the first bee's joining a lady-bug at her feast of apricot. The bee, in his turn, is an irresistible treat to the bee-bird and lizard, who pounce upon him when he is on the flower; and to a stealthy moth, who creeps by night into hives and kills hundreds.

"Nobody need think the bee business is all play," was our old philosopher's last word. "It's just like everything else in life, and harder than some things."

THE sheep industry is, on the whole, decreasing in California. In 1876, the wool crop of the entire State was 28,000 tons; in 1881, only 21,500. This is the result, in part, of fluctuations in the price of wool, but more of the growing sense of the greater certainty of increase from agriculture and horticulture.

The cost of keeping a sheep averages only $1.25 a year. Its wool sells for $1.50, and for each hundred there will be forty-five

lambs, worth 75 cents each. But there have been droughts in California which have killed over one million of sheep in a year; there is always, therefore, the risk of losing in one year the profits of many.

The sheep ranches are usually desolate places: a great stretch of seemingly bare lands, with a few fenced corrals, blackened and foul smelling; the home and out-buildings clustered together in a hollow or on a hill-side where there is water; the less human the neighborhood the better.

The loneliness of the life is, of itself, a salient objection to the industry. Of this the great owners need know nothing; they can live where they like. But for the small sheepmen, the shepherds, and, above all, the herders, it is a terrible life,—how terrible is shown by the frequency of insanity among herders. Sometimes, after only a few months of the life, a herder goes suddenly mad. After learning this fact, it is no longer possible to see the picturesque side of the effective groups one so often comes on suddenly in the wildernesses: sheep peacefully grazing, and the shepherd lying on the ground watching them, or the whole flock racing in a solid, fleecy, billowy scamper up or down a steep hill-side, with the dogs leaping and barking on all sides at once. One scans the shepherd's face alone, with pitying fear lest he may be losing his wits.

A shearing at a large sheep ranch is a grand sight. We had the good fortune to see one at Baldwin's, at La Puente. Three thousand sheep had been sheared the day before, and they would shear twenty-five hundred on this day.

A shed sixty feet long by twenty-five wide, sides open; small pens full of sheep surrounding it on three sides; eighty men bent over at every possible angle, eighty sheep being tightly held in every possible position, eighty shears flashing, glancing, clipping; bright Mexican eyes shining, laughing, Mexican voices jesting. At first, it seemed only a confused scene of phantasmagoria. As our eyes became familiarized, the confusion disentangled itself, and we could note the splendid forms of the men and their marvelous dexterity in using the shears. Less than five minutes it took from the time a sheep was grasped, dragged in, thrown down, seized by the shearer's knees, till it was set free, clean shorn, and its three-pound fleece tossed on a table outside. A good shearer shears seventy or eighty sheep in a day; men of extra dexterity shear a hundred. The Indians are famous for skill at shearing, and in all their large villages are organized shearing bands, with captains, that go from ranch to ranch in the shearing season. There were a half dozen Indians lying on the ground outside this shearing shed at Puente, looking on wistfully. The Mexicans had crowded them out for that day, and they could get no chance to work.

A pay clerk stood in the center of the shed with a leathern wallet full of five-cent pieces. As soon as a man had sheared his sheep, he ran to the clerk, fleece in hand, threw down the fleece, and received his five-cent piece. In one corner of the shed was a barrel of beer, which was retailed at five cents a glass; and far too many of the five-cent pieces changed hands again the next minute at the beer barrel. As fast as the fleeces were tossed out from the shed, they were thrown up to a man standing on the top of the roof. This man flung them into an enormous bale-sack, swinging wide-mouthed from a derrick; in the sack stood another man, who jumped on the wool to pack it down tight.

As soon as the shearers perceived that their pictures were being drawn by the artist in our party, they were all agog; by twos and threes they left their work and crowded around the carriage, peering, commenting, asking to have their portraits taken, quizzing those whose features they recognized; it was like Italy rather than America. One tattered fellow, whose shoeless feet were tied up in bits of gunny-bags, was distressed because his trowsers were too short. "Would the gentleman kindly make them in the drawing a little farther down his legs. It was an accident they were so short." All were ready to pose and stand, even in the most difficult attitudes, as long as was required. Those who had done so asked, like children, if their names could not be put in the book, so I wrote them all down: "Juan Canero, Juan Rivera, Felipe Ybara, José Jesus Lopez, and Domingo Garcia." The space they will fill is a little thing to give, and there is a satisfaction in the good faith of printing them, though the shearers will most assuredly never know it.

The faces of the sheep being shorn were piteous; not a struggle, not a bleat, the whole of their unwillingness and terror being written in their upturned eyes. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb" will always have for me a new significance.

The shepherd in charge of the Puente ranch is an Italian named Gaetano. The porch of his shanty was wreathed with vines and blossoms, and opened on a characteristic little garden, half garlic, the other half pinks and geraniums. As I sat there looking out on the scene, he told me of a young man who had come from Italy to be herder for him, and who had gone mad and shot himself.

"Three go crazy last year," he said. "Dey come home, not know noting. You see, never got company for speak at all."

This young boy grew melancholy almost at once, was filled with abnormal fears of the coyotes, and begged for a pistol to shoot them with. "He want my pistol. I not want give. I say, You little sick; you stay home in house; I send oder man. My wife she go town buy clothes for baptism one baby got. He get pistol in drawer while she gone." They found him lying dead with his catechism in one hand and the pistol in the other. As Gaetano finished the story, a great flock of two thousand shorn sheep were suddenly let out from one of the corrals. With a great burst of bleating they dashed off, the colly running after them. Gaetano seized his whistle and blew a sharp call on it. The dog halted, looked back, uncertain for a second; one more whistle, and he bounded on.

"He know," said Gaetano. "He take dem two tousand all right. I like better dat dog as ten men."

On the list of South California's outdoor industries grain stands high, and will always continue to do so. Wheat takes the lead, but oats, barley, and corn are of importance. Barley is always a staple, and averages twenty bushels to the acre.

Oats average from thirty to forty bushels an acre, and there are records of yields of considerably over a hundred bushels.

Corn will average forty bushels an acre. On the Los Angeles River it has grown stalks seventeen feet high and seven inches round.

The average yield of wheat is from twenty to twenty-five bushels an acre, about thirty-three per cent. more than in the States on the Atlantic slope.

In grains, as in so many other things, Los Angeles County is far in advance of the other counties. In 1879, there were in the county 31,500 acres in wheat; in 1881, not less than 100,000; and the value of the wheat crop for 1882 was reckoned at $1,020,000.

The great San Fernando valley, formerly the property of the San Fernando Mission, is the chief wheat-producing section of the county. The larger part of this valley is in two great ranches. One of them was bought a few years ago for $275,000, and $75,000 paid down, the remainder to be paid in installments. The next year was a dry year; crops failed. The purchaser offered the ranch back again to the original owners, with his $75,000 thrown in, if they would release him from his bargain. They refused. The next winter rains came, the wheat crop was large, prices were high, and the ranch actually paid off the entire debt of $200,000 still owing on the purchase.

From such figures as these, it is easy to see how the California farmer can afford to look with equanimity on occasional droughts. Experience has shown that he can lose crops two years out of five, and yet make a fair average profit for the five years.

The most beautiful ranch in California is said to be the one about twelve miles west of Santa Barbara, belonging to Elwood Cooper. Its owner speaks of it humorously as a little "pocket ranch." In comparison with the great ranches whose acres are counted by tens of thousands, it is small, being only two thousand acres in extent; but in any other part of the world except California, it would be thought a wild jest to speak of an estate of two thousand acres as a small one.

Ten years ago this ranch was a bare, desolate sheep ranch,—not a tree on it, excepting the oaks and sycamores in the cañons. To-day it has twelve hundred acres under high cultivation; and, driving from field to field, orchard to orchard, one drives, if he sees the whole of the ranch, over eleven miles of good made road. There are three hundred acres in wheat, one hundred and seventy in barley; thirty-five hundred walnut trees, twelve thousand almond, five thousand olive, two thousand fig and domestic fruit trees, and one hundred and fifty thousand eucalyptus trees, representing twenty-four varieties; one thousand grape-vines; a few orange, lemon, and lime trees. There are on the ranch one hundred head of cattle, fifty horses, and fifteen hundred sheep.

These are mere bald figures, wonderful enough as statistics of what may be done in ten years' time on South California soil, but totally inadequate even to suggest the beauty of the place.

The first relief to the monotony of the arrow-straight road which it pleased an impatient, inartistic man to make westward from Santa Barbara, is the sight of high, dark walls of eucalyptus trees on either side the road. A shaded avenue, three-quarters of a mile long, of these represents the frontages of Mr. Cooper's estate. Turning to the right, through a break in this wall, is a road, with dense eucalyptus woods on the left and an almond orchard on the right. It winds and turns, past knolls of walnut grove, long lines of olive orchard, and right-angled walls of eucalyptus trees shutting in wheat-fields. By curves and bends and sharp turns, all the time with new views, and new colors from changes of crop, with exquisite glimpses of the sea shot through here and there, it finally, at the end of a mile, reaches the brink of an oak-canopied cañon. In the mouth of this cañon stands the house, fronting south on a

sunny meadow and garden space, walled in on three sides by eucalyptus trees.

To describe the oak kingdom of this cañon would be to begin far back of all known kingdoms of the country. The branches are a net-work of rafters upholding roof canopies of boughs and leaves so solid that the sun's rays pierce them only brokenly, making on the ground a dancing carpet of brown and gold flecks even in winter, and in summer a shade lighted only by starry glints.

Farther up the cañon are sycamores, no less stately than the oaks, their limbs gnarled and twisted as if they had won their places by splendid wrestle.

These oak-and-sycamore-filled cañons are the most beautiful of the South California cañons; though the soft, chaparral-walled cañons would, in some lights, press them hard for supremacy of place. Nobody will ever, by pencil, or brush, or pen, fairly render the beauty of the mysterious, undefined, undefinable chaparral. Matted, tangled, twisted, piled, tufted—everything is chaparral. All botany may be exhausted in describing it in one place, and it will not avail you in another. But in all places, and made up of whatever hundreds of shrubs it may be, it is the most exquisite carpet surface that nature has to show for mountain fronts or cañon sides. Not a color that it does not take; not a bloom that it cannot rival; a bank of cloud cannot be softer, or a bed of flowers more varied of hue. Some day, between 1900 and 2000, when South California is at leisure and has native artists, she will have an artist of cañons, whose life, and love, and work will be spent in picturing them: the royal oak canopies; the herculean sycamores; the chameleon, velvety chaparral; and the wild, throe-built, water-quarried rock gorges, with their myriad ferns and flowers.

At the head of Mr. Cooper's cañon are broken and jutting sandstone walls over three hundred feet high, draped with mosses and ferns, and all manner of vines. I saw the dainty thalictrum, with its clover-like leaves, standing in thickets there, fresh and green, its blossoms nearly out on the first day of February. Looking down from these heights over the whole of the ranch, one sees for the first time the completeness of its beauty. The eucalyptus belts have been planted in every instance solely with a view to utility: either as wind-breaks to keep off known special wind-currents from orchard or grain-field, or to make use of gorge sides too steep for other cultivation. Yet, had they been planted with sole reference to landscape effects, they could not better have fallen into place. Even out to the very ocean edge the groves run, their purples and greens melting into the purples and greens of the sea when it is dark and when it is sunny blue—making harmonious lines of color, leading up from it to the soft grays of the olive and the bright greens of the walnut orchards and wheat-fields. When the almond trees are in bloom, the eucalyptus belts are perhaps most superb of all, with their dark spears and plumes waving above and around the white and rosy acres.

The leading industry of this ranch is to be the making of olive oil. Already its oil is known and sought; and to taste it is a revelation to palates accustomed to the compounds of rancid cocoanut and cotton seed with which the markets are full. The olive industry will no doubt ultimately be one of the great industries of the whole country: vast tracts of land which are not suitable or do not command water enough for orange, grape, or grain culture, affording ample support to the thrifty and unexacting olive. The hill-slopes around San Diego, and along the coast line for forty or fifty miles up, will no doubt one day be as thickly planted with olives as is the Mediterranean shore. Italy's olive crop is worth thirty million dollars annually, and California has as much land suited to the olive as Italy has.

The tree is propagated from cuttings, begins to bear the fourth year, and is in full bearing by the tenth or twelfth. One hundred and ten can be planted to an acre. Their endurance is enormous. Some of the orchards planted by the friars at the missions over a hundred years ago are still bearing, spite of scores of years of neglect, and there are records of trees in Nice having borne for several centuries.

The process of oil-making is an interesting spectacle, under Mr. Cooper's oak trees. The olives are first dried in trays with slat bottoms, tiers upon tiers of these, being piled in a kiln over a furnace fire. Then they are ground between stone rollers, worked by huge wheels, turned by horse-power. The oil, thus pressed out, is poured into huge butts or tanks. Here it has to stand and settle three or four months. There are faucets at different levels in these butts, so as to draw off different layers of oil. After it has settled sufficiently, it is filtered through six layers of cotton batting, then through one of French paper, before it is bottled. It is then of a delicate straw color, with a slight greenish tint—not at all of the golden yellow of the ordinary market article. That golden yellow and the thickening in cold are sure proofs of the presence of cotton seed in oil,—the pure oil remaining limpid in a cold which will turn the adulterated oils white and thick. It is estimated that an acre of

olives in full bearing will pay fifteen hundred dollars a year if pickled, and two thousand dollars a year made into oil.

In observing the industries of South California and studying their history, one never escapes from an under-current of wonder that there should be any industries or industry there. No winter to be prepared for; no fixed time at which anything must be done or not done at all; the air sunny, balmy, dreamy, seductive, making the mere being alive in it a pleasure; all sorts of fruits and grains growing a-riot, and taking care of themselves;—it is easy to understand the character, or, to speak more accurately, the lack of character, of the old Mexican and Spanish Californians.

There was a charm in it, however. Simply out of sunshine, there had distilled in them an Orientalism as fine in its way as that made in the East by generations of prophets, crusaders, and poets.

With no more curiosity than was embodied in "Who knows?"—with no thought or purpose for a future more defined than "Some other time; not to-day,"—without greeds, and with the unlimited generosities of children,—no wonder that to them the restless, inquisitive, insatiable, close-reckoning Yankee seemed the most intolerable of all conquerors to whom they could surrender. One can fancy them shuddering, even in heaven, as they look down to-day on his colonies, his railroads, his crops—their whole land humming and buzzing with his industries.

One questions also whether, as the generations move on, the atmosphere of life in the sunny empire they lost will not revert more and more to their type, and be less and less of the type they so disliked. Unto the third and fourth generation, perhaps, pulses may keep up the tireless Yankee beat; but, sooner or later, there is certain to come a slacking, a toning down, and a re-adjusting of standards and habits by a scale in which money and work will not be the highest values. This is "as sure as that the sun shines," for it is the sun that will bring it about.

H. H.

HIS QUEST.

WHAT seek'st thou at this madman's pace?
"I seek my love's new dwelling place;
Her house is dark, her doors are wide,
There bat and owl and beetle bide,
And there, breast-high, the rank weeds grow,
And drowsy poppies nod and blow.
So mount I swift to ride me through
The world to find my love anew.
I have no token of the way;
I haste by night, I press by day.
Through busy cities I am borne,
On lonely heights I watch the morn
Climb up the east, and see the light
Of waning moon gleam thwart my flight.
Sometimes a light before me flees;
I follow it, till stormy seas
Break wide before, then all is dark.
Sometimes on plains, wide, still, and stark,
I hear a voice; I seek the sound,
And ride into a hush profound.
To find her dwelling I will ride
Worlds through and through, whate'er betide."

To find her dwelling rode he forth,
In vain rode south, in vain rode north;
In vain in mountain, plain, and mart
He searched, but never searched his heart.

L. Frank Tooker.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LONDON.

WHAT survives of the seven wonders of the world may mainly be seen in London, itself the eighth and greatest, not only for what of the Old World and older times it holds, but for the living, growing marvel that it is, the highest achievement of the agglomerating human spirit. With all the years I have known it, and the times I have been in and out of it, I find at every return that I scarcely know how great it is, or realize how wise and how wicked, how noble and how degraded. Mighty and wealthy beyond any dreams of Arabian Nights; wrapping in its tortuous folds all extremes of human existence; by turns, a city of palaces, and the nest of the highest and divinest human impulse, and the smoke-blackened, fog-wrapped, dingy, gloomy capital of Cimmeria; plague latent in its alleys, and utter destitution driving its people to death and all degradation in clouds like the flies that perish,—it seems the very focus of life-and-death ferment, quickening and releasing at once what is divinest and most infernal in the human heart, and ripening both, as no other city built by human hands can do.

Visit it for the first time from the south, if possible—in the autumn, and towards the close of day, when the gray incertitude lies on the mighty city. You will have come through the lovely country of Kent and Surrey,— garden of England,— the little compact villages twinkling by the railway side, the ever-green fields chasing the parks, and the parks following the downs, in an unbroken succession of lovely landscapes; then the villages come closer together, and you see the houses begin to lose their pagan aspect and grow up stories higher—villas—suburb houses, miles of suburbs with intervals yet to become city; and then you come on the outskirts of the world's metropolis, no longer suburbs pushing off for better air, but low, dingy haunts of labor and poverty, packed and involved in economic leaseholds on earth's surface—scarcely more than grave-yard room. You look down into the streets —into the windows, down chimney-pots even; and the din of unnumbered streets, the smoke of myriad chimneys, and the twinkle of lamps as the very stars of heaven for their multitude, come up to you whirling along dizzily above it all. You hear the hum of the world below you, and, as far as the eye can catch the gleam of gas-light through the space around, there is an unbroken, endless wilderness of houses. Wider streets yawn and send up a sudden, stronger pulsation of sound, but no change beyond. Lights burn dimmer, smoke grows denser, the indefinite grows more and more indefinite. You wonder what would happen if a broken rail should send your train off that line of arches which overstretches London,—the highway of the age of mechanism bringing you into the capital and working center of the modern mechanical system; and while you wonder still, your train flashes out as into mid-air, and you see on both sides a gray and hazy tide, twinkling with wavy lights and spanned with bridges, either vista ending in mystery. This is Father Thames; after the Tiber, greatest of rivers. Here the history of modern civilization centers; and from Cæsar to William of Orange the possession of this water-course has been a main motive in struggles which have widened, deepened, and established human rights and wise government more than those of all other civilized countries in the same epoch. For the Thames made London, and the salt sea which ebbs and flows at its doors has kept alive liberty and prosperity through disasters which would have destroyed an inland town many times; and that municipal independence which has never failed London is the source of all that is healthiest and most truly conservative in our modern political organization.

As the river vanishes from sight, your train slows within the vast and mysterious structure, last creation of architecture, where sight and hearing are alike confounded; calls and cries, whistles and bells, a score of locomotives coming and going, trains entering and trains departing, a ceaseless flood and ebb of passengers, bewildering, confusing to every sense but their own, yet each ticketed to his destination and surely directed to his train. The system, the consummate order with which the demands of a commerce so vast are met and satisfied, the want of bustle and fussiness, impress a stranger more than anything else in this first impression of London. One can but recall the Romans, the great builders and organizers, the masters of all good system of civic things in the old time as these are in our day.

This is the side of English character which imposes on me, compels me to, a deference and respect which deepen as I know the

more of it. In taste, they are barbarians; in comprehension of the principles of political or social science, they are *arrières* and blindly conservative; but they build better than they know, by an intuition; and the gravitation of the national character is, in spite of their prejudices against progress, carrying them to the best and safest form of civilization—that based on an inborn morality, love of justice, and respect for human rights. It seems strange, looking at the history of England,—at her imperial policy of to-day, at such huge violations of both justice and human rights as are involved in her church system, at her rule in India, at her arbitrary and, at times, wicked domineering over weak and disorganized nations,—to talk of love of both justice and human rights as traits of English character. But no man can live in London long and not understand the problem. The acts which in his government the Englishman consents to, in his individual capacity he abhors; and while his fleets beat down the unoffending gates of China and his armies commit huge fillibusterings in India, there is no great city in the world where a stranger is so certain of justice, or the weak are so effectually upheld against the strong, as in London. The law is blind, crooked, and perverse, but sure and equal; its administration is on the practice of by-gone ages, slow, reticular, complicated; but where it is a question of justice, no human jurisprudence is more effective or impartial. It is too much a city of shop-keepers,—but of great shop-keepers, with a mercantile morality such as accounts for a commercial power and prosperity unrivaled since the world began. What London does, it does slowly but well. English civilization is not full of fine-spun theories and declamatory recognitions, but is, in all the personal relations, profoundly moral, and (if sometimes mistakenly) religious as well; and if the morality be of a rather uncharitable type, and the religion brings out now and then its Juggernaut car, it is at least something that they maintain their steady pursuit of human well-being.

All that is hard and unsympathetic, ugly and unsentimental, in England, you see as you drive or walk from the station to your hotel; all that is servile and snobbish, and respectable and extortionate, after you have got there; and as you sit by your window in the dim November evening, waiting for your coal fire to break the chill which begins to enter your soul, I misdoubt much if you do not begin to forswear England.

All that man has done for London has been to the eye ill done; nature has been bounteous to her as to few cities. Illimitable liberty of growth, equal facility of access, a plain country round, and the sea at its gates; the railway radiating and the tide ebbing and flowing with the traffic sustained by the wealth accumulated in centuries. No one knows how rich she is, and no one who has not wandered about her for weeks can conjecture how huge. We may talk of our western empire and our admirable ports, of our growth and our growing wealth; but here is, and will remain for generations, the center of the commercial and political world, the focus of intellectual activity, and the mint of thought. Here ferments the largest and most highly developed humanity which as yet the universal mother has given birth to, and here the whole world's intellect comes to pay its homage. We boast, but out of this mint of London comes most of what is newest as well as of what is rarest in human work. "Solitude is the nurse of great thought," but society is its mother; and, in London, society is most complex and solitude most easy of access in any of all the aggregations of men. The seclusion of the backwoods is not more complete, so far as intellectual or social influences are concerned, than lodgings in some of the out-of-the-way quarters of London. The extremes meet—the publicity of the court journal and a privacy which defies the detective police; a wealth, not of individuals, as with us, but of classes, which suspends the laws of political economy, and a concomitant poverty which threatens one day to subvert them; vortices of prosperity and misery, into which society at its extremes rushes with accelerating and concentrating velocity; here a quarter where, in teeming filth, humanity is crowded out of existence, hour by hour, with a destitution and degradation of woe uniquely the property of London,—a bottomless pit of misery, emergence from which into anything by death must be light and life; and then a region of palaces, with a luxury and profusion such as England's kings, even three hundred years ago, would have held as fabulous: whatever there is of most opposite and extreme in life or death, in power or utter impotence, in having or want, is here.

London is one of the few perennial sensations of this world,—like the sea, a primeval forest, Sahara, or the multitude of stars, all measurable, doubtless, but in terms between which and the infinite we can no more perceive the distinction than we can from the top of St. Paul's perceive the margin of the city. You enter it not knowing exactly where, and when you leave it you do so by so fine degrees that you have not been able to say where the town ended and the country began. It draws all England to it. It pervades the realm. Even the cabmen do not

know the whole of it. When you have spent months exploring it, you find some day a new quarter opening to your eyes. I believe that no one can appreciate it fully but an American thoroughly versed in English history and in the practical knowledge of his own country. To him all the historical associations have the mingled charms of novelty and antiquity; there is the delightful surprise of seeing a real and vitalized antiquity, which strikes him much like going into Barbarossa's cavern and finding the middle ages just waking up. In his picture gallery nothing is cheapened by common uses, and nothing lost by contradictory associations; Henry VIII.'s palace has not been forever a barber's shop, or the Strand a tide-way of shop-keeping. Familiarity breeds contempt, indeed, and no London-bred boy can have a reverence for an antiquity he saw white-washed yesterday. We come to the old scenes with an ancestral reverence for objects which are not only England's but ours — in which we have the romantic interest of historical cause without the galling burden of political effect. English associations are to us utterly delightful, and London especially a huge romance, a bazaar of the Arabian Nights, in which at one time we encounter Cromwell, and at another Dick Whittington.

But do not imagine that you can get the characteristic impression of London by running over it. When curiosity is satisfied and such familiarity as a stranger can get is attained, it will still be reserved for some moment of a sublime quiet and removal from details to give you the key-note of its greatness. As I write, sitting by my study window, full five miles from the city proper, I hear the roar of the traffic like the sea on a rocky shore — the rush of incessant trains along the iron ways, the rumble of myriads of drays along hundreds of miles of stone-paved streets (for which wood is now being in part substituted), each no more to the general symphony than the hum of a gnat to the sounds of a summer day — a volume of sound unintermitting from dawn till dark. Yet I am bowered in green trees, with cowslip and daisy-flecked fields spread out under my eyes — not a spire, not a chimney-stack of the metropolis visible; and the carols of larks and thrushes, the song of the nightingale, run through the web of sounds like gold and silver threads through a dingy fabric, with the twitter of scores of sparrows like tiny spangles thrown on at random. Out of the monotone flashes the individual roar of a nearer train, the scream of a whistle, and the roar dies away again into the sullen monody. This is audible London.

If you want to see what the traffic of London is like, go to Clapham junction, where the great railway systems connect. The rails lie together like the wires of a grand piano. System and organization have done their best, and sixteen hundred trains a day run over them. It is a bewilderment. In and out, coming, going, slow trains and fast trains: one side of you halts a train, and while you watch its wheels slowing, an express rushes past on the other side like a tornado of iron; no shrieking of whistles or clanging of bells as on our railways — they keep their signals for their officials, and outsiders must expose themselves at their own risks, — only a rush, a blast of wind that almost takes your breath or draws you into its eddy when it has gone by, a torrent of carriage windows, and you see the rear of the last carriage shrinking before your eyes as it leaves you; and the fast express has come and gone in a space of time which you could hardly find on the dial of your watch. Up and down the lines you see signal-posts and semaphores — arms working; by night lamps green, red, white, the language of the railway, but no confusion; every man knows his place, or forgets it at his bodily peril. You ask the official when your train is due: "In two minutes"; and as the clock hands point, the train comes. He knows to the second when it left the last station, whether it be on table-time or behind it; every movement is recorded, and every train has its place and moment. A tunnel-way for passengers connects the whole, so that no one is allowed to cross the rails except the officials, who grow foolhardy and now and then come to grief. The guard at the junction told me one day of the killing of one of the porters, who undertook to cross the line in front of the fast express, and was struck midway the rails by the full front of the locomotive. He was knocked like a ball twenty feet, and when they reached him there was no quiver even in his flesh. If a shot from a twenty-inch Rodman gun had hit him, it would not have expunged life more completely and instantaneously. It is a saying of the denizens about Clapham junction, that, on the average, one man is killed every six weeks. One wonders, after having watched the traffic a half hour, that some one is not killed every day. Look cityward and see the trains flying — diverging eastward, westward, northward, line under line three deep, crossing each other, diving under or going over, but never on the same level, and then sweeping by long curves round the huge circumference of suburban London, a girdle of iron, meeting, crossing, uniting, separating again on the opposite side.

Neither the sounds nor the sights of London

impressed me as did its labyrinth of railways; no other evidence of the power and intelligence of England has ever seemed to me like this stupendous accumulation of engineering accomplishment: tunnels under the river and bridges over it; the long arcades of the railway approaches, and the still more surprising vaults of the underground tunneling under the dense houses, with an inner circle of communication,—the most surprising engineering feat in the world, and perhaps the most costly, considering its extent, the cost being £1,000,000 per mile, and all to help you get about the city quicker. If the enterprise be astonishing, how much more the need which impelled it and maintains it.

But, imperial as London is in all that pertains to industrial and commercial power, it is in the architectural manifestations of metropolitanism (except size) as provincial as New York or Boston. It is impossible to say that artistic feeling is exotic in England, not knowing with absolute certainty whether they were Englishmen who built the magnificent old cathedrals or not; but it does seem that, since the race was what it is, anything æsthetic is a chance flower, and of so rare occurrence that its exceptionality — its want of visible cause and effect in precedent or succession — proves the rule more clearly than though no example had ever been found. The cities of the civilized and half-civilized world will not furnish another such collection of hideous public edifices, with so little originality, so little sense of fitness or artistic insight, as the capital of England shows. A man who could develop artistic fire in such surroundings must be of a genius irrepressible by any compression of circumstance. St. Paul's is a squat parody on St. Peter's, with everything that is ugly of the original and no advantage of position like it — no approaches, no *ensemble*, a petrified infraction of common sense and æsthetic judgment. The British Museum is an ill-harmonized *pot-pourri* of Greek motives; Trafalgar square, a curious antithesis to the *Place de la Concorde*, with the elaborate imitation of that freak of some barbarous Roman, "Pompey's Pillar," instead of the obelisk, and that ludicrous combination of the shut-up and elongated, the National Gallery, crowning it. Even most of the later buildings, when there is a determined effort to be original, impress the stranger as ghastly evolutions of the stuff of which nightmares are made. All things impress one with an immense sense of solidity and stolidity, and, if I am not over-fanciful, with a latent contempt of the outside as compared with the inside of the house, inherent in the English nature. What that most characteristic defect of London — its smoke — may have to do with this utter want of sympathy with the exteriors of their buildings in the minds of modern Londoners, I can only conjecture; but if the city were another Venice, it could only be kept beautiful by pouring its canals daily over its buildings.

I recall some of those dreary days of my first November, when, sitting by my window in the City, I used to look out into the midday gloom under the impenetrable veil, with a shadowless world before me, and recall the oppression of this inversion of fantastic elements, where by day the air was thick and oppressive, and when night fell the stars came out with their little consolations for the loss of the greater luminary, and have seen the black flakes of condensed coal-smoke come drifting, floating down like the first flakes of a snow-fall — a snow of soot, visible, palpable, disastrous to gloves and linen as to stonework and to color in all things. And what is odd, too, this comes from the very love of brightness and cheeriness at home. Offer to the Englishman to-morrow a fuel which would heat his house without flame or smoke; give him furnaces which would consume all his fuel in some subterranean recess, like our own, and he would utterly and peremptorily refuse the boon. To him his open grate and its cheerful flame, pitchy and smoke-evolving as it is, are the roc's egg to his home. London may be dingy and smoky, Stygian in darkness and diurnal in its Egyptian curse, but *his* glad hearth shall glow while soft coal comes from the mine. It shall darken and gloom until it is a new Pompeii of drifting soot from its million chimney-volcanoes, before the individual love of light and comfort shall become civic, and London burn her own smoke!

Civilization and Christianity are in all intermediate stages at odds; the former in the highest ferment does but disengage the latter as a volatile essence. Civilization brings out by inexorable logic those extremes of human condition from both of which Agur prayed to be preserved. The rich grow richer and the poor poorer, and the laws of political economy go on asserting themselves by which we see that he who has the power has a law by which he may make it greater, and he who has it not shall lose even the little he seems to have; and as in London the laws of political economy and of progressive civilization have found their highest expression, we must expect to find men divided into the widest extremes of social condition — wealth fabulous and poverty incredible. To one who has tried the hard side of human existence and known how little will keep a man or woman from the grave, it is enough to say

that men and women die statistically in London from starvation,—not the sudden death of men shut in a dungeon so to die, but with long and unrelieved deprivation just sufficient to make them waste away with intolerable craving, mocked by the merest dalliance with alimentation. Some such in their involuntary apotheosis I have seen—with their gaunt faces glued to those flaming windows of the Cheapside chop-houses, looking with hungry eyes and tremulous lips at the piles of luscious steaks and saddles of prime mutton, the hell of Tantalus without his sin, for these are mostly the honest, as honesty goes in London streets—stand with unmoving faces and unconscious of whatever goes on around them, like fascinated beings unable to break away from the charm. I remember especially a young girl—not over twelve,—whose face I saw pressed against the window-pane of a restaurant where I was lunching one day, a grave, hollow-eyed creature, who, without a smile or a change of any feature save the rolling of her eyes from one dainty to another during the whole of my lunch time, fed her only available sense on this phantom banquet, but who, when on going out I offered her a huge piece of plain cake, refused it in fright and with crimsoned cheeks, as though I had caught her in theft; and it was only after repeated insistence, and on my telling her to take it home to the little ones (for there are always little ones in this case), that she took it, bewildered, and went her way.

Spiritual gravitation is as irresistible as physical, and men fly to its center as grains of sand to the earth; the weaker and the less individual they are, the sooner they obey the law; only the few who have the centrifugal power of self-assertion can live content away from others. The clod-hopper who digs and never dreams or knows what lies beyond his farm rests rustic; but once he has come within the attraction of the aggregate humanity of the city, he drifts helpless into the vortex, and rots and dies in the mass of corrupted humanity,—helpless in himself, because he has not strength to stand alone, and hopeless, because there are so many like him that no human prevision could care for the poor of a great city like London. It is no place for the helpless and the friendless, and yet it is precisely those who drift most readily to it. There seems to be a universal belief among the very poor that help is only in great cities. Dick Whittington entertained a very common superstition and strengthened it; and Heaven only knows how many, with this golden dream in their hearts, have gone to London to die in its dirt or drown in its tide. And once in the city, the deluded never leave it; the company in misery which it offers to them is better than any emigration; the fascination of crowds is stronger, even with better men and women, than any good in solitary independence. This and the innate laziness of mankind, the insanity to escape all bonds of labor, are more the causes of the destitution and misery of London than any social wrong or want of charity and benevolence in the wealthy. These great cities will always be crowded to the last limits of their capacity. Relieve the importunate and improvident of to-day by a determinate provision, and to-morrow there will appear mysteriously as many new improvidents and unfortunates, candidates for the same provision; the whole realm of beggary and imprevision will make a hitch forward, and the serried line will still stand like that at the post-office windows or theater doors at times, waiting for another vacancy and pushing on, always as long, always as miserable, and all the more improvident as provision is made by others. This is the poverty of London: not a chance-come misfortune which some sad widow may have in a country village, her support and provider being suddenly gone and struggling with a new and straiter living to which in time she adapts herself or dies; not a sudden cutting away of the small margin and a distress in the house for rent, which hard working sometimes gives a laborer, but an habitual living on what may come through picking up by chance,—pilfering and stealth to the worse and slow starvation to the better natures, with gradual extinction of all that is human to all,—squalor, filth, a sinking till sense of degradation is lost and the poor soul slides into utter vice as a boat adrift goes down into the sea.

Look into the quarters of this poverty: for convenience, in some of the streets about Seven Dials or Clare street, or down in Goodman's Fields, swarming like ant-hills: shoals of children of all ages below four or five encumbering the road-way, careless of carriage wheels, for no vehicle ever enters here except the huckster's cart or the parish hearse; frowsy, sodden, beer-soaked faces of women thrust out at the windows, cursing their brats who cry in the dirt below; sauntering men who look at you, if you are decently dressed, as if your personal safety were a wrong and injustice to them; young girls, filthy, slatternly, leering, jeering, and ogling, imagination can readily conceive what for. Men do not grow to manhood in such slums and sunless ways, or women to virtue or dignity. All is squalor and filth and utter degradation of the divine image. And this is one of the inevitable results of the highest civilization, as certainly as

that London is greatest and most civic of all great cities.

For the other great result you have not far to go. In that region of grim and forbidding palaces, which, like Ali Baba's cave, are nothing to him who has not, but everything for him who has the "open sesame," any one will answer our purpose—this one, for instance, with a covered way from the door to the street, lest its dainty inmates should catch a drop of rain on the way to their carriage. Within all is order and decorous silence. The foot falls on deep-piled carpets. In the intonation of the low-toned command is the highest expression of that incommunicable, indescribable, and, except by generations of cultivation, unattainable quality we call *high* breeding. In the reply to it is that perfect antithesis in breeding, which we ought to call *low*—the profound, unquestioning, and unhesitating prostration of self of the traditional hereditary "flunky," disciplined like a soldier, who, as his master never permits himself to express a disturbing emotion, never allows *himself* an expression of surprise or a word of comment; whose self-command is as great as his master's, perhaps greater,—a well appareled statue, save when an order is given; whose bows and deference for his master's guests are graduated by the distance at which they sit from the head of the table; a human creature that sees nothing, knows nothing, and believes nothing which his master does not expect him to see and know and believe; who, if he thinks of a heaven at all, never dreams that it can be the same thing for his master and himself: he hopes to meet his father and grandfather and great-grandfather in the servants' hall of that celestial abode where his master and all the family for countless generations will dwell in their mundane state; his brains could no more take in the parable of Dives and Lazarus than the laws of Kepler, and the most insensate chartist or radical could never inspire in him an ambition to be anything beyond butler in his master's mansion.

All the gorgeousness and luxury about them—master and servant—are the fit trappings of the gentleman's estate. They two make one, a kind of social Centaur, a single brain and a double body. The civic mechanism necessitates other grades of mankind, but this is the summit level. The Centaur may be the highest expression of human culture; he may be a mere vehicle of pleasures—betting, horse-racing, with no conception of or respect for that culture. He is to all the world the personation of human dignity, and the King or Queen is only the head of his order. He may enjoy the refinements his wealth has gathered round him and justify his position, or he may bury himself deeper in stultifying indulgences by the weight of it,—be the best or worst of men; he is still the cynosure of the Old World regards—*milord Anglais*. In his sphere the echo of social wants and wrongs dies away; the tenants on his estate are as well cared for as his favorite flocks, and he does his duty to all who depend socially on him. Beyond, all is ignored which disturbs the serenity of that earthly heaven in whose immobility he abides. For his existence, civilization, law, order, the church, army, and navy are the guaranties and prerequisites. It is for him, according to the original theory of the British constitution, that the state exists.

In other European countries of approximate civilization, his congener has gone under; he, wiser, draws up to him the social elements that might menace his supremacy, and which, by their necessity to the state, are necessary to him,—the banker, the successful administrator, soldier, admiral; and even the church, whose power is not of this world, is led in by its lord bishops. So that the Centaur, being the governing and the governed in one, wins over from any possible opposition whatever elements may be assimilated to his class, which outside its limits might be dangerous, and so fights off the fate which has befallen his congeners of the Continent.

In the strictest social creed of the Centaur, it is held as an essential to this assimilation that the candidate shall not only never have done anything useful for its due compensation, but that society shall not be able to remember when one of his ancestors did so, the bluest blood being that of him whose remote forefathers did but follow the original centaurial proposition of taking all that they wanted wherever they found it, and, by levying contributions on all the classes of society, enabling his remotest heirs and successors to enjoy the proceeds in complete and reputable abstention from gain by any useful employment,—useless labor, such as breeding and running race-horses, etc., being perfectly allowable.

Although socially dominant in all England, the Centaur is only to be known in London in perfection, or the extent of his dominance to be recognized. He must have his residence in London, no matter how many others he may have, and it must be worthy his position. There are here and there certain literary and intellectual heresies and heretics refusing to recognize Centaurdom as the highest of human good; but in general the people accept the distinction by which, when they are overridden by the Centaurs, they are privi-

leged to override some one else in the grade below them, and each one in the long file of social gradation is permitted and expected to be a toady to the superior and a bully to the inferior grades. And down to the very substratum of beggars and crossing-sweepers, there is a keen recognition of the social stamp of "useless" and "useful," and an inherent contempt of the individual as such. I have noticed scores of times that, when I was carrying a package through the streets of London, the beggars and sweepers paid no attention to me. The Centaur and the beggar agree in one thing, that a man who carries his own parcels is beneath their social recognition.

It is to London, as the center of all that England is or can be, that these two classes gravitate—the poles of civilized humanity; nowhere but in London could they find their commensurate importance, and here they attain their highest perfection and greatest development. Beggary and aristocracy are the productions *par excellence* of the metropolis of civilization; the traits which, even more than its size and wealth, distinguish it from all the cities of the earth.

And from all this antagonism of extremes, from all the heat and ferment of this alembic of humanity, there comes not only much refuse—dead matter which goes back to decay and first disorganization—but there distills the truest, divinest spirit humanity can embody. Here does but disengage more quickly and more perfectly what may be of better than aristocracy and more beautiful than court or state. If the individual is securest in his individuality, if the one talent is best buried in the retirement of rustic life, if philosopher and poet find in their hearts to say with their Roman confrère, "*Procul, procul este profana*," and float tranquilly down the stream of life alone, yet in the thickest mêlée is the most strength won; and in spite of the terrible perversion of Christianity, and the palsying condition of social organization, one can find here the rarest types of Christian and of mankind. Who escapes humanity shuns God.

I am not a lover of great cities; their ambitions and ideals, their vulgarities and their urbanities, are alike distasteful to me; but I must say that I have known in London the most angelic natures that it has ever been in my lot to encounter. Perhaps I should have seen still better if my eyes had been open wider.

And it is in this very class which I have, in no disparaging sense, termed Centauric, the aristocracy, where social independence has reached its highest, that we find here and there, cased like the flower and fruit of this mighty growth, in extraneous and deciduous leafage, that best type of humanity as the world knows it, the true English gentleman,—a being whose exterior decorum may be counterfeited by his emulator, whose inmost gentleness and courtesy may be shadowed forth in peer or peasant,—who loves his kind, and feels the common bond of divine birth, but whose most perfect union of noble demeanor and large-heartedness can only be found where the best type of mind has been permitted the largest and richest culture and the completest freedom of hereditary development in the most favorable external circumstances. There are nobles and noblemen—men who seem to be conscious only that surrounding men are lower than they, and others whose illumination pervades every one near them and brings all up into the same world of light and sweetness. The prestige of nobility is founded on a true human instinct; occasionally one finds an English nobleman who justifies its existence, and makes us snobs in spite of our democracy.

I could, I am certain, point to Americans who, in every substantial trait of the gentleman, will stand comparison with any aristocrat born—men in whom gentlehood has grown to hereditary ripeness; the third and fourth generations of men who have cultivated on American soil the virtues of honesty, morality, sincerity, courtesy, self-abnegation, humanity, benevolence; men and women whose babyhood was cradled in those influences which make what we call "good breeding," and to whom the various vulgarities of our parvenu princes are as foreign as to the bluest-blooded heir of Norman fortune; and this is to me a more grateful and sympathetic type of humanity than that of its English congener. But to this will always be lacking one grace which that may possess—the majesty of the born legislator and ruler; the air of habitual command and control, hereditary as are all generic traits, good or bad, and which imposes itself on the consciousness of all men. This, be it for the bettering or the worsering of the type, is to our democratic, ruled, leveled, and ballot-boxed civilization forbidden forever; and the fustian heredities of quickly and perhaps ill-made millionaires, for ever so many times told, will never be other than a curious caricature of it. Theoretically, we must gainsay it; but when all is said, be it of our original paradise-planting, or a devil's graft got among the thorns and thistles of our exile, the growth of a certain reverence for a time-honored nobility has become a part of every gentle nature, which only time and assiduity can, but which they certainly will eradicate,—but not to-day, nor while the English nobility is

what, as a whole, it is. We may prefer, in our struggles of race, the independence of the Athenian hoplite, of the quick-footed runner; but the Centaur had his side of the story, and the same marble immortalizes them both.

We Americans are fond of talking of being our own masters; but the man who is his own master is also his own servant. A well disciplined army is the type of highest human development,— compassionate, unflinching, strategy in its head, intelligent, unhesitating and unquestioning obedience in its body. He who in an army will exercise his own judgment and will, is a mutineer. Independence means isolation and incompletion; association is the true life, social political, and spiritual.

London is indeed a microcosm, not merely that it is large, but because everything is in it; and with all its intense commonplaceness and humdrum conservatism, there is a degree of unexpectedness which keeps one on an intellectual alert. No city grows like it; yet you pass from quarters of new palaces, on ground which even I remember as once an expanse of kitchen-gardens, as remote from metropolitanism as the hop-fields of Kent, to others where the dinginess of the middle ages seems to linger, and where the only change of the century past must be of deaths and births; into "no thoroughfare" squares, round which the flood of improvement has swept without entering; into places that impress one with the idea of antiquity far more than does the Parthenon or the Colosseum, dusty, grassy, and silent, where, if you chance to see a merry, playing child, it startles you as an anachronism. One day, perhaps, the republic and the proletary and the boulevard will come: be sure that they will be to the breaking of many hearts grown old in a world of circumstance and association which will not suffer change.

But to a passenger London's most attractive point is her suburban wealth — the lovely wedding of city and country in Richmond, Twickenham, and Barnes, and so all round by Clapham, Dulwich, Norwood, and the Crystal Palace, but especially near the Thames, whose lovely windings, with frequent villages and luxuriant meadows, always green with that vivid greenness which no climate besides this can boast of, remind me of the early summer Mohawk in its most gentle portions. Great glades of oak and elm come down to the water's edge, and a sward that all the year round is like a carpet, with a river-fringe of willows and flags, and the swans going in and out undisturbed, following the ebb down to the city even, and the flood back to their homes, running the gauntlet of steamer and wherry, with none to make them afraid; and the lazy, picturesque barges drift down from their inland markets, catching the ebb while it serves, and waiting at anchor till it comes again, their rusty tackle and tawny sails so unlike what our seafaring man would settle his fancy to, and yet so beloved by painters and etchers.

Yes, London ends as it began, with the Thames. The dreamy reaches of its upper course, with their framing of rural picturesqueness, their wealth of park and villa, the meed and stimulus at once of the greatest of commercial communities, run by insensible degrees of change into those so unlike in all surroundings, so stirring and vibrant with commerce and speculation; and the two extremes, corresponding as heart and brain the one to the other, or as root and branch, are what makes the life and immensity of London, and, in one sense, of England. Above the river in which the miserable perish and on which the fortunate grow rich, runs the other tide whose flood leads on to fortune, whose sources are in the sea empire, and which debouches in the lands of the little island; above the river of the painters and poets, winding through the downs and meadows of the rarest of cultivated landscape, out by the reaches where the melancholy sea breeds its fogs and damp east winds, is that of the merchant and politician, having its springs in the uttermost parts of the earth, and pouring out its golden tribute on the lands whence the other steals its drift and ooze. Father Thames! Father Thames! God only knows if thy commerce and the world's tribute be worth the sighs and tears and blood thy muddy waters carry into the oblivion of the unremembering and unforgiving ocean! He only can balance the values of thy better and worser worlds, or tell if hell or heaven finds most gain in your ebb and flood.

W. J. Stillman.

EXTRAVAGANZAS.

BY ROGER RIORDAN.

THE RENAISSANCE.

All cold and stiff the hill-tops stand
Against the eastern sea of pearls;
All cold and dark the meadow land
Through which the glimmering river swirls;
The branches, too, all crooks and twirls;
All stark and stiff the rocks also;
The fern holds stiffly up its curls.
Hist! hear the morning breezes blow;
Still! see the waving to and fro;
The river runs, the trees wave slow:
The nightmare clouds float up and go:
Fiat lux—the old command
Renewed—sets all the east aglow.

Tantara! the horn! the horn!
The hunt is up. Quick! there's the deer;
See his dark antlers 'gainst the morn,
See his dun hide convulsed with fear.
He bounds; he's lost! Close on his rear
The hounds, the hunters tear their way;
Over the brow they disappear,
But still we hear their music gay,
The horns, the shouts, the hounds' deep bay;
Swifter than panic and dismay,
Swifter than springing of the day,
The hunted and the hunt are borne,
Mere shades and echoes, far away.

Let us not after them digress.
The morn proceeds; the vocal breeds
Try preludes as their plumes they dress;
And then what *aves* and what *creeds*,
Sung as with skill that knowledge feeds,
Welcome the sun's sheer edge of fire;
With joyous song the woodland bleeds,
The leaves to voice themselves aspire,
The rocks resound like stricken wire;
All join the ear-assailing choir!
Each outburst stronger, deeper, higher,
As up he sways with heat and stress,
The great god of the flaming lyre.

Sound trumpets, cymbals, Latium! Greece!
Since when did sons of yours abstain
To praise your king of deities,
To swell the universal strain?
Since when did human hearts disdain
With nature's heart to beat in time,
To join in nature's grand refrain,
With nature's carillons to chime?
Out, men and women! think no crime
To taste the splendors of the prime;
Salute the sun before he climb
Too high, before his heats increase
And dry the founts of thought and rhyme.

WHERE TO WALK.

A crowd of Loves from sea and land
Come buzzing, twinkling, all about me,
Whene'er I take my stick in hand,
Declaring none will leave without me.

But one pulls this way and one that,
And sore perplexed am I among them;
For if I go with this pert brat,
The others all will swear I wrong them.

"Think of the Pines," one urchin cries,
"A sighing in yon perfumed hollow."
"Nay, think of my dear Fount's blue eyes,"
Another says, "and me you'll follow."

The Sea that shows her laughing teeth,
The Rivulet that runs to meet me,
The Bramble-bank that throws its wreath,
Thorn-set, about my knees to greet me,—

Each an ambassador will send
Instructed not to leave without me.
So to some new retreat I'll wend
And take them fluttering all about me.

I AND THOU.

Mossy rocks and, deep between,
Dark recesses chill and green;
Stumbling pathways, pitfalls, caves,
Yielding mounds like hollow graves;
Leaning trunks with boughs all wrecked,
Scraps of sky with storm-clouds flecked:
Oh, tis in truth the enchanted forest
Which I detest, which thou abhorrest.

Far beyond its borders, thou,
On a hill's ne'er-frowning brow,
Thy home hast, whence seest the seas,
Whither comes the unspoiled breeze,
Where small weeds their varying plan
Unfold in true dimensions can;
Whence you may with speed of thought
To wilds or peopled towns be brought;
Where at evening and at dawning
Graceful shapes steal toward you, fawning.

Here I struggle, sink or climb,
Grasp at rotten twigs and slime;
Or, slipping, falling, leaping, dash
Down some ghastly cavern's gash,
With stones and earth and broken branch,

A clanking, thunderous avalanche,
To reach at last the high-flung surges
That a furious tempest urges.

There, thou need'st but turn thy head,
Without rising from thy bed;
O'er thy lawns come fay and god,
Treading flowers from out the sod;
Sphinxes, hydras, bound with silk,
Tigresses, with cubs at milk.
Adonis comes, his blood is spilled,
The drops a floweret's petals gild;
And Venus' dove-drawn car comes speeding,
And Venus' own hand stops his bleeding.

Here, in truth, is no such chance,
But, whichever way I glance,
Gothic monsters, fierce and grim,
Tear each other limb from limb;
Or, gathering with crimsoned claws,
Against my life make common cause.
If fays flit by or gods look toward me,
Malicious scowls they all afford me.

I cannot reach you. Here I stay.
There art thou still far away.
Harping sprites fly o'er thy couch;
Hags and witches by me crouch.
At thy head spry Morning throws
The yellow-hearted, red-leaved rose.
Each breath thou drawest thy soul inflames,
Till universal space it claims.
Ere long thou'lt soar from earth in glory,
Then leave to me to tell thy story.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE GATES OF PARADISE.

Pass not by, but enter. Here
Is what you've sought for many a year:
Love and hate, caressing, fighting,
All that mortals may delight in;
Broils and quarrels, serenading,
Kisses, moonlight promenading,
Roaring fun and shrieks of laughter,
Quick repentance following after;
Nothing ordered or in reason,
All things monstrous, out of season,
Overdone, extravagant,
Just the very thing you want!
See, there's neither lock nor bar,
But the door-leaves stand ajar;
And when mellow moonlight falls
On the green and crumbling walls,
If you wait you'll see a maiden
With delicious flowers laden.
Nightly she comes in and out;
Her rose-leaves she throws about
On the earth: to blood some turn,
Others soon as blushes burn.
Heaven is so full of them,
It never misses leaf nor stem.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THACKERAY.

I.

Thackeray does not give the same opportunities for the identification of his scenes as Dickens. The elaboration with which the latter localizes his characters, and the descriptive minutiæ with which he makes their haunts no less memorable than themselves, are not to be found in the works of the author of "Vanity Fair." No faculty was stronger in Dickens, or of more service to him, than his power of word-painting. He reproduces the objects by which the persons he describes are surrounded with a fidelity which would be tedious if it were not relieved by the humor which humanizes bricks and imparts a grotesque sort of sensibility to articles of furniture; and it is not easy to think of any of his leading characters without being reminded of the neighborhoods in which they played their parts.

Thackeray, on the contrary, is not topographical. The briefest mention of a street suffices with him, and it is the character, not the locality, which has permanence in the reader's mind. Every feature of Becky Sharp is remembered with a vividness which disassociates her with fiction; but the situation of the little house in which the unfortunate Rawdon finally discovers her duplicity, in the famous scene with the Marquis of Steyne, escapes the memory. When the book is no longer fresh to him, the reader may recollect that after her marriage she went to live in Mayfair, and may picture to himself a small, fashionable dwelling in that aristocratic neighborhood; but he cannot remember that the author places it in Curzon street, nor that the Sedleys lived in Russell Square, Philip in Old Parr street, and Colonel Newcome in Fitzroy Square.

We have one example in Thackeray of the grotesquely humorous descriptive power of which Dickens was a master. It hits at the

absurd nomenclature of modern London suburbs, where every box of a house has some high-sounding name of the sort which ornaments the fiction of the "Chambermaid's Companion," and it describes the neighborhood into which the Sedleys moved after their failure—"St. Adelaide Villa, Anna Maria Road, West, where the houses look like baby houses; where the people looking out of the first floor windows must infallibly, as you think, sit with their feet in the parlors below; where the shrubs in the little gardens in front bloom with a perennial display of little children's pinafores, little red socks, caps, etc. *(polyandria polygenia);* whence you hear the sound of jingling spinets and women singing; and whither, of an evening, you see city clerks plodding wearily."

The fanciful supposition that persons in the upper stories must have their legs on the lower floor is richly characteristic of the manner in which Dickens would have indicated the smallness of the houses. It is a touch of that kind of humor which distinguishes all the work of the latter author, and which was one of his most serviceable resources; it gives facial expression to inanimate objects, and, as we have said, it individualizes the haunts of his characters no less than the characters themselves. But it is so rare in Thackeray that the exhibition of it in this fragment strikes us as remarkable.

It was not that Thackeray lacked the power of observation in the direction of externals,—though he certainly did not possess it in the same degree as Dickens,—nor that his characters were airy visions to him, requiring no other habitation than the chambers of his brain; they were indeed flesh and blood to him, and Miss Thackeray has told a friend of the writer's how, in her walks with her father, he would point out the very houses in which they lived. The difference was principally one of method. Thackeray's was the classic stage—a dais with a drapery of green baize, before the time of scenery. Dickens's was the modern stage, with lime-lights, trap-doors, and elaborate "sets."

Though his other scenes are misty, no reader of Thackeray who engages in a search for the places which he describes is likely, however, to overlook the Charter-house, the ancient foundation to which he refers again and again, dwelling on it with many fond reminiscences. It is the school in which he himself was educated, and he has associated three generations of his characters with it. Thomas Newcome received instruction here, also his son Clive, with Pendennis, Osborne, and Philip of the second generation, after whom came Rawdon Crawley's little son and young George Osborne; and, finally, the dear old Colonel, when broken down and weary, joined the poor brethren who are pensioners of the institution, and within its monastic walls cried *Adsum* as he heard a voice summoning him to the everlasting peace. Occasionally it is called Slaughter-house, once or twice "Smiffle" (after the boys' way of pronouncing Smithfield, where it is situated); but in Thackeray's later works he generally speaks of it as Grayfriars or Whitefriars. "It had been," he says in "Vanity Fair," "a Cistercian convent in old days when the Smith field, which is contiguous to it, was a tournament ground. Obstinate heretics used to be brought thither, convenient for burning hard by. Henry the Eighth seized upon the monastery and its possessions, and hanged and tortured some of the monks who would not accommodate themselves to the pace of his reform. Finally, a great merchant bought the house and land adjoining, in which, with the help of other wealthy endowments of land and money, he established a famous foundation hospital for old men and children. An extra school grew round the old, almost monastic foundation, which subsists still with its middle-age costume and usages; and all Christians pray that it may flourish."

The buildings form an irregular cluster spread over a prodigal area, and isolated by a wall of brick and stone, which many London fogs and long days of yellow weather have reduced to the dismalest of colors. None of them is lofty; some of them are of granite, and others of brick, upon which age has cast a smoky mantle. They are separated by wide courts and winding passages; and when I was there in the Easter vacation these open spaces were vacant, and the brisk twittering of the sparrows was the only sound that came from them. The quiet seemed all the greater, inasmuch as all around the walls is a busy neighborhood, full of traffic and voices. The courts are for the most part paved with small cobble-stones, and are cleanly swept; but some of them are grassy—grassy in the dingy and feeble way of London vegetation. These buildings look as sad as they are old; to the juvenile imagination the high walls and the severe architecture must be sharply distressing, and many a boy has felt his heart sink with misgiving as, for the first time, he has been driven through the old gate-way to be placed as a scholar on Thomas Sutton's famous foundation.

At this old gate-way, one day, I saw a very feeble old gentleman, strangely dressed in a scarlet waistcoat and bright blue trowsers, a brass-buttoned coat, and a high silk hat. He was very small and very weak, moving

slowly with the help of a stick, and coughing painfully behind his pocket handkerchief. To my question as to the admission of strangers, he said, quaveringly: "If you are a patron, you may see the buildings, but you had better ask the janitor; there he is. I," he added, with some hesitation, "I am one of the poor brethren."

The old head bowed down with years and sorrow, the white hair, the troublesome cough, the courteous amiability of manner, reminded me of Colonel Newcome—Codd Newcome, as the boys began to call him; and, indeed, this old gentleman had been a captain in the Queen's service, as the janitor afterward told us, though he was not as stately nor as handsome as we remembered our dear old Colonel to have been. None of the celebrities of Charter-house possesses the same vivid interest, the same hold upon our sympathies, the same command of the affections, as the brave, high-minded, large-hearted old soldier, who sacrificed all he had in the world to keep his honor spotless and to shield others from misery.

As the janitor took us from hall to hall in the dark, monastic buildings, Colonel Newcome was constantly before us, and his figure, even more than that of Thackeray himself, filled our minds and made us feel kindly to the old pensioners who were sunning themselves at the doors of their rooms, or were gathered in a quiet corner of one of the courts, chatting or reading.

The pensioners, of whom there are eighty, remain in the old buildings, in which each of them has a sitting-room and a bedroom, with a servant to wait upon him. Their table is a common one, in a grand old dining-hall, and twice a day they don their gowns to go to service in the little chapel to thank God for his manifold blessings and mercies. But the boys have been removed these ten years to a magnificent new school at Godalming, Surrey, thirty miles away from London fogs and the crowds of Smithfield, and they have taken nearly all the relics of Thackeray with them, including the little bed in which he slept while a scholar. Their part of the buildings is now occupied by the Merchant Taylors' School, which has added a large new school-room to the square. The ground is immensely valuable, and from an economic point of view it seems a waste to devote it to the obsolete buildings which fill the greater part of it. Soon, no doubt, another home will be found for the poor brethren, and when commerce takes possession of Charter-house Square, one of the most interesting piles in London town will disappear.

The cleanliness and orderliness which leave no scrap of waste, or wisp of straw, or ridge of dust visible in the approach, have also swept up every part of the interior; and though the smoke and dust have taken a tenacious hold, the charwoman's besom and scrubbing-brush have been vigorously applied. The buildings look quite as old as they are. The oaken wainscoting is the deepest brown; the balusters and groining are massive and carved; the tapestries are indistinct and phantasmal, like faded pictures, and the walls are like those of a fortress. It is easy in these surroundings to conjure up visions of the middle ages. The site of the dormitories of the Charter-house boys is now occupied by the new school-room of the Merchant Taylors; but looking upon it is a dusky cloister, once given to the prayerful meditations of the friars, which in Thackeray's time and later was used for games of ball, the gloom is everywhere. The ghosts of the silent brothers seem fitter tenants than the boys with shining faces and ringing voices. There are narrow, suspicious-looking passages, and heavily-barred, irresistible oaken doors. But these corridors and barriers against the unwelcome lead into several apartments of truly magnificent size and faded splendor. The dining-hall of the poor brethren has wainscoting from twelve to twenty feet high, a massively groined roof, a musicians' gallery with a carved balustrade, and a large fire-place framed in ornamental oak, over which the Sutton arms are emblazoned; while at the end of the room is a portrait of the founder, dressed in a flowing gown and the suffocatingly frilled collar of his time. Parallel to this, and accessible by a low door, is the dining-hall of the gown boys, a long, narrow room, with a very low ceiling, high wainscoting, a knotty floor, insufficient windows, and another large fire-place inclosed by an elaborate mantel-piece of oak. Here, almost side by side, these boys with life untried before them and the old men well-nigh at their journey's end, ate the bread provided for them by their common benefactor, and joined voices in thanksgiving; here still the old pensioners assemble, and in trembling voices murmur grace over the provision made for them. Upstairs there is a banqueting-hall which is not inferior in somber grandeur to that of the poor brothers, and was once honored by the presence of Queen Elizabeth. It also is wainscoted and groined, and hung with tapestries, out of which the pictures have nearly vanished. The fire-place is the finest of all, and above it some hazy paintings are lost in the shadow.

Thackeray was one of the foundation scholars, and lived in the school, and wore a gown. He was, from all accounts, an average

THE CHAPEL OF THE CHARTER-HOUSE. (ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, AFTER A DRAWING BY HUBERT HERKOMER.)

DINING-ROOM IN THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

boy, undistinguished by industry or precocious ability. He was very much like many of Dr. Birch's little friends: a simple, honest, and sometimes mischievous lad. Though he was never elected orator or poet, he wrote parodies, and was clever with a pencil, which he used with no little fancy and humor. The margins of books and scraps of paper of all kinds were covered with sketches, most of them caricatures; and it is said to have been a familiar thing to see the artist surrounded by an admiring crowd of his school-fellows while he developed, with grotesque extravagance and never-failing effect, the outlines of some juvenile hero or some notability of history. The head master of the school was severe, and as Thackeray was very sensitive, it is supposed that his school days were not of the happiest. But he bore the old foundation no ill-will; who, indeed, shall ever do it more honor than he has done?

Only a few weeks before his death, Thackeray was present on Founder's Day. He sat in his usual back seat in the old chapel. He went thence to hear the oration in the governor's room, and, as he walked up to the orator with his contribution, was received with hearty applause. At the banquet afterward, he sat at the side of his old friend John Leech; and Thackeray it was who, on that occasion, proposed the toast of the Charter-house.

Taking us through the grounds by the way of Wash-house Court, a quadrangle of very old and smoky buildings, the janitor conducted us into the cool and quiet cloister which leads into the chapel. Here is the handsome memorial of the Carthusians slain in the wars, and on the walls is a commemorative tablet to Thackeray. Next to Thackeray's is a similar tablet to the memory of Leech.

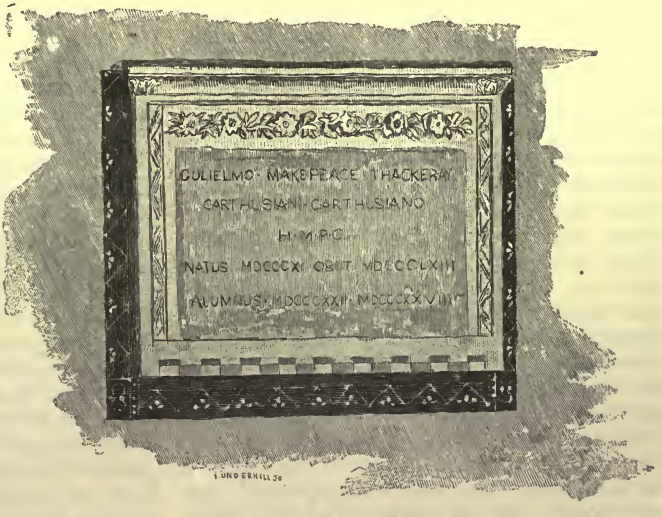
The little chapel is much as it was in their time and long before. The founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, still darkles and shines with the most

CLOISTER LEADING INTO THE CHAPEL, WITH THE MEMORIAL TABLETS OF THACKERAY AND LEECH.

wonderful shadows and lights. There, in marble effigy, lies Fundator Noster in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great examination day. Just in front of this elaborate monument, Thackeray used to sit when a boy. The children are present no more; but yonder, twice a day, sit the pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms,—fourscore of the old reverend black gowns, as Thackeray has described them. The custom of the school was that, on the twelfth of December, the head gown boy should recite a Latin oration; and, though the scholars are removed to Godalming, the ceremony is perpetuated. Many old Cistercians attend this oration; after which they go to chapel and hear a sermon, which is followed by a dinner at which old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. The reader has surely not forgotten how Pendennis, himself a Grayfriars boy, came to the festival one day quite unaware of his friend's presence. "I chanced to look up from my book toward the swarm of black-coated pensioners, and among them—among them—sat Thomas Newcome." The noble old man had come to end his days here, and we know of no chapter in English literature more affecting than that in which his light is put out, and he softly murmers *Adsum.*

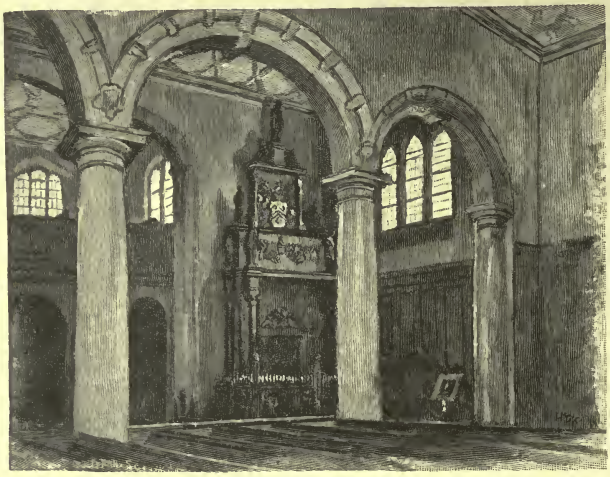
Charter-house is the center of a neighborhood which Dickens chose for many of his scenes, as the reader of this magazine knows. Only a wall, says Thackeray in "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry," separates the playground, or "green," as it was called in his time, from Wilderness Row and Goswell street. "Many a time have I seen Mr. Pickwick look out of his window in that street, though we did not know him then." Not only of Mr. Pickwick, but of many other characters, do we find reminiscences in Smithfield. The Sarah Son's Head, as John Browdy called it, Snow Hill, Saffron Hill, Fleet Lane, and Kingsgate street are not far away. The buildings with the ancient fronts, the idlers at the corners, and the confusing little alleys, which lead where no one would expect them to lead, all belong to Dickens's London. The miserable associations of his early life, his interest in the poor, and his relish for the grotesque drew him into the shady and disreputable quarters of the city; and the student of his works can track him with greater ease and ampler results in neighborhoods like Smithfield than in the West End. With Thackeray, the reverse is the case; and, excepting Charterhouse, the reader who desires to identify his localities finds little to reward him in a search east of Pall Mall or south of Oxford street.

On the site of the Imperial Club in Cursitor street, Chancery Lane, stood a notorious "sponging house," to which Rawdon Crawley was taken when arrested for debt immediately after leaving the brilliant entertainment given by the Marquis of Steyne, and from which he wrote an ill-spelled letter to his wife (who



MEMORIAL TABLET TO THACKERAY.

had appeared triumphantly in some charades at that entertainment), begging her to send some money for his release. The reader remembers how the faithless little woman answered,—assuring him of her grief and



OLD CHAPEL, WITH THE FOUNDER'S TOMB—CHARTER-HOUSE.

anxiety, and telling him that she had not the money, but would get it; though, as poor, blundering, soft-hearted Rawdon discovered afterward, she had a very large sum at the moment she wrote to him, and did not send him any of it because she wished to keep him in jail that she might intrigue with the licentious old marquis; and the reader will remember that Rawdon was released at the instance of his cousin's wife, and went to the little house in Curzon street, where he surprised his deceitful spouse, and nearly murdered her companion, the same old Marquis of Steyne, knight of the garter, lord of the powder-box, trustee of the British Museum, etc.

When we come to the end of that passage, we put the book on our lap and lean back in the chair, and, while we are still glowing with the excitement of the scene, we are filled with admiration of the genius which produced it. How did Thackeray achieve his effects? Becky Sharp is a unique and permanent figure in literature, a subtle embodiment of duplicity, ambition, and selfishness. She is avaricious, hypocritical, specious, and crafty. Though not malignant nor to a certainty criminal, she is a conscienceless little malefactor, whose ill deeds are only limited by the ignoble dimensions of her passions. She lies with amazing glibness, is utterly faithless to her hulking husband, and utterly indifferent to her child. Her mendacity is superlative, and double-dealing enters into all her transactions. But she is so shrewd, so vivacious, so artful, so immensely clever and good-humored, she has so much prettiness of manner and person, that, while we despise her, and have not the least pity for her when retribution falls heavily upon her, our indignation against her is not so great as we feel that it ought to be, principally because her sins have a certain feminine archness and irresponsibility in them which keeps them well down to the level of comedy. When we close the book we know her through and through, and thoroughly understand all the complex workings of her strategic mind. How do we know her so well? Thackeray is not exegetical, and does not depend on elaborate analysis for his effects. The actions of the characters are themselves fully expository, and do not call for any outside comments or enlargement on the part of the author. This is the case to such an extent that, when we examine the completeness with which the characters are revealed to us, we are inclined to believe that Thackeray's art is of the very highest kind, and that, though in form it is undramatic, intrinsically it is powerfully dramatic.

But we are straying from our purpose, which is simply to look for ourselves at the places which he has described. Across the way from the bottom of Chancery Lane is the Temple, to the interest of which he has added many associations. He was fond of its dark alleys, archways, courts, and back stairs.

In 1834 he was called to the bar, and for some time he occupied chambers in the venerable buildings with the late Tom Taylor. His rooms, which were at number 10 Crown Office Row, have disappeared before "improvements" that present a modern front to the

gardens and the river. Philip had chambers in the Temple, and there, also, in classic Lamb's Court, Pendennis and Warrington were located.

Though in the east end of the town and South London Thackeray has left few footsteps for us to follow, in ancient and comfortable Bloomsbury and the region to the west of it and north of Oxford street (called De Quincey's step-mother) we find much to remind us of him. It was in Russell Square that the Sedleys lived in the time of their prosperity, and thence, on the evening after the arrival of gentle Amelia from the boarding school at Chiswick, a messenger was sent for George Osborne, whose house was No. 96. Russell Square is the largest and handsomest of the chain of squares which extend, almost without a break, from Oxford street to the New Road — Bloomsbury Square, Woburn Square, Gordon Square, Tavistock Square, and Euston Square. The neighborhood has seen many strange shifts of fortune, and some of the finest of its mansions are debased to the uses of common boarding-houses and private hotels. There are streets and streets of houses with white cards in the windows announcing "Lodgings to let." Somber old houses they are, built of brick, with flat, uninteresting fronts, the sooty darkness of which is sometimes relieved by a yellowish portico, freshly painted, or a plaster shell of a drab color reaching from the basement to the second story. The cheeriness of the spreading trees in the little parks, the flowering shrubs, the shining fountains, and the grass are only a partial alleviation. Russell Square has deteriorated less than some of the other places in the neighborhood, however, and the houses around it would not be beneath the inclinations of a prosperous merchant such as old Sedley was. We look in vain for 96; the numbers do not go so high as that; but we have no difficulty in singling out the respectable dwelling on the western side in which poor Amelia sighed for her selfish lover and Becky Sharp set her cap at the corpulent Mr. Jos.

It was in Hart street, two blocks nearer Oxford street than Russell Square, that little George Osborne went to school at the house of the Rev. Laurence Veal, domestic chaplain to the Earl of Bareacres, who prepared young noblemen and gentlemen for the universities, the senate, and the learned professions, whose system did not embrace the degrading corporal severities still practiced at the ancient places of education, and in whose family the pupils found the elegancies of refined society and the confidence and affection of a home. Thither came poor Amelia, walking all the way from Brompton to catch a glimpse of her darling boy, who had been taken away from her by his obdurate grandfather.

RUSSELL SQUARE, WHERE THE SEDLEYS LIVED.

Great Russell street is next to Hart street, and in it fronts the classic portico of the British Museum, in the splendid reading-room of which Thackeray was often seen. It was in Great Coram street, adjoining the celebrated foundling hospital, that he lived when, one evening, he called on a young man who had chambers in Furnival's Inn, and offered to illustrate the works which were beginning to make "Boz" famous; and we can see him coming back to his lodgings in low spirits over the rejection of his proposal, for at that time Thackeray was poor, and neither literature nor art, which he loved the better, would support him.

About half a mile farther north, across Tottenham Court Road, is Fitzroy Square; and when we look for 120, we find that 40 is the highest number which the square includes. Though the little circular garden which it incloses is prettily laid out and is one of the leafiest of the oases between Euston and Bloomsbury, Fitzroy has degenerated more than some of the other squares in the neighborhood. It was not very fashionable when Colonel Newcome took No. 120 with James Binnie, and it is not fashionable at all now. One side is badly out of repair. There are two or three doctors' houses in it, several houses with announcements of apartments to let, and a private hotel. The particular house occupied by the Colonel and his old Indian friend cannot be easily identified by Thackeray's description. "The house is vast but, it must be owned, melancholy. Not long since,

it was a ladies' school in an unprosperous condition. The scar left by Madame Latour's brass plate may still be seen on the tall black door, cheerfully ornamented in the style of the end of the last century, with a funereal urn in the center of the entry and garlands and the skulls of rams at each corner." We fancy that it was on the south side of the square, near the middle of a row of heavy sepulchral houses built of stone, which, having been first blackened by the London smoke, has since been unevenly calcined by the atmosphere, so that, as in many other buildings, it looks as if a quantity of dirty whitewash had been allowed to trickle down it. Some of the ornaments have been removed, but the urn is still over the door.

The days spent here were the happiest in the lives of the good old Colonel and his son. The Colonel had just returned from India full of honors and riches, and with his old chum, James Binnie, he kept house with lavish hospitality and much originality. "The Colonel was great at making hot-pot, curry, and pillau," Pendennis tells us. "What cozy pipes did we not smoke in the dining-room, in the drawing-room, or where we would! What pleasant evenings did we not have with Mr. Binnie's books and Schiedam! Then there were solemn state dinners, at most of which the writer of this biography had a corner." The guests at these entertainments were not selected for their social position or their worldly prosperity, and it mattered not whether they were rich or poor, well dressed or shabby, if they were friends. Old Indian officers were among them, and young artists with unkempt ways from Newman street and Berners street; the genial F. B. waltzed with elderly houris and paid them compliments; Professor Gandish talked about art with many misplaced h's; and the Rev. Charles Honeyman sighed and posed and meekly received the adulation of the women. Despite the failure of the Bundlecomb Bank, the later part of the history of the Newcomes would have been less sad but for that accident to Mr. Binnie, in which he fell from his horse and was so much injured that Mrs. Mackenzie—the awful "campaigner"—was called in to nurse him with the aid of poor little Rosey. Fitzroy Square is so old that its gloomy houses must have known much sorrow; but we doubt if any of them has seen anything more pitiable than the humiliation of Colonel Newcome, or anything crueler than the remorseless tyranny of the "campaigner" and her fierce temper—the "campaigner," who was all smiles, coquetry, and amiability, until prosperity fled from those who had been her benefactors, when she suddenly revealed all the pettiness and harshness of her termagant soul.

DOOR-WAY OF 37 FITZROY SQUARE, WHERE COLONEL NEWCOME LIVED.

Three streets from the Square is Howland street, to which Clive removed with his weak little wife and his spiteful mother-in-law when disaster fell upon him; and every reader of Thackeray will remember how Pendennis, Clive, and Boy went out to meet the broken-hearted old man as he came along Guilford street and Russell Square from the Charterhouse to eat his last Christmas dinner.

II.

BEFORE Thackeray died, he had become as familiar a figure in the West End of London as Dr. Johnson was in Fleet street and its tributary courts and lanes. Any one who did not know him might have supposed him to be an indolent man about town; and those who could identify him generally knew where to find him if they wished to show the great author to a friend from the country. He was usually present in the Park at the fashionable hour; and if the Pall Mall of his day is ever painted, his face and form will be as insepara-

ble from a truthful picture as the mammoth bulk of the testy lexicographer is from the contemporaneous prints of old Temple Bar.

The lovableness of his character is well remembered at the Athenæum Club, and the old servants, especially, speak of his kindness to them. The club-house is at the corner of Waterloo Place and Pall Mall—a drab-colored, sedate, classic building, with a wide frieze under the cornice, in a line with the Guards, the Oxford and Cambridge, the Reform, the Travelers', and many other clubs. Opposite to it is the United Service Club, midway is the memorial column to the Duke of York, and only a few yards away are Carlton Terrace and the steps leading into St. James's Park. Marlborough House, the home of the Prince of Wales, and unpalatial St. James's Palace, are close by.

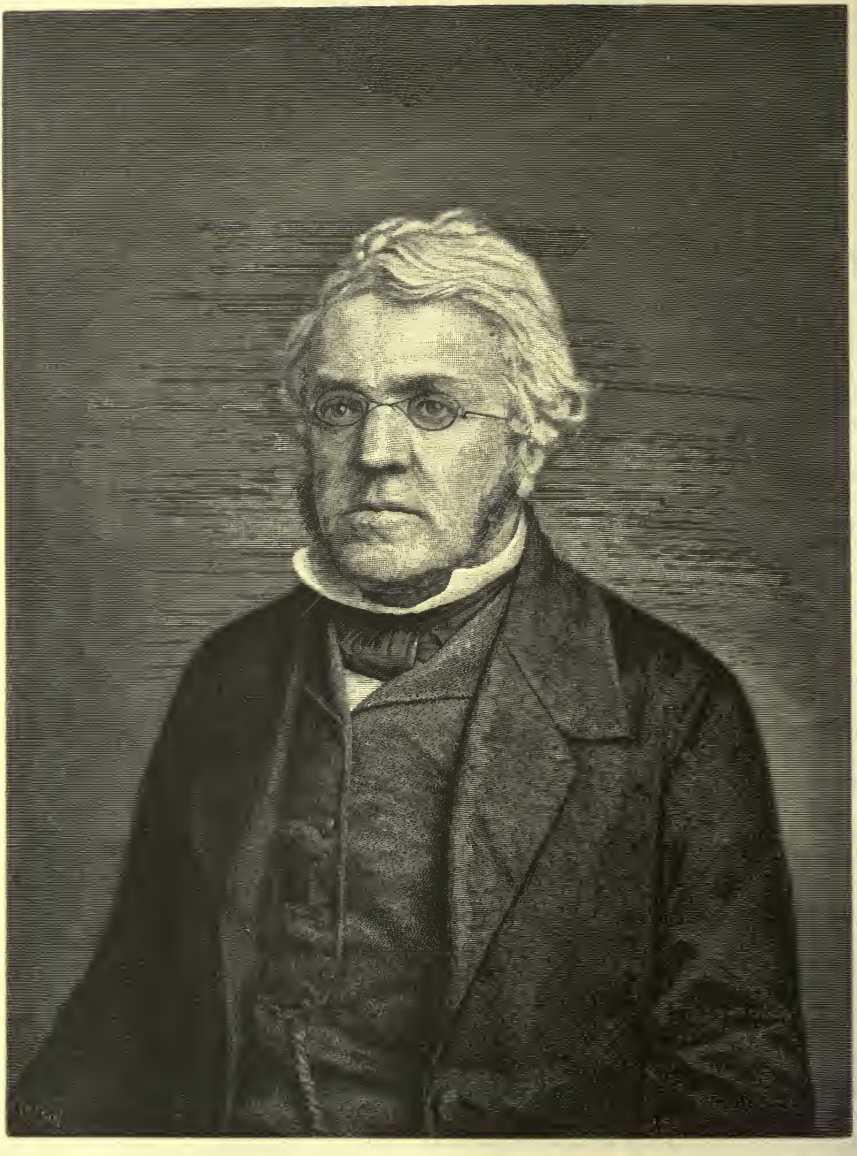
Thackeray's name appears on the roll of the Athenæum as that of a barrister, but he was elected in 1851 as "author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and other well-known works of fiction." He used the club both for work and pleasure, and there are two corners of the building to which his name has become attached on account of his association with them. The dining-room is on the first floor, at the left-hand side of the magnificent entrance; and he usually sat at a table in the nearest corner, where the sun shines plenteously through the high windows and makes rainbows on the white cloth in striking the glasses. Theodore Hook had used the same table, and uncorked his wit with his wine at it; but it was in a kindlier strain than the author of "Jack Brag" was capable of that Thackeray enlivened the friends who gathered around him.

From the club window he probably saw many of his own characters going along Pall Mall: little Barnes Newcome; Fred Bayham, with his big whiskers; cumbrous Rawdon Crawley; the sinister Marquis of Steyne; stylish little Foker; neat Major Pendennis; homely William Dobbin; and the dashing W. Brand Firmin, as he drove up or down the Haymarket to or from Old Parr street. Most of them belonged to the fashionable or semi-fashionable world, and the men were sure to be members of some of the clubs in this neighborhood. No doubt he also saw Arthur Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and Philip Firmin; but it is likely that they appeared with the greatest distinctness when the blinds were drawn and the reflection of his own face was visible in the darkened windows.

The south-west corner of the South library, on the second floor of the club, is filled with books of English history, and some of his work was done there. Therefrom, no doubt, some of the material of the lectures on the Georges was drawn; he could look out of the window on the very site of Carlton House, now a square of grass and flowers; and probably on the shelves, also, he found some help in completing "Esmond" and developing "The Virginians." He often left the library looking fatigued and troubled, and he was sometimes heard complaining of the perplexity he found in disposing of this character or that, and asserting that he knew that what he was writing would fail.

BECKY SHARP'S HOUSE, 22 CURZON STREET.

He divided his time between the Athenæum Club, the Reform, and the Garrick; contiguous to the first two is the neighborhood of St. James's, which principally consists of clubs, bachelors' chambers, and fashionable shops, and is associated with many of Thackeray's characters. By Bays' Club, to which he often refers, he probably meant White's in St. James's street; and at No.



Very faithfully yours
W. M. Thackeray

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN BY BRADY DURING THACKERAY'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

88 of that aristocratic thoroughfare, in a building now demolished, he himself once occupied chambers, and there began and finished "Barry Lyndon." Major Pendennis had chambers in Bury street, a narrow lane coming from Piccadilly parallel with St. James's street; and it was in them that the famous scene took place between the shrewd old soldier and Mr. Morgan, in which that rebellious flunky was brought whining to his knees by the strategic courage of his master. We have searched the neighborhood for the "Wheel of Fortune" public-house, which Mr. Morgan frequented to discuss with other gentlemen's gentlemen gentlemen's affairs. It is not to be found; and Bury street has scarcely a house in it that looks old enough to have been the Major's. But St. James's Church is here —a gloomy old building of smoky brick with lighter trimmings of stone; and the reader may remember how, one day, Esmond and Dick Steele were walking along Jermyn street after dinner at the Guards', when they espied a fair, tall man in a snuff-colored suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance, who was poring over a folio volume at a book-shop close by the church; and how Dick, shining in scarlet and gold lace, rushed up to the student and took him in his arms and hugged him; and how the object of these demonstrations proved to be Addison, who invited Steele and Esmond to his chambers in the Haymarket, where he read verses of the "Campaign" to them, and regaled them with pipes and Burgundy. I never walk through Jermyn street or past the old church without seeing these three figures, and they are no more like shadows than any in the nineteenth century throng which fills the street.

Thackeray constantly mixes up real with fictitious names in his descriptions. Some disguise was often necessary, and sometimes even compulsory. He could not be as explicit or as literal as Dickens, because most of his characters represented a very different class. The latter could draw in detail the house he selected as most appropriate for the occupation of Sairey Gamp, because the actual tenants were not likely to find him out, or, if they ever read his description, to quarrel with it. But many of the clients whom Thackeray had to provide with dwellings were great people, and could only be placed in great neighborhoods, where the houses are large, conspicuous, and easily distinguished. He either had to omit any descriptive detail, or to mask the actual place he had in mind by locating it in some street or square with a fanciful name. Any student of his works will have no difficulty in finding Gaunt House, Gaunt Square, and Great Gaunt street, if he makes a personal search for them in Mayfair, though they are not indicated in any map or directory.

Mayfair (let me say for the benefit of the readers of this magazine who are so unfortunate as not to know London) is one of the three most fashionable neighborhoods of the great metropolis, and of the three it is the most aristocratic and most ancient. It is, as nearly as possible, a square, about half a mile wide and three-quarters of a mile long, bounded at one end by Oxford street, with its shops and plebeian traffic, at the other end by the most delightful of London streets, Piccadilly; at one side by Bond street, and at the other by Park Lane, the houses in which overlook the beautiful expanse of Hyde Park. The names of some of its streets have become synonymous with patrician pomp and the affluence of inheritance. It is the highest heaven of social aspiration, the most exalted object of worldly veneration. This is the house of the Duke of Hawksbury; this of the Earl of Tue-brook; that of Viscount Wallasey, and that of Lord Arthur Bebbington. It is preëminently the region of the "quality." But let not the reader suppose that it is a region of exterior splendor, of spacious architecture, of brilliant appearance. Belgravia is far grander to look at, and seems to possess greater riches and to use them more lavishly. Even Tyburnia, the neighborhood to the north of Hyde Park, is more suggestive of social eminence. Mayfair displays none of the signs of the rude enjoyment and proud assertiveness which spring from recent prosperity. It is old-fashioned, unchanging, and dull. It is little different from what it was at the beginning of the century, except that it is nearer decay, and that febrile irruptions of modern Queen Anne architecture occasionally vary the somberness of its original style. The physiognomy of its houses expresses a sort of torpor, as if familiarity with honors were as wearisome as continuous association with misfortune. They have an air of funereal resignation. Many of the streets are short and narrow; many of the houses are dingy. The ornaments are of a sepulchral kind, such as urns over the door-ways and funeral wreaths about the porticoes. The blazoned heraldry of the hatchments has been nearly extinguished by the smoke. At some doors there are two incongruous obelisks, joined to the iron railing which screens the basement, and the portico is extended to the curb. But ornaments even as unsatisfactory as these are not common, and most of the houses, with high fronts of blackened brick and oblong windows, are unadorned, except by a

few boxes of flowers on the sills. The lackeys, with crimson knee-breeches, white stockings, laced coats, buckled shoes, and powdered hair, blaze in this gloom with a pyrotechnic splendor. Occasionally, the uniform rows of smoky brick and painted stucco houses are overshadowed by a larger mansion, shut within its own walls, and some of the streets enter spacious squares where there are sooty trees and grass and chirping sparrows. It is possible that Thackeray had no exact place in mind when he wrote of Gaunt House and Gaunt Square, but it is not likely. The creatures of his imagination were flesh and blood to him, too vital to be left without habitations. "All the world knows," he says in "Vanity Fair," "that Gaunt House stands in Gaunt Square, out of which Great Gaunt street leads. * * * Gaunt House occupies nearly a side of the square. The remaining three sides consist of mansions which have passed away into dowagerism. * * * It has a dreary look, nor is Lord Steyne's palace less dreary. All to be seen of it is a vast wall in front, with rustic columns at the great gate." There is a square in Mayfair which almost exactly corresponds with this description. Here are the gloomy mansions, looking out on grass and trees which seem to belong to a cemetery, and here, immediately recognizable, is the palace, filling nearly a side of the square, and shut within high walls to hide what they inclose from the prying eyes of the passers, though the upper stories can be seen from the opposite side of the way. Here is the very gate, with heavy knockers, though the rustic columns of Thackeray's text have been replaced by new ones of a different shape. We do not find in the middle of the square the statue of Lord Gaunt, "in a three-tailed wig, and otherwise habited like a Roman emperor," but we can identify almost every other detail of the picture. Now, as this palace has long been occupied by a noble family, it would not be just for us to mention the name of the house, lest some undeserved reproach should thereby fall on the tenants; for, while Thackeray described the locality with such faithful elaboration, it is not to be inferred that he drew the character of Lord Steyne from an actual person living in the neighborhood; nothing, indeed, could be less probable.

He also speaks of the square as Shiverley Square, and briefly mentions it in describing Becky's drive to the house of Sir Pitt Crawley: "Having passed through Shiverley Square into Great Gaunt street, the carriage at length stopped at a tall, gloomy house between two other tall, gloomy houses, each with a hatchment over the middle drawing-room window, as is the custom in Great Gaunt street, in which gloomy locality death seems to reign perpetual."

Great Gaunt street is undoubtedly Hill street, which he mentions specifically in another place as the home of Lady Gaunt's mother. Sometimes it was necessary for him to invent a name, and when he did so he was peculiarly apt. Gaunt Square seems a more fitting and descriptive name than Berkeley Square, but he frequently varied the real with the fictitious name with playful caprice.

It was in another of these queer old streets in Mayfair that that wicked old fairy godmother, the Countess of Kew, lived, and there (in Queen street) Ethel Newcome visited her, and was instructed in the rigorous social code which unites fortune with fortune or fortune with rank, and which is by no means limited to Mayfair or Belgravia, but finds expositors and adherents under the bluer skies of America. Ethel herself lived with her mother in Park Lane, the western boundary of Mayfair, and assuredly the most attractive part of the region. Park Lane has all of Hyde Park before its windows,—all the variegated and plentifully stocked flower-beds of the Ring Road, the wide sweep of grassy play-ground, and the knots of patriarchal trees which give the Park one of its greatest charms. Unlike most of the region behind, it is cheerful; or, if not exactly cheerful, it has not the mopish signs of withdrawal from all natural human interests which are seen in many of the houses of Gaunt Square and the tributary streets. Some of the houses are small, with oriel windows and little balconies filled with flower-pots; some of them are palatial in size and decoration; but all of them are fashionable, and elderly bachelors are known to give incredibly large prices for the smallest possible quarters under the roof of the meanest of them. The exteriors are not of the sooty brick which characterizes Hill street, but of plaster, which is annually repainted in drab or cream color at the beginning of each season. What with the flowers of the Park and the gardens which lie before some of the houses, Park Lane seems a fitting abode for those who are fortunate both in birth and in wealth; it is as patrician as any other part of Mayfair, and it relieves itself of the gloom which seems to be considered an inevitable accessory of respectability elsewhere.

In one of these houses—which one it is not easy to say, as Thackeray has given us no clew—Lady Ann Newcome lived, and at it Mrs. Hobson Newcome looked from afar with an envy which betrayed itself in her constant reiterations of her contentment with her own circumstances. Mrs. Hobson lived

in Bryanston Square, a dingily verdant quadrangle north of Oxford street, near which Clive had a studio; and J. J. Ridley, Fred Bayham, Miss Cann, and the Rev. Charles Honeyman lodged together in Walpole street, Mayfair. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's chapel was close by, and before the story of "Vanity Fair" reached its end there was a charitable lady in the congregation who wrote hymns and called herself Lady Crawley, and from whom William Dobbin and Amelia Sedley, now united, shrunk as they passed her at the fancy fair, recognizing in that altered person the dreadful Becky.

In the eyes of the lover of Thackeray, no character of history or fiction has lent more interest to Mayfair than Becky, to which neighborhood she came with her husband some two or three years after their return from Paris, establishing herself in "a very small, comfortable house in Curzon street," and demonstrating to the world the useful and interesting art of living on nothing a year. There is more than one small house in Curzon street, but among them all Becky's is unmistakable. It is on the south side of the street, near the western end, and only a few doors farther east than the house in which Lord Beaconsfield died. It is four stories and a half high, and is built of blackish brick like its neighbors, with painted sills and portico. Its extreme narrowness, compared with its height, especially distinguishes it: the front door, with drab pilasters and a molded architrave, is just half its width, and only leaves room for one parlor window on the first floor. One can see over the railings into the basement and through the kitchen windows. Phantoms appear to us in all the windows —the ghost of Becky herself, dressed in a pink dress, her shapely arms and shoulders wrapped in gauze; her ringlets hanging about her neck; her feet peeping out of the crisp folds of silk—"the prettiest little feet in the prettiest little sandals in the finest silk stockings in the world." It was in this cozy little domicile that the arch little hypocrite entertained Lord Steyne, whose house in Gaunt Square is only a few hundred yards distant, and Rawdon fleeced young Southdown at cards. No one can help smiling at the remembrances that come upon him in looking at those basement windows. No one who has read "Vanity Fair" is likely to forget the picture of the sensual marquis gazing into the kitchen and seeing no one there just before he knocks at the door, where he is met by Becky, who is as fresh as a rose from her dressing-table, and who excuses her pretended dishabille by saying that she has just come out of the kitchen, where she has been making pie, to which palpable lie the marquis gives an audacious affirmation by adding that he saw her there as he came in!

This little house was chosen for that scene in which Thackeray's genius rises to its highest point of dramatic intensity; and so many literary pilgrims come to peep at it that the tenants must be annoyed, though the policeman on the beat has become so accustomed to them that he no longer eyes them cornerwise or suspects them of burglarious intentions.

The places with which Thackeray was personally associated are more interesting, perhaps, than the scenes of his novels. In 1834 he lived in Albion street, near Hyde Park Gardens, and it was there that he, a young man of twenty-three, began to contribute to "Fraser's Magazine." In 1837, then newly married, he lived in Great Coram street, close by the Foundling Hospital. As I have stated, he had chambers at No. 10 Crown Office Row in the Temple and at No. 88 St. James's street, both of which buildings are now demolished. When he had become a successful author, he lived in Brompton and Kensington, and at the latter place, to which he was greatly attached, he died. He was at No. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, when he unsuccessfully offered himself as member of Parliament for Oxford, and also two years later, when he began to discover the thorns in the editorial cushion of the "Cornhill Magazine." Mr. James Hodder, his private secretary, has given us an interesting glimpse of him as he was while in Onslow Square:

> "Duty called me to his bed-chamber every morning, and as a general rule I found him up and ready to begin work, though he was sometimes in doubt and difficulty as to whether he should commence sitting, or standing, or walking, or lying down. Often he would light a cigar, and, after pacing the room for a few minutes, would put the unsmoked remnant on the mantel-piece and resume his work with increased cheerfulness, as if he gathered fresh inspiration from the gentle odors of the sublime tobacco."

Little wonder that he liked Kensington. It is the pleasantest of the many pleasant London suburbs. Though it is not four miles from Charing Cross, to which it is knitted by continuous streets and houses, it is like a thriving country town, old-fashioned, but prosperous, with shops as brilliant and as well stocked as those of Regent street, and with many evidences of antiquity, but none of decay. There are lofty new buildings and old ones, behind the modernized fronts of which you can see leaded dormer windows, angular chimney-pots, and bowed-down roofs of red tiles. There are many weather-worn but splendid mansions jealously shut within their own high walls, and some in less sequestered gardens. The place is famous for its fine old trees and open spaces of

verdure. Holland House is here, and the palace in which Queen Victoria was born, with the beautiful and deeply wooded gardens adjoining Hyde Park. The inhabitants of the old suburb have had many illustrious persons among them; and Thackeray is one of those best and most affectionately remembered.

His tall, commanding figure was often seen in the old High street, moving along erect, with a firm, stately tread, though his dress was somewhat careless and loose-fitting; his large, candid face was serious and almost severe as he walked on engaged in meditation, but, being awakened from his reverie by the voice of a friend, a glad smile quickly overspread it and illuminated it. He had many friends among his neighbors, and often sat down to dinner with them. He attended regularly the nine o'clock services in the old parish church on Sunday mornings.

From 1847 to 1853 Thackeray lived in the bay-windowed house known as the "Cottage," at No. 13 (now No. 16) Young street, and in it "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," and "Pendennis" were written. There are few houses in the great city which possess a more brilliant record than this. Most of his work was done in a second-story room, overlooking an open space of gardens and orchards; and the gentleman who at present occupies the house has placed an entablature under the window commemorating the genius that has consecrated it. Between the dates, 1847 and 1853, the initials W. M. T. are grouped in a monogram in the center of the entablature, and in the border the names of "Vanity Fair," "Esmond" and "Pendennis" are inscribed. Just across the street Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) now lives, in full view of her old home; in her charming novel "Old Kensington," she affectionately calls Young street "dear old street!" There is no doubt that the happiest years of Thackeray's life were spent in the old, bow-windowed cottage.

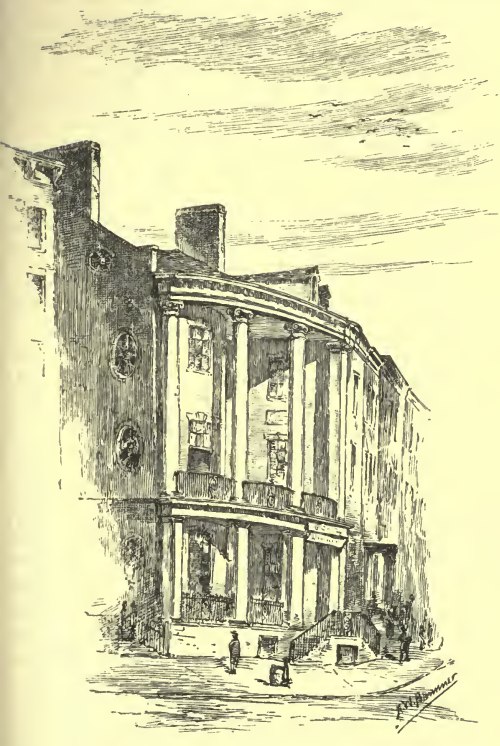
I have talked with many persons who knew him intimately and under various circumstances. All speak of him in one way,—of his gentleness, his kindliness, his sincerity, and his generosity. "That man had the heart of a woman!" fervidly said one who was his next-door neighbor for several years. This gentleman, Dr. J. J. Merriman, whose family has lived in Kensington Square since 1794, possesses a number of valuable souvenirs of the great author, including some unpublished letters, in one of which Thackeray regrets that he has not seen the doctor in some time, and characteristically adds: "I wish Vanity Fair were not so big or we performers in it so busy; then we might see each other and shake hands once in a year or so." On one occasion the doctor begged him to write his name in a copy of "Vanity Fair" which Thackeray had given him, and the latter not only did this, but made an exquisite little drawing on the title-page, than which the book could not have a more suggestive or appropriate frontispiece. A little boy and girl are seated on the ground, one blowing bubbles and the other hugging a doll, while behind them looms up the portentous mile-stone of life.

The "dear old street," as Miss Thackeray calls it, ends in Kensington Square, which is full of old houses, to each of which some historic interest belongs. The square was built in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and in one of the old houses Lady Castlewood, Beatrice, and Colonel Esmond lived, and there sheltered the reckless and unscrupulous Pretender.

In 1853 Thackeray left Kensington and went to live in Onslow Square, Brompton; but he came back to the old court suburb in 1861, and occupied the fine new house which he had built for himself in the Palace Gardens. It is the second house on the west side of the street, a substantial mansion of red brick, adjoining a much more picturesque and older house covered with ivy; and it was here that he died suddenly on December 23, 1863, in the room at the south-east corner of the second story. The last time that I saw it, an auctioneer's flag was hung out, and the broker's men were playing billiards in the lofty northern extension which Thackeray built for a library, and in which he wrote "Denis Duval."

Thackeray was buried in Kensal Green cemetery in the north-west of London, and was followed to the grave by Dickens, Browning, Millais, Trollope, and many who knew the goodness of the soul that had been called away. Kensal Green is as unattractive as a burial ground could be. It is like a prison-yard, with few trees, and inclosed by high brick walls. But its numerous tenantry include many who have worked faithfully and well in literature and art; and surrounded by the memorials of these is one of the simplest tombstones in the place, inscribed with two dates and the name of William Makepeace Thackeray.

William H. Rideing.



NUMBER 7 STATE STREET.

If the gay young people who now happen to live in New York, and who have their homes and their places of pleasure between Union Square and the Central Park, were told that, within the easy memory of people who have not ceased to be gay, and some of whom have few silver streaks or none in their hair, the Battery was a fashionable promenade, and some of the wealthiest and most socially distinguished people in the town lived in the lower part of Greenwich street, in State street, and around the Bowling Green, they would listen with incredulity. Not improbably many of them are ignorant where State street is, or even of its very existence. There is not a city in the world that within fifty years has so changed in its general appearance, in the aspect of particular neighborhoods, and in the character of its various quarters; and of these changes, the last fifteen or twenty years have seen some of the most deplorable and obliterative. A lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age who, born and bred in New York, had gone to Europe or to China in 1850, and had been detained there until now, would on his return be absolutely unable to recognize the place of his birth and his early education, except by the course of its principal streets, and by a very few public buildings and churches. He would come back not yet fifty years old to find the place of his nativity, although it was a great city when he left it, so changed that for him it had practically disappeared. Cities before this have been destroyed, or wrecked by war, by decay, or by convulsions of nature; and been rebuilt, but old New York has been swept out of existence by the great tidal wave of its own material prosperity. Other cities are changed chiefly by additions. New York not only adds to itself, but incessantly rends itself in pieces. Nor is this violence confined, as might be supposed, to the invasion of domesticity by trade; it goes unremittingly on in the oldest trading quarters. A man whose business life has been passed in and about the Rialto of Manhattan told me lately that within his memory Wall street had been three times entirely rebuilt, with the exception of about half a dozen houses. Such changes as these in a city which was a "metropolis," with a character of its own, more than a hundred years ago, are not in all respects advantageous, although, as has already been said, they are worked by the hand of prosperity. In such a city, adventurous men may push their fortunes, and they and the women and children who belong to them may lead a certain sort of prosperous life, accompanied by the enjoyment of certain sorts of pleasure. But such a city cannot be an assemblage of true homes; and it must lack certain admirable and respectable traits—outward, if not inward—which go with stability.

These transformations have not only changed the whole internal appearance of the town and its very look from the streets, even in the old quarters; they have affected the immediately surrounding country on all sides; and the very water seems unlike that over which now mature New Yorkers passed in the steam-boat journeyings of their early youth. The Bay of New York was once one of the famous natural objects of the world's admiration. It was the pride of those who dwelt about it; and traveling strangers who had seen the Bay of Naples and the Golden Horn did not stint their praises of the beauty

HOUSE CORNER OF BRIDGE AND STATE STREETS.

surrounded by which New York sat like a Western Venice upon the waters,—waters at once the source of her wealth and the occasion of her deterioration. But this is all no more. The European traveler no longer compares the Bay of New York to the Bay of Naples; and although even of old there was in this some element of surprise and some stretch of courtesy (for where is our Vesuvius and where our Capri?), it must be confessed that candor cannot condemn his silence. At the time when he was vocal with praise, the approach to New York on all sides was undeniably very beautiful. It had not grandeur, excepting that which always accompanies the visible inclosure of a vast expanse; and the flatness of the scene, even in the remote distance, caused a regret that the hills of Staten Island could not have been heaved up three or four thousand feet, instead of three or four hundred. This defect excepted, however, there was not, nor indeed does it seem that there could be, in the world a more delightful and inspiring sight than the approach to New York was formerly, whether from sea, or sound, or river. On a summer morning, it seemed nature's expression of a universe's joy; on an autumn evening, when the heavens mantled with ever-changing gold and color, and the woods and fields in their rich color were but a paler reflection of the sky, it was Queen-mother Earth in her imperial decoration; and even in winter, when frost-bound shores and surrounding country were white with snow, there was a vast splendor in its icy outlines. The same rivers, the same shores, the same islands are there; the same water in the same bay; but the beauty is gone, or, if not quite all departed, is sadly and meanly minished. Why, it should seem, need not be told. Mere water has no beauty, except as a substance. A spring has in its water the beauty of clearness, but no more; all the other beauty connected with it is that of its position and its surroundings. The blue expanse of the Mediterranean or of the Gulf of Mexico has all the possible charm of a monotone of color; but water of itself, without the beauty given of movement, is but a wet, flat surface, a dead level of dampness, a cruel threat of suffocation, at once a bore and a source of horror. This is depressingly felt on the great lakes—Ontario, for instance—and on the St. Lawrence, when it becomes so wide that its shores are hardly visible. Nothing in nature is drearier. The beauty of a lake is in the form and color of its shores; that of a river in its banks, and in the manner and direction in which the valley, great or small, that holds it determines it shall flow. And thus the beauty of a bay is merely that of the country upon which its waters have intruded, and the objects upon the land, of which an unobstructed view from the level surface of the water, accompanied by the sense of motion, gives a peculiar pleasure. Nothing that could be called a picture would be so wholly void of beauty and of interest as a painting of water without shores, without motion, without ship or boat, and with an unbroken sky; but any good painting of land, even the flattest and most uninhabited, may be beautiful, and full of interest and even of sentiment, which is shown by thousands of examples in landscape art. Obvious this, it should seem, and so unmistakable to every beholder as to be trite; and yet what we read and what we hear tell us that it is neither obvious nor unmistakable.

Now, within the last thirty or forty years, the beauty of the shores of New York bay has been utterly and hopelessly destroyed. Never grand or of a highly distinguished character, it yet had the charm of a pleasing variety of nature modified by human presence. It has become wholly artificial and monotonous, and, moreover, thoroughly and basely vulgar,—vulgar beyond the power of expression in language; because its very vulgarity is without any individual character, and is simply tame and commonplace. This change has been wrought by what is called the prosperity of New York,—prosperity meaning increase in wealth and size.

Before this happened, the traveler who sailed up through the Narrows saw on his right the green shores of Long Island almost in nature's beauty decorate, with here and there a farm-house or a villa; on his left, the hills of Staten Island in like verdure rose from a natural shore-line, broken only by the village

of Stapleton, with the buildings of the quarantine. On either side, the peaceful tone was relieved by the emphatic note of the two forts that guarded the harbor. Before him, as he advanced, the bay stretched out, opening

MANTEL IN A PAWN-SHOP. (NOW DEMOLISHED.)

like the mouth of a trumpet from the narrow strait through which he was passing. As his eye pierced the distance, he saw the verdure of the shores coming down to the water's edge, except where it was broken by a house or a rare clump of houses here and there. Some half a dozen tide-mills, brown with age, and two or three diligent, hard-working windmills, varied the scene with the most picturesque mechanical agents of thrift. Red Hook, so called from the color of the soil of its little grove-crowned promontory, curved around below Gowanus Bay; and on its point was an old red brick powder-house, which furnished ammunition to Governor's Island, and where the keeper, good-natured, like most soldiers and sailors, sometimes with gift of condemned cartridges made glad the hearts of Brooklyn school-boys who walked out so far upon their happy Saturdays; dreaming in their yet untroubled souls that heaven was something like one bright eternal Saturday,—surely not like one eternal Sunday of those times. Similar views continued on either side until Governor's Island was reached and passed; and Governor's Island was beautiful, with its great fort and sweeping green glacis, and the tiny south battery, and Castle William frowning in picturesque uselessness. Besides these there was little more than the commandant's house and the barracks; all else was grass

WINDOW IN WASHINGTON HOTEL, NUMBER 1 BROADWAY.

and trees. Along the shallow shores of Buttermilk Channel on either side, the lazy kine waded in on warm summer days, and stood cooling themselves and whisking with their tails the gently eddying tide. Then the city came in view, piercing the waters like a huge wedge of masonry at its point, Castle Garden, with the great elms of the old Battery. The dark, sharp spire of Trinity — old Trinity — shot up, and although only to a moderate height, yet with enough incisiveness and self-assertion to give character to the sky-line of the city, relieved still further on by the steeples of St. Paul's, St. John's, the Old North Dutch, the tower of St. George's, and the cupola of the City Hall. Both sides of the city were seen to bristle with a great multitude of masts, which stood so close that they looked like the canes of some Brobdingnagian brake. On the west, the broad Hudson, proudest of all domesticated rivers, separated the city by its calm expanse from the Jersey shores where little Hoboken stood, not yet unseparated by green meadows from its ambitiously named neighbor; and beyond were the Elysian Fields, and Weehawken Heights, with the serried front of the Palisades in the dim distance. At the east stood Brooklyn on its heights, from which it had not yet descended to spread itself over the sandy acres in all the ugliness of commonplace; becoming thus in size the third city in the Union, and remaining the least in importance. The effect which Brooklyn Heights then had upon the beauty of the Bay of New York is, and must remain, altogether unknown to those who did not see them before their hideous and deplorable transformation. That they should have been changed from what they were to what they are is a perpetual evidence to coming ages of the absolute control of Philistinism and Mammon-worship to which all things animate and inanimate in and about New York became then subjected. Some change was necessary for their regulation and orderly preservation; but such a change as they underwent would have shamed a community of Yahoos. They stood as nature had left them, rising in some places directly from a little road along the shore (then, as now, called Furman street); but they were partly broken by a natural terrace, green-swarded, as they were, along the top. On these heights stood handsome villas, half hidden in trees and shrubbery; but these were far back from the edge of the heights, between which and their garden palings there was grass, and then a road, and then grass again. At the southern end, near Joralemon street, was a thick grove of cedars. On or near the heights chiefly dwelt the small, refined, and very exclusive society then dominant in Brooklyn. These heights, notwithstanding their raggedness, formed, I believe, the noblest promenade in the world, and, I am sure, one of the most beautiful. Few in the world are so commanding. From the heights, the whole bay, from the Narrows to Hoboken, was visible; and at that time through the bay, and even through the East River, directly under the heights, great ships sailed in and out under canvas. The city itself was seen as in a bird's-eye view; and, looking over the city, the delighted eye rested upon the beautiful blue Orange hills in the far distance. At the foot of these heights toward the south there was a sandy, pebbled beach, where, however, bathing was not allowed, unless early in the morning and in the evening. The pebbled beach must needs have given place to the requirements of commerce; but the destruction of such a promenade and of such a noble feature of a great city's harbor, and the conversion of its sides into warehouses, and, worse, the crowning of its summit with Philistine domiciles is a sin against heaven.

Another beauty of the New York waters then was the view up the East River. There, beyond the Wallaboght, and at the turn of the river, lay the little village of Williamsburgh, a small cluster of houses in the midst of wide meadows, from which one spire rose so modestly that it seemed to shrink from the attention it provoked. Seen from the lower stretch of the river, as one was passing from brick-built shore to brick-built shore, this rural vista was like an embodied poem; and often,

A DINNER PARTY IN 1800.

nay almost daily, as I crossed the river twice a day on my way to school and college, I thought of the line,

"Green fields beyond the swelling flood," *

which had already (thanks to my elders) become one of the sweet treasures of my poorly dowered poetical memory. Now the East River, from Buttermilk Channel to Blackwell's Island, is merely a tug-vexed water-way between wharves and warehouses. Williamsburgh has disappeared as an individual, and has become, as the Eastern District, a part of the vast, sleepy dormitory by which it has been swallowed up; and from its loathed vicinage reek hideous smells and horrid fumes and greasy stinks.

What has befallen Williamsburgh has befallen the whole bay. Once largely, brightly, almost nobly beautiful, it has now become, save for its mere size, the most commonplace of scenes, a miserable panorama of wharves and warehouses, factories, breweries, shops, and shanties: everything that gave it charm and dignity has disappeared, to be replaced only by sordid ugliness. The very islands, which sat like little gems upon its waters, roughly enameled with bits of warlike masonry, are now concealed with shapeless brick and mortar, of which the only merit is that it protects something from the weather. And on one of these it is now proposed to erect a huge, sham-sentimental, melodramatic image of bronze, that will merely illustrate its own absurdity and light up the surrounding poverty of prosperity.

The aspect of the city itself has deteriorated, except for eyes in which bigness is beauty. For New York, no hope of the air-dwelling beauty of spire, and dome, and tower; and of the little it once had of this, there is now only a poor, crushed-down remembrance. Even the new and higher spire of Trinity, as well as the older and more modest Wren-steeples of St. Paul's and St. John's (Old St. George's and the North Dutch are gone), are rivalled and almost dwarfed by huge, formless structures that push their clumsiness up into the air with awkward and obtrusive impudence, to affront heaven with man-made deformity;

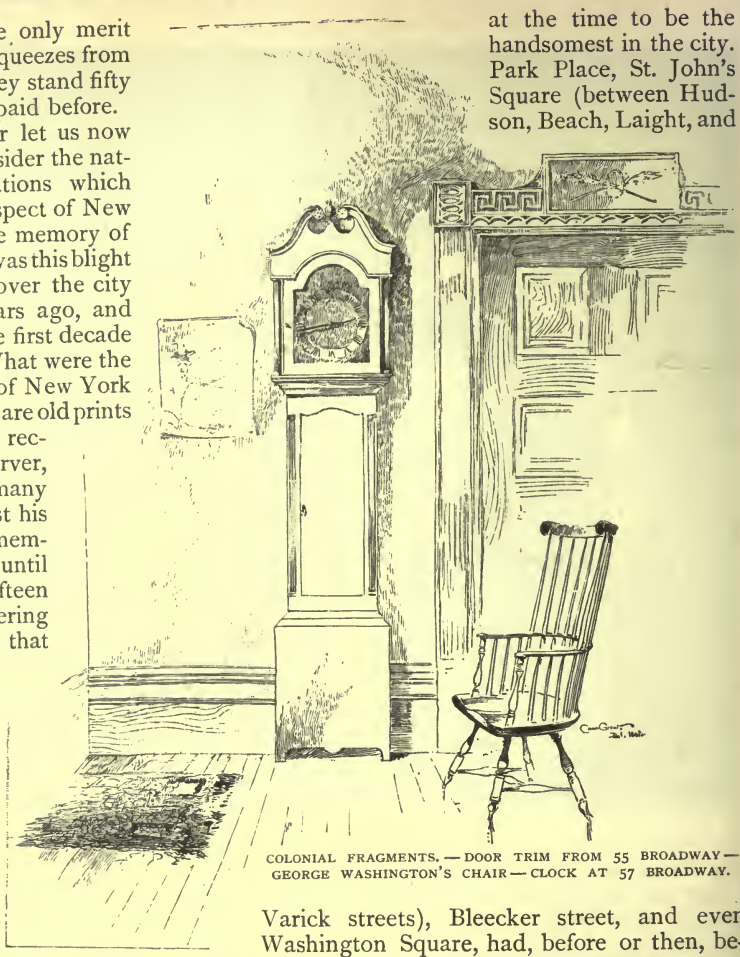
* From I know not what. I have gone on all my life with the notion that it was Milton's. To find that I am wrong troubles me not at all: for I care little about such knowledge — the line must be from some psalm or hymn.—AUTHOR.

[See Watts's hymn,

"There is a Land of Pure Delight."—ED.]

structures of which the only merit is that their gross bulk squeezes from the ground on which they stand fifty dollars for every one it paid before.

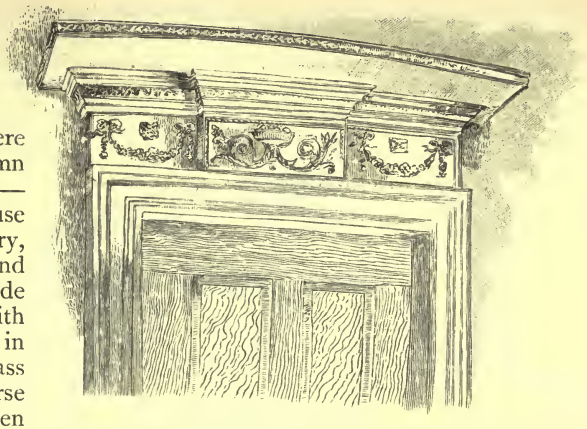
From sky and water let us now come to earth, and consider the nature of the transformations which have so changed the aspect of New York almost within the memory of one generation. What was this blight which began to pass over the city some forty or fifty years ago, and to pass away within the first decade after the Civil War? What were the houses and the streets of New York like in 1830–40? There are old prints enough to help out the recollection of a boy observer, who finds that after many years he can safely trust his observation and his memory. Nor, indeed, is it until within the last ten or fifteen years that a few lingering characteristic traces of that former time have been obliterated.



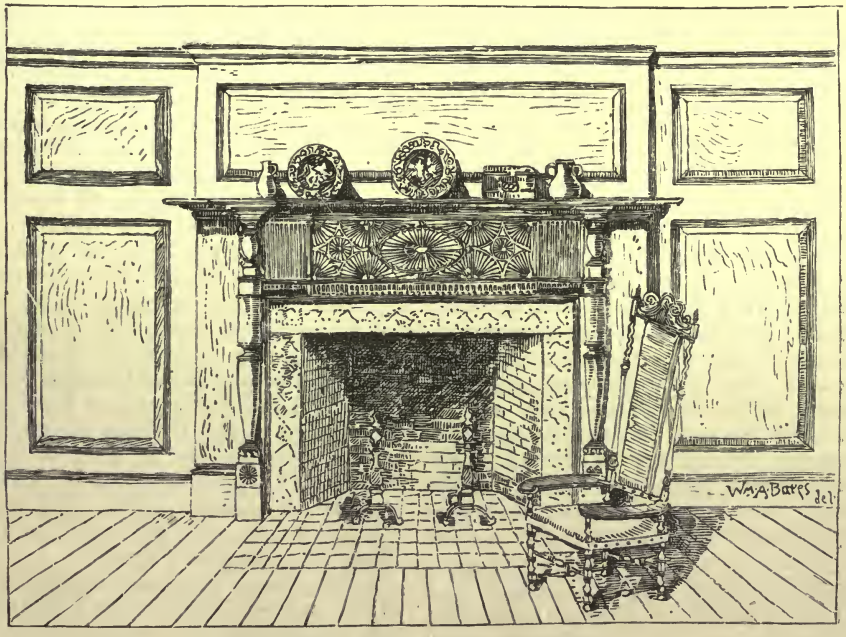
COLONIAL FRAGMENTS. — DOOR TRIM FROM 55 BROADWAY — GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHAIR — CLOCK AT 57 BROADWAY.

Many circumstances united to make that part of the town about the beginning of Broadway the chosen residence of persons of fortune and social distinction. Three of these were of themselves all-sufficient: it was the oldest quarter; from the beginning it had been the place of residence of persons in authority; it was near the Battery, which very early in the history of New York became a delightful promenade. Considering the commercial character of the place, its rapid growth, and the great changes it underwent, the long period during which this quarter preserved its distinction is remarkable. It was not until between 1835 and 1840, more than a century and a half after the neighborhood became "the court end of the town," that there was any noteworthy modification of its character. Before that time, of necessity, elegant people began to live in other quarters; but this did not affect the status of the neighborhood of the Battery and the Bowling Green. The large granite dwelling-house on the Bowling Green (No. 17 Broadway) was built as late as 1845-50, by Mr. Robert Ray, then one of the wealthiest men in New York. He chose the site as the best that could be found for an elegant residence; and the house was thought at the time to be the handsomest in the city. Park Place, St. John's Square (between Hudson, Beach, Laight, and Varick streets), Bleecker street, and even Washington Square, had, before or then, become centers of fashion; but there was a clinging to the Battery. Even after the uptown movement began, which was about this time, people who were already housed near the Battery, or who could afford to get houses there, lingered lovingly around it. And well they might do so; for, except upon old Brooklyn Heights (and even then that was only "in Brooklyn"), a place of city residence more delightful or more convenient could not be found. Within five or ten minutes' walk of Wall street and of South street (where the great merchants—real merchants, who traded in ships with Europe and China and the South—had their counting-houses), it was yet entirely removed from business; and its surroundings made mere living there a pleasure. State street, which is the eastern boundary of the Battery, was unsurpassed, if it was ever equaled, as a place of town residence; for living there was living on a park with a grand water view. The prospect from the windows and balconies of the old State street houses across the green-

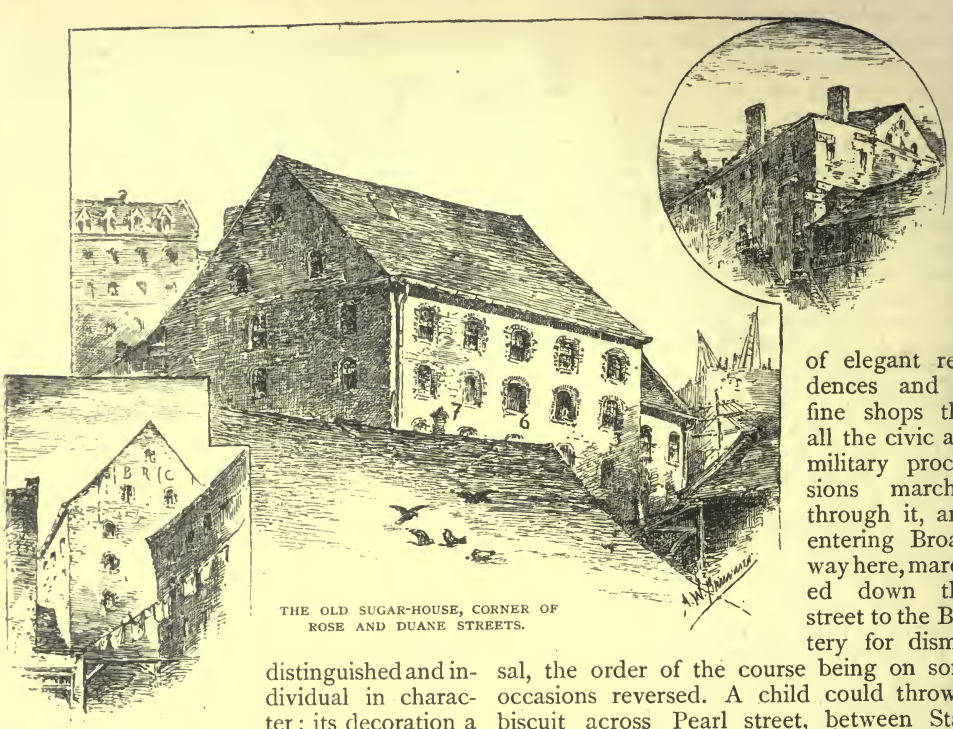
sward and through the elms of the Battery included the bay, with its islands and the shores of New Jersey. In summer, the western breezes blew upon these windows straight from the water. The sight here on spring and summer and autumn evenings, when splendid sunsets—common then, but rare now, because of changes in the surrounding country, which have affected the formation and the disposition of the clouds—made the firmament and the water blaze with gold and color, seemed sometimes in their gorgeousness almost to surpass imagination. It was matter of course that such a place should be chosen as the site of the homes of wealthy people. Of these houses, not a few are still standing. But how changed! Outside and inside they have been as much "translated" as Bottom found himself to be when his own wise poll gave place to an ass's head. Many of them are almost concealed by signs; all of them have been put to sordid uses, and fitted to their fate. These houses were most of them very simple in their exterior; but they had an air which will be sought in vain all along Fifth Avenue; an air of domesticity—of large and elegant domesticity, it is true; but still, they looked like homes, the homes of people of sense, and taste, and character. One of the last of these houses to be deserted as a residence was occupied during its later domestic life by a gentleman well known for his elegant taste and his patronage of art. It was attractively irregular in form, having a triangular porch, and above this a corresponding balcony, over which the roof of the house projected; the support being by pillars in front and pilasters at the side. Upon this porch and balcony, side windows as well as front windows opened. The entrance was approached by double lateral steps, guarded by wrought-iron railings. The effect of this was very elegant and yet very home-like. The house was almost noble in appearance; and within, it was even more attractive than it was without: ample, comfortable, highly



ENTABLATURE IN THE HOUSE OF THE THIRD MAYOR OF NEW YORK, CORNER OF WHITEHALL AND STATE STREETS.



OLD MANTEL, IN A HOUSE IN ROSE STREET.



THE OLD SUGAR-HOUSE, CORNER OF ROSE AND DUANE STREETS.

distinguished and individual in character; its decoration a fine example of that which was prevalent in New York at the beginning of this century. Of this style, in which domesticity and chastened elegance are the dominating motives, existing examples are of very great rarity.

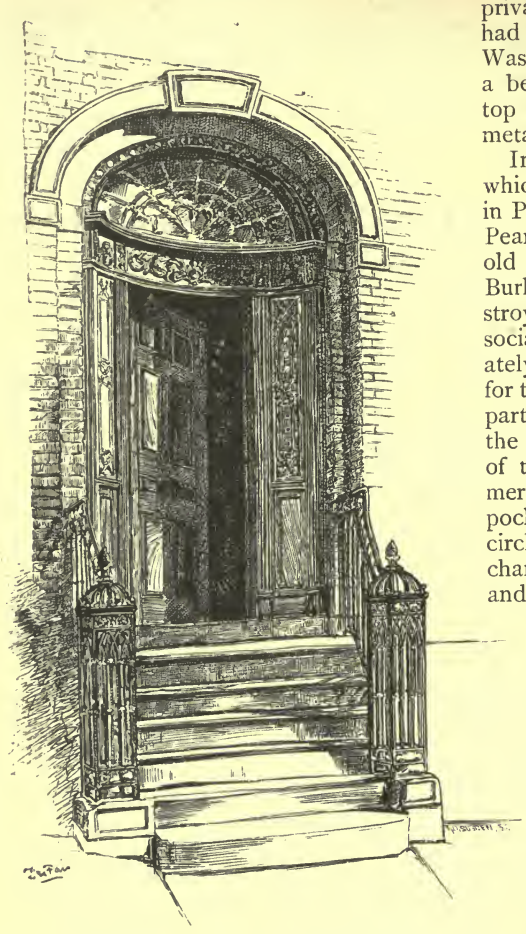
Trending due east from State street and cutting it at right angles are two little passageways, which in these days would be looked on almost as alleys. But one of them is the beginning of the once great thoroughfare, Pearl street, known first as Queen street,* which, starting here in a line with Broadway, and within a few yards of its head, curves round toward the East River (from which it was originally the first street westward, so much have the waters of the harbor been encroached upon), and, expanding, like a river in its pools, first at Hanover Square (formerly the great shopping center of fashion) and then at Franklin Square, enters Broadway next above Duane street, and directly opposite where the gray walls of the New York Hospital were seen only some sixteen or eighteen years ago, removed from the rush and roar of the great thoroughfare by an avenue through grass that seemed ever green and under elms that overtopped the highest houses. So late as 1830–35, Pearl street was so much a street of elegant residences and of fine shops that all the civic and military processions marched through it, and, entering Broadway here, marched down that street to the Battery for dismissal, the order of the course being on some occasions reversed. A child could throw a biscuit across Pearl street, between State street and Whitehall; yet there, until within a very few years, stood houses of a stately elegance which would now be sought in vain between Washington Square and the Central Park; albeit the carving within and without of some of these latter cost more than the entire construction of the others. Indeed, the house in the Fifth Avenue which is the most distinguished in appearance of all in that quarter, at once the most elegant, the most home-like, and the most suggestive of well-established wealth, is the plainest house there. It stands in that part of the avenue in which these qualities are most remarkable (that below Fourteenth street), on the north-western corner of Ninth street. The building of Chickering Hall removed from the Fifth Avenue some eight years ago the only other eye-pleasing and habitable-seeming houses it could boast; thousands must now remember with regret what they once looked upon with envy. Of the old houses in Pearl street which I have mentioned, two fine examples remained until within a few years. One was pilastered to the eaves; the other had at each story sunken arches and projecting cornices, which were supported by slender pillars. The cost could have been but very little, but the resulting effect was of singular elegance.

Little Bridge street was lined with houses of like structure, and of these a fine specimen still remains on the corner of State street.

* But between Whitehall and State streets (which themselves seem not to have received these names until after the Revolution), it was at the very first called Dock street.

It is of much larger dimensions than any of those already mentioned, larger even than the modern house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth street, and is truly worthy of the epithet "mansion," which is so freely and so absurdly misapplied in the newspapers. Its rising, well-spread roof; its inviting entrance, which seems to promise welcome and refined entertainment; its double-bowed front on either side, suggestive of the amplitude of space of which it really was the sign; its two balconies, whence we know fair women had often smiled upon brave men, give it a charm that does not sit ill upon its simple dignity. Look at it, and see if, in all New York, beyond the regions of trade, there is one house of which the outside shows such a promise of gentle breeding within. Then look upon the poles and wires which the artist, with hardy faithfulness — perhaps with vengeful motive — has preserved in his view, and see in this offensive incongruity one illustration of the spirit which seized upon New York some forty years ago, and left it a vast assemblage of engines of rapacity and architectural horrors. In the fine houses, of which this is a fair specimen, there were beautiful effects produced by approaches, stair-ways, and various uses of well-ordered space; of which this house is not without examples. Philadelphia is at present richer than any other city in houses thus ennobled. Here, too, we find a charming example of one of those elegant old mantel-pieces which were common in all our houses of a certain grade about the beginning of this century, but which are now as rare as the houses themselves. The elements of their beauty are exceedingly simple, but the eye never wearies of it; for it results merely from the harmonious disposition of straight lines and curves, without any

OLD MANTEL IN BEDROOM, HOUSE CORNER OF BRIDGE AND STATE STREETS.



DOOR-WAY OF A HOUSE IN OLIVER STREET.

pretension or implied significance. The design in all of them varied little, as will be seen by a comparison of one in the Bridge street house with two other examples, here illustrated: slender, fanciful pillars, surmounted with vase-form posts, which support a delicately molded shelf, and across the front only a decoration of geometrical figures with concentric lines; but the effect is that of a very winning union of elegance and homelikeness. A building which has long been too familiar to New York eyes to need illustration, and so well known even to those who have not seen it, as only to need mention, was the Washington Hotel, on the Bowling Green; the first house in Broadway; which within the last year has yielded place to the foundations of one of those hideous and perilous structures of many monotonous stories, which, within the last ten years, have risen to affront the heavens with their ugliness. In this house, which was a private dwelling of colonial date, and which had a historical interest as the residence of Washington, there remained to its last days a beautiful recessed, arched window, in the top of which the framing was of wrought metal work, of rich and pretty design.

In houses like this and its neighbors at which we have glanced in Bridge street and in Pearl street, and in the Walton House in Pearl street near Franklin Square, and in the old Glover House, also in Pearl street, near Burling Slip (the garden of which was destroyed when Platt street was cut through), the social entertainments of colonial and immediately post-colonial days had fair opportunity for the display of that courtliness of which the parting light and the fading aroma linger in the literature and the private correspondence of that period. No crushes, no rushes, no mere mob in good clothes with money in pocket; but a comparatively limited social circle who knew all about each other; culture, character; much courtesy, if some stiffness; and a sense of decency even in those whom excess sometimes led to violate decorum. The petty passions and the pettier ambitions which stimulate the strife for that bubble, social success, were doubtless forces in action in the society of those times, as they are now. But at this distance, at least, they appear, even as they were described by the actors in them, to have had an outside decoration of dignity and courtesy which concealed the worst of their deformity. One chair in many a house in Fifth Avenue costs as much as the worth of all the furniture of a room in one of those old houses; but the cost of the chair does not give grace to the sitter; nor will gilding, bright colors, and French polish compensate the eye of taste for the absence of well-ordered space and harmonious outlines.

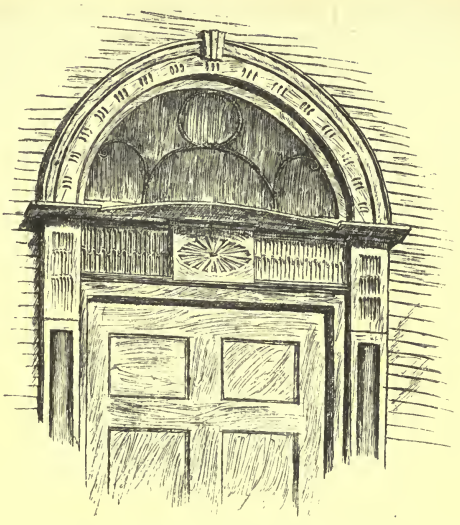
Nor were the interiors of these old houses lacking in the charm of beautiful decorative detail, as the young draughtsman saw who sketched the entablature of a door in the house of the third mayor of New York. Among the city's most distinguished architects, there is not one who might not gladly own this chaste and elegant design.

The neighborhood of the Battery and the Bowling Green could not, even in the earlier days of New York, continue to afford house room to all its inhabitants who were able and desirous to live handsomely; and before the beginning of this century* "fashion" had

* I need hardly say that I am writing very generally. I have neither the intention nor the wish to be particular. As to dates, within a few years, I do not profess to be exact.

gone "up-town," even so far as Park Place, a short street (still bearing that name) which ran from Broadway, opposite the middle of the old City Hall Park, to the Columbia College Green. This very pleasant little street (the oldest of New York "Places"), with the obscure little street on the west side of the College Green called College Place, continued to be the residence of people of wealth and social importance as late as the year 1845. On the east side of Broadway, people of condition, after living even in the upper part of Broad street,* in Wall street, in Pine and Cedar, in Maiden Lane, Gold, Cliff, and Fulton, seized upon Beekman street and filled it, from old St. George's to the City Hall Park, with houses in the best domestic style of London at that period. These houses were the homes of the most eminent merchants and professional men of the city. The street was quiet; it was not a thoroughfare for trade or any other purpose, on account of its nearness to Fulton street (the avenue to the Brooklyn Ferry) and the closure of the western end by the Park. Beekman street, like Park Place, retained its favor long. It was not until after 1845 that door-plates bearing some of the most honored names in New York's commerce and society disappeared from it: and no wonder; it was the embodiment of respectability and pleasant seclusion. I know this; for sleepy old St. George's, where my mother was married and I was baptized, was the first church in which my ears were fed with the music that I loved (it had a grand English organ and a famous English organist); and through Beekman street I went, some ten years later than the time of which I am writing, twice a day, as a school-boy, to and from Columbia College Grammar School. I observed those houses until I believe I knew every brick in the street. Their style and construction were distinctly different from those which prevailed around the Battery and the Bowling Green. Not less expressive of respectability and domesticity, they were less impressive and not so spacious. Already the crowding and flat-squeezing consequent upon uniform building plots of 25 feet by 100 had begun. But in some of the streets in this neighborhood such an arrangement was impossible.

Not far northward from Beekman street, and about a like distance eastward from the City Hall, is a little street, Rose street, the very name of which is probably not known to more than one in a thousand New Yorkers of to-day. Filled now with beer-houses and

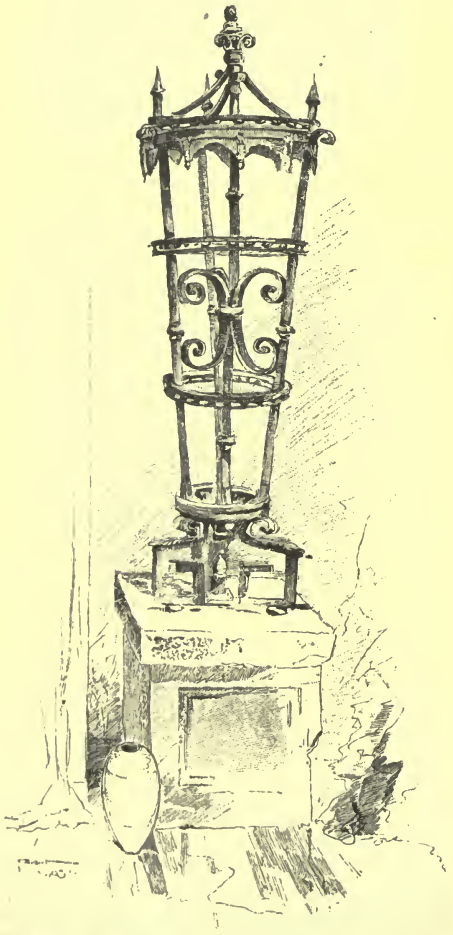


DOOR IN HOUSE CORNER OF BEDFORD AND MORTON STREETS.

tenement-houses, and the cheapest of cheap German boarding-houses, with huge factories, vast printing-offices, and finally crushed by the viaduct of the Brooklyn Bridge, which has shouldered its huge bulk in among the other coarse usurpers, so that it seems strange that the little place can hold them all,—reduced to this condition now, this little street (also a quiet no-thoroughfare) was, so late as 1830–35, filled with residences handsome for their day. Nor need I thus qualify my record. There still stands in Rose street a house, with a full-bowed front, which cannot have been built later than 1820, and which would at this day hold its own with any of the "place" houses of like size on cross streets between Eighth street and Union Square. One peculiarity of this street was that its course and the consequent shape of the plots of ground were such that most of the houses were not built in a line with it. Their fronts, being built at right angles with their sides, left a right-angled triangle vacant before each one of them; and the line of the houses along the street was like that of a rip-saw. In a town which soon was ruled off into rectangular uniformity, this variation of line was not without its charm. In one of these Rose street houses, one of our artists, on his quest for such examples of the style of interior building as might remain, found another of those beautiful old mantel-pieces which I have already mentioned; this one in a paneled room. It was this that first allured me when I saw this collection of sketches; and it touched me close; for it was the first mantel-piece I ever saw; it being in the house my father occupied in Rose street in my early

* Delmonico (the original) was early in business (if he did not begin) in a spacious and elegant old house, formerly a private dwelling, in Broad street, near Exchange Place.

boyhood. The artist supposes it to be a piece of colonial work, and has decorated his sketch with a chair of the period. Upon this point, however, I must venture to differ from him very decidedly—at my risk, I know; but I feel quite sure that those mantel-pieces did not come into vogue in America until about the beginning of this century, and that most of the very few existing examples of them date from 1790 to 1810. Another of them, and certainly not the least pleasing, was



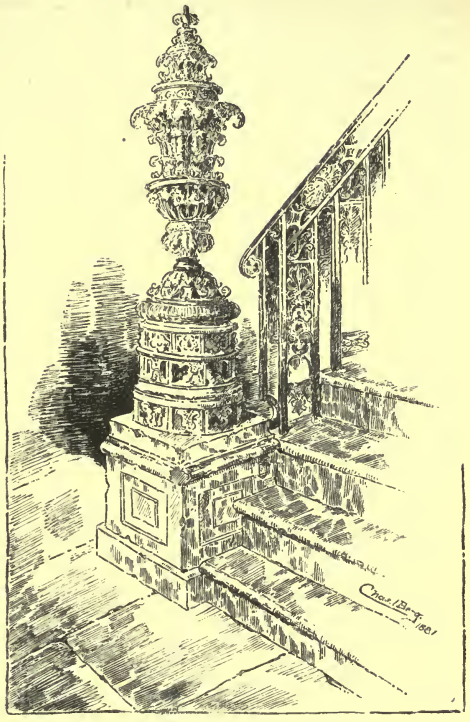
NEWEL NOW IN THE STUDIO OF WILLIAM M. CHASE

found in the back room of an old pawn-shop down-town. But in Rose street there was and is a colonial building, and one of some magnitude. It is the old prison-like stone structure (once, I believe, used as a prison) on the corner of Duane street, occupied by William Rhinelander & Sons, sugar-bakers. According to New York custom, this grim old structure ought long ago to have been pulled down; but the current of domestic life only eddied around it for a few years, and then flowed onward up-town; and thus the old sugar-house was left standing. It is now put to other uses, and is hardly visible from the street in which it was once a gloomy and unsightly, and I believe unsavory, object. A much more attractive one in this street, although equally plain and much less imposing, was the Friends' Meeting-house, which stood deeply recessed from the street in a large green plot on the western side, about halfway between the Rhinelander sugar-house and Pearl street. It remained there many years after Rose street ceased to be regarded as a desirable place of residence by those who could afford to live elsewhere; and it had in its plain and well-preserved exterior and its neatly kept inclosure the very same expression of simplicity, comfort, and respectable stability that now appear in the new meeting-house and school on the western side of Stuyvesant Square, opposite St. George's Church. It is somewhat and not unpleasantly remarkable that these old neighbors, in moving more than two miles up-town, have kept so close together.

In the neighborhood of the Rose street meeting-house lived not a few of the most respectable and wealthy of the Society of Friends, at that time proportionately a very much larger and more influential body than they are now. The position of this place of worship doubtless had some influence in determining a movement which began among the wealthier of them soon after 1825; for the Rose street Meeting was the Grace Church, and the Brick Church, and the North Dutch of Quakerdom. This movement led to the establishment of a neighborhood of Friends in the streets leading from Chatham Square; but not quite so early as the date just mentioned; for this quarter was first filled by the overflow from the region around Park Place and Beekman street. It had then not been decided that the course of the development of New York "society" would be by movement on a narrow, straight line northward. Nor, indeed, was that determined until many years afterward. There were various doubtful feelers put out in several directions, and some half a dozen very strong attempts were made by land-owners to influence the direction of this movement. But every attempt to stop, to allure, or to divert it was in vain, and resulted only in the erection of fine houses that remained standing in a waste of squalor, lonely monuments of loss and folly. At the time that I speak of, all the Grinnells, Henry, Joseph, and Moses H., lived in Market street, which runs from Division street to the East River, in now one of the most obscure quar-

ters of the town. Here, however, I saw, only a few weeks ago, a house which expressed in a simple way the very perfection of comfort and respectability, and which was even not without the tokens of wealth. It was well kept up, too, everything about it being neat and orderly, even to the brick wall of its old-fashioned garden and its handsome brick stable. And yet that stable was built when there were fewer private carriages in New York than there now are locomotive engines. In this quarter, in Oliver street, which runs eastward from the unmentionable purlieus of Chatham Square, one of my artists found a very fine example of a beautiful entrance-door which came in about this time. It curved inward, the door itself being sometimes curved, and it was crowned with an elliptical arch, under which was an arched fan-light. The lintel and the posts were delicately decorated. I know of late years only this one specimen of this beautiful entrance-door, and am not sure, as I write, that this one still exists. A plainer one, somewhat in the same style, but without the alluring curve and the graceful decoration, attracted another pencil at the corner of Bedford and Morton streets. This is on the west side in old Greenwich, a village which New York has swallowed up, name and all; a place to which people fled *from* New York to escape the yellow fever in 1822 (and as to which I find some testimony of protection, quarantinewise, by means of a *board-fence* at that time), and which yet in 1830 began to be the residence of well-to-do merchants whose counting-houses were in Water street and in Front street.

Some readers of The Century who are interested in the subject of this article will, I am sure, have observed the railings and the open posts, or newels, of the beautiful entrance-door of Oliver street. These were of wrought iron, all worked out with the hammer; and as I looked through these sketches, I saw that luckily my architectural friends had preserved traces of the various stages of development and of degradation through which this feature of semi-architectural decoration passed. One, of a considerably later date than that of Oliver street, has such beauty and such character that an artist has removed it to his studio. Its date is probably about 1840, not later, and it is at once a relic of excellence and a token of coming deterioration. The latter appears, literally full-blown, in the much befoliated newel from the house in Bleecker street,—a bastard thing, both in design and in construction. From this the fashion seems to have passed to the shapeless cast-iron caricature which supports the cast-iron hand-rail of a house in East Fourth street,



NEWEL IN BLEECKER STREET.

near Washington Square, and which looks like a pine-apple smitten stark with death as it was trying to rise into a column. It suits its place, and it is one of the not rare tokens of the architectural blights that fell upon New York some forty or fifty years ago, of which that neighborhood at the present day preserves vestiges in all degrees.

The course of the up-town movement at first included Broadway; in which great central thoroughfare fine houses and the finest shops in the city were alternated in groups, sometimes in blocks, sometimes singly, making it both a pleasant and a brilliant promenade. No street now exists which takes the place of old Broadway in this respect. In the afternoons of spring and autumn, and on fair days in winter, it was thronged with elegantly dressed people, including those of acknowledged fashion and social position, who now use no place as a promenade, and when they do appear in the street on foot dressed in the soberest and most unobtrusive style. Very few houses in old Broadway had any beauty or made any architectural pretension. Only two or three had striking architectural character, and that was very bad — either oppressively ponderous and dull, or else extravagant. Of the latter sort there is one remaining, directly opposite

Washington Place—a white marble house twenty-five feet wide, with two monolith Ionic pillars standing between its no-roof and something which is neither a vestibule nor a balcony. It is one of two which were built together, presenting to the admiring eye four Ionic pillars big enough for a Greek temple. A more absurdly uncomfortable, unhomelike, incongruous structure for a dwelling-house was never built. One of these houses has been taken down. When they were built there stood nearly opposite to them a large, old-fashioned, wooden country-house in a garden. Such contrasts were then, and even afterward, not uncommon, owing to the rapid growth of the city. Only a few years ago, a large old house stood on the west side of the town, much below Fourth street, surrounded by narrow brick buildings, its ragged old garden and grass-plots occupying half the ground between four streets. Some of the pleasantest houses of later days were in Walker street and White street, west of Broadway. Most of them were what is called "basement houses," with drawing-rooms on the upper floor, and double staircases. They were spacious and comfortable, and, notwithstanding their extreme plainness, were unmistakably the residences of elegant people. Here lived some of the most gay and fashionable as well as respectable families of the city.

DOOR-WAY IN WASHINGTON SQUARE, EAST FOURTH STREET.

The first formation of a large fashionable quarter, after Park Place and the neighborhood of Columbia College became insufficient for the growing demands of the city in this respect, was around St. John's Park. This, like Gramercy Park, was a private pleasure-ground; keys to its gates being perquisites of houses which fronted upon it or were in its immediate neighborhood. St. John's Church and the Park, which was filled with fine trees, made this a delightful place of residence; but none of the houses had any beauty or character. Their only architectural merit was that they were unpretending, seemed comfortable, and were not built in monotonous rows.

The next center of fashionable residence was Bleecker street, on both sides of Broadway, and Bond street, which latter was filled with costly houses, most of which are still standing. Their contrast of red brick with white marble basements, steps, and door-ways, made them glare horribly under our blazing sun. They were entirely devoid of character. Some attempt in this direction had been made in Leroy Place, a section of Bleecker street between Mercer and Greene streets. The stone-work was in gray granite; two houses in the middle of the row had high steps, and those on either side were "basement houses," entered on a level with the street. Symmetry was thus obtained, and the place had an eminently respectable air; but on the whole the effect was rather depressing.

A great architectural effort was made about this time in Lafayette Place, which (as it was next to Broadway, and yet, by closure at both ends, secure against being a thoroughfare,) was thought to be eminently suitable for a place of elegant residence. Wherefore Colonnade Row, with its formidable array of Corinthian pillars, was built. A gloomier, more forbidding, more ridiculous structure for domestic purposes could hardly be found. But one house in this neighborhood deserves honorable mention, that on the western corner of Great Jones street and Lafayette Place, which was recently occupied by the Columbia College law school. It is slightly tinged with the Philistinism of its period; but it is spacious, handsome, and not without character. It looks like the residence of a man of wealth and culture. It is to be deplored that houses like this must be abandoned to public or to inferior uses. Generations ought to succeed each other in such homes. In London they have done so in plainer, if larger, houses on St. James's Park, where families have had their city residence for more than two cent-

uries. Stability and long association are essential elements of a true home, whether it be large or small, plain or costly.

A notable effort in this direction was made in the building of Depau Row: in Bleecker street, two streets west of Leroy Place: a row of large, massive houses, all alike, intended to be stately, each having a *porte cochère*, or carriage entrance, through which, only, admission could be had. The intention was that these houses should be occupied only by people of a certain and identical social standing, and that they should be hereditary family residences. Most of their first occupants were connected more or less nearly by marriage; and it was seriously debated whether one of the first surgeons in the world—a man of wealth and character as well as talent, and of notably fine manners—was in a sufficiently elevated position to be received in one as a tenant. He was indeed accepted; and although then a middle-aged man, he lived to see the famous Row deserted by his critical neighbors as well as by himself, and given up to basest uses. Probably no neighborhood in New York was ever occupied by a more abandoned and disreputable horde of tenants than Depau Row within twenty years of its building. The attempt failed partly because of the uncontrollable movement of the various currents of population; partly because its social design was incongruous with the spirit of the country. Architecturally, it was far from admirable. It was indeed gloomy and peculiar, but not grand,—as undomestic a looking pile of brick and mortar as was ever put together.

The row of houses on the north side of Washington Square was built just fifty years ago. These houses have no external beauty or character, but their situation is incomparably fine (unless we could go back to the Battery), and within they are models of comfort. Even at this day the two most desirable houses in the city are those on the corners of Washington Square and the Fifth Avenue.

Nothing which could be brought within the limits of this article remains to be said about the older dwelling-houses of New York. From Washington Square upward began the endless succession of "places," and of houses in long, monotonous rows, and of that series of architectural horrors known as "brownstone fronts." Thrift, and the desire to meet the multitudinous demands of vulgar taste for show, were the guiding motives of the builders who covered the upper part of New York with houses the memory of many of which is like a brick and stone nightmare. Pretension is united with vulgarity; and the product in many cases seems to have been the result of a notion that architectural beauty is to be attained by an indefinite repetition of ugliness.

But, within the last ten years, a new spirit has manifested itself in the domestic architecture of New York. Among the houses built within that time are some which, according to their size and quality, are worthy of any country and any period. The fantastic monstrosity in external form which prevailed throughout the previous thirty or forty years is giving place to a sober but attractive and thoroughly congruous elegance; while internal decoration unites comfort and domesticity with a beauty of form and a richness of color to which even our old colonial houses and those of the earlier years of this century did not attain. The rapid accumulation of wealth is at last accompanied by the appearance of a few gifted architects, who promise within the next ten years to relieve modern New York from the reproach of being at once one of the largest and richest and one of the ugliest cities in the world; unfortunately, they cannot help its being the noisiest and one of the most unclean.

Richard Grant White.

A PRAYER.

How glad the heart beats, though the world has graves!
Ah, happy breath! in spite of care and strife!
Though lacking much, this only thing I crave:—
Make me love death, O Lord, as I love life!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

MARTIN LUTHER. (FROM A WOOD-CUT BY LUCAS CRANACH, ENGRAVED IN 1546.)

MARGARET LUTHER, the mother of Martin, told Melanchthon that she recollected the day of the month and the hour when her son was born, but not the year. But James Luther, his brother, whom Melanchthon pronounces an honest and upright man, told him that it was 1483. This brother was conversant with the family history. His testimony, not to speak of other evidence, establishes the fact that the "modern Hercules," whose heroic qualities, as well as his achievements in the reform of religion, were on a level with the fabled labors and spirit of the son of Zeus, drew his first breath on the night of the 10th of November,—it was after the hour of eleven,—four hundred years ago. No man ever showed himself to the world more unreservedly than this mighty leader of the Teutonic revolt against Rome. He abhorred concealment. He was really incapable of disguise. He could not do otherwise than lay bare his heart and mind. His outspokenness was often a source of terror and anxiety to his friends, not less than of wrath to his enemies. If, on very rare occasions, he made the attempt to be shrewd and diplomatic, the effort was sure to be clumsy and abortive, and he was himself disgusted with the experiment. The secret fears and misgivings, from which even his clear and bold mind was not free, he had no inclination to hide. For example, we read in the "Table Talk": "A man must be plunged in bitter affliction when in his heart he means good and yet is not regarded. I can never get rid of these cogitations, wishing that I had never begun this business with the Pope. * * * But 'tis the frailty of our nature to be thus discouraged." Is he for the moment struck with weariness at being misunderstood

and rejected? Like a child, he expresses the transient regret that he ever undertook to set the world right. Even the inward temptations of the flesh he does not hesitate, in the most simple way, to refer to. Witness his letters from the Wartburg, which depict his bodily infirmities and the evil thoughts that at times tormented him in his solitary hours. His unguarded freedom of speech respecting himself was connected with an equal freedom and candor in speaking of others. His writings are not only multitudinous; they were composed so rapidly, in quick response to emergencies, that they are a transparent mirror of his thought and feeling. His personality is in them all to an extent that is, perhaps, true of no other writer on religion since the Apostle Paul. His correspondence, stretching through many volumes, is an endless source of information respecting him and his ways. The object of boundless interest in his own time, attracting the intense admiration of a part of mankind, and provoking the violent antipathy of another part, it was inevitable that numberless reports of his sayings and doings should become current. Devoted companions treasured up fragments of his spontaneous talk as he sat at the table with them, and their notes were subsequently compiled in a volume, one of the most suggestive and entertaining in this species of literature. By this time we ought to know Luther well. It demonstrates the richness and depth of his nature that men do not grow tired of him. They may dislike the fierce dogmatism, which became more boisterous in the battles which he waged and in the days of ill health and advancing age. The coarseness and occasional indelicacy of his language may repel readers who are not over-fastidious. But the originality of thought and the virility of expression, the insight into the deep things of the spirit, the vein of humor that mingles itself unbidden with the most profound and serious reflection, the play of imagination,—these qualities that belong to the utterances of Luther constitute an unfailing charm. A poet, and no less a poet than Coleridge, has said of him: "He was a poet, indeed, as great a poet as ever lived in any age or country; but his poetic images were so vivid that they mastered the poet's own mind. He was possessed with them as with substances distinct from himself: Luther did not write, he acted, poems."

As the world has ample means of acquainting itself with the personal traits of Luther, so is it with the circumstances of his career. A few errors or apocryphal incidents still cling to the story. His parents were not at Eisleben to attend a fair on the occasion of his birth. They had previously removed to that place from Möhra, a village in the Thuringian forest, not far from the spot where the English monk, Boniface, the apostle of Germany, first planted the Gospel among the Germanic tribes. Luther's progenitors, as he himself says, were all plain working people. His parents were quite poor; but they were self-respecting and religious, and set a proper value on intellectual and Christian training. John Luther, his father, became a magistrate in Mansfeld, the place to which he removed shortly after the Reformer's birth. Thanks to the filial regard of his son, John Luther passed his last days in comfort, and left behind him, for a man in his station, considerable property. It is characteristic of Luther that, in framing the form of marriage ceremony to be used by the clergy, he used the names of his father and mother, Hans and Gretha, to fill the blanks: "You, Hans, take Gretha," etc. There is no proof that, as commonly related, one of his friends was struck dead by lightning at his side. Melanchthon speaks of the sudden death of one of his intimate friends by some accident, the nature of which was not known to the narrator. He was probably murdered, or killed in a duel. Luther, however, had a terrific experience of some sort in a thunder-storm, when the lightning struck near him. Incidents of this character were not without an influence in determining him to take the vows of a monk; but the main causes, of course, lay deeper, in the whole bent of his thoughts and in the profound religious anxieties which were independent in their origin of any casual occurrence. Fervent admirers of Luther, or zealous Protestants, have occasionally suppressed remarks, or passed silently over events, which they have imagined to reflect some discredit on their hero. One instance is a phrase in the description which was given of his person and manners by Petrus Mosellanus, who was Professor of Greek at Leipsic when Luther was there at the public disputation with Eck,—a description which it is worth while to notice, as having an interest apart from the point referred to. This was in 1519, two years after the posting of the Theses, when Luther was thirty-four years old. Mosellanus writes to Julius Pflug: "Martin is of middle stature, thin and worn with anxiety and study, so that one may count almost all his bones, but of manly and fresh age, and with a clear and loud voice. His knowledge of Scripture is so great that he has all at his fingers' ends. He is so conversant with Greek and Hebrew that he can judge of the fidelity of interpretations. He possesses, too, a great abundance and command of words and facts, but somewhat

lacks, perhaps, judgment and discretion in the use of them." These last words have been omitted by several of the Lutheran authorities. Mosellanus proceeds: "In his manners he is courteous and friendly, and has nothing stoical or supercilious about him; he can accommodate himself to all occasions. In society he is a lively and pleasant jester,"—this word "nugator" (trifler) has likewise been sometimes left out in citations of the passage,—"always of bright and joyous aspect, let his opponent threaten him never so fiercely; so that one can scarcely imagine this man to have undertaken such weighty matters without the aid of God. But the fault which almost all find with him is that he is somewhat imprudent in reprehension, and more biting than is safe in an innovator in religious matters, or decorous in a theologian." This was the impression which Luther made on the Leipsic Greek professor. A year before, Cardinal Cajetan had bluntly said of him: "I will converse no more with this beast, for he has deep-set eyes and wonderful speculations in his head." Those who are familiar with Cranach's portraits know that as Luther grew older he became stout. On his stern and rugged, yet not ungenial face, were stamped the mingled determination and sincerity that were native to his character.

It is vain to seek to account for a personality like that of Luther by his environment. There is a mysterious personal force which has an origin independent of circumstances,—a vast force brought into the current of human affairs to modify its direction. Yet the conditions of the emerging of this personal power are furnished by the contemporary and previous situation. A man, however great, must mold himself on his times. It would be impossible for such a man to be transferred from one age to another. Luther owed much to his family, lowly as was their condition of life. There lay back of him the Latin Church, with its varied and mighty influences, active during more than a thousand years for the shaping of mind and character. He advanced beyond the experience of a priest and a monk, but without that experience he would not have been Luther. There was a development of conscience under the mediæval system of religion in which Luther partook to the full. The blood of the German race flowed in his veins. It is more than a fancy to suppose that he may have sprung from the tall warriors and stalwart chieftains who confronted the legions of old Rome and remained unconquered.

Luther was a German of the Germans,—the "Ur-Deutscher," the typical German, as he has been called. He knew his people thoroughly, and they recognized themselves in him. Foe as well as friend allows that no man ever did more for an entire nation or left a stronger mark upon it. The very language in which Germans have spoken and written since Luther is an indestructible monument of his influence. He created the language anew. He stands at the fountain-head of the modern literature of the "Fatherland." He has molded the minds of uncounted millions of his countrymen, on whom his image has been consciously or unconsciously impressed. His words have had a greater and more lasting effect on his countrymen than the words of any other man. When we look at the influence which has gone forth from his manuals of religious instruction, and from the hymns which have been sung in churches and households, and by armies on the march to battle, now for four centuries, the measure of his power is felt to be indeed incalculable. All this has been eloquently expressed by the ablest of the modern Roman Catholic theologians, Döllinger, who had spent a long life largely in withstanding Luther's doctrine. The failure, it may be here remarked, of the "Old Catholic movement," supported though it was by many scholars and by princes, brings out in stronger relief the gigantic power of the Reformer, who carried through what might appear to be an infinitely more formidable task.

Of all Luther's gifts to the German people, his translation of the Bible is, no doubt, the most valuable. In nothing are the resources of his intellect and the vigor of his character more manifest than in his ability, in the midst of a literary warfare with a hundred antagonists, to undertake most important works of a positive character, involving a great amount of thought and toil, for the upbuilding of the church. The translation of the Bible cost him a world of labor. He recognized the necessity of taking counsel in such a work. Besides the regular help of Melanchthon, Jonas, and his other coadjutors, he would discuss words and phrases at his own table with the friends and guests who happened to be with him. Imbued himself with the vernacular of the people, he still did not neglect to inquire of common men in cases where he was doubtful as to the right term to be chosen, or as to the precise significance of a popular phrase. For he meant to make a translation which should come home to the understanding and heart of the common man. It should be a *German* Bible that he would give to the people. Not that he undervalued accuracy: he claimed that, in cases where precision was necessary, he had secured it, sparing no outlay of thought and inquiry to achieve this

end. Still, he was determined to issue, not a colorless version, or a version enervated by idiomatic peculiarities of the Hebrew and the Greek, or a pedantic version, intelligible and interesting only to the cultivated, but rather a translation which should make the Bible appear to have been written in German. He gives amusing accounts of the struggles it cost him to make the sacred writers "speak German." In dealing with Job, especially, his patience was well-nigh exhausted. No one could understand what it had cost him to make Job "*reden Deutsch*." But he succeeded. In his version, the apostles and prophets "*reden Deutsch*,"— the Deutsch of the shop, the market, and the hearthstone. Luther's Bible is a living book. If the recent English revision of the authorized version, admirable in various particulars, fails at any point, it is just here. There is a lack of freedom in the incorporation of English idioms; in a word, there is an undue servility. So far as a translation fails to give the force and beauty of the original, it is incorrect. Close adhesion to grammar and lexicon, in many instances, may be the cause of greater loss than gain. We must have the spirit as well as the letter of the text. If we cannot have both, then better the spirit than the letter. Our recent revisers make the frightened disciples who saw Jesus walking on the sea cry out, "It is an apparition" (Matt. xiv. 26). Would such a company of fishermen, in a state of alarm, use this word? If not, some other should have been substituted for it. The juicy language of Luther's version, its sinewy vigor, its racy idioms, and the rhythmical charm which it has in common with the authorized English version, are literary merits which it is impossible to estimate too highly.

Full of patriotic feeling, Luther shared in the national aversion to the Italian spirit and to Italian domination. There is a lively dramatic interest in certain memorable interviews in which he was brought face to face with Italian prelates. One of these was the conference with Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg, to which we have referred. Luther found him, he wrote, "a complete Italian." The wary and accomplished Italian, liberal-minded, too, as he proved himself in his subsequent career, found the monk whom he expected to convert much more ready to debate than to be instructed. In reply to the question where he would stand if the Elector failed to protect him, Luther answered, "*Sub cælo*" ("Under heaven"). Many years later, when the state of things had greatly altered, and Rome had learned that the Saxon insurrection was not easy to be suppressed, Vergerio, another trained and refined prelate, was sent by Pope Paul III. to negotiate with the Lutherans on the matter of a projected council. He arrived at Wittenberg on Saturday, November 6, 1535. On Sunday morning Luther summoned his barber, and jocosely informed him that, being about to meet the Pope's nuncio, he wished to make his best appearance; "that I may," he added, "be taken for a younger man than I am, and so terrify my enemies with the threat of a long life." Clad in his best apparel, with an ornament of gold hung upon his neck, he stepped into the carriage, with his companion, Pomeranus, exclaiming, "Here go the German Pope and Cardinal Pomeranus!" Luther frankly declared to Vergerio his disbelief in the sincerity of the Pope, his jubilant confidence in the soundness of his doctrine, his readiness to go to a council anywhere, adding that he would bring his "neck along with him." His hilarity, his cheerful tone of defiance, as well as his barbarous colloquial Latin, made a somewhat unpleasing impression on the polished Italian. It is remarkable, however, that Vergerio himself afterward joined the Protestants. The checkered career of this man is a remarkable illustration of the changes of opinion and of fortune that were not unfrequent in that revolutionary age.

Luther might have limited himself to the work of a national reformer, and have put himself at the head of a movement having no other end than to emancipate the German church from subservience to Rome. The connection of Germany and Italy in the middle ages, after the Roman Empire was established in the German line, was attended with perpetual jealousy and conflict. One might be tempted to judge that it would have been better if the Empire, with the long investiture struggle and all the contests and suffering which the imperial idea involved, had not existed, and Germany and Italy had been kept apart. But, as Ranke has sagaciously remarked, the course of history is not marked out—it is well that it is not—after these preconceived notions. Without the union of Germany and Italy, prolific of evil though it was, the "evolution" of Christendom could not have taken place. The loss from isolation would have been greater than the gain. It is true, however, that a national antipathy, which had been the growth of ages, had been developed through the abuses of papal administration in relation to Germany, until the German nation at the beginning of the sixteenth century was ripe for a united movement that should lay an effectual curb upon papal domination, and redress the grievances which had so long been a theme of loud complaint. In the councils of Constance and of

Basel, in the fifteenth century, Germany had nearly succeeded in organizing a national movement to secure a fair measure of ecclesiastical autonomy. The failure, and the continuance of abuses, only made the discontent deeper. The Emperor Maximilian thought of getting himself chosen Pope in order to remedy the evils complained of. He had never known a Pope, he said, who had dealt truly and faithfully with him. "Eternal God!" he once exclaimed, "if it were not that Thou art watchful, how bad it would be with the world which we rule,—I a miserable hunter, and that drunken and rascally [Pope] Julius." In the classification of his writings which Luther made at the Diet of Worms, in response to the comprehensive demand that he should retract what he had written, he made emphatic mention of the wrongs of Germany. "The sufferings and complaints of all mankind," he said, "are my witnesses that, through the laws of the Pope and the doctrines of men, the consciences of the faithful have been ensnared, tortured, and torn in pieces, while at the same time their property and substance have been devoured by an incredible tyranny, and are still devoured without end and by degrading means, and that, too, most of all in this noble nation of Germany." The extortion of money from the poor, by such emissaries as Tetzel, was only one item in a long catalogue of measures adapted to rouse the indignation of the German people. If Luther had confined himself to abuses of administration and flagrant stretches of prerogative on the part of Rome, and, for the most part, had let doctrine alone, there is little doubt that all Germany might have been rallied to his cause. It is not given to man to forecast the future; but, as we imagine this course to have been taken, the vision arises of a united Germany gradually shaking off ecclesiastical tyranny and advancing in a peaceful career on the upward path of culture and civilization. Instead of this result, what do we behold? The nation divided, and ultimately torn in twain: first the war of Smalcald, then the Thirty Years' War, with its pitiless barbarities, destroying arts and industry, liberty and independence, and making Germany for generations a prey to implacable factions and merciless foreign invaders.

The wisdom which reasons thus is plausible but shallow. Like remarks might be made respecting Christianity in its beginnings, and in its relation to the religion of the Jews and the gentile philosophy and worship. The Prince of Peace came "not to bring peace but a sword." It is the greatness of Luther that he was more than a German patriot; he was more than a reformer of ecclesiastical and civil polity. The perceptions and convictions that possessed his soul were of a more universal character. Religion, and the truth of religion, were to his mind the supreme concern. Hence, he laid the axe at the root of the tree. He went back to the fundamental truth of Christianity, which lay at the fundation of the Church in the intention of its Founder. He planted himself on principles which have to do with man's essential relations to God and to the invisible world.

The Christianity which Luther, after prolonged struggle for light and peace, learned from the New Testament, brought him into mortal conflict with the Scholastic Theology, which had been elaborated, on the basis of the Fathers, by the mediæval doctors, notably Thomas Aquinas, and had been sealed and sanctioned by the Church and the Popes. The principle of faith; the idea of the immediate connection of the receptive and dependent soul with God and Christ, with no human priest to intervene; the doctrine of gratuitous forgiveness without works or merits in man,—were as clear to Luther as if they had been written in letters of fire on the sky. Thomas Aquinas was the oracle of the Dominican order. It was this order which had in charge the sale of indulgences, the scandal which first provoked the indignation of Luther. Against the theology of Aquinas and of his followers, and the doctrine of salvation which Rome required him to preach, he prosecuted an unrelenting crusade. It was a part of Luther's endeavor to break down the overweening authority of Aristotle. This philosopher had ruled in the schools for several centuries. First, his logical method had been adopted with eager enthusiasm by the Schoolmen. At length his other writings, including his "Ethics," gained an almost equal sway. He was considered to have exhausted the powers of unassisted human reason in the quest for moral and religious truth. To disparage Aristotle was little short of heresy. Luther, in common with the Humanists, early contended against the supremacy of the Stagirite. But what inflamed Luther's antagonism was the ethical doctrine that good works make the habit or principle. That the work derives all its worth from the principle out of which it springs, this principle being faith, was Luther's cardinal maxim. The scholastic doctrine of works had really not been drawn from Aristotle. It had arisen independently, and then welcome corroboration had been sought and found in the master of heathen wisdom. Luther's exasperation against the obnoxious doctrine included in it, however, an antagonism to the philosopher

who was thought to stand as its sponsor. Every student of Luther knows, or ought to know, how to make a proper discount from his vituperative language, which, by utterances in some other connection, is often neutralized or at least qualified. But certainly he is unsparing in the denunciation which, in various passages, he pours out on the head of the heretical philosopher. "It grieves me to the heart," he says, "that the damned, arrogant, rascally heathen with his false words has seduced and befooled so many of the best Christians." * He reproaches his adversaries with having chosen for their master "a dead and damned heathen." (As the word "damned" is, in these places, a past participle and is literally meant, we give it a literal rendering.) This "dead heathen," he avers, "has well-nigh suppressed God's books." In the excess of his vehemence he asserts that even a potter knows more even of natural things than stands written in Aristotle's books. All this is sufficiently extravagant. It is merely one mode of indicating his extreme repugnance to a Pelagian theory of character, which makes a man merit his own salvation, and dispenses with God's help and grace in the building up of character, and with faith as the fountain of right conduct.

Luther could not make a distinct issue on doctrine with the Church without a direct collision with the Latin hierarchy, and with the Pope, their chief. This battle he did not seek. He would have been glad to avoid it. For a long time he had no idea that matters would be pushed to an extremity. He hoped that he would be allowed to believe and to preach what he read in St. John and St. Paul. More than once he refers to the long, anxious conflict in his own mind through which he passed before he could arrive at the resolve to take a stand against the Pope and the authoritative, traditional teaching of the Church. It was in no temper of foolhardiness, no spirit of bravado, from no impatience of just authority, from no conceit of his own wisdom, but from the deepest conviction that no other course was open to him, that he finally determined to throw off the yoke which it was impossible to wear longer with a good conscience. Long after the "Theses" were published, looking back to that time, he wrote: "What was I then! a poor, miserable little monk, more like a corpse than a man! for me to march against the majesty of the pontiff—of him whose nod was terrible not only to the princes of the earth, but, if I may so say, to heaven and hell! In what straits my soul was confined during the first and following year; to what submissions, by no means feigned or false, I descended; nay, in what despair I was all but involved, can be little conceived," etc. To whatever he might think or say, the reply was at hand, "Hear the Church!" "Here was my severest struggle, here my greatest difficulties; but at length I did, notwithstanding, overcome the obstacle through the grace of Christ. Indeed, at that time I had a much stronger reverence for the pontifical Church, and a much deeper conviction that it was the true Church, than those perverse men who are now so loudly extolling it in opposition to me." He believed that the Pope taught, and required others to teach, false doctrine. "Wickliffe and Huss," he says, in the "Table Talk," "assailed the immoral conduct of papists; but I chiefly oppose and resist their doctrine; I affirm roundly and plainly that they preach not the truth. To this I am called; I take the goose by the neck and set the knife to its throat." "Well, on in God's name; seeing I am come into the lists, I will fight it out. I know my quarrel and cause are upright and just." Luther has done more than any other man ever did to emancipate the human mind from usurped authority. But this was not his proximate aim. It was the indirect consequence of the movement which he originated. It was the second step which he took,—a step which he was compelled to take, which he took reluctantly but resolutely when the right moment came, although at first it had been far from his thoughts.

The fact that the religious interest was nearest Luther's heart determined his position in relation to "Humanism," and to the renowned leader in the world of letters, Erasmus. Luther was in cordial sympathy with the great literary movement which had already done so much to break down the sway of Scholasticism and the monkish type of piety. He was fond of the ancient classics; he was a student and admirer of Cicero; he took Virgil and Plautus into the cloister with him. Melanchthon, in the preface to the Wittenberg edition of Luther's writings, remarks that, if he had found at Erfurt competent teachers, he would have experienced more the softening influence of the philosophers and other authors of antiquity. As it was, he took a good rank among the Humanists, and partly on this account was made by the Elector professor at Wittenberg. He understood the great service which Erasmus had done in exposing superstition and in bringing forward the classical authors and the New Testament writings, as well as the fathers. But when it came to an open rupture with Rome, their ways parted. Not to dwell on the circum-

* "Works," Walch's ed., xxi. 345.

stance that, when Luther nailed his Theses to the church door and braved the Pope's bull, Erasmus had passed middle life, his temperament and taste were all at variance with everything that involved a direct conflict with ecclesiastical authority. He would do for reform what could be done by diffusing literature, by fostering the study of the Scriptures, and by clever satires on the vices of the clergy and the follies of monks. He dreaded a commotion. He dreaded theological war and division. This would interfere with the quiet pursuit of literary studies and the progress of intellectual enlightenment from which he hoped so much. He was right in this vaticination. The first effect of the Lutheran debate was to turn men's minds to distinctively religious and theological themes. The immediate consequence was not favorable to the literary culture which had gained so promising a start. No one can doubt that the cause of literature and science, in the long run, profited incalculably by the Saxon reform. No one can believe that Germany would have accomplished in this field what it has achieved had the Pope's dominion been kept up. But we are now adverting to the effect of the theological strife which immediately followed. The issue between Luther and Erasmus is a plain one. Here were abuses, like the hawking of indulgences. Erasmus would ridicule them; he would seriously argue against them; but he would go no further. If he were bidden to keep silent on pain of excommunication, he would obey, thinking it better to wait for the gradual effect of better influences. To Luther such practices were a damnable imposture. The victims appeared to him like lambs who were given up to be torn in pieces by wolves. He would not keep silent. He would speak out, be the consequences what they might. Luther believed in his inmost heart that the interpretation of the Gospel which he and the rest of the clergy were required to give to the people was false. Christ and the apostles had taught otherwise. The current teaching robbed Christian people of the comfort which Christ came to give, and to a large extent paralyzed the efficiency of the Gospel as a practical system. Erasmus partially, though not wholly, agreed with him. Could Erasmus have regulated the teaching of the Church, it would have been essentially altered, and in the same direction in which Luther altered it,—although Luther, he judged, made extravagant assertions relative to the bondage of the will under evil. But in doctrine Erasmus would have no rupture of Church ties, no division, no revolt against the councils and popes. On the other hand, Luther, filled to the center of his being with the conviction that religion is the supreme interest of man, and that it is a base wickedness to conceal the truth on the subject, could not do otherwise than declare war against the ecclesiastical authorities which commanded him to retract and enjoined on him silence. The verdict of history is on the side of Luther. Erasmus, with all his gifts and virtues, lacked the heroic element. We cannot deny him sincerity; but his beliefs did not take so strong a hold on him that it appeared to him worth while to proclaim them if the result was to be a mortal conflict and a division of the Church. There was truth in the saying that Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched. The answer of Erasmus was that the egg laid was the egg of a hen, and the product something quite different. Luther and Erasmus always interest us from the contrast which they present. The fine, sharply-cut features of Erasmus, as seen in Holbein's portrait, show us the face of the critic and keen iconoclast. He is the leader of the sappers and miners. The rougher outline of Luther's bold countenance shows us the pioneer whose vigorous arm breaks through the path from which a less courageous spirit would recoil in dismay. In the combat into which the two fell, it is doubtful which is the more effective weapon, the sledge-hammer of Luther or the rapier of Erasmus. Luther's advice to the chief of the literary school, that he should remain a spectator of a conflict in which he was evidently not fitted to be an actor, must have stung him to the quick. On the contrary, Erasmus was a master in retort. In answer to Luther's remark that some of his interpretations might fairly be thought to countenance Arianism, coming, as they did, from a "suspected person," Erasmus replied that it was diverting to hear Dr. Martin, who was denounced throughout Europe as a heretic, talk about "suspected persons."

Among the statues which surround that of Luther in the great monument at Worms, is that of another eminent Humanist, Reuchlin. Reuchlin was an older man than Erasmus. Born in 1455, he was fifty-two years old when Luther attacked the sale of indulgences. The long war from which this noble and venerable scholar had emerged successfully—the war with Pfefferkorn and Hoogstraten and their followers, who were incensed at his unwillingness to have all the writings of the Jews except the Bible burned—made him value repose. It was a satisfaction to him that the monks would be kept so busy with Luther as to let him alone. He never separated from the Catholic Church; but he gave his grand-nephew, Melanchthon, to the Wittenberg reformers. Ulrich von Hutten, and the

band who, by the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, and by the dread of the carnal weapons which the knights were ready to wield in Reuchlin's defense, had helped on his cause, enlisted in behalf of Luther. Reuchlin died in 1522, having done a great service in the promotion of good learning, and in weakening the prestige of the Dominican inquisitors against whom Luther had to wage his battle.

Melanchthon was only twenty-one years old when he joined Luther as teacher of Greek in the Saxon university. For many years the relation of the two was like that of father and son. But in theology, as in ecclesiastical reform, Melanchthon's caution and moderation naturally inclined him to a middle path. In signing the Smalcald Articles, in 1531, he had the courage to append to his signature the statement that, if the Pope would allow the Gospel, he would, for the sake of peace and unity, concede to him, as a matter of human, not divine right, a superiority over the bishops of those Christians who might choose to live under his jurisdiction. This statement, occasioned by Luther's unstinted denunciations of the Papacy, indicates the leaning of Melanchthon to a more conciliatory course. In matters of ceremony, he would go far in his toleration of the old rites. In truth, at a later day, he was ready to carry his concessions to a dangerous extreme. In theology, he recoiled more and more from the assertions which he had himself made of the absolute control of the human will by the divine power. The arguments of Erasmus impressed him strongly. On the Lord's Supper, he could not sympathize with Luther's violence against the Zwinglians, and himself adopted a middle view closely akin to that of Calvin. As Luther grew old, his physical infirmities increased; he was tortured with ailments which heightened the natural vehemence and obstinacy of his temper. To live near him was like dwelling close to the crater of a volcano, which at any moment might burst forth in flames and streams of lava. His intolerance was quickened by fanatical admirers, who copied his faults without even appreciating his virtues. Consequently, the closeness of the tie between him and the younger associate whom he had so loved and cherished was in a degree loosened; yet not in such a degree that he ceased to love Melanchthon, or that Melanchthon ceased to hold in the highest esteem the noble qualities which had cast a spell over him in his youth. The wonder is that two men, so unlike each other in their mental and moral traits, could live together and cooperate in such a work as that in which they were engaged, with no greater disturbance of mutual confidence and esteem. Melanchthon was the "Preceptor of Germany." It was he who cemented the alliance of the religious reform and the new learning. His inaugural address, in his early youth, foreshadowed the work in behalf of learning which he so effectually performed.

Luther and Calvin never met. Calvin and Melanchthon had passed days together, and stood in relations of intimacy. Calvin was eight years old when Luther began his war on the Papacy. He appreciated the greatness of the Saxon leader, different as Luther was from him in the cast of his mind and in some of his theological opinions. Luther, to the generality of men who have no special interest in the controversies of theology, is much more engaging and attractive than the Genevan reformer. Luther's vocabulary of condemnation and abuse is more copious, and is stored with coarser material, than that of Calvin. But it is somehow felt that, in the case of Luther, to use a homely adage, "his bark is worse than his bite." In Luther, the deep wells of tenderness, the versatility of genius, the sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men constitute an inexhaustible charm. I have in my hand an old German book called "Dr. Martin Luther's Pastimes," or "Zeitverkürzungen." It is arranged methodically in fifteen chapters. Among them the quaint writer includes one bearing the title, "Luther burns the papal bulls and books." This is embraced in the catalogue of pastimes by which the reformer drove away dull care. Under the head of Luther's fondness for literature, including ballads and fables, mention is made of his translation of Æsop, made in the midst of pressing cares, at Coburg, while the Diet of Augsburg was in session. Luther himself composed fables. For "Reynard the Fox," and stories of that class, he had a cordial relish. Erasmus's "Praise of Folly" delighted him. He was eager to get a copy of More's "Utopia" when he heard of its appearance. On his journeys, he made up humorous poems and riddles. Many of his letters are in a vein of pleasantry. In music Luther had an unfailing source of pleasure. "Music," he says, "is a gift and present of God, and not of man. It drives away the devil and makes people joyous. Through it one forgets all wrath, impurity, superciliousness, and other vices. After theology, I give to music the next place and the highest honor." When weary with work, he would sing after supper or during the meal, and thus banish anxious thought. At times he would busy himself with joiners' tools. He writes for a lathe and other things of the sort to Nuremberg, where they were best made. Still more did he make his garden a refuge from the worry and vexation of brain-toil.

He liked to till the ground and watch the coming out of the blossoms. His favorite game was chess. This predilection he had in common with his contemporaries Leo X. and Charles V. John Frederic, the Elector of Saxony, was playing chess when the messenger brought him the sentence of death which the Emperor had pronounced; but the noble prince did not suffer the announcement to interrupt the game. Fortunately, the sentence was never carried out. In social and domestic life, Luther was an entertaining companion, mingling mirth and wisdom in a stream of talk of which no one ever grew weary. His marriage to a runaway nun was as bold a step as the burning of the papal bull. He followed his own judgment, letting his friends recover from their consternation as they might, and disregarding the invectives and scoffs of his enemies, which he considered to be inspired by the devil. To the German people he gave an example of domestic life which they could ill spare. His letters to his "Katy"—his "Doctress Katy," as he was apt to style her—form a diverting portion of his correspondence. When he was bereaved of a child, his heart was broken with sorrow. He could endure public calamities, he said, better than Philip, but not private afflictions of this sort. One of his letters to his children is of special interest,—that in which he pictures heaven as "a lovely and smiling garden, full of children dressed in robes of gold, who play under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes." There, he adds, are beautiful ponies, with golden bridles; musical instruments; the children dance and play with the cross-bow. It is all for good boys who pray and learn well. He has been told that his little son, John Luther, may come into this garden, and bring his sister Madeline. Such a picture, addressed to the imagination of a child, it is doubtful whether another divine of that age, trained to the study of Occam and Gerson, would have thought of painting.

To many who have never looked at the Commentary on the Galatians and the other writings in which the doctrine of Luther is presented in a continuous discussion, he is known through the "Table Talk." This compilation contains some things that Luther never said. Like nearly all similar publications, it requires to be critically sifted. Few Boswells are possessed of the accuracy of the biographer of Johnson. But, as it stands, the "Table Talk" of Luther discovers his peculiar genius on almost every page. His greatness and his limitations, his strong faith, and the superstitions, connected especially with demoniac agency, which he had inherited and which his vivid imagination kept alive, are fully and artlessly disclosed. There is a wonderful religious power in his expressions. In one place he says: "If I thoroughly appreciated the first words of the Lord's Prayer, *Our Father which art in Heaven*, and really believed that God, who made heaven and earth and all creatures, and has all things in his hand, was my Father, then should I certainly conclude with myself that I also am a lord of heaven and earth, that Christ is my brother, Gabriel my servant, Raphael my coachman, and all the angels my attendants at need, given unto me by my heavenly Father, to keep me in the path, that unawares I knock not my foot against a stone." Luther's egotism is seldom offensive. He speaks of himself as if he were a third person. There is so much in him that, when he touches on himself, the subject is always interesting. "Daniel and Isaiah," he said, "are most excellent prophets. I am Isaiah—be it spoken with humility—to the advancement of God's honor, whose work alone it is, and to spite the devil. Philip Melanchthon is Jeremiah: that prophet stood always in fear; even so it is with Melanchthon." As Goethe could claim to be a better poet than Tieck without any lack of modesty, seeing that he did not make himself, so Luther did not hesitate to rate himself at something like his proper value. Of the wholesome effect of anger, he remarked, in a familiar passage: "I never work better than when I am inspired by anger; when I am angry I can write, pray, and preach well, for then my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart." No man ever felt more deeply the power of the Bible. "In it," he says, "thou findest the swaddling clothes and the manger whither the angels directed the poor simple shepherds; they seem poor and mean, but dear and precious is the treasure that lies therein." In his simplicity, he indulged the hope that, with the completion and diffusion of his version of the Bible, there would be very little need or call for other books, and was quite willing to have his own writings cast aside. Wherever Luther deals with his great doctrine of justification by faith, he is at his best. "But here one may say: 'The sins which we daily commit offend and anger God; how then can we be holy?' Answer: A mother's love to her child is much stronger than the distaste of the scurf upon the child's head. Even so God's love toward us is far stronger than our uncleanness. Therefore, though we be sinners, yet we lose not thereby our childhood, neither do we fall from grace by reason of our sins." The prayers of Luther are the spontaneous out-

pouring of his heart. Their familiarity of language has been censured; but, in this respect, they are on the level of the Psalms; and there was no lack of real reverence. "Prayer in Popedom," he exclaims, "is mere tongue-threshing; not prayer, but a work of obedience. Thence a confused din of *Horæ Canonicæ*, the howling and babbling in cells and monasteries, where they read and sing the psalms and collects, without any spiritual devotion, understanding neither the words, sentences, nor meaning." When he was a monk, he tells us, he used to lock himself up in his cell on Saturdays and make up the omitted prayers for the week. Luther confesses that he could not moderate his language. He had not the gift of Melanchthon. The impetuous flood of thought and emotion broke through all barriers. So his native bluntness and roughness he could not, and, it must be allowed, he did not much seek to, soften down. "Some one sent to know whether it was permissible to use warm water in baptism. The doctor replied: 'Tell the blockhead that water, warm or cold, is water.'" For moving eloquence in the pulpit no one excelled Luther. He not only knew how to preach, but he could tell the secret to others. One defect, he observes, may eclipse numerous gifts in a preacher. "Dr. Justus Jonas has all the good virtues and qualities a man may have; yet merely because he hums and spits, the people cannot bear that good and honest man." Let a preacher stick to his text, and not ramble: "A preacher that will speak everything that comes in his mind is like a maid that goes to market, and, meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold a goose-market." He despised the hunger for applause: "Ambition is the rankest poison to the Church, when it possesses preachers." "Cursed are all preachers that in the Church aim at high and loud things, and, neglecting the saving health of the poor, unlearned people, seek their own honor and praise, and therewith to please one or two ambitious persons. When I preach, I sink myself deep down. I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom are here in this church above forty; but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of whom are more than two thousand. I preach to these, directing myself to them that have need thereof. Will not the rest hear me? The door stands open unto them; they may begone." "An upright, godly, and true preacher should direct his preaching to the poor, simple sort of people, like a mother that stills her child, dandles, and plays with it," etc. "When they come to me, to Melanchthon, to Dr. Pommer, etc., let them show their cunning, how learned they be; they shall be well put to their trumps. But to sprinkle out Hebrew, Greek, and Latin in their public sermons, savors merely of show," etc. It is needless to say how large a place Satan filled in Luther's thoughts. On his last journey to Eisleben, the rivers were swollen by a freshet. He spoke in a letter of the delight it would give the Pope and the devil—two personages whom he often coupled together—if he and Dr. Jonas were to be drowned in the Saale. The tradition connected with the ink-spot at the Wartburg is in keeping with Luther's habitual ideas of Satanic interference and of the proper way to meet it. It is remarkable that Luther did not share with Melanchthon his faith in astrology. He ridiculed the pretensions of the star-gazers.

The large and comprehensive genius of Luther is more manifest as time goes on. His profound and absorbing reverence for the Word of God did not make him a slave to the letter. The freedom of his comments and criticisms has given rise to the imputation of "Rationalism." Against this aspersion, which was rashly sanctioned by Sir William Hamilton, Luther was triumphantly defended by Julius Hare. If Rationalism signifies a usurpation of the understanding, with disregard of the moral and spiritual function of our being, or if it implies incredulity as regards the Supernatural and Revelation, no one could be at a greater remove from the Rationalistic temper than Luther. But his insight into the treasure of truth in the Scriptures gave him a certain liberty and sense of safety in the treatment of incidental and less material elements in them. We even read in the "Table Talk": "Forsheim said that the first of the five books of Moses was not written by Moses himself. Dr. Luther replied: 'What matters it, even though Moses did not write it? It is, nevertheless, Moses's book, wherein is exactly related the creation of the world.'" Now that the period of Protestant Scholasticism that followed the first age of the Reformation is passing away, the spirit of Luther, even as a Biblical critic, whatever may be thought of the soundness of particular utterances of his, is more justly appreciated. He stands in closer sympathy with the Church of to-day, in its effort to recognize and define the human as well as the divine factor in the books of the Bible, than do the array of Protestant theologians in the century or two that followed him, whose orthodoxy was largely molded by the polemical interest, especially by antagonism to the creed of Trent.

George P. Fisher.

A FOREIGNER IN FLORENCE.*

One summer, at La Spezia, I met a lady well known throughout Europe,—I mean the great beauty, Countess Castiglione. She lived in Paris, but at the time I became acquainted with her she was visiting her mother. Madame Castiglione was certainly an exceptionally beautiful woman, a blonde, but not of the lightest type. The dictionary defines vanity as "an inflation of mind upon slight grounds"; therefore, she was not vain, for her grounds were strong, but her self-appreciation was enormous, and her frankness in regard to her beauty most amusing. She would receive in the evening, reclining on a sofa, in a graceful pose, very elaborately dressed, and in such a way as to show her neck and arms to the best advantage. A lamp was so placed near her as to throw the proper lights and shadows. Admiring guests would be seated in a row at a little distance, to gaze in respectful admiration. From time to time she would select one from this abject crowd, and signify, by a languid movement of her beautifully shaped hand, that he might be allowed to approach and gaze upon this loveliness from a nearer point of view. The honored one would reverentially advance, make a profound bow, kiss her hand, tell her how beautiful she looked, and then retire to his seat—but by another route!—taking a turn around the sofa, that he might see her from every point of view and in every light. When she entered a ball-room, the guests would crowd around the door to such an extent that many would stand on chairs to see her come in. These demonstrations never disturbed her equanimity,—she was so accustomed to adulation that she would probably have been more embarrassed by the lack of them.

After her return from England, where she went on a short visit, some one asked her if she had seen many handsome women. Her reply was of the briefest, and quite to the point: "None more beautiful than myself." I have heard it said that, on her way to the beach for her morning bath, she was so followed and looked at that she finally was obliged to send her maid to the door, to make sure that the road was clear, before she ventured out. But this I consider an improbable story, as she was accustomed to be stared at, and enjoyed it.

Her husband was in the marriage *cortége* of Maria Vittoria, Prince Amadeo's bride, and fell dead at her side, which unhappy event was attributed by the Italians to the "evil eye."

This curious superstition prevails in every class, and the unfortunate possessor of the disagreeable quality is avoided and disliked. They believe that misfortune follows the footsteps of the evil-eyed one, which can only be averted, when in his or her presence, by holding the first and little fingers stiffly pointed, while the other fingers and thumb are closed. This is the origin of the little coral charm so often seen, shaped like a hand in the position I have described. The Italians believe that the wearing of any kind of coral keeps one safe from the effects of the *jettatura*.

A servant who had been with me for a number of years, and who was above the average in education, was quite unhappy because I disregarded her repeated warnings. She implored me to put a coral necklace on my youngest child, of whom she had the especial charge, being firmly persuaded that the effects of the evil eye would otherwise overtake him. She had so exalted his personal appearance, in her affectionate heart, that she was sure there must be some one amongst the crowd staring at his beauty, as he toddled along the street at her side, who might injure him for life by a look.

One day he had a slight cold, at which she was almost distracted, being thoroughly convinced that the evil eye had caught him at last. She had a way of finding out, she said, and at the same time of convincing me, and I was actually made to assist in this most absurd ceremony. The child was seated in a high chair, while she held over his head for a few moments a tumbler of water into which three drops of olive-oil had been poured. Then this mixture was thrown out and the ceremony repeated twice again. If the drops of oil remained floating about on the top of the water, each one distinct and separate, everything was favorable; but if, alas! they blended, it was all over with the poor child, and his fate was sealed. I tried to look anxious and interested while this was going on, but I was so struck, suddenly, with my own absurdity, that I was seized with a fit of internal laughter which made it extremely difficult to keep up

* The present article (describing life in Florence many years ago from the point of view of an American resident) is by the author of the article on the same subject in this magazine for June, 1880.—Ed.

the agonized expression I had adopted as suitable to the occasion. Dear old Bettina! She did it all in good faith, and I believe that, had the verdict proved unfavorable, she would have cried her eyes out.

Hers was the strong, passionate love which belongs to her race, and she lavished it in its intensity on the family she had lived with for seven years. Our parting was truly tragic, and such as would never be seen in this part of the world, where all demonstration of feeling is carefully suppressed—the more's the pity! What kindly feelings might oftener be stirred, what warm, life-long friendships be cemented, if we could read a little clearer into each other's hearts, and let out a little of nature's warmth, instead of toning our manners down to the cool polish of a bland propriety! The child-like expression of feeling in the Italians is their most lovable trait, and the irrepressible glow of their warm hearts reflects a heat even into our colder natures.

I am quite sure that I was as dramatic as my poor Bettina when we parted, she so wrought upon me. She literally tore her hair—at any rate, she gave several decidedly hard pulls at it; she fell on her knees, and actually kissed the hem of my garment; she screamed; she covered my hands with kisses. Then, seizing the child, she moaned and sobbed over him, while pressing him tightly in her arms, and refusing to give him up. All the other servants in the house were present, and all in the depths of gloom, crying with sympathy, until I felt that I was taking a powerful part in the last act of an elaborate opera, surrounded by my chorus.

Before leaving my good Bettina, I will relate a remark of hers about sea voyages, as a specimen of the ignorance of her class. Thinking, at one time, that I would take her to America with me, I asked her if she thought she would be sick on the ocean.

"No, no, *signora*," she said, with the air of one who has traveled. "I was once on the Arno in a boat, and was not sick at all"—the Arno being what we would consider rather a stream than a river. In fact, in summer it is often only a bed where the stream ought to be.

I was about to say, when I fell upon the recital of Bettina's sayings and doings, that the reputation of the evil eye always stuck to poor Maria Vittoria. Whether it first arose from the death of Castiglione, or whether she had had it before, I do not know; but everything terrible that happened after that was put down to her account. The burning of a theater, a few evenings after she had been there, was one of the plagues attributed to that poor, persecuted princess; also, the destruction of a small town by earthquake, in less than twenty-four hours after she had left it. The fainting of a lady, upon whom she turned her fatal gaze as she entered a ball-room, was another; and so the report grew and spread until, at last, people dreaded the sight of her. The only redeeming point of this horrible gift is the unconsciousness of its possessor. The magical arrangement of the hand, therefore, is done with dire secrecy behind the back, or under a table. To point the fingers openly would be the greatest insult.

Although the Tuscans are a peaceable, good-humored race, if once aroused, their temper is uncontrollable; but only for a few minutes—just long enough, perhaps, to get out a knife and stick it into you. When you are dead they are very sorry, and bemoan their hastiness.

They are very prone to jealousy, which is the chief cause of quarrels that end so disastrously. An exciting scene took place in the house of a friend. She was sitting quietly at dinner, when her maid rushed wildly in, shrieking for help and protection. Before my friend had well collected her ideas, a former butler, whom she had dismissed, came dashing furiously into the room, pushed past Mrs. K——, nearly knocking her down, snatched up the carving-knife, and made for the maid. Fortunately, before he reached her, Mr. K—— succeeded in seizing him and pinioning him against the wall, while the police were sent for. So easy, however, is the law, *for natives*, that he was only locked up in the station-house half an hour.

"Mercy tempered with justice," and very slightly tempered, is the idea upon which the law acts in the punishment of Italian offenders. For the poor unfortunate foreigners, it is another thing.

I never got any satisfaction from the law but once, and that was owing to a sharp reprimand which I administered to the judge. But thereby hangs a tale: One summer, at Viareggio, I had a watch and chain stolen from my room. By a lucky concatenation of circumstances we were able to trace the chain to a pawnbroker's in Pisa,—only a few miles distant,—and shortly after, the thief was found and arrested, tried and condemned. At that point, I thought it time to get back the chain, as I had identified it and sworn to my ownership many and many a weary time. The Italians are a slow people and cautious, and very wearing at times to one's spirits and temper. I waited a week; then, no chain appearing, I sent to our lawyer for it; and to my amazement, he came to me with this surprising proposal: "I would like you to identify it." I suggested to him that I had done that thing, on a hasty calculation, say ten times. He calmly but

firmly stuck to his purpose, saying that I was to sign a paper, swearing it to be mine. Necessity knowing no law (I wish it knew no lawyers), I did as requested. I waited several weeks, but still no chain. Then I went to him, and we repeated the same ceremony, and I signed another paper. More months of waiting, still no chain; and I went again, this time taking two or three members of my family with me, in hopes of their being able to fathom the mystery. But this only complicated matters, and they were all made to sign a paper and swear to the chain; and we were told such a long and involved history about the process as regarded restoration of stolen property, that we fled from the office in dismay and utter despair, and our last hope of getting that chain vanished forever. Some years after that, one of my servants stole some pearls from me. He was also caught, and the pearls delivered into the Hands of the Law. As the trial was not to come off for some months, the judge came to my house for my deposition and identification of the pearls! I must explain here that judges of the criminal courts in Italy do not hold the high position they do in this country, ranking only a little above a tradesman, and with no social position, or my readers might be amazed at the fact of this promiscuous sort of visit from one so high in authority. When I swore to the pearls, I gave them a last long look, being persuaded that I should never see them again.

I made up my mind, however, that I would make a fight for them. Accordingly, when I saw this "grave and reverend signor" carefully tucking them away into his pocket, I said, mildly: "What are you going to do with those pearls?"

"Keep them to show at the trial, *signora*."

"Then," said I, with the sweetest smile, and a most polite inclination of the head,—"then I will bid good-bye to my pearls. I shall never see them again, for I know by bitter experience that what goes into a lawyer's pocket never comes out again."

Startled, he turned upon me, and said:

"What does the *signora* mean by that?"

Upon which, drawing myself up with regal dignity, I replied:

"Exactly what I say, sir. I lost a chain many years ago at Viareggio, and have sworn to it, and written about it, and signed quires of paper, but have never seen it since! And it is still in the hands of the lawyers!"

Upon this he started, and asked me how many years ago it was and the name of the thief, and, when I told him, he put on an immense show of astonishment, and said:

"Why, *signora*, I was the judge who condemned him! And do you mean to say that you never have had the chain restored to you?"

And I answered, "Never!"

Then he took out a note-book, made several elaborate entries therein, said he would inquire into the business, and, with a low bow, handed me my pearls!

But the chain I have never seen to this day.

Physicians have, like judges of the criminal courts, no social position, and no knowledge of medicine, according to our ideas. They are, as a rule, far behind the age. They still cling blindly to bleeding,—unless they have changed during the last few years,—and weaken their patients by the old system of dieting. I have seen cases conducted with such ignorance of the commonest laws of nature as would make any of our physicians faint with horror. Heat, starvation, and dirt are their general remedies for almost everything. In cases of scarlet fever,—which are not common, however,—they order the doors and windows to be carefully shut, that no breath of air may get to the patient—absolutely drawing the bed-curtains around them; forbid washing of any description, even to the hands and face, and no change of bed or body linen during the entire illness.

There is one malady prevalent in Italy which I sincerely believe to be produced, nine times out of ten, by their doctors, and that is miliary fever. Unless a patient's symptoms in the beginning of an illness indicate the disease very clearly, the doctor, on the principle of "when in doubt play trumps," pronounces it "miliare"; but there being no eruption, which is an evidence of that disease, they regard it as suppressed, and so, very dangerous. They then proceed to produce a rash by covering the poor sufferer with as many blankets as he can bear, excluding every breath of air from the room (canning him, so to speak), and then forbidding any nourishment saving the weakest of weak broths Now, as this special fever is usually brought on by overheating, and consequently should be treated by a cooling system, they succeed in producing the disease in its full glory, rash and all, and they then set about curing it, which, of course, becomes a doubtful undertaking, so weak is the patient from heat and fasting.

A friend of mine, spending a few weeks in Florence, was taken ill with what proved afterward to be an internal cancer. She sent for Doctor Z——, one of the most noted of the Florentine doctors. It was August and very hot, and his orders were not only to shut out the air and cover herself with blankets, but to remain entirely immovable—not to stir hand or foot. She carried his wishes

out faithfully for twenty-four hours,—not even raising her hand to brush a fly away,—and then, becoming nearly crazy with nervousness and weakness, she sent for an English physician. If you had seen his look of horror when he came into the room!

"Open the window," he almost shouted; "take off those coverings; get right up, and lie on the sofa. In a week you will be able to go on to Paris."

And in a week she did go on to Paris.

The Italians love medicine, and have the greatest faith in it. They take it not only for every little ailment, but after a fit of anger or grief.

From medical treatment we naturally and easily glide to the dead and dying—toward whom they show little or no respect, as we look upon it. But so differently are our ideas formed by custom and education, that they think us heartless and cold-blooded in the extreme for remaining with dying persons. As soon as all hope is over, every near relation of the poor creature rushes from the room, leaving only nurses and priests to witness his death-struggles and administer consolation.

A friend once described a scene she had witnessed herself, which she said was perfectly heart-breaking. It was the death of a young American, who had been married only a year to an Italian whom she devotedly loved. They said it was pitiful to see her wistful looks, and to hear her implore some one to make her husband come to her—"Only to bid him good-bye, and to give him her wedding-ring." Her friends at last succeeded in forcing him into the room by dint of persistent and earnest entreaties; but he was almost dragged to her bedside. After all, it was most unsatisfactory, as he would not look at her, covering his face with his hands, and behaving like a frightened child. Their conduct under such circumstances is partly owing to fear, but partly to their dread of being forced to realize the dark side of life. They are a gay and light-hearted people, living only in the present, thrusting aside everything gloomy and depressing.

The dead are carried to their last resting-place at night. No one must be shocked during the day, while in the midst of sunshine, and light, and gayety, by a reminder of our inevitable doom—by a thought of how some day there will be no sunshine or gayety for us in this bright world.

A funeral in Florence is one of the saddest of sad spectacles, with its procession of priests and boys in draggled gowns that once were white, carrying large candles, which drip their waxen tears along the road—or would do so, if they were not caught as they fall in little cups, carried by more boys and priests, chanting, or rather whining monotonously, as they step briskly along, with a most indifferent air. One can judge somewhat of the wealth of the departed by the number of candles furnished. The shorter the purse, the fewer the candles, until at last the very poor are thrown into a cart, carried outside the gates of the city, and shuffled into a pit, one on top of the other—a sight to make the angels weep!

One of the most grievous characteristics, to me, of a Florentine funeral is the absence of any relative or friend of the deceased. Not one creature who loved or cared for him to follow him to his journey's end, or to shed one tear over the grave of a lost companion; left, to be almost thrown into the ground by a few priests, who sometimes, it is to be feared, look upon the ceremony as a disagreeable, though profitable task, to be got over as soon as possible.

To be enveloped in a cloud of beggars during one's morning walk is not conducive to tranquillity of mind, but such, many years ago, was a daily trial. Of late years, begging in the streets has been forbidden, and the police are very strict and vigilant. A curious scene occurred soon after this law was made. A favorite resort of beggars was the hill leading to Fiesole, where a slow walk was the only means of getting to the top, and they could cling persistently to the weary traveler until, half-way up, he would almost, in desperation, fling to them his coat, hat,—anything,—to get rid of their importuning.

Now, one day, a detective in plain clothes sauntered carelessly along, humming a little gentle song of joy, as he thought of what was coming. The poor, unconscious beggars clustered about him, imploring his charity, showing him their crippled limbs, their blind eyes, and all their numerous ailments; but he strolled on, ever humming his little song. Still they grew in numbers as he ascended the hill; still they entreated, and swore to heaven they were all dying of hunger, or disease, or something. But the indifferent stranger rambled on, and the song continued. At last, the procession having become large and long, they reached the top of the hill, where was a very ominous omnibus, out of which stepped several *gens-d'armes* ready to pounce upon these indigent gentlemen. The sudden way in which the lame not only walked, but ran, the blind saw, the deaf heard, and the dumb spoke, and the amount of muscle developed by the consumptives, was a thing to strike the feeble mind of man with amazement and wonder. They scattered to the four winds of heaven, but those breezes declining to bear them far

on their way, they were captured, hustled ignominiously into the prison-wagon, and carried off under the surveillance of the tuneful stroller.

Nothing can startle the Italians out of their politeness. Not even the wild mistakes made in their language by the foreigner. I have seen a servant, when told to order "the spoon to harness the horses," receive his instructions as if spoons harnessing horses was a sight he had been accustomed to from childhood.

This sort of mistake is very commonly made by strangers, as coachman and spoon, in Italian, are words much alike. So, also, are "cabbage" and "horse," "hair" and "hats." But tell your coachman to harness the cabbage, or your valet to hang up your hair, and they would bow, and retire to carry out your absurd orders—which they perfectly understand, however—with most decorous solemnity. They would never presume to disagree with you, or openly to hold a contrary opinion, though I have known them very firm in the pursuance of their own views.

I once had a cook whose aversion to cats was as great as my fondness for them. I knew nothing, however, of this dislike for a long time, as he always agreed with me that they were most delightful animals, and charming to have about the house. At the same time, I used to notice that I never could keep one long. Not more than a week after the advent of each kitten, it would mysteriously disappear, which always threw Serafino into the depths of despair. It had either got run over, or had strayed away, or was "killed by a dog."

Almost anything amuses and interests this child-like people. Their excitement over the merest trifle is ludicrous.

All Florence was roused to a state bordering on frenzy, during one winter, because three sisters appeared always dressed alike, and with such close resemblance of feature that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. They always drove together and went to the opera together, and no fourth person was ever seen with them. They seemed to know no one, nor wish to do so, and were rarely seen speaking to one another. All that was known of them was the fact that they were from Peru, and so they came to be known all over the city as "the three Peruvians." They could not stop for an instant at a shop-door without having their carriage instantly surrounded closely by men, who would stare into their faces in the most unblushing manner. Caricatures of them appeared in shop-windows, and, in fact, they were the sensation of the season.

Amusements are so cheap that the lower classes need never be without recreation. One of their favorite entertainments is the "Stenterello," a diversion not usually known by passing tourists. It is chiefly for the lower classes that this delightful person figures upon the stage, as his jokes are fashioned to their understanding. I can scarcely translate the word "Stenterello," but I think the nearest approach to it would be "clown." Whatever part he may take in the play, certain characteristics in his "get up" mark him as "Stenterello." Besides a very exaggerated vest or coat, he invariably appears to be minus one front tooth, and plus a long, curling cue at the back of his head. Even were he representing the most elegant and refined of men, the pig-tail must be there and the tooth must not. Of course, as my readers may infer, he is extremely comic, but always the protector of virtue and the triumphant annihilator of vice.

The gay season for the upper class is from Christmas to Lent, when balls and dinners fill up the evenings; but the real fun for rich and poor alike begins three weeks before Ash-Wednesday, when the streets and theaters are one wild, continuous scene of merriment. An American who has never had the good fortune to see an Italian masked-ball can form no idea of one from what he sees here. In this country they are stiff and spiritless, and every one is ill at ease, not knowing what is expected of him—wishing to be funny, and yet afraid of saying or doing more than is quite proper. Then the true enjoyment of mystification, in keeping some one ignorant of your name, while astonishing him by a real or pretended knowledge of all his actions, revealed by little facts that you have half-guessed at, perhaps, or really known, is lost here by the masking of both ladies and gentlemen. In Florence, men do not wear masks, but wait to be attacked and bewildered by the fair sex, and even made love to, which, under such circumstances, is not considered improper, it being only a part of the regular performances.

I knew an American lady who succeeded in deceiving her brother so completely, making him really believe that she had been violently in love with him for some time, although prevented by the usage of society from showing her affection, that he not only corresponded during the whole year with his *innamorata*, but, not being well acquainted with Italian, he actually made a confidante of his sister and got her to write his love-letters, addressing them with the name and direction she had given him when masked.

The craziness of the scene, as one enters a *veglione* (mask-ball), is beyond all description. The one high nasal note which all adopt as a disguise to the voice, and which is like no

other sound on earth,—a sort of combination of Punch and Judy and a parrot; the music crashing; the whirling, jumping, rushing mass of gayly dressed men and women; the creeping, stealthy step and manner of the black dominos, threading their way in and out, bent upon their mysterious plots,—all make it one of the most extraordinary, fantastic, bewildering sights in the world! One of the funniest of its many wild scenes is the bonneting of some unhappy wretch, who has had the audacity to wear one of those abominations of the fashionable world—a high beaver hat. In this guise he becomes fair game, and he knows no rest in body or mind until every vestige of his hat is scattered far and wide. A party of maskers will combine together, join hands around him, dancing, hooting, crushing his hat over his eyes! There is no escape for him. He remains the center figure of these whirling demons until his hat is in shreds. Through all this he must be perfectly good-natured, it being one of the inexorable laws of the *veglione* that no one must ever show vexation or rudeness to a masker. They are allowed perfect liberty, of a good-natured sort. Woe be to the hatted one should he attempt to resent their actions, or speak sharply to them! They would hustle him unmercifully, and perhaps push him out of the place altogether, and he would have no protectors. All the sympathy would be with the maskers. Another very amusing thing, in a different way, is to see the guileless, middle-aged Englishman or American enjoying his first masked ball in Florence. He is not to be mistaken in this mad jumble, as he stands surrounded by his family, motionless and dumb with astonishment and bewilderment, gazing on the shifting, screaming crowds around him, not quite sure that all this is entirely proper, and determined to protect his innocent daughters, should they be spoken to, at the risk of his life.

The last *veglione* takes place on the night of Shrove-Tuesday, ending at midnight, that the sacredness of Ash-Wednesday may not be broken; but into those few hours is crowded a concentrated pandemonium impossible to describe.

It is difficult to understand why tourists should always rush to Rome for the Corsos, which are inferior in many ways to the really beautiful ones in Florence. Instead of *confetti*, which hurt and sting, people throw bouquets and *bonbonnières* to one another. The ladies dress exquisitely for these occasions, and drive in their handsomest carriages, their horses gayly decorated with flowers and ribbons, coachmen and footmen in their most gorgeous liveries. Young men often dress in costume, and act the characters they represent as they ride or drive through the streets. One sees, for instance, a large boat on wheels, filled with sailors dropping *bonbons* and flowers from the ends of their fishing rods and lines into the ladies' carriages as they pass; or a long procession passes, representing an English hunting party, red-coated, some on horseback, some in dog-carts with their hounds, and others in wagons, with their trophies of game hanging around high poles. Children, too, are often dressed in character, and the prettiest sight I ever saw was a sweet little fair-haired couple dressed as bouquets, smothered to the chin in roses and lilies—their fresh young faces, prettier than any flower that ever grew, rising from the center of this sweet nosegay.

A frequent amusement during the last gay days of the Carnival is visiting a friend's house in mask. A party of six or eight, perhaps, will go together at night, rush into somebody's house, make themselves perfectly at home, dancing and hooting in a circle around the poor puzzled hostess, or sitting about the room, staring at her in grim silence, like so many horrible black fiends, embarrassing her to the last degree; or conduct themselves in any other pleasant fashion conducive to making their visit an agreeable one. In fact, at this season, the city is a large nursery of wild, gay, grown-up children, ripe for any mischief or sport, until Ash-Wednesday enters, in her solemn garb and with warning, uplifted finger, and brings the unruly establishment to order.

During the fifteen years that I was in Florence, I saw many changes and many interesting political events. The marriage entry of the Archduke Ferdinando, the abdication of the Grand Duke, the entrance of Victor Emanuel, the marriage procession of Prince Humbert and the sweet Princess Marguerite, and, finally, the departure of the King to take possession of Rome.

Through every change and at all times, Florence was Florence still, with its brightness and sunshine, its gay, pleasure-loving people, with their warm hearts and their good-natured faces, and their trick of drifting happily with the great tide of life, in easy disregard of coming clouds or shipwrecked hopes; cheerful and light-hearted always, in sickness, or adversity, or poverty,—enjoying the time that is, and letting the time that is to come take care of itself.

L. L. L.

THE PUPILS OF THOMAS BEWICK.

I.

WRITING to Mr. George Lawford in 1828, not many months before his death, and speaking of the first series of Northcote's "Fables," Bewick says: "Little did I think, while I was sitting whistling at my work-bench, that wood-engraving would be brought so conspicuously forward, and that I should have pupils to take the lead in that branch of the art in the great metropolis. Old as I am," he continues, "and tottering on the downhill of life, my ardor is not a bit abated, and I hope those who have succeeded me will pursue that department of engraving still further toward perfection." The accent of satisfaction in these words is not unnatural, and the progress of wood-engraving since they were penned has certainly been greater than Bewick ever anticipated. Still, it would be a mistake to suppose that its progress down to 1828, and, indeed, for some years subsequently, was either very rapid or very remarkable. Since the publication of the second volume of the "Birds," in 1804, Bewick himself had done nothing of importance, with the exception of "Æsop's Fables." Johnson and John Bewick had long been dead. Charlton Nesbit, the most distinguished of the elder pupils as an engraver pure and simple, had retired to his native village, and might practically be regarded as forgotten. Luke Clennell, the genius of the group, had been insane since 1817, and for some time before had transferred his energies to painting; while Harvey, Bewick's favorite, was fast acquiring a reputation as a designer. A few professed draughtsmen upon wood and half a dozen engravers seem to have sufficed to the demand. "The professors of wood-engraving [in Bewick's time]," says Fairholt, "might be counted by units." "There were not more than three masters in London who had sufficient business to employ, even occasionally, an assistant, and to keep an apprentice or two," says another writer. If we turn from these authorities to such treatises as Landseer's and Craig's "Lectures," the record of wood-engraving is meager and apologetic, and it is easy to see that it was scarcely regarded as a formidable rival to engraving upon metal. But its hour was not the less at hand in 1828. The publications of the recently established "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" were already offering it a field which promised to be extensive. Then, in 1832, came the "Penny Magazine" and the "Saturday Magazine," which, aided by the improvements in stereotype founding, gave an extraordinary impetus to wood-engraving, and the names of Jackson and Branston and Landells, of the two Whympers and Sears, of Bonner, Baxter, Lee, began to be familiar. As with the decline of the "Annuals," engraving on steel and copper, for purposes of book illustration, gradually fell into disuse, engraving on wood increased in scope and popularity, and its advance since that time has been continuous and unchecked.

From what has been said above it will be gathered that Bewick had no "school," in the sense in which that word is used by those who inherit the manner and the methods of some individual artist. The pupils who quitted him to seek their fortunes in London, either made their way with difficulty or turned to other pursuits, and the real popularization of wood-engraving did not take place until some years after his death. Still, the careers of his principal apprentices are not wholly without interest; and, as a necessary supplement to the paper on Bewick, published in THE CENTURY for September, 1882, we propose to give some brief account of such of them as survived their venerable master.

II.

CHARLTON NESBIT, who comes first in order, has this in particular, that, unlike Harvey and Clennell, he lived and died an engraver. He was a draughtsman, as a matter of course; but we have found no record that he either painted or designed, at all events to any extent. Accident, moreover, appears to have favored this limitation of his functions, for the acquirement of sufficient independent means in middle life made it unnecessary for him to follow up very pertinaciously what, about 1810, was apparently a precarious calling, still less to turn to other departments of art for a subsistence. Little is known respecting his life that is unconnected with his work. He was the son of a keelman at Swalwell, a town in Durham, on the banks of the Tyne, and was born in 1775. About 1789 he was apprenticed to Bewick and Beilby; and it is alleged that the bird's nest which figures above the preface to Vol. I. of the "Birds," as well as the majority of the vignettes and tail-pieces to the "Poems of Goldsmith and Parnell," were engraved by him during his pupilage. In 1798 he executed a block of St. Nicholas's Church,

THE COCK, THE DOG, AND THE FOX. (ENGRAVED BY CHARLTON NESBIT FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

after a water-color drawing by Robert Johnson, which is still in the possession of a Newcastle collector. For this he received, not the "gold palette," as stated by Mackenzie, nor "a medal," as stated by Jackson and Chatto, but the lesser silver palette of the "Society of Arts," to whom he presented an impression of the cut, at that time one of the largest ever engraved, as it measured, with the border, fifteen inches by twelve. About 1799 he came to London. In 1802 he obtained a silver medal from the Society of Arts for "Engravings on Wood," being then described as "Mr. C. Nesbit, of Fetter Lane." In 1815 he returned to his native place, where he lived in retirement, working at rare intervals for the London and Newcastle book-sellers. He visited London again in 1830, and died at Queen's Elms, Brompton, in November, 1838.

The two principal designers upon the wood when Nesbit first came to London were John Thurston, originally a copper-plate engraver, and William Marshall Craig, a miniature painter, water-color painter, and artistic jack-of-all-trades. The former drew with exceptional skill, and thoroughly understood the requirements of his material; the latter, who designated himself "drawing-master to the Princess Charlotte of Wales," and in 1821 had acquired sufficient position to lecture before the "Royal Institution," was a person of greatly inferior abilities. From the fact that "Nesbit, sc." is to be found as early as 1800 upon the frontispiece of an edition of Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," published by Vernor and Hood, it is clear that he must have been employed almost immediately upon the work of Thurston, by whom this particular illustration was designed; and his (Nesbit's) name is also included among the other engravers engaged by Craig for the commonplace "Scripture Illustrated" issued in 1806. Many of the cuts to Wallis and Scholey's "History of England" also bear Nesbit's signature. But his best work about this date is to be found in the "Religious Emblems" published by Ackermann in 1808. This, according to the preface, was intended by its projector "to draw into one focus all the talent of the day"; and, as a landmark in the history of wood-engraving in England, its position is a conspicuous one. The designs—and the fact is significant after the foregoing

THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM. (ENGRAVED BY NESBIT FOR "RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.")

THE SELF-IMPORTANT. (ENGRAVED BY NESBIT FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

announcement—were without exception supplied by Thurston. Regarded from an art point of view, and as designs alone, it is impossible to praise these very highly. Compared with Adrian van der Venne's illustrations to the emblems of Jacob Cats, or even with the efforts of the late C. H. Bennett, they show a poverty of invention which at times is almost beggarly. The "Destruction of Death and Sin" is typified by two prostrate figures at the foot of a cross; "Fertilizing Rills" is a landscape that might stand for anything; "Fainting for the Living Waters" is a limp female figure hanging Mazeppa-like upon a wounded stag; and Death felling trees is the only thing which the artist could think of to symbolize pictorially the common fate of humanity. These, however, are the least successful plates, and, setting imagination aside, they are nearly all distinguished by considerable skill in composition and the arrangement of light and shade. Besides those by Nesbit, the cuts are engraved by Branston, Clennell, and Hole,—the last two being also pupils of Bewick. Hole's solitary "Seed Sown" is one of the best pieces of work in the book. Clennell and Branston are about equal in merit, but the honors belong to Nesbit. His "Hope Departing," "Joyful Retribution," and "Sinners Hiding in the Grave," the first especially, are almost faultless examples of patient and accomplished execution. "The World Weighed," the "Daughters of Jerusalem," and "Wounded in the Mental Eye" are nearly as good; but as compositions they are less attractive than the others, and do not offer the same opportunities for the skillful opposition of black and white which seems specially to characterize Nesbit's manner. Yet, all things considered, they afford better examples of his abilities than either the large cut of "Rinaldo and Armida" or the illustrations—gems as some of them are—to Northcote's "Fables."

The "Rinaldo and Armida" is Nesbit's most ambitious block. It was engraved in 1818 for the "Practical Hints on Decoration and Design" of Savage, the printer, which, after long delays, was published in 1822. One feature of the book was to have been four highly-finished plates by the most eminent wood-engravers of the day. But Bewick (whose name appears on the list of subscribers) was too busy with "Æsop's Fables" to give any assistance; Clennell, who was to have engraved a drawing by Stothard, had already broken down; and Branston and Nesbit were the only contributors. They engraved three of Thurston's designs. Branston's subject was the "Cave of Despair," from Book I. of the "Faerie Queen," which ranks as one of the artist's most successful conceptions. Nesbit's were the "Female and Boy," of which an electrotype is given at page 69 of Linton's "Hints on Wood-Engraving," and "Rinaldo and Armida" in the enchanted garden, from the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso. As far as the execution of the background and accessories of the latter is concerned, we doubt if they could be excelled, even at this day; but the figures have a "dotted appearance," resulting from the fact that Thurston required the engraver to reduce the strength of the "lines, which were

IN THE STOCKS. (ENGRAVED BY NESBIT FOR BUTLER'S "HUDIBRAS.")

originally continuous and distinct." Apart from this, however, the knight and enchantress are poorly and even unpleasantly conceived. The "soft breast" of Armida, which recurs so often in the fine old translation of

CALL TO VIGILANCE. (ENGRAVED BY LUKE CLENNELL FOR "RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.")

Fairfax, has the hardness and polish of metal; while the figure of Rinaldo is marked by a reposeless and over-accented muscularity, which seems to have been one of Thurston's besetting sins. To give rarity to this block, it was defaced by criss-cross saw-marks, and impressions taken after it had been so treated are given in Savage's book as an evidence of good faith. As might have been predicted, the block was later carefully repaired, and copies of it are still to be found in the market as "original impressions." Such a one (bought, alas! in a too confiding moment) lies now before us; and it must be admitted that the traces of the merciless steel have been filled in with remarkable ingenuity, although they are easily detected by an instructed eye.

The "Rinaldo and Armida" must have been executed during Nesbit's seclusion at Swalwell. Besides an admirable likeness of Bewick after Nicholson, prefixed to the "Select Fables" of 1820, the blocks for which he repaired, the only other works of importance that belong to this date are those he contributed to the first series of Northcote's "Fables," a book to which we shall return more at length in speaking of Harvey. The best of these is the "Self-Important." After his return to London, in 1830, he was employed upon the second series, which contains some of his most finished workmanship. The cut of the "Hare and the Bramble," p. 127, is one of the most beautiful of modern wood-engravings. Besides the above-mentioned books, he also engraved illustrations for "Hudibras," Somerville's "Chase," and the numerous reprints of Sir Egerton Brydges. A cut to the memory of Robert Johnson, after Johnson's own design, is also much sought after by collectors.

Nesbit's fifteen years' absence from activity, and the relatively small number of his productions, make the record of his life of the briefest; and—as must be confessed—we have not been able, after considerable pains, to add largely to the facts already collected respecting him. But the excellence of his work as a wood-engraver will always demand a record in the story of the revival of the art. In this respect, he was the best of Bewick's pupils, and his achievement was in all probability greater than that of his fellows, because he was not tempted beyond the limits of his craft.

III.

THE surname of Bewick's next pupil is a familiar one to Northumbrians. There is, in fact, a manor of Clennell on the east side of the river Alwine, not far from Alwinton; and there was even an actual Luke Clennell of that ilk who was high-sheriff of Northumberland in 1727. Whether the present Luke Clennell was in any way related to this family has not been chronicled. He was born at Ulgham, near Morpeth, on the 8th of April, 1781, being the son of a respectable farmer. After covering his slate with sketches instead of sums, an incident so persistently repeated in

artistic biography that it seems to be an almost indispensable preliminary to distinction, he began life, like Chodowiecki, as a grocer, or, as others say, as a tanner. Here, if tradition is to be believed, he got into trouble, owing to an ill-timed likeness of an unsympathetic customer rashly depicted *ad vivum* upon a convenient shop-door; and some of his other drawings having attracted attention, his uncle, Thomas Clennell of Morpeth, placed him with Bewick. This was in April, 1797. With Bewick he remained seven years, and during his apprenticeship is said to have transferred to the block, and afterward engraved, a number of Robert Johnson's designs, which were used as tail-pieces for the second volume of the "Birds." He speedily became an expert draughtsman and sketcher, and, like his master, was accustomed to make frequent excursions into the country in search of nature and the picturesque. His term of apprenticeship must have expired in April, 1804; and, either shortly before this date or immediately after it, he executed a number of cuts for the "Hive of Ancient and Modern Literature," a selection of essays, allegories, and "instructive compositions" in the "Blossoms of Morality" manner, made by Solomon Hodgson, Bewick's old partner in the "Quadrupeds." The third edition of this was published in 1806, and, according to Hugo, contains fourteen cuts by Bewick. This would give the majority of the illustrations to Clennell, who presumably designed as well as engraved them. That to the first part of the "Story of Melissa," a pretty little cut, bears his initials, and they are to be found on the "Northumberland Life-Boat." Some of the remaining cuts are also signed, and many of the rest may be confidently attributed to him; but those above mentioned are among the best. The blocks for this series, it may be added, are in the possession of Mr. Robinson, of Pilgrim street, Newcastle.

Besides the engravings for the "Hive," he continued, after his apprenticeship was concluded, to work for Bewick on the illustrations to Wallis and Scholey's "History of England," already referred to in our account of Nesbit. Finding, however, that Bewick received the greater part of the money, he put himself into direct communication with the proprietors, the result being that they invited him to London, where he arrived in the autumn of 1804; and one of the earliest indications of his residence in the metropolis is his receipt, in May, 1806, of the "gold palette" of the Society of Arts for "an engraving of a battle." Among other books upon which he was engaged were Craig's "Scripture Illustrated" and Beattie's "Minstrel," 1807, from the designs of the indispensable Thurston. Another volume belonging to this period was Falconer's "Shipwreck," 1808, which contains a well-known picture of a ship in a gale of wind, the manner of which is of itself almost sufficient to prove his authorship of some of the marine tail-pieces in Vol. II. of the "Birds." This cut was executed at Twickenham in September, 1807. In the same year as the "Shipwreck" appeared the "Religious Emblems," of which we have already given

ENGRAVED BY CLENNELL FOR FALCONER'S "SHIPWRECK."

a sufficient description. Clennell's best cuts in this are the "Call to Vigilance" and the "Soul Encaged," but the least successful of the series are also engraved by him.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM HARVEY FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES."

Some time after his arrival in London, Clennell married; the exact date is not known. His wife was the eldest daughter of Charles Warren, the copper-plate engraver, a worthy rival of Abraham Raimbach, Finden, and the little knot of talented men who, at the beginning of the present century, emulated each other in producing the delicate book-embellishments issued by Sharpe, Du Rovery, and others. Clennell's introduction to this society had, no doubt, an important influence over his future career. After Ackermann's "Emblems," his next work of importance was a large block for the diploma of the Highland Society. For this, in 1809, he received the gold medal of the Society of Arts. Benjamin West made the design, which consists of a circular frame containing an allegorical group, and flanked by two larger figures of a fisherman and a Highland soldier. Thurston copied the figures within the frame on the wood; Clennell himself drew the supporters. After he had worked upon it for a couple of months, the block, which was of box veneered upon beech, had the same fate that befell the "Chillingham Bull"; it split, but irremediably, and history relates that the chagrined artist, in a fit of disgust, flung the tea-things into the fire. In a few days, however, he procured a fresh block, induced Thurston to redraw the figures, and this time successfully completed his work, an example of which may be seen in the collection of wood-cuts at the South Kensington. It is thoroughly characteristic of his style—a style rather energetic than fine, and more spirited than minutely patient. Fortune (it should be added) was once more unfavorable to the block, which was burnt in a fire at the printing-office; but the subject was subsequently engraved by John Thompson.

Clennell's last work of any moment as a wood-engraver is the series of cuts which illustrate Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory, with Other Poems." Jackson and Chatto date this 1812; but the copy before us, which has Clennell's name as engraver upon its title-page, bears the imprint of 1810. This little volume has an established reputation with collectors, and the excellence of the cuts as enlightened renderings of pen-and-ink sketches can scarcely be exaggerated. The touch and spirit of the originals is given with rare fidelity, thoroughly to appreciate which it is only necessary to contrast them with some of the later copies in the modern editions of Rogers. Many of the compositions have all the lucid charm of antique gems, and, as we have said elsewhere, may actually have been copies of them, since the "Marriage of Cupid and Psyche" is plainly intended for the famous sardonyx in the Marlborough collection.

Toward 1809 or 1810, and probably owing to the enlarged views of art acquired in his father-in-law's circle, Clennell seems virtually to have relinquished engraving for painting and designing. He had, in all likelihood, been preluding in this latter direction for some time, as there is an engraving by Mantin in the British Museum after one of his designs which dates as far back as 1803, and he made many of the sketches for Scott's "Border Antiquities." In the Kensington Museum there is a water-color drawing called the "Sawpit," dated 1810, which was shown at the Exhibition of 1862; and in the Art Library of the same institution there is a highly interesting volume containing thirty compositions in water-color, of which the majority were prepared for a series of "British Novelists," published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones in 1810–11. Many of these lightly-washed, slightly-worked sketches have a freedom and certainty of handling which were not retained when they were transferred to the copper, while the situations selected are often realized with considerable insight. It is true that they have not the grace of Stothard, but they have greater vigor. Clennell's men and women are a strong generation; and in his hands Tom Jones becomes a broad-shouldered, north-country fox-hunter, and Pickle's Emilia a bouncing

HEAD-PIECE. (ENGRAVED BY CLENNELL FOR ROGERS'S "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY." DRAWN BY T. STOTHARD, R. A.)

Tyneside lass. But they have at least one advantage, the lack of which is a common charge against most modern book-illustration,—they generally tell a story of some kind. "Trim in the Kitchen after Master Bobby's Death," from "Tristram Shandy," a subject which has exercised almost as many interpreters with the pencil as "Donec gratus eram" has found translators, is freshly treated, and can scarcely be said to fall much behind Stothard. This book of sketches contains some other drawings, and a few biographical particulars of which we shall hereafter make use.

HEAD-PIECE. (DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY HARVEY FOR "HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WINES.")

In 1812 Clennell was living at 9 Constitution Row, Gray's Inn Road, and he exhibited at the Royal Academy a lively picture of "Fox-hunters Regaling after the Pleasures of the Chace," which was engraved by his father-in-law, and later, in mezzotint, by T. Lupton. From this time forth he continued to exhibit drawings and paintings at the Academy, the British Institution, and the Exhibition of Painters in Water-colors at the "Great Room, Spring Gardens," to which last he sent the largest number of contributions. The "Baggage Waggons in a Thunder-Storm," exhibited in 1816 at the first-named place, and "The Day after the Fair," exhibited in 1818 at the British Institution, are notable examples of his work. Among the pictures which he sent to the water-color gallery were several clever marine subjects, some fishing scenes especially. One of these, the "Arrival of the Mackarel-Boat," is held to be among his best productions. A few of his sketches, the property of a Newcastle collector, were exhibited at the Arts Association of that town in 1878. Others have been exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery and elsewhere.

But there are two pictures, not included in the above, which have special interest in the story of Clennell's career: one was his masterpiece as a painter, and the other has a tragic connection with the terrible misfortune of his later years. In March, 1815, the British Institution set apart 1000 guineas to be awarded in premiums for the best finished sketches in oil of subjects illustrating the British successes in the Peninsula. Clennell gained one of these premiums with a sketch, full of dash and fiery movement, representing the decisive charge at Waterloo. This was exhibited at the British Institution in 1816. The remaining picture was a commission from the Earl of Bridgewater to paint the "Banquet of the Allied Sovereigns in the Guildhall." When Clennell set to work upon this,—which it must be assumed he did after he had completed the aforementioned charge,—having grouped and lighted his composition, he took apartments in the west end of the town (his latest residence appears to have been in Pentonville), and waited patiently for the distinguished sitters who were to grace his board. But in this part of his task he experienced so much vexation, suspense, and fatigue, that, by the time he had obtained the necessary sketches and had commenced the picture in earnest, his intellectual powers, probably already strained to their utmost by his previous efforts, seem to have suddenly given way. This must have been early in 1817. The following account of the first indications of his malady, as related by one of his friends, is contained in a letter to Mr. Chatto.

DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WINES."

"I regret to say I was the cause of the first discovery of his mind being affected. * * * I was on very friendly terms with the family of his father-in-law, Charles Warren, the engraver, as fine a hearted man as ever breathed. I was consequently well acquainted with Clennell, and frequently visited him at his house in Pentonville. I have sat for hours beside him whilst he was engaged in painting that fatal picture. One night, a large party of young folks had assembled at Mr. Warren's,—a very frequent occurrence, for everybody went there when they wished to be happy,—and we had spent a long night in junketting, and play, and games of all sorts, twirling the trencher being, as I well remember, one of them, and at last had gathered in a large circle round the fire. Clennell was seated next the fire on one side, and I sat next to him. I had remarked that for at least half an hour before he had been looking vacantly under the grate, paying no attention to the fun that was going on. In order to rouse him, I gave him a hearty slap on the thigh, and said: 'Why, Clennell, you are in a brown study!' He gave a faint laugh, and said, 'Indeed, I think I am.' He did not, however, become so much roused as to pay any attention to the *mêlée* of waggery that was going on. We broke up about one o'clock; and on my calling at Mr. Warren's next afternoon, I was shocked to hear from him that he feared Clennell's mind was affected; for that, about three in the morning, after having gone home with his wife and retired to bed, he started up and dressed himself, telling his wife that he was going to her father's on a very important affair. As his wife could not prevail on him to defer his visit to a more seasonable hour, she determined to accompany him. On arriving at Gray's Inn Road, he knocked violently, and on being let in by Mr. Warren, he said that he had been grossly insulted by *me*, and that he was determined on having immediate satisfaction. All Mr. Warren's arguments as to the impossibility of my having intended to insult him were met with positive assertions to the contrary. He said that he knew better; 'I had been placed next him on purpose, and it was a preconcerted thing.' Mr. Warren at last seeing how it was with him, humored him so far as to say that he would go with him, and have an explanation, an apology, *or* satisfaction! They accordingly set out for my house; but Mr. Warren, being now quite sensible on the subject, instead of proceeding toward my house, took a very different direction, and led him about till he became tired; he was at that time anything but strong. He also by degrees quieted his mind towards me by speaking of my friendship for him and my love of art; and by daylight he got him home and to bed. I need hardly say what exquisite pain this account gave me, for I really loved Clennell: he was always so mild, so amiable—in short, such a GOOD fellow."

Shortly after this, becoming mischievous, Clennell was placed in an asylum in London. Under the pressure of misfortune, his wife's mind also gave way, and she died, leaving three children. By the exertions of Sir John Swinburne (grandfather of the poet) and other benevolent persons, the Waterloo charge was engraved, in 1819, by W. Bromley. It was published by the committee of the Artists' Fund, to which institution Clennell had belonged, and the proceeds were vested in trustees for the benefit of himself and his family. The same body, says Pye, protected him to the day of his death, which took place in 1840.

During the long period which intervened between 1817 and 1840, Clennell never wholly recovered, though hopes appear to have been entertained that his reason might be restored. For some years he remained in London, but he was subsequently transferred to the care of his relations in the North. When Mackenzie wrote his "History of Newcastle," in 1827, he was living in this way at Tritlington; later, he was at St. Peter's Quay. Once he called upon Bewick and asked him for a block to engrave, but when, to humor him, he had been supplied with one, his efforts resembled those of an unskilled first beginner. His faculty for drawing appears to have less declined. We have now before us a bullfinch and a group of carnations, which he is stated to have drawn during his insanity; and, except that they are slightly exaggerated in size, the handling is unfaltering and effective. In his earlier days he had been acquainted with Burns, whose songs he sang; and one of the amusements of his vacant hours consisted in composing strange and half-articulate fragments of verse, a few specimens of which are reproduced in the "History of Wood Engraving." In the "Athenæum" for March 7, 1840, there are three more,—"Soleman," "A Floweret," and "The Lady upon her Palfrey Grey,"—and others have been published elsewhere. The following, which, as far as can be ascertained, have not appeared in any type save that of the rare leaflet on which they were first printed, are here given chiefly for that reason, and not for any special merit they possess as poetry:

DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WINES."

A BALLAD.

THE hill it was high
As the maiden did climb,
And O she wished for her true love nigh,
And dearly she wished for the time
That she might be by
Her own true-love of the azure sky.

THE JAGUAR. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "THE TOWER MENAGERIE.")

The hill it was fair,
And sweet was the air,
But her true love was not nigh;
The cowslips look gay,
Her love is on his way,
And they meet on the hill of the sky.

AN EPIC UPON WINTER.

In January or November's cold,
When stern winter his scepter doth hold
By farm, or common side, or village lane,
Or where the sturdy peasant
Doth drive a drain,
Cutting his way
Oft through the frozen clay;
Sometimes dressing a hedge,
Lopping away the cumbrous sedge —
There the fendifair, in numerous wing,
To taste, now fresh, the oozing spring,
And flock in the copse or on the bough,
In winter's merriment to dow.
Perhaps, near a gravel-pit,
Where doth the swiller boy
To carry sand his time employ,
The little sandybird doth sit
Upon a twig,
In expectation big —
Or robin or blackbird in haste
The new brown atom to taste,
And pick their welcome cheer,
In winter's month so often drear.

To attach any undue importance to these irregular verses would be absurd; but the inborn love of nature is still discernible in the disjointed imagery and the poor rudderless words. Both pieces bear the author's initials, "L. C.," and are dated from "St. Peters."

While at St. Peters, Clennell appears to have been harmless; but in 1831 he again became unmanageable, and was placed in an asylum, where he remained until he died. In 1844 a monumental tablet by R. Davies, a local sculptor, was erected to his memory in St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle.

It is difficult to determine the precise limits of talents so fatally interrupted, or to decide definitely whether their possessor should or should not be included among "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." When attacked by his malady he was six-and-thirty; and if there be any truth in the axiom of Joseph le Maistre, that "he who has not conquered at thirty will never conquer," Clennell had already passed that critical stage. But we do not place much faith in the utterance in question; and, setting speculation aside, it may fairly be affirmed of him that he was, after Nesbit, the best engraver among Bewick's pupils; and that when his mind gave way he was beginning to show powers of a higher kind as an artist, particularly in the line of landscape and rustic scenes. His distinguishing qualities are breadth, spirit, and rapidity of handling, rather than finish and minuteness; and the former characteristics are usually held to be superior to the latter. His unfortunate story invests them with an additional interest.

IV.

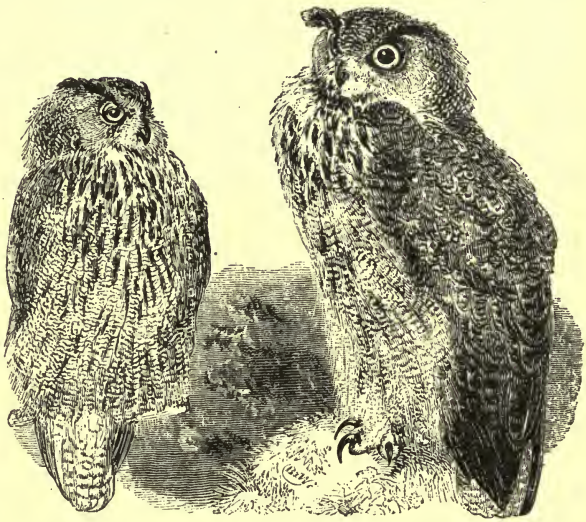
William Harvey, the third of Bewick's pupils who attained to any distinction, is known chiefly as a designer on wood, and for a considerable period held the foremost place in the profession. In these days, when artists of this class are so numerous, it is difficult to understand how one man could completely command the field; and yet it seems certain that, about 1830–'40, Harvey was the sole person to whom engravers could apply for an

THE SUMMER DUCK. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "THE GARDENS AND THE MENAGERIE OF THE ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY.")

original design with security, and who devoted himself exclusively to the preparation of such designs. "The history of wood-engraving," says a writer in the "Art-Union" for 1839, "for some years past is almost a record of the works of his (Harvey's) pencil." It was the custom to say that he produced more than Stothard or Chodowiecki; but it would be more appropriate to compare his unflagging fertility to that of Doré or Gilbert.

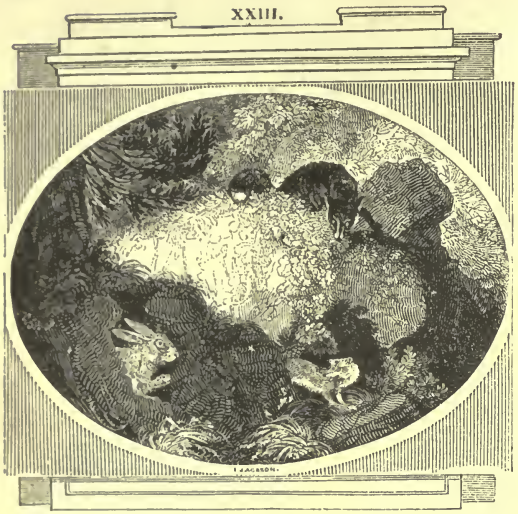
He was born at Westgate, July 13, 1796, his father being keeper of the Newcastle baths. At fourteen he was apprenticed to Bewick, with whom he became a great favorite, as may be gathered from the well-nigh parental letter, printed in Jackson and Chatto, which Bewick addressed to him in 1815. Harvey worked with Temple, another pupil, upon the "Fables" of 1818, and, it is alleged, transferred many of Johnson's sketches to the wood. In September, 1817, he removed to London. Here he studied drawing under B. R. Haydon and anatomy under Sir Charles Bell. While with Haydon (where he had Eastlake, Lance, and Landseer for fellow-pupils), he engraved the well-known block after that artist's "Assassination of Dentatus"—that ambitious attempt to unite color, expression, handling, light, shadow, and heroic form, of which, if report is to be believed, the proximate destination was a packing-case in Lord Mulgrave's stable. A section of Harvey's engraving was given in this magazine for April, 1880. It is, as Mr. De Vinne there says, "probably the largest, certainly the most labored, block that had then been cut in England"; but its manifest and misguided rivalry of copper-plate makes it impossible to praise it as highly as its exceedingly skillful technique would seem to warrant. As a work upon wood, it must be regarded as more ingenious than admirable.

Toward 1824, Harvey seems wholly to have abandoned engraving for design, his decision in this direction being apparently determined by the success of the illustrations he drew and in part cut for Henderson's "History of Ancient and Modern Wines." These are some of his most pleasing performances. As engravings, they are excellent; as designs, they have but little of the unpleasant mannerism which afterward grew upon him and disfigured his later work. To give an account of his labors as a designer subsequent to this time would be unnecessary, as well as tedious. About 1830 he had become prominently popular in this way; he was at the height of his reputation in 1840, and when he died, six-and-twenty years later, his work was still in request. His designs for the "Tower Menageries," 1828; "Zoölogical Gardens," 1830–31; "Children in the Wood," 1831; "Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," 1832; "Story without an End," "Pictorial Prayer Book," "Bible," "Shakspere," * and a hundred other issues from Charles Knight's untiring press, attest his industry and versatility. Those who desire to study him to advantage, however, will do so in the two series of Northcote's "Fables," 1828 and 1833, to which we have already referred; and in Lane's "Thousand and One Nights," 1838–40. Northcote, indeed, takes credit for the illustrations in the former case; but from the accounts which exist of the way in which he prepared the merely indicatory sketches that Harvey subsequently elaborated and transferred to the block, and from the admission in the preface to Vol. I., that many of the designs have been "improved by his (Harvey's) skill," it is probable that most of the honors of the undertaking really belong to Harvey, though he again, no doubt, profited in some degree by having Northcote's first ideas to energize upon. The ornamental letters and vignettes were entirely his own. Taken as a whole, these two volumes are among the most interesting examples of wood-cut art in England. They were a labor of love to their projector, whose dying regret it was that he had not lived to see the publication of the second series; and some of the happiest work of Nesbit, Jackson, Thompson, and Williams



THE GREAT EAGLE-OWL. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "THE GARDENS AND THE MENAGERIE OF THE ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY.")

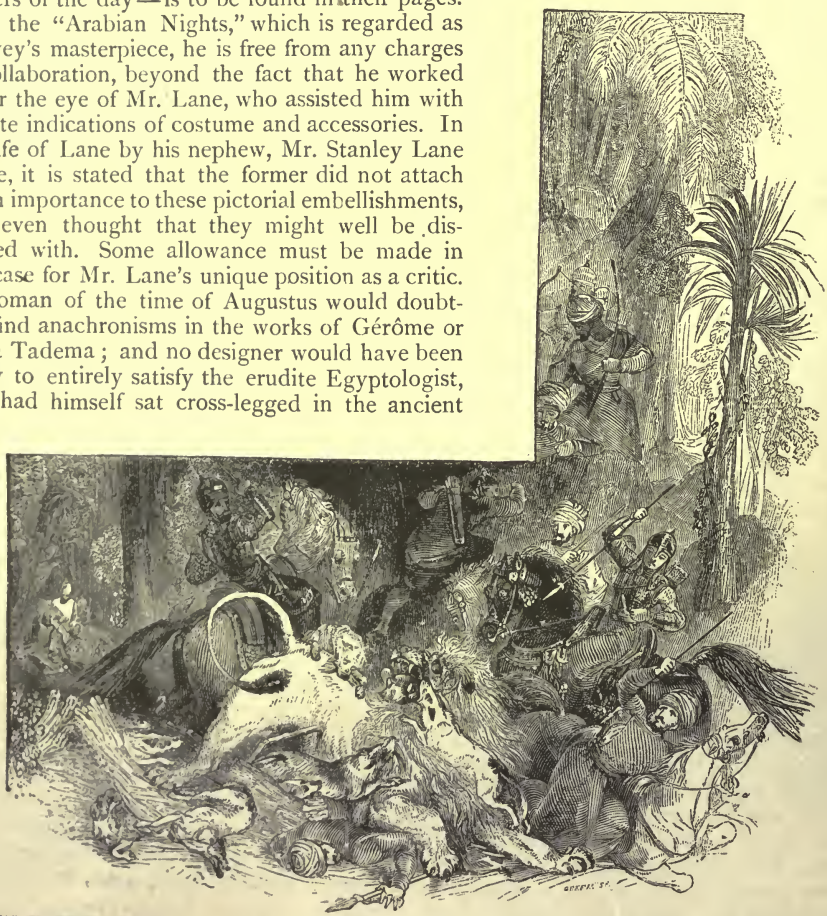
* Bogue's Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," engraved by the Dalziels, is also one of Harvey's better efforts.



THE FOX, THE WEASEL, THE RABBIT. (ENGRAVED BY JOHN JACKSON FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

—that is to say, of the most successful wood-engravers of the day—is to be found in their pages.

In the "Arabian Nights," which is regarded as Harvey's masterpiece, he is free from any charges of collaboration, beyond the fact that he worked under the eye of Mr. Lane, who assisted him with minute indications of costume and accessories. In the life of Lane by his nephew, Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, it is stated that the former did not attach much importance to these pictorial embellishments, and even thought that they might well be dispensed with. Some allowance must be made in this case for Mr. Lane's unique position as a critic. A Roman of the time of Augustus would doubtless find anachronisms in the works of Gérôme or Alma Tadema; and no designer would have been likely to entirely satisfy the erudite Egyptologist, who had himself sat cross-legged in the ancient Arab city of Cairo, and who began each day's task with a pious dedication to Allah. That Lane's disciple, relative, and biographer should, under the circumstances, speak of Harvey's drawings as the "least excellent part of the book," and damn them with the faint praise of "in some slight degree catching the Oriental spirit of the tales," is perhaps to be anticipated; but the fact remains that the artist reached his highest point in these volumes, and the public of Charles Knight's time probably ranked them far above the text in importance. A certain florid and exuberant facility, which in Harvey's ordinary designs is monotonous or ill-timed, seems almost in keeping with Eastern subjects, and many of the head-pieces and vignettes, set tastefully in intricate arabesques, and beautifully engraved by Jackson and his colleagues, are gems of minute and deli-



TAJ EL-MOLOOK HUNTING. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS." BY PERMISSION OF CHATTO AND WINDUS.)

"PARTY QUARRELS." SECOND SERIES. (ENGRAVED BY JACKSON FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

cate invention. Speaking generally, the decorative and topographical examples, the glimpses of bazaar and street, of mosque and turreted gate and "latticed meshrebeeyeh," are superior to the picturesquely grouped but expressionless figure subjects. In drawing animals, Harvey was often singularly fortunate, although here, as always, his peculiar mannerism mars his work.

At his death, in 1866, he was Bewick's only surviving pupil. Beyond the fact that he was a thoroughly amiable and unpretentious man, and an unwearied worker, little of interest has been recorded respecting him. A new race of draughtsmen has sprung up since he laid down the pencil, but his name will always deserve to be remembered in the annals of his craft. He lies buried in the cemetery at Richmond.

V.

In addition to the pupils already mentioned, there were a few others, who either did not attain to celebrity, or whose relationship to Bewick was of a more incidental kind. Foremost among these comes John Jackson, who was born at Ovingham in 1811, and died in 1848. Redgrave says that he was a pupil of Armstrong (which is indefinite), and afterward of Bewick. With the latter he had some obscure disagreement which prematurely terminated their connection, Bewick, it is alleged, going even so far as to cut his own and his son's names out of the unexpired indentures. Jackson then moved to London, and worked for a time under Harvey, many of whose designs he subsequently engraved. He did, or superintended, much of the work on the "Penny Magazine" and other of Charles Knight's various enterprises; and between 1830 and 1840 was the busiest and best employed of London wood-engravers. His work for the two series of Northcote's "Fables" and Lane's "Arabian Nights" has already been mentioned. As an engraver, he was careful and painstaking, without any special show of genius. His name has, however, acquired more prominence than it perhaps actually deserves, from its connection with a book to which we have frequently made reference, and to which no student of wood-engraving can fail to be indebted, namely, the "History" of that art, currently known as "Jackson and Chatto." When this book first appeared, in 1839, an angry controversy arose as to the relative claims of the engraver and his colleague to the honors of authorship. We do not propose to stir the ashes of this ancient dispute. Still, it may be stated that Mr. Chatto appears to have had but scant justice done to him in the matter, for, with a few reservations, the composition and preparation of the book were entirely his. Indeed, Jackson was in no sense "literary," and could not possibly have undertaken it; and although he provided and paid for the illustrations, the attributing of them *en masse* to him personally is manifestly an error, as the major part of the fac-similes of old wood-cuts were the work of the late Mr. Fairholt, and were chiefly engraved by a young pupil of Jackson's named Stephen Rimbault. Others were executed by J. W. Whymper. Of the blocks actually from the graver of Jackson himself, the best are the "Partridge" and the "Woodcock," after Bewick, which are favorable specimens of his powers. Jackson's true position with regard to the whole book seems to have been rather that of contractor than of author; and it is satisfactory to know that in the third edition, which has been recently issued, due prominence has

THE VAIN BUTTERFLY. (ENGRAVED BY EBENEZER LANDELLS FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

SEED-SOWER. (ENGRAVED BY H. F. P. W. HOLE FOR "RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.")

been given on the title-page to the hitherto insufficiently recognized labors of Mr. Chatto.

With the exception of Ebenezer Landells, the remaining pupils of Bewick are little more than names. Landells was an excellent engraver, who did good work on the "Illustrated London News" and "Punch," and succeeded admirably in rendering the animals of Thomas Landseer. He died in 1860. Hole, already referred to in connection with Ackermann's "Religious Emblems," and whose full name was Henry Fulke Plantagenet Woolicombe Hole, was the son of a captain in the Lancashire militia. He practiced as an engraver at Liverpool, but ultimately gave up the profession on succeeding to an estate in Devonshire. He did some of the cuts in the "British Birds." W. W. Temple, who assisted Harvey in "Bewick's Fables" of 1818, became a draper at the end of his apprenticeship. Henry White, who engraved Thurston's designs to Burns, as well as many of Cruikshank's squibs for Hone, and some of the best of the cuts in Yarrell's "Fishes," was an exceedingly clever workman. Of John Johnson, Robert Johnson's cousin, who designed the cut of the "Hermit" in Goldsmith's and Parnell's "Poems," we have no material particulars. Isaac Nicholson, Anderson, Willis, and the rest, may be dismissed without further mention.

TAIL-PIECE. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

Austin Dobson.

NOTE.—With the exception of the Head-piece for Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," which is printed from an electrotype of the original, all the foregoing illustrations were reproduced by the photo-engraving process from early editions of the books for which they were made.—ED. C. M.

[Begun in the August number.]

THE BREAD-WINNERS.

IX.

A DRAMA WITH TWO SPECTATORS.

THE words of Bott lingered obstinately in Maud Matchin's mind. She gave herself no rest from dwelling on them. Her imagination was full, day after day, of glowing pictures of herself and Farnham in tête-à-tête; she would seek in a thousand ways to tell her love—but she could never quite arrange her avowal in a satisfactory manner. Long before she came to the decisive words which were to kindle his heart to flame in the imaginary dialogue, he would himself take fire by spontaneous combustion, and, falling on his knees, would offer his hand, his heart, and his fortune to her in words taken from "The Earl's Daughter" or the "Heir of Ashby."

"Oh, pshaw! that's the way it ought to be," she would say to herself. "But if he wont—I wonder whether I ever could have the brass to do it? I don't know why I shouldn't. We are both human. Bott wouldn't have said that if there was nothing in it, and he's a mighty smart man."

The night usually gave her courage. Gazing into her glass, she saw enough to inspire her with an idea of her own invincibility; and after she had grown warm in bed she would doze away, resolving with a stout heart that she would try her fate in the morning. But when day came, the enterprise no longer seemed so simple. Her scanty wardrobe struck her with cowardice as she surveyed it. The broad daylight made everything in the house seem poor and shabby. When she went down-stairs, her heart sank within her as she entered the kitchen to help her mother, and when she sat with the family at the breakfast-table, she had no faith left in her dreams of the rosy midnight. This alternation of feeling bred in her, in the course of a few days, a sort of fever, which lent a singular beauty to her face, and a petulant tang to her speech. She rose one morning, after a sleepless night, in a state of anger and excitement in which she had little difficulty in charging upon Farnham all responsibility for her trouble of mind.

"I wont stand it any longer," she said aloud in her chamber. "I shall go to him this day and have it out. I shall ask him what he means by treating me so."

She sat down by her bureau and began to bang and crimp her hair with grim resolution. Her mother came and knocked at her door. "I'm not coming to breakfast, I've got a headache," she said, and added to herself, "I sha'n't go down and get the smell of bacon on me this morning."

She continued her work of personal adornment for two hours, going several times over her whole modest arsenal of harness, before she was ready for the fray. She then went down in her street costume, and made a hasty meal of bread and butter, standing by the pantry. Her mother came in and found her there.

"Why, Mattie, how's your head?"

"I'm going to take a walk and see what that will do."

As she walked rapidly out of Dean street, the great clock of the cathedral was striking the half hour after nine.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "that's too early to call on a gentleman. What shall I do?"

She concluded to spend the time of waiting in the library, and walked rapidly in that direction, the fresh air flushing her cheeks, and blowing the frizzed hair prettily about her temples. She went straight to the reference rooms, and sat down to read a magazine. The girl who had prompted her to apply for a place was there on duty. She gave a little cry of delight when Maud came in, and said: "I was just crazy to see you. I have got a great secret for you. I'm engaged!"

The girls kissed each other with giggles and little screams, and the young woman told who *he* was—in the lightning-rod business in Kalamazoo, and doing very well; they were to be married almost immediately.

"You never saw such a fellow, he just wont wait;" and consequently her place in the library would be vacant. "Now, you must have it, Maud! I haven't told a soul. Even the Doctor don't know it yet."

Maud left the library and walked up the avenue with an easier mind. She had an excuse for her visit now, and need not broach, unless she liked, the tremendous subject that made her turn hot and cold to think of. She went rustling up the wide thoroughfare at a quick pace; but before arriving at Farnham's, moved by a momentary whim, she turned down a side street leading to Bishop's Lane. She said to herself, "I will go in by that little

gate once, if I never do again." As she drew near, she thought, "I hope Sam isn't there."

Sam was there, just finishing his work upon the greenhouse. Farnham was there also; he had come down to inspect the job, and he and Sleeny were chatting near the gate as Maud opened it and came in. Farnham stepped forward to meet her. The unexpected rencounter made her shy, and she neither spoke to Sam nor looked toward him, which filled him with a dull jealousy.

"Could I have a few moments' conversation with you, sir?" she asked, with stiff formality.

"Certainly," said Farnham, smiling. "Shall we go into the house?"

"Thank you, sir," she rejoined, severely decorous.

They walked up the garden-path together, and Sam looked after them with an unquiet heart.

She was walking beside Farnham with a stately step, in spite of the scabbard-like narrowness of the dress she wore. She was nearly as tall as he, and as graceful as a young pine blown to and fro by soft winds. The carpenter, with his heart heavy with love and longing, felt a bitter sense that she was too fine for him. They passed into the house, and he turned to his work with a sigh, often dropping his busy hands and looking toward the house with a dumb questioning in his eyes. After a half hour which seemed endless to him, they re-appeared and walked slowly down the lawn. There was trouble and agitation in the girl's face, and Farnham was serious also. As they came by the rose-house, Maud paused and looked up with a sorrowful smile and a question. Farnham nodded, and they walked to the open door of the long, low building. He led the way in, and Maud, looking hastily around, closed the door behind them.

"He's goin' to give her some more of them roses," said Sam, explaining the matter to himself. But he worked for some time with his blonde beard on his shoulder in his impatience to see them come out. At last, he could resist no longer. He knew a point where he could look through the glass and see whatever was taking place among the roses. He walked swiftly across the turf to that point. He looked in and saw Maud, whose back was turned toward him, talking as if she were pleading for her life, while Farnham listened with a clouded brow. Sleeny stood staring with stupid wonder while Maud laid her hand upon Farnham's shoulder. At that moment he heard footsteps on the gravel walk at some distance from him, and he looked up and saw Mrs. Belding approaching. Confused at his attitude of espionage, he walked away from his post, and, as he passed her, Mrs. Belding asked him if he knew where Mr. Farnham was.

"Yes," he answered, "he's in there. Walk right in;" and in the midst of his trouble of spirit he could hardly help chuckling at his own cleverness as he walked, in his amazement, back to the conservatory.

While she was in the house, Maud had confined herself to the subject of the vacancy in the library. She rushed at it, as a hunter at a hedge, to get away from the other matter which had tormented her for a week. When she found herself alone with Farnham she saw that it would be "horrid" to say what she had so long been rehearsing. "Now I can get that place, if you will help me. No earthly soul knows anything about it, and Minnie said she would give me a good chance before she let it out."

Farnham tried to show her the difficulties in the way. He was led by her eagerness into a more detailed account of his differences with the rest of the board than he had ever given to any one, a fuller narrative than was perhaps consistent with entire prudence. Whenever he paused, she would insist with a woman's disconcerting directness:

"But they don't know anything about it this time — they can't combine on anybody. You can certainly get one of them."

Farnham still argued against her sanguine hopes, till he at last affected her own spirits, and she grew silent and despondent. As she rose to go, he also took his hat to return to the garden, where he had left Sleeny, and they walked over the lawn together. As they approached the rose-house, she thought of her former visit and asked to repeat it. The warm breath of the flowers saluted her as she crossed the threshold, bringing so vivid a reminiscence of the enchantment of that other day, that there came with it a sudden and poignant desire to try there, in that bewitched atmosphere, the desperate experiment which would decide her fate. There was no longer any struggle in her mind. She could not, for her life, have kept silent now. She walked slowly beside him to the place where the pots of roses stood ranged on their frames, filling the air with dense fragrance. Her hands were icy cold and quick flushes passed through her, while her face reddened and paled like a horizon smitten by heat-lightning in a sultry night of summer. She looked at the moist brick pavement at her feet, her eyelids seemed too heavy to lift, and the long lashes nearly touched her cheeks.

"What sort will you have?" said Farnham, reaching for the gardener's shears.

"Never mind the roses," she said, in a dry voice which she hardly recognized as her own. "I have something to say to you."

He turned and looked at her with surprise. She raised her eyes to his with a great effort, and then, blushing fiery red, she said, in a clear, low voice, "I love you."

Like many another daughter and son of Eve, she was startled at the effect of these momentous words upon herself. Of all forms of speech, these three words are the most powerful, the most wonder-working upon the being who utters them. It was the first time they had ever passed her lips, and they exalted and inebriated her. She was suddenly set free from the bashful constraint which had held her, and with a leaping pulse and free tongue she poured out her heart to the astonished and scandalized young man.

"Yes, I love you. You think it's horrid that I should say so, don't you? But I don't care, I love you. I loved you the first time I saw you, though you made me so angry about my glasses. But you were my master, and I knew it, and I never put them on again. And I thought of you day and night, and I longed for the day to come when I might see you once more, and I was glad when I did not get that place, so that I could come again and see you and talk with you. I can tell you over again every word you ever said to me. You were not like other men. You are the first real man I ever knew. I was silly and wild when I wanted to be your secretary. Of course, that wouldn't do. If I am not to be your wife, I must never see you again; you know that, don't you?" and, carried away by her own reckless words, she laid her hand on his shoulder. His frown of amazement and displeasure shook her composure somewhat. She turned pale and trembled, her eyes fell, and it seemed for an instant as if she would sink to the floor at his feet. He put his arm around her, to keep her from falling and pressed her closely to him. She threw her head back upon his shoulder and lifted her face to him. He looked down on her, and the frown passed from his brow as he surveyed her flushed cheeks, her red full lips parted in breathless eagerness; her dark eyes were wide open, the iris flecked with golden sparks and the white as clear and blue-tinged as in the eyes of a vigorous infant; her head lay on his shoulder in perfect content, and she put up her mouth to him as simply and as sure of a response as a pretty child. He was entirely aware of the ridiculousness of his position, but he stooped and kissed her with hearty good-will.

Her work seemed all done; but her satisfaction lasted only a second. Her face broke into happy smiles.

"You do love me, do you not?" she asked.

"I certainly do not," he answered; and at that instant the door opened and Mrs. Belding saw this pretty group of apparent lovers on a rich background of Jacqueminot roses.

Startled more at the words of Farnham than at the entry of Mrs. Belding, Maud had started up, like Vivien, "stiff as a viper frozen." Her first thought was whether she had crushed her hat on his shoulder, and her hands flew instinctively to her head-gear. She then walked tempestuously past the astonished lady out into the garden and brushed roughly by Sleeny, who tried to detain her.

"Hold your tongue, Sam! I hate you and all men"; and with this general denunciation, she passed out of the place, flaming with rage and shame.

Mrs. Belding stood for a moment speechless, and then resorted to the use of that hard-worked and useful monosyllable,

"Well!" with a sharp, falling inflection.

"Well!" returned Farnham, with an easy, rising accent; and then both of them relieved the strained situation with a nervous laugh.

"Come, now," said the good-natured woman, "I am a sort of guardian of yours. Give an account of yourself."

"That is easily given," said Farnham. "A young woman, whose name I hardly know, came to me in the garden this morning to ask for help to get some lady-like work to do. After discussing that subject threadbare, she came in here for a rose, and, apropos of nothing, made me a declaration and a proposal of honorable wedlock, *dans toutes les formes*."

"The forms were evident as I entered," said Mrs. Belding, dryly.

"I could not let her drop on the damp floor," said Farnham, who was astonished to find himself positively blushing under the amused scrutiny of his mother-confessor. "Consider, if you please, my dear madam, that this is the first offer I have ever received, and I was naturally somewhat awkward about declining it. We shall learn better manners as we go along."

"You did decline, then?" said Mrs. Belding, easily persuaded of the substantial truth of the story, and naturally inclined, as is the way of woman, to the man's side. Then, laughing at Arthur's discomfiture, she added, "I was about to congratulate you."

"I deserve only your commiseration."

"I must look about and dispose of you in some way. You are evidently too rich and too fascinating. But I came over to-day to

ask you what I ought to do about my Lake View farm. I have two offers for it; if I had but one, I would take either—well, you know what I mean;" and the conversation became practical. After that matter was disposed of, she said, with a keen side-glance at Farnham, "That was a very pretty girl. I hope you will not be exposed to such another attack; I might not be so near the next time."

"That danger, thanks to you, is over; Mademöiselle will never return," he answered, with an air of conviction.

Mrs. Belding went home with no impression left of the scene she had witnessed but one of amusement. She thought of it only as "a good joke on Arthur Farnham." She kept chuckling to herself over it all day, and if she had had any especial gossip in the town, she would have put on her hat and hurried off to tell it. But she was a woman who lived very much at home, and, in fact, cared little for tattling. She was several times on the point of sharing the fun of it with her daughter, but was prevented by an instinctive feeling that it was hardly the sort of story to tell a young girl about a personal acquaintance. So she restrained herself, though the solitary enjoyment of it irritated her.

They were sitting on the wide porch which ran around two sides of the house just as twilight was falling. The air was full of drowsy calls and twitters from the grass and the trees. The two ladies had been sitting ever since dinner, enjoying the warm air of the early summer, talking very little, and dropping often into long and contented silences. Mrs. Belding had condescended to grenadine in consideration of the weather, and so looked less funereal than usual. Alice was dressed in a soft and vapory fabric of creamy bunting, in the midst of which her long figure lay reclined in an easy chair of Japanese bamboo; she might have posed for a statue of graceful and luxurious repose. There was light enough from the rising moon and the risen stars to show the clear beauty of her face and the yellow luster of her hair; and her mother cast upon her from time to time a glance of pride and fondness, as if she were a recovered treasure to which the attraction of novelty had just been added anew.

"They say she looks as I did at her age," thought the candid lady; "but they must flatter me. My nose was never so straight as that: her nose is Belding all over. I wonder whom she will care about here? Mr. Furrey is a nice young man, but she is hardly polite to him. There he is now."

The young man came briskly up the walk, and ran up the steps so quickly that he tripped on the last one and dropped his hat. He cleverly recovered it, however, and made very careful bows to both the ladies, hoping that he found them quite well. Mrs. Belding bustled about to give him a chair, at which Alice knitted her pretty brows a little. She had scarcely moved her eyelashes to greet her visitor; but when Mrs. Belding placed a light chair near her daughter and invited Mr. Furrey to take it, the young lady rose from her reclining attitude and sat bolt upright with a look of freezing dignity. The youth was not at all abashed, but took his seat, with his hat held lightly by the brim in both hands. He was elegantly dressed, in as faithful and reverent an imitation as home talent could produce of the costume of the gentlemen who that year were driving coaches in New York. His collar was as stiff as tin; he had a white scarf, with an elaborate pin constructed of whips and spurs and horseshoes. He wore dog-skin gloves, very tight and red. His hair was parted in the middle with rigorous impartiality and shed rather rank fragrance on the night. He began conversation with an easy air, in which there was something of pleasurable excitement mixed.

"I come to receive your congratulations, ladies!"

"What, you are engaged?" said Mrs. Belding, and even the placid face of Miss Alice brightened with a look of pleased inquiry.

"Oh, dear, no; how could you think so?" he protested, with an arch look at Alice which turned her to marble again. "I mean I have this day been appointed assistant cashier of our bank!" Napoleon, informing Madame de Beauharnais* that he was to command the army of Italy, probably made less ado about it.

Mrs. Belding made haste to murmur her congratulations. "Very gratifying, I am sure, —at your age;" to which Alice responded like a chorus, but without any initiative warmth, "Very gratifying, I am sure."

Furrey went on at some length to detail all the circumstances of the event: how Mr. Lathers, the president of the bank, had sent for him, and how he complimented him; how he had asked him where he learned to write such a good hand; and how he had replied that it came sort of natural to him to write well, that he could make the American eagle with pen and ink before he was fifteen, all but the tail-feathers, and how he discovered a year later that the tail-feathers had to be made by holding the pen between the first and

* Perhaps Josephine told Napoleon herself, but I think she was clever enough to let him imagine he owed the appointment to his merits.

second fingers; with much more to the like innocent purpose, to which Mrs. Belding listened with nods and murmurs of approval. This was all the amiable young man needed to encourage him to indefinite prattle. He told them all about the men in the bank, their habits and their loves and their personal relations to him, and how he seemed somehow to be a general favorite among them all. Miss Alice sat very still and straight in her chair, with an occasional smile when the giggling of Mr. Furrey seemed to require it, but with her eyes turned to the moonlit night in vagrant reverie, and her mind in those distant and sacred regions where we cannot follow the minds of pure and happy girls.

"Now, you would hardly understand, if I did not tell you," said Mr. Furrey, "how it is that I have gained the confidence——"

At this moment Alice, who had been glancing over Mr. Furrey's shoulder for a moment with a look of interest in her eyes, which he thought was the legitimate result of his entertaining story, cried:

"Why, there comes Mr. Farnham, mamma."

"So it is," said her mother. "I suppose he wants to see me. Don't move, Mr. Furrey. Mr. Farnham and I will go into the house."

"By no means," said that gentleman, who by this time had mounted the steps. "I was sitting all alone on my porch and saw by the moon that yours was inhabited; and so I came over to improve my mind and manners in your society."

"I will get a chair for you," said Mrs. Belding.

"No, thank you; this balustrade will bear my weight, and my ashes will drop harmless on the flower-bed, if you will let me finish my cigar." And he seated himself between the chair of Furrey and the willow fabric in which Alice had resumed her place. This addition to the company was not at all to the taste of the assistant cashier, who soon took his leave, shaking hands with the ladies, with his best bow.

"After all, I do prefer a chair," said Farnham, getting down from his balustrade, and throwing away his Reina Victoria, half smoked.

He sat with his back to the moonlight. On his left was Alice, who, as soon as Furrey took his departure, settled back in her willow chair in her former attitude of graceful ease. On the right was Mrs. Belding, in her thin, cool dress of gauzy black. Farnham looked from one to the other as they talked, and that curious exercise, so common to young men in such circumstances, went through his mind. He tried to fancy how Mrs. Belding looked at nineteen, and how Miss Belding would look at fifty, and the thought gave him singular pleasure. His eyes rested with satisfaction on the wholesome and handsome face of the widow, her fine shoulders and arms, and comfortable form, and then, turning to the pure and exquisite features of the tall girl, who was smiling so freshly and honestly on him, his mind leaped forward through coming years, and he said to himself: "What a wealth of the woman there is there—for somebody." An aggressive feeling of disapproval of young Furrey took possession of him, and he said, sharply:

"What a very agreeable young man Mr. Furrey is?"

Mrs. Belding assented, and Miss Alice laughed heartily, and his mind was set at rest for the moment.

They passed a long time together. At first Mrs. Belding and Arthur "made the expenses" of the conversation; but she soon dropped away, and Alice, under the influence of the night and the moonlight and Farnham's frank and gentle provocation, soon found herself talking with as much freedom and energy as if it were a girls' breakfast. With far more, indeed,—for nature takes care of such matters, and no girl can talk to another as she can to a man, under favoring stars. The conversation finally took a personal turn, and Alice, to her own amazement, began to talk of her life at school, and with sweet and loving earnestness sang the praises of Madame de Veaudrey.

"I wish you could know her," she said to Farnham, with a sudden impulse of sympathy. He was listening to her intently, and enjoying her eager, ingenuous speech as much as her superb beauty, as the moon shone full on her young face, so vital and so pure at once, and played, as if glad of the privilege, about the curved lips, the flashing teeth, the soft eyes under their long lashes, and the hair over the white forehead, gleaming as crisply brilliant as fine-spun wire of gold.

"By her fruits I know her, and I admire her very much," he said, and was sorry for it the moment afterward, for it checked the course of the young girl's enthusiasm and brought a slight blush to her cheek.

"I ought to have known better," he said to himself with real penitence, "than to utter a stupid commonplace to such a girl when she was talking so earnestly." And he tried to make amends, and succeeded in winning back her attention and her slow unconscious smiles by talking to her of things a thousand miles away. The moon was silvering the tops of the linden-trees at the gates before they thought of the flight of time, and they had

quite forgotten the presence of Mrs. Belding when her audible repose broke in upon their talk. They looked at each other, and burst into a frank laugh, full of confidence and comradeship, which the good lady heard in her dreams and waked, saying, "What are you laughing at? I did not catch that last witticism."

The young people rose from their chairs. "I can't repeat my own mots," said Arthur; "Miss Belding will tell you."

"Indeed I shall not," replied Alice. "It was not one of his best, mamma."

She gave him her hand as he said "Good-night," and it lay in his firm grasp a moment without reserve or tremor.

"You are a funny girl, Alice," said Mrs. Belding, as they walked into the drawing-room through the open window. "You put on your stiffest company manners for Mr. Furrey, and you seem entirely at ease with Mr. Farnham, who is much older and cleverer, and is noted for his sarcastic criticisms."

"I do not know why it is, mamma, but I do feel very much at home with Mr. Farnham, and I do not want Mr. Furrey to feel at home with me."

Upon this, Mrs. Belding laughed aloud. Alice turned in surprise, and her mother said, "It is too good to keep. I must tell you. It is such a joke on Arthur;" and, sitting in a low arm-chair, while Alice stood before her leaning upon the back of another, she told the whole story of the scene of the morning in the rose-house. She gave it in the fullest detail, interrupting herself here and there for soft cachinnations, unmindful of the stern, unsmiling silence with which her daughter listened.

She finished, with a loud flourish of merriment, and then asked: "Did you ever hear anything so funny in your life?"

The young lady was turning white and red in an ominous manner, and was biting her nether lip. Her answer to her mother's question was swift and brief:

"I never heard anything so horrid," and she moved majestically away without another word.

Mrs. Belding sat for a moment abashed. "There!" she said to herself, "I knew very well I ought not to tell her. But it was too good to keep, and I had nobody else to tell." She went to bed, feeling rather ill-used. As she passed her daughter's door, she said, "Good-night, Alice!" and a voice not quite so sweet as usual replied, "Good-night, mamma," but the door was not opened.

Alice turned down her light and sat upon a cushioned seat in the embrasure of her open window. She looked up at the stars, which swam and glittered in her angry tears. With trembling lips and clinched hands she communed with herself. "Why, why, why did mamma tell me that horrid story? To think there should be such women in the world! To take such a liberty with him, of all men! She could not have done it without some encouragement—and he could not have encouraged her. He is not that kind of a vulgar flirt at all. But what do I know about men? They may all be—but I did not think—what business have I thinking about it? I had better go to bed. I have spent all the evening talking to a man who—Oh! I wish mamma had not told me that wretched story. I shall never speak to him again. It is a pity, too, for we are such near neighbors, and he is so nice, if he were not—But I don't care how nice he is, she has *spoiled* him. I wonder who she was. Pretty, was she? I don't believe a word of it—some bold-faced, brazen creature. Oh! I shall hate myself if I cry;" but that was past praying for, and she closed her lattice and went to bed for fear the stars should witness her unwelcome tears.

X.

A WORD OUT OF SEASON.

ARTHUR FARNHAM awoke the next day with a flight of sweet hopes and fancies singing in his heart and brain. He felt cheerfully and kindly toward the whole human race. As he walked down into the city to transact some business he had there with his lawyer, he went out of his way to speak to little children. He gave all his acquaintances a heartier "Good-morning" than usual. He even whistled at passing dogs. The twitter of the sparrows in the trees, their fierce contentions on the grass, amused him. He leaned over the railing of the fountain in the square with the idlers, and took a deep interest in the turtles, who were baking their frescoed backs in the warm sun, as they floated about on pine boards, amid the bubbles of the clear water.

As he passed by the library building, Dr. Buchlieber was standing in the door. "Good luck," he said; "I was just wishing to see you. One of our young women resigned this morning, and I think there may be a chance for our handsome friend. The meeting, you remember, is this afternoon."

Farnham hardly recalled the name of the young lady in whose success he had been so interested, although recent intimate occurrences might have been expected to fix it somewhat

permanently in his remembrance. But all female images except one had become rather vague in his memory. He assented, however, to what the doctor proposed, and going away congratulated himself on the possibility of doing Maud a service and ridding himself of the faintest tinge of remorse. He was not fatuous or conceited. He did not for a moment imagine that the girl was in love with him. He attributed her demonstration in the rose-house to her "congenital bad breeding," and thought it only one degree worse than other match-making maneuvers of which he had been the object in the different worlds he had frequented. He gave himself no serious thought about it, and yet he was glad to find an apparent opportunity to be of use to her. She was poor and pretty. He had taken an interest in her welfare. It had not turned out very well. She had flung herself into his arms and been heartily kissed. He could not help feeling there was a balance against him.

As he turned the corner of the street which led to the attorney's office where he was going, he saw a man standing by the wall with his hat off, bowing to him. He returned the unusual salutation and passed on; it was some moments before he remembered that it was one of his colleagues on the Library Board. He regretted not having stopped and made the effort to engage his vote for Maud; but, on second thought, he reflected that it would be as well to rely upon the surprise of the three to prevent a combination at the meeting. When he reached the entrance of the building where his lawyer's offices were, he turned, with a sense of being pursued by a shuffling footstep which had hastened its speed the last few paces, and saw his colleague coming up the steps after him with a perspiring but resolute face.

"Hold on, Cap," he said, coming into the shade of the passage. "I was thinkin' o' comin' to see you, when I sighted you comin' round the corner."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Pennybaker," said Arthur, taking the clumsy hand which was held out to him.

"Gettin' pretty hot, aint it?" said Pennybaker, wiping his brow with his forefinger and dexterously sprinkling the floor with the proceeds of the action.

"No danger of frost, I think," Arthur assented, admiring the dexterity of Pennybaker, but congratulating himself that the shake-hands was disposed of.

"You bet your life. We're going to have it just sizzling from now on."

"Were you wishing to see me about anything in particular?" asked Farnham, who saw no other way of putting an end to a meteorological discussion which did not interest him.

"Well, yes," answered Pennybaker, getting around beside Farnham, and gazing at the wall opposite. "I heerd this. mornin' that Minnie Bell was goin' to get married. My daughter is doing some sewing for her, and it slipped out that way. She was trying to keep it secret. Some girls is mighty funny that way. They will do anything to get engaged, and then they will lie like Sam Hill to make believe they aint. Well, that makes a vacancy." He did not turn his head, but he cast a quick glance sideways at Farnham, who made no answer, and Pennybaker resumed: "So I thought I would come to you, honor bright, and see if we couldn't agree what to do. That's me. I'm open and square, like a bottle of bitters."

Farnham gave no indication of his surprise at this burst of candor, but asked:

"What do you propose?"

"That's it," said Pennybaker, promptly. "I don't propose nothing—I *ex*pose. You hear me—I *ex*pose." He said this with great mystery, one eye being shut fast and the other only half open. He perceived that he had puzzled Farnham, and enjoyed it for a moment by repeating his mot with a chuckle that did not move a muscle of his face. "I'll tell you the whole thing. There's no use, between gentlemen, of playing the thing too fine." He took his knife from one pocket and from another a twist of tobacco, and, cutting off a mouthful, began his story:

"You see, me and Bud Merritt and Joe Dorman have most generally agreed on paternage, and that was all right. You are well fixed. You don't want the bother of them little giblets of paternage. We've 'tended to 'em for what there was in 'em and for the good of the party. Now Bud he wants to be auditor, and he's got Joe to go in with him, because, if he gits there, Joe's brother-in-law, Tim Dolan, will be his debbity. Bud is weak in the Third Ward, and he knows it, and he knows that Jake Runckel can swing that ward like a dead cat; and so they have fixed it all up to give the next vacancy to Jake for his sister. She's been turned out of the school for some skylarking, and weighs pretty heavy on Jake's hands. Very well. That's the game, and I'm a-kickin'! Do you hear me? I'm a-kickin'!"

Pennybaker pushed up his hat and looked Farnham fairly in the face. The assertion of his independence seemed to give him great gratification. He said once more, slowly closing one eye and settling back in his former attitude against the wall, while he aimed a

deluge of tobacco-juice at the base of the wall before him: "I'm a-kickin' like a Texas steer."

He waited a moment to allow these impressive words to have their full effect, while Farnham preserved a serious and attentive face.

"Well, this bein' the case," continued Pennybaker, "I comes to you, as one gentleman to another, and I asks whether we can't agree against this selfish and corrupt game of Merritt and Dorman. For, you see, I don't get a smell out of what they're doin'. I'm out in the cold if their slate goes through."

"I don't see that I can be of any service to you, Mr. Pennybaker. If I have any influence in the matter, it shall be given to Miss Matchin, whom I proposed once before."

"Exactly! Now you're talkin'. Miss Matchin shall have it, on one little proviso that wont hurt you nor me nor nobody. Say the word, and it's a whack."

And he lifted up his hand to strike the bargain.

"What is it?" asked Farnham, in a tone which was severe and contemptuous, in spite of him.

"Namely, just this," answered Pennybaker. "You aint on the make; you're fixed. You don't care about these d—— little things except to help a friend once 'n awhile," he said, in a large and generous way. "But I aint that kind yet. I've got to look out for myself—pretty lively, too. Now, I'll tell you what's my racket. You let me perpose Miss Matchin's name and then go and tell her father that I put it through, and it'll be done slick as a whistle. That's all solid, aint it?"

Farnham's brow clouded. He did not answer at once. Pennybaker repeated his question a little anxiously:

"That's all solid, aint it?"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Pennybaker, if I do not quite understand your racket, as you call it. I do not see how you make anything out of this. Matchin is a poor man. You surely do not intend——"

"To strike Saul for a divvy? Nothing of the sort," said Pennybaker, without the least offense. "The whole thing lies just here. Among gentlemen there's no use being shy about it. My brother wants to be assessor in Saul Matchin's ward. Saul's got a lot of influence among the boys in the planing-mills, and I want his help. You see?"

Farnham thought he saw, and, after assenting to Pennybaker's eager demand, "That's all solid?" he walked away, too much relieved by the thought that Maud was provided for to question too closely the morality of the proceeding which the sordid rascal had exposed to him.

In the afternoon, at the meeting of the board, the programme agreed upon was strictly carried out. Pennybaker proposed Miss Matchin's name as soon as the vacancy was announced, to the amazement of his late confederates. They moved a postponement, but to no purpose; Maud was elected; and the angry politicians had no better revenge than to say spitefully to Pennybaker on the stairs, as they went away, "How much did the Captain give you for that sell-out?"—a jeer which he met by a smile of conscious rectitude and a request to be informed the next time they organized a freeze-out against him. It must be said, however, that he lost no time in going to Matchin, informing him that he had succeeded in carrying Maud in by unheard-of exertions, and demanding and receiving on the spot five per cent. of her year's salary, which he called "the usual commission."

Saul announced the appointment that evening at supper. Maud flushed crimson, and the tears started to her eyes. She was about to declare she would not have it, when her father's next words put a different face on the matter. "And it's no thanks to Cap'n Farnham, neither. He tried it oncet, and couldn't make the riffle. But me and Joel Pennybaker got together and done it. And now I hope, Mattie, you'll behave yourself and save money. It's like a fortun' comin' to you, if you're smart."

Maud found no reply ready. She could not wholly believe her father's story. She still fancied the appointment came from Farnham, and there was a certain bitterness in it; but, on the whole, she received it not without a secret complacency. Mrs. Matchin's pleasure was checked by her daughter's morose confusion. Sam made no pretense of being pleased, but sat, unmoved by Matchin's speech, in scowling silence, and soon went out without a word of comment. The scene he had witnessed in the rose-house had poisoned his mind; yet, whenever he looked at Maud, or tried to speak to her, he was met with an air of such fierce and beautiful defiance, that his eyes fell and his voice stuck in his throat. So the piece of good fortune, so anxiously awaited in the household, brought little delight when it came. Maud reported for duty next day, and soon learned the routine of her work; but she grew more and more silent at home, and Saul's hope of a wedding in the family died away.

Arthur Farnham walked away from the meeting with the feeling of a school-boy who has finished a difficult task and who thinks he deserves some compensating pleasure. The day had been fine and warm, but the breeze of the late afternoon was already blowing in from the lake, lending freshness and life to

the air. The sky was filled with soft gray clouds, which sailed along at a leisurely rate, evidently on very good terms with the breeze. As Farnham walked up the avenue, he cast about in his mind for the sort of dissipation with which he would reward himself for the day's work and he decided for a ride.

But as he was drawing on his boots, it occurred to him, for the first time in his life, that it was a churlish and unneighborly proceeding for him to go riding alone day after day, and that he would be doing no more than his duty to offer his escort to Miss Belding. He said Miss Belding to his own thought—making it as formal and respectful as possible. So, sending an order to his groom to keep his horse at the stable for a moment, he walked over the lawn to the Belding cottage and asked for the ladies.

"I believe they are upstairs, sir. Walk into the drawing-room, and I will see," said the neat house-maid, smiling at Farnham, as indeed was the general custom of women. He took his seat in the cool and darkened room facing the door-way, which commanded a view of the stairs. He sat in a large willow chair very much at his ease, looking about the pretty salon, enjoying its pictures and ornaments and the fragrance of the roses in the vases, as if he had a personal interest in them. The maid came back and said the ladies would be down in a moment.

She had announced Farnham to Mrs. Belding, who had replied, "Tell him, in a moment." She was in the summer afternoon condition which the ladies call "dressing-sack," and after an inspection at the glass, which seemed unsatisfactory, she walked across the hall to her daughter's room. She found Alice standing by the window, looking out upon the lake.

"There, I am glad you are all dressed. Arthur Farnham has called, and you must go down and excuse me. I said I would come, but it will take me so long to dress, he will get tired of waiting. You run down and see him. I suppose there is nothing particular."

"Oh, mamma," said Alice, "I don't want to see him, and especially not alone."

Mrs. Belding made large eyes in her surprise. "Why, Alice, what has got into you?"

Alice blushed and cast down her eyes. "Mamma," she said, in a low voice, "do not ask me to go down. You know what you told me last night."

"There, that will do," said the mother, with a tone of authority. "Perhaps I was foolish to tell you that silly little story, but I am the judge of who shall visit this house. You are too young to decide these questions for me, and I insist that what I told you shall make no difference in your treatment of Mr. Farnham. You think too much of your own part in the matter. He has come to see me, and not you, and I wish you to go down and make my excuses for keeping him waiting. Will you go?"

"Yes, I will go," said the young girl. The blush had left her cheek and she had become a trifle pale. She had not raised her eyes from the floor during her mother's little speech; and when it was over and her mother had gone back to her room, Alice cast one glance at her mirror, and with a firm face walked down the stairs to the drawing-room. Farnham heard the rustle of her dress with a beating of the heart which filled him with a delicious surprise. "I am not past it, then," was the thought that came instantly to his mind, and in that one second was a singular joy. When she came in sight on the stairs, it was like a sudden enchantment to him. Her beautiful head, crowned with its masses of hair drawn back into a simple Greek knot; her tall, strong figure, draped in some light and clinging stuff which imposed no check on her natural grace and dignity, formed a charming picture as she came down the long stairs; and Farnham's eyes fastened eagerly upon her white hand as it glided along the dark walnut baluster. His heart went out to meet her. He confessed to himself, with a lover's instantaneous conviction, that there was nothing in the world so utterly desirable as that tall and fair-haired girl slowly descending the stairs. In the midst of his tumultuous feeling a trivial thought occurred to him: "I am shot through the heart by the blind archer," he said to himself; and he no longer laughed at the old-fashioned symbol of the sudden and fatal power of love.

But with all this tumult of joy in the senses waking up to their allegiance, there came a certain reserve. The goddess-like creature who had so suddenly become the mistress of his soul was a very serious personage to confront in her new majesty. He did not follow the impulse of his heart and rush forward as she entered the room. He merely rose and bowed. She made the faintest possible salutation, and, without taking a seat, conveyed her mother's excuses in a tone of such studied coldness that it amused Farnham, who took it as a school-girl's assumption of a grand and ceremonious manner suitable to a tête-à-tête with man.

"Thank you," he said, "but I did not come especially to see your mother. You were more the object of my quest." She did not smile or reply, and he went on, with a slight sensation of chill coming upon him from this

stony dignity, which, the more he observed it, seemed less and less amusing and not at all artificial. "I came to ask if you would not like to go to ride this afternoon. It is just gray enough for comfort."

"I thank you very much for being so kind as to think of me," she replied, "but it will not be convenient for me to go."

"Perhaps the morning will suit better. I will come to-morrow at any hour you say."

"I shall not be able to go to-morrow either, I think."

Even while exchanging these few words, Alice felt herself growing slightly embarrassed, and it filled her with dismay. "I am a poor creature," she thought, "if I cannot get this self-satisfied gentleman out of the house without breaking down. I can't stand here forever though," and so she took a seat, and, as Arthur resumed his willow chair with an air of content, she could not but feel that as yet the skirmish was not in her favor. She called her angry spirit to her aid, and nerved herself to say something which would promptly close the interview.

His next words gave her the opportunity.

"But you surely do not intend to give up riding altogether?"

"Certainly not. I hope to ride a good deal. Andrews will go with me."

"Ah! Your objection to me as a groom is entirely personal, then."

"Now for it!" she thought to herself, and she said firmly, "Yes."

But the effort was too great, and after the word was launched her mouth broke up into a nervous smile, for which she despised herself, but which she could not control for her life.

Farnham was so pleased with the smile that he cared nothing for the word, and so he continued in a tone of anxious and coaxing good-nature, every word increasing her trouble:

"You are wrong as you can be. I am a much better groom than Andrews. He has rather more style, I admit, on account of his Scotch accent and his rheumatism. But I might acquire these. I will be very attentive and respectful. I will ride at a proper distance behind you, if you will occasionally throw a word and a smile over your shoulder at me."

As he spoke, a quick vision flashed upon him of the loveliness of the head and shoulder, and the coil of fair hair which he should have before him if he rode after her, and the illumination of the smile and the word which would occasionally be thrown back to him from these perfect lips and teeth and eyes. His voice trembled with love and eagerness as he pleaded for the privilege of taking her servant's place. Alice no longer dared to interrupt him, and hardly ventured to lift her eyes from the floor. She had come down with the firm purpose of saying something to him which would put an end to all intimacy, and here, before she had been five minutes in his presence, he was talking to her in a way that delighted her ears and her heart. He went rattling on as if fearful that a pause might bring a change of mood. As she rarely looked up, he could feast his eyes upon her face, where now the color was coming and going, and on her shapely hands, which were clasped in her lap. He talked of Colorado as if it were settled that they were to go there together, and they must certainly have some preliminary training in rough riding; and then, merely to make conversation, he spoke of other places that should only be visited on horseback, always claiming in all of them his post of groom. Alice felt her trouble and confusion of spirit passing away as the light stream of talk rippled on. She took little part in it at first, but from monosyllables of assent she passed on to a word of reply from time to time; and before she knew how it happened she was engaged in a frank and hearty interchange of thoughts and fancies, which brought her best faculties into play and made her content with herself, in spite of the occasional intrusion of the idea that she had not been true to herself in letting her just anger die so quickly away.

If Farnham could have seen into the proud and honest heart of the young girl he was talking to, he would have rested on the field he had won, and not tempted a further adventure. Her anger against him had been dissipated by the very effort she had made to give it effect, and she had fallen insensibly into the old relation of good neighborhood and unreserved admiration with which she had always regarded him. She had silenced her scruples by the thought that in talking pleasantly with him she was obeying her mother, and that after all it was not her business to judge him. If he could have known his own best interest, he would have left her then, when her voice and her smile had become gay and unembarrassed according to their wont, with her conscience at ease about his faults, and her mind filled with a pleasant memory of his visit.

But such wisdom was beyond his reach. He had felt suddenly, and once for all, in the last hour, the power and visible presence of his love. He had never in his life been so moved by any passion as he was by the joy that stirred his heart when he heard the rustle of her dress in the hall and saw her white hand resting lightly on the dark wood of

the stairs. As she walked into the parlor, from her face and her hair, from every movement of her limbs, from every flutter of her soft and gauzy garments, there came to him an assertion of her power over him that filled him with a delicious awe. She represented to him, as he had never felt it before, the embodied mystery and majesty of womanhood. During all the long conversation that had followed, he had been conscious of a sort of dual operation of his mind, like that familiar to the eaters of hasheesh. With one part of him he had been carrying on a light and shallow conversation, as an excuse to remain in her presence and to keep his eyes upon her, and with all the more active energies of his being he had been giving himself up to an act of passionate adoration of her. The thoughts that uttered themselves to him, as he chatted about all sorts of indifferent things, were something like these: How can it have ever happened that such beauty, such dignity, such physical perfection could come together in one person, and the best and sweetest heart have met them there? If she knew her value, her pride would ruin her. In her there is everything, and everything else beside: Galatea, the statue, with a Christian soul. She is the best that could fall to any man, but better for me than for any one else. Anybody who sees her must love her, but I was made for nothing else but to love her. This is what mythologies meant. She is Venus: she loves laughter, and her teeth and lips are divine. She is Diana: she makes the night beautiful; she has the eye and the arm of an athlete goddess. But she is a woman: she is Mrs. Belding's daughter Alice. Thank heaven, she lives here. I can call and see her. To-morrow, I shall ride with her. She will love and marry some day like other women. Who is the man who shall ever kiss her between those straight brows? And fancies more audacious and extravagant fed the fever of his heart as he talked deliberate small talk, still holding his hat and whip in his hand.

He knew it was time he should go, but could not leave the joy of his eyes and ears. At last his thoughts, like a vase too full, ran over into speech. It was without premeditation, almost without conscious intention. The under-tone simply became dominant and overwhelmed the frivolous surface talk. She had been talking of her mother's plans of summer travel, and he suddenly interrupted her by saying in the most natural tone in the world: "I must see your mother before she decides. I hope you will make no plans without me. I shall go where you go. I shall never be away from you again, if I can help it. No, no, do not frown about it. I must tell you. I love you; my whole life is yours."

She felt terribly shocked and alarmed, not so much at his words as at her own agitation. She feared for a moment she could not rise from her seat, but she did so with an effort. He rose and approached her, evidently daunted by her inflexible face; for the crisis had brought a momentary self-control with it, and she looked formidable with her knit brows and closed lips.

"Do not go," he pleaded. "Do not think I have been wanting in respect and consideration. I could not help saying what I did. I cannot live without you any more than I can without light and sunshine. I ought to have waited and not startled you. But I have only begun to live since I loved you, and I feel I must not waste time."

She was deeply disturbed at these wild and whirling words, but still bore herself bravely. She felt her heart touched by the vibration of his ardent speech, but her maiden instinct of self-defense enabled her to stand on her guard. Though beaten by the storm of his devotion, she said to herself that she could get away if she could keep from crying or sobbing, and one thought which came to her with the swiftness of lightning gave her strength to resist. It was this: "If I cry, he will take me in his arms, and we shall repeat the tableau mamma saw in the rose-house."

Strong in that stimulating thought, she said: "I am too sorry to hear you say these things. You know how much we have always thought of you. If you forget all this, and never repeat it, we may still be friends. But if you renew this subject, I will never speak to you again alone, as long as I live."

He began to protest; but she insisted, with the calm cruelty of a woman who sees her advantage over the man she loves. "If you say another word, it is the end of our acquaintance, and perhaps it is best that it should end. We can hardly be again as we were."

Farnham was speechless, like one waked in the cold air out of a tropical dream. He had been carried on for the last hour in a whirlwind of emotion, and now he had met an obstacle against which it seemed that nothing could be done. If he had planned his avowal, he might have been prepared for rejection; but he had been hurried into it with no thought of what the result would be, and he was equally unprovided for either issue. In face of the unwavering voice and bearing of Alice, who seemed ten times more beautiful than ever as she stood before him as steady and unresponsive as a young Fate, his hot speech seemed suddenly smitten powerless. He only said:

"It shall be as you wish. If I ever offend you again, I will take my punishment upon myself and get out of your way."

She did not dare to say another word, for fear it would be too kind. She gave him her hand; it was soft and warm as he pressed it; and if he had only known how much softer and warmer her heart was, he would have covered her hand with a thousand kisses. But he bowed and took his leave, and she stood by the lattice and saw him go away, with eyes full of tears and a breast filled with the tenderest ruth and pity—for him and for herself.

XI.

THE SANTA RITA SHERRY.

FARNHAM walked down the path to the gate, then turned to go to his own house, with no very definite idea of what direction he was taking. The interview he had just had was still powerfully affecting his senses. He was conscious of no depression from the prompt and decided refusal he had received. He was like a soldier in his first battle who has got a sharp wound which does not immediately cripple him, the perception of which is lost in the enjoyment of a new, keen, and enthralling experience. His thoughts were full of his own avowal, of the beauty of his young mistress, rather than of her coldness. Seeing his riding-whip in his hand, he stared at it an instant, and then at his boots, with a sudden recollection that he had intended to ride. He walked rapidly to the stable, where his horse was still waiting, and rode at a brisk trot out of the avenue for a few blocks, and then struck off into a sandy path that led to the woods by the river-side.

As he rode, his thoughts were at first more of himself than of Alice. He exulted over the discovery that he was in love as if some great and unimagined good fortune had happened to him. "I am not past it, then," he said to himself, repeating the phrase which had leaped from his heart when he saw Alice descending the stairs. "I hardly thought that such a thing could ever happen to me. She is the only one." His thoughts ran back to a night in Heidelberg, when he sat in the shadow of the castle wall with a German student of his acquaintance, and looked far over the valley at the lights of the town and the rippling waves of the Neckar, silvered by the soft radiance of the summer moon.

"Poor Hammerstein! How he raved that night about little Bertha von Eichnolz. He called her *Die Einzige* something like a thousand times. It seemed an absurd thing to say; I knew dozens just like her, with blue eyes and Gretchen braids. But Hammerstein meant it, for he shot himself the week after her wedding with the assessor. But mine *is* the Only One—though she is not mine. I would rather love her without hope than be loved by any other woman in the world."

A few days before, he had been made happy by the thought that she was no longer a child; now he took infinite pleasure in the thought of her youth; he filled his mind and his senses with the image of her freshness, her clear, pure color, the outline of her face and form. "She is young and fragrant as spring; she has every bloom and charm of body and soul," he said to himself, as he galloped over the shady woodland road. In his exalted mood, he had almost forgotten how he had left her presence. He delighted in his own roused and wakened passion, as a devotee in his devotions, without considering what was to come of it all. The blood was surging through his veins. He was too strong, his love was too new and wonderful to him, to leave any chance for despair. It was not that he did not consider himself dismissed. He felt that he had played a great stake foolishly, and lost. But the love was there, and it warmed and cheered his heart, like a fire in a great hall, making even the gloom noble.

He was threading a bridle-path which led up a gentle ascent to a hill overlooking the river, when his horse suddenly started back with a snort of terror as two men emerged from the thicket and grasped at his rein. He raised his whip to strike one of them down; the man dodged, and his companion said, "None o' that, or I'll shoot your horse." The sun had set, but it was yet light, and he saw that the fellow had a cocked revolver in his hand.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to stop where you are and go back," said the man, sullenly.

"Why should I go back? My road lies the other way. You step aside and let me pass."

"You can't pass this way. Go back, or I'll make you," the man growled, shifting his pistol to his left hand and seizing Farnham's rein with his right. His intention evidently was to turn the horse around and start him down the path by which he had come. Farnham saw his opportunity and struck the hand that held the pistol a smart blow. The weapon dropped, but went off with a loud noise as it fell. The horse reared and plunged, but the man held firmly to the rein. His companion, joined by two or three other rough-looking men who rushed from the thicket, seized the

horse and held him firmly, and pulled Farnham from the saddle. They attempted no violence and no robbery. The man who had held the pistol, a black-visaged fellow with a red face and dyed mustache, after rubbing his knuckles a moment, said: "Let's take it out o' the —— whelp!" But another, to whom the rest seemed to look as a leader, said: "Go slow, Mr. Bowersox; we want no trouble here."

Farnham at this addressed the last speaker and said, "Can you tell me what all this means? You don't seem to be murderers. Are you horse-thieves?"

"Nothing of the kind," said the man. "We are Reformers."

Farnham gazed at him with amazement. He was a dirty-looking man, young and sinewy, with long and oily hair and threadbare clothes, shiny and unctuous. His eyes were red and furtive. and he had a trick of passing his hand over his mouth while he spoke. His mates stood around him, listening rather stupidly to the conversation. They seemed of the lower class of laboring men. Their appearance was so grotesque, in connection with the lofty title their chief had given them, that Farnham could not help smiling, in spite of his anger.

"What is your special line of reform?" he asked,—"spelling, or civil service?"

"We are Labor Reformers," said the spokesman. "We represent the toiling millions against the bloated capitalists and grinding monopolies; we believe that man is better——"

"Yes, no doubt," interrupted Farnham; "but how are you going to help the toiling millions by stopping my horse on the highway?"

"We was holding a meeting which was kep' secret for reasons satisfactory to ourselves. These two gentlemen was posted here to keep out intruders from the lodge. If you had 'a' spoke civil to them, there would have been no harm done. None will be done now if you want to go."

Farnham at once mounted his horse. "I would take it as a great favor," he said, "if you would give me your name and that of the gentleman with the pistol. Where is he, by the way?" he continued. The man they called Bowersox had disappeared from the group around the spokesman. Farnham turned and saw him a little distance away directly behind him. He had repossessed himself of his pistol and held it cocked in his hand.

"What do you want of our names?" the spokesman asked.

Farnham did not again lose sight of Bowersox. It occurred to him that the interview might as well be closed. He therefore said, carelessly, without turning:

"A man has a natural curiosity to know the names of new acquaintances. But no matter, I suppose the police know you."

As he walked his horse away from the group, he came so near to Bowersox, who stood at the right of the path, that he almost touched him. He could not resist the temptation of striking his hand again with his clubbed whip. The weapon dropped and went off harmlessly as before, and Bowersox leaped to pick it up, cursing with rage and pain. But in an instant Farnham was out of sight in the thickly wooded path.

Bowersox turned to Offitt in his baffled fury. "Why in —— did you let him go? I could have knocked his head off and nobody knowed it."

"Yes," said Offitt, coolly, "and got hung for it."

"It would have been self-defense," said Bowersox. "He hit me first."

"Well, gentlemen," said Offitt, "that closes up Greenwood Lodge. We can't meet in this grass any more. I don't suppose he knows any of us by sight, or he'd have us up tomorrow."

"It was a piece of —— nonsense, comin' out here, anyhow," growled Bowersox, unwilling to be placated. "You haven't done a —— thing but lay around on the grass and eat peanuts and hear Bott chin."

"Brother Bott has delivered a splendid address on 'The Religion of Nature,' and he couldn't have had a better hall than the Canopy to give it under," said Offitt. "And now, gentlemen, we'd better get back our own way."

As Farnham rode home he was not much puzzled by his adventure in the woods. He remembered having belonged, when he was a child of ten, to a weird and mysterious confraternity called "Early Druids," which met in the depths of groves, with ill-defined purposes, and devoted the hours of meeting principally to the consumption of confectionery. He had heard for the past few months of the existence of secret organizations of working-men, and guessed at once that he had disturbed a lodge of one of these clubs. His resentment did not last very long at the treatment to which he had been subjected; but still he thought it was not a matter of jest to have the roads obstructed by ruffians with theories in their heads and revolvers in their hands, neither of which they knew how to use. He therefore promised himself to consult with the chief of police the next morning in regard to the matter.

As he rode along, thinking of the occurrence, he was dimly conscious of a pleasant suggestion in something he had seen among

the hazel brush, and searching tenaciously in his recollection of the affair, it all at once occurred to him that, among the faces of the men who came out of the thicket in the scuffle, was that of the blonde-bearded, blue-eyed young carpenter who had been at work in his library the day Mrs. Belding and Alice lunched with him. He was pleased to find that the pleasant association led him to memories of his love, but for a moment a cloud passed over him at the thought of so frank and hearty a fellow and such a good workman being in such company. "I must see if I cannot get him out of it," he said to himself, and then reverted again to thoughts of Alice.

Twilight was falling, and its melancholy influence was beginning to affect him. He thought less and less of the joy of his love and more of its hopelessness. By the time he reached his house he had begun to confront the possibility of a life of renunciation, and, after the manner of Americans of fortune who have no special ties, his mind turned naturally to Europe. "I cannot stay here to annoy her," he thought, and so began to plot for the summer and winter, and, in fancy, was at the second cataract of the Nile before his horse's hoofs, ringing on the asphalt of the stable-yard, recalled him to himself.

The next day, he was compelled to go to New York to attend to some matters of business. Before taking the train, he laid his complaint of being stopped on the road before the chief of police, who promised to make vigorous inquisition. Farnham remained ten days in New York, and on his return, one warm, bright evening, he found his table prepared and the grave Budsey waiting behind his chair.

He ate his dinner hastily and in silence, with no great zest. "You have not forgot, sir," said Budsey, who was his external conscience in social matters, "that you are going this evening to Mrs. Temple's?"

"I think I shall not go."

"Mr. Temple was here this afternoon, sir, which he said it was most particular. I asked him would he call again. He said no, he was sure of seeing you to-night. But it was most particular, he said."

Budsey spoke in the tone of solemn and respectful tyranny which he always assumed when reminding Farnham of his social duties, and which conveyed a sort of impression to his master that, if he did not do what was befitting, his butler was quite capable of picking him up and deferentially carrying him to the scene of festivity, and depositing him on the door-step.

"What could Temple want to see me about 'most particular'?" Farnham asked himself. "After all, I may as well pass the evening there as anywhere."

Mr. Temple was one of the leading citizens of Buffland. He was the vice-president of the great rolling-mill company, whose smoke darkened the air by day and lighted up the skies at night as with the flames of the nether pit. He was very tall and very slender, with reddish-brown hair, eyes, and mustache. Though a man of middle age, his trim figure, his fashionable dress, and his clean-shaven cheek and chin gave him an appearance of youth. He was president of the local jockey club, and the joy of his life was to take his place in the judges' stand, and sway the destinies of the lean, keen-faced trainers who drove the trotting horses. He had the eye of a lynx for the detection of any crookedness in driving, and his voice would ring out over the track like the trump of doom, conveying fines and penalties to the luckless trickster who was trying to get some unfair advantage in the start. His voice, a deep basso, rarely was heard, in fact, anywhere else. Though excessively social, he was also extremely silent. He gave delightful dinner-parties and a great many of them, but rarely spoke, except to recommend an especially desirable wine to a favored guest. When he did speak, however, his profanity was phenomenal. Every second word was an oath. To those who were not shocked by it there was nothing more droll and incongruous than to hear this quiet, reserved, well-dressed, gentleman-like person pouring out, on the rare occasions when he talked freely, in a deep, measured, monotonous tone, a flood of imprecations which would have made a pirate hang his head. He had been, as a boy, clerk on a Mississippi River steam-boat, and a vacancy occurring in the office of mate, he had been promoted to that place. His youthful face and quiet speech did not sufficiently impose upon the rough deck-hands of that early day. They had been accustomed to harsher modes of address, and he saw his authority defied and in danger. So he set himself seriously to work to learn to swear; and though at first it made his heart shiver a little with horror and his cheek burn with shame, he persevered, as a matter of business, until his execrations amazed the roustabouts. When he had made a fortune, owned a line of steam-boats, and finally retired from the river, the habit had been fastened upon him, and oaths became to him the only form of emphatic speech. The hardest work he ever did in his life was, while courting his wife, a Miss Flora Ballston, of Cincinnati, to keep from mingling his ordinary forms of emphasis in his asseverations of

affection. But after he was married, and thrown more and more into the company of women, that additional sense, so remarkable in men of that mold, came to him, and he never lapsed, in their presence, into his natural way of speech. Perhaps this was the easier, as he rarely spoke at all when they were by—not that he was in the least shy or timid, but because they, as a rule, knew nothing about stocks, or pig-iron, or wine, or trotting horses,—the only subjects, in his opinion, which could interest any reasonable creature.

When Farnham arrived at his house, it was already pretty well filled with guests. Mr. and Mrs. Temple were at the door, shaking hands with their friends as they arrived, she with a pleasant smile and word from her black eyes and laughing mouth, and he in grave and speechless hospitality.

"Good evening, Mr. Farnham!" said the good-natured lady. "So glad to see you. I began to be alarmed. So did the young ladies. They were afraid you had not returned. Show yourself in the drawing-room and dispel their fears. Oh, Mr. Harrison, I am so glad you resolved to stay over."

Farnham gave way to the next comer, and said to Mr. Temple, who had pressed his hand in silence:

"Did you want to see me for anything special to-day?"

Mrs. Temple looked up at the word, and her husband said:

"No; I merely wanted you to take a drive with me."

Another arrival claimed Mrs. Temple's attention, and as Farnham moved away Temple half-whispered in his ear, "Don't go away till I get a chance to speak to you. There is merry and particular bloom of —— to pay."

The phrase, while vivid, was not descriptive, and Farnham could not guess what it meant. Perhaps something had gone wrong in the jockey club; perhaps Goldsmith Maid was off her feed; perhaps pig-iron had gone up or down a dollar a ton. These were all subjects of profound interest to Temple and much less to Farnham; so he waited patiently the hour of revelation, and looked about the drawing-room to see who was there.

It was the usual drawing-room of provincial cities. The sofas and chairs were mostly occupied by married women, who drew a scanty entertainment from gossip with each other, from watching the proceedings of the spinsters, and chiefly, perhaps, from a consciousness of good clothes. The married men stood grouped in corners and talked of their every-day affairs. The young people clustered together in little knots governed more or less by natural selection—only the veterans of several seasons pairing off into the discreet retirement of stairs and hall angles. At the further end of the long drawing-room, Farnham's eyes at last lighted upon the object of his quest. Alice sat in the midst of a group of young girls who had intrenched themselves in a corner of the room, and defied all the efforts of skirmishing youths, intent upon flirtation, to dislodge them. They seemed to be amusing themselves very well together, and the correct young men in white cravats and pointed shoes came, chatted, and drifted away. They were the brightest and gayest young girls of the place; and it would have been hard to detect any local color in them. Young as they were, they had all had seasons in Paris and in Washington; some of them knew the life of that most foreign of all capitals, New York. They nearly all spoke French and German better than they did English, for their accent in those languages was very sweet and winning in its incorrectness, while their English was high-pitched and nasal and a little too loud in company. They were as pretty as girls are anywhere, and they wore dresses designed by Mr. Worth, or his New York rivals, Loque and Chiffon; but they occasionally looked across the room with candid and intelligent envy at maidens of less pretensions who were better dressed by the local artists.

Farnham was stopped at some distance from the pretty group by a buxom woman standing near the open window, cooling the vast spread of her bare shoulders in a current of air, which she assisted in its office with a red-and-gold Japanese fan.

"Captain Farnham," she said, "when are you going to give that lawn-tennis party you promised so long ago? My character for veracity depends on it. I have told everybody it would be soon, and I shall be disgraced if it is delayed much longer."

"That is the common lot of prophets, Mrs. Adipson," replied Farnham. "You know they say in Wall street that early and exclusive information will ruin any man. But tell me, how is your club getting on?" he continued disingenuously, for he had not the slightest interest in the club; but he knew that once fairly started on the subject, Mrs. Adipson would talk indefinitely, and he might stand there and torture his heart and delight his eyes with the beauty of Alice Belding.

He carried his abstraction a little too far, however, for the good lady soon perceived, from his wandering looks and vague replies, that she was not holding his attention. So she

pettishly released him, after following the direction of his eyes, and said, "There, I see you are crazy to go and talk to Miss Dallas. I wont detain you. She *is* awfully clever, I suppose, though she never took the trouble to be brilliant in my presence; and she is pretty when she wears her hair that way—I never liked those frizzes."

Farnham accepted his release with perhaps a little more gratitude than courtesy, and moved away to take a seat which had just been vacated beside Miss Dallas. He was filled with a boyish delight in Mrs. Adipson's error. "That she should think I was worshiping Miss Dallas from afar! Where do women keep their eyes? To think that anybody should look at Miss Dallas when Alice Belding was sitting beside her." It was pleasant to think, however, that the secret of his unhappy love was safe. Nobody was gossiping about it, and using the name of his beloved in idle conjectures. That was as it should be. His love was sacred from rude comment. He could go and sit by Miss Dallas, so near his beloved that he could see every breath move the lace on her bosom. He could watch the color come and go on her young cheek. He could hear every word her sweet voice uttered, and nobody would know he was conscious of her existence.

Full of this thought, he sat down by Miss Dallas, who greeted him warmly and turned her back upon her friends. By looking over her shining white shoulder, he could see the clear, pure profile of Alice just beyond, so near that he could have laid his hand on the crinkled gold of her hair. He then gave himself up to that duplex act to which all unavowed lovers are prone—the simultaneous secret worship of one woman and open devotion to another. It never occurred to him that there was anything unfair in this, or that it would be as reprehensible to throw the name of Miss Dallas into the arena of gossip as that of Miss Belding. That was not his affair; there was only one person in the universe to be considered by him. And for Miss Dallas's part, she was the last person in the world to suspect any one of being capable of the treason and bad taste of looking over her shoulder at another woman. She was, by common consent, the belle of Buffland. Her father was a widowed clergyman, of good estate, of literary tendencies, of enormous personal vanity, who had abandoned the pulpit in a quarrel with his session several years before, and now occupied himself in writing poems and sketches of an amorous and pietistic nature, which in his opinion embodied the best qualities of Swinburne and Chalmers combined, but which the magazines had thus far steadily refused to print.

He felt himself infinitely superior to the society of Buffland,—with one exception,—and only remained there because his property was not easily negotiable and required his personal care. The one exception was his daughter Euphrasia. He had educated her after his own image. In fact, there was a remarkable physical likeness between them, and he had impressed upon her every trick of speech and manner and thought which characterized himself. This is the young lady who turns her bright, keen, beautiful face upon Farnham, with eyes eager to criticise, a tongue quick to flatter and to condemn, a head stuffed full of poetry and artificial passion, and a heart saved from all danger by its idolatry of her father and herself.

"So glad to see you—one sees so little of you—I can hardly believe my good fortune—how have I this honor?" All this in hard, rapid sentences, with a brilliant smile.

Farnham thought of the last words of Mrs. Adipson, and said, intrepidly, "Well, you know the poets better than I do, Miss Euphrasia, and there is somebody who says, 'Beauty draws us by the simple way she does her hair'—or something like it. That Greek knot was the first thing I saw as I entered the room, and *me voici!*"

We have already said that the fault of Farnham's conversation with women was the soldier's fault of direct and indiscriminate compliment. But this was too much in Euphrasia's manner for her to object to it. She laughed and said, "You deserve a *pensum* of fifty lines for such a misquotation. But, *dites-donc, monsieur*"—for French was one of her favorite affectations, and when she found a man to speak it with, she rode the occasion to death. There had been a crisis in the French ministry a few days before, and she now began a voluble conversation on the subject, ostensibly desiring Farnham's opinion on the crisis, but really seizing the opportunity of displaying her familiarity with the names of the new cabinet. She talked with great spirit and animation, sometimes using her fine eyes point-blank upon Farnham, sometimes glancing about to observe the effect she was creating; which gave Farnham his opportunity to sigh his soul away over her shoulder to where Alice was sweetly and placidly talking with her friends.

She had seen him come in, and her heart had stood still for a moment; but her feminine instinct sustained her, and she had not once glanced in his direction. But she was conscious of every look and action of his; and when he approached the corner where she was sitting, she felt as if a warm and em-

barrassing ray of sunshine was coming near her. She was at once relieved and disappointed when he sat down by Miss Dallas. She thought to herself: "Perhaps he will never speak to me again. It is all my fault. I threw him away. But it was not my fault. It was his—it was hers. I do not know what to think. He might have let me alone. I liked him so much. I have only been a month out of school. What shall I do if he never speaks to me again?" Yet such is the power which, for self-defense, is given to young maidens that, while these tumultuous thoughts were passing through her mind, she talked and laughed with the girls beside her, and exchanged an occasional word with the young men in pointed shoes, as if she had never known a grief or a care.

Mr. Furrey came up to say good-evening, with his most careful bow. Lowering his voice, he said:

"There's Miss Dallas and Captain Farnham flirting in Italian."

"Are you sure they are flirting?"

"Of course they are. Just look at them!"

"If you are sure they are flirting, I don't think it is right to look at them. Still, if you disapprove of it very much, you might speak to them about it," she suggested, in her sweet, low, serious voice.

"Oh, that would never do for a man of my age," replied Furrey, in good faith. He was very vain of his youth.

"What I wanted to speak to you about was this," he continued. "There is going to be a Ree-gatta on the river the day after to-morrow, and I hope you will grant me the favor of your company. The Wissagewissametts are to row with the Chippagowaxems, and it will be the finest race this year. Billy Raum, you know, is stroke of the ——"

Her face was still turned to him, but she had ceased to listen. She was lost in contemplation of what seemed to her a strange and tragic situation. Farnham was so near that she could touch him, and yet so far away that he was lost to her forever. No human being knew, or ever would know, that a few days ago he had offered her his life, and she had refused the gift. Nobody in this room was surprised that he did not speak to her, or that she did not look at him. Nobody dreamed that he loved her, and she would die, she resolved deliberately, before she would let anybody know that she loved him. "For I do love him with my whole heart," she said to herself, with speechless energy which sent the blood up to her temples, and left her, in another instant, as pale as a lily.

Furrey at that moment had concluded his enticing account of the regatta, and she had quietly declined to accompany him. He moved away, indignant at her refusal and puzzled by the blush which accompanied it.

"What did that mean?" he mused. "I guess it was because I said the crews rowed in short sleeves."

Farnham also saw the blush, in the midst of a disquisition which Miss Dallas was delivering upon a new poem of François Coppée. He saw the clear, warm color rise and subside like the throbbing of an auroral light in a starry night. He thought he had never seen anything so lovely, but he wondered "what that oaf could have said to make her blush like that. Can it be possible that he—" His brow knitted with anger and contempt.

"*Mais, qu'est-ce que vous avez donc?*" asked Euphrasia.

Farnham was saved from the necessity of an explanation by Mr. Temple, who came up at that moment, and, laying a hand on Arthur's shoulder, said:

"Now we will go into my den and have a glass of that sherry. I know no less temptation than Tio Pepe could take you away from Miss Dallas."

"Thank you awfully," said the young lady. "Why should you not give Miss Dallas herself an opportunity to decline the Tio Pepe?"

"Miss Dallas shall have some champagne in a few minutes, which she will like very much better. Age and wickedness are required to appreciate sherry."

"Ah! I congratulate your sherry; it is about to be appreciated," said the deserted beauty, tartly, as the men moved away.

They entered the little room which Temple called his den, which was a litter of letter-books, stock-lists, and the advertising pamphlets of wine-merchants. The walls were covered with the portraits of trotting horses; a smell of perpetual tobacco was in the air. Temple unlocked a cupboard and took out a decanter and some glasses. He filled two, and gave one to Arthur and held the other under his nose.

"Farnham," he said, with profound solemnity, "if you don't call that the —" (I decline to follow him in the pyrotechnical combination of oaths with which he introduced the next words)—"best sherry you ever saw, then I'm a converted pacer with the ringbone."

Arthur drank his wine, and did not hesitate to admit all that its owner had claimed for it. He had often wondered how such a man as Temple had acquired such an unerring taste.

"Temple," he said, "how did you ever pick up this wine; and, if you will excuse the question, how did you know it when you got it?"

Temple smiled, evidently pleased with the question. "You've been in Spain, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Farnham.

"You know this is the genuine stuff, then?"

"No doubt of it."

"*How* do you know?"

"The usual way—by seeing and drinking it at the tables of men who know what they are about."

"Well, I have never been out of the United States, and yet I have learned about wine in just the same way. I commenced in New Orleans among the old Spanish and French creoles, and have kept it up since, here and there. I can see in five minutes whether a man knows anything about his wine. If he does, I remember every word he says—that is my strong point—head and tongue. I can't remember sermons and speeches, but I can remember every syllable that Sam Ward said one night at your grandfather's ten years ago; and if I have once tasted a good wine, I never forget its fashion of taking hold."

This is an expurgated edition of what he said; his profanity kept up a running accompaniment, like soft and distant rolling thunder.

"I got this wine at the sale of the Marquis of Santa Rita. I heard you speak of him, I don't know how long ago, and the minute I read in the paper that he had turned up his toes, I cabled the consul at Cadiz—you know him, a wild Irishman named Calpin—to go to the sale of his effects and get this wine. He cabled back, 'What shall I pay?' I answered, 'Read your dispatch again: Get means get!' Some men have got no sense. I did not mind the price of the wine, but it riled me to have to pay for the two cables."

He poured out another glass and drank it drop by drop, getting, as he said, "the worth of his money every time."

"Have some more?" he said to Farnham.

"No, thank you."

"Then I'll put it away. No use of giving it to men who would prefer sixty-cent whiskey."

Having done this, he turned again to Farnham, and said, "I told you the Old Boy was to pay. This is how. The labor unions have ordered a general strike; day not fixed; they are holding meetings all over town to-night. I'll know more about it after midnight."

"What will it amount to?" asked Farnham.

"Keen savey?" replied Temple, in his Mississippi River Spanish. "The first thing will be the closing of the mills, and putting anywhere from three thousand to ten thousand men on the streets. Then, if the strike gains the railroad men, we shall be embargoed. —— boiling, and safety-valve riveted down."

Farnham had no thought of his imperiled interests. He began instantly to conjecture what possibility of danger there might be of a disturbance of public tranquillity, and to wish that the Beldings were out of town.

"How long have you known this?" he asked.

"Only certainly for a few hours. The thing has been talked about more or less for a month, but we have had our own men in the unions and did not believe it would come to an extremity. To-day, however, they brought ugly reports; and I ought to tell you that some of them concern you."

Farnham lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"We keep men to loaf with the tramps and sleep in the boozing kens. One of them told me to-day that at the first serious disturbance a lot of bad eggs among the strikers—not the unionists proper, but a lot of loose fish—intend to go through some of the principal houses on Algonquin Avenue, and they mentioned yours as one of them."

"Thank you. I will try to be ready for them," said Farnham. But, cool and tried as was his courage, he could not help remembering, with something like dread, that Mrs. Belding's house was next to his own, and that in case of riot the two might suffer together.

"There is one thing more I wanted to say," Mr. Temple continued, with a slight embarrassment. "If I can be of any service to you, in case of a row, I want to be allowed to help."

"As to that," Farnham said with a laugh, "you have your own house and stables to look after, which will probably be as much as you can manage."

"No," said Temple, earnestly, "that aint the case. I will have to explain to you"—and a positive blush came to his ruddy face. "They wont touch me or my property. They say a man who uses such good horses and such bad language as I do—that's just what they say—is one of them, and sha'n't be racketed. I aint very proud of my popularity, but I am willing to profit by it, and I'll come around and see you if anything more turns up. Now, we'll go and give Phrasy Dallas that glass of champagne."

(To be continued.)

[Begun in the February number.]

A WOMAN'S REASON.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

XX.

At first, Fenton's arrival on the island had seemed—like the breaking of the steamer's shaft, the storm, the shipwreck, the escape to the reef, and the voyage in the open boat—one step in a series in which there was no arrest, and in which there was at least the consolation of movement from point to point. But this consolation ceased with his last glimpse of the sail, in which all hope of escape fainted and died; and it did not revisit him when he gathered courage to explore the fairy solitude of the atoll. It was so small as to have been abandoned even by the savages of those seas, who forsake their over-peopled islands and wander from reef to reef in search of other homes; and it would never be visited from the world to which he had belonged. The whalers that sometimes stop for water at the coral islands would not touch at this little point of land, lifted, like a flower among its thorns, above those perilous rocks. It had probably never been laid down on any chart; in a century which had explored every part of the globe, it must be a spot unknown to civilized men. The soil showed like snow through the vegetation that thinly covered it, and the perpetual green on white repeated itself in the trailing vines that overran the coral blocks, with narrow spaces of sea between, which Fenton leaped, in his round of the island, to find himself again and again on the white soil of the groves, through which the palm struck its roots and anchored itself fast to the reef. At the highest point, the land rose fifteen feet above the sea; at the widest place, it measured a hundred yards; and if he had fetched a compass of the whole, he would have walked less than two miles. They should not starve; the palms would yield them abundant fruit through the unvarying year; the sea, he knew, was full of fish. As he emerged from the grove at the point where he had started, Giffen called out to him, "What's that on the tree right by your shoulder?" Fenton looked round, and the bright blossom near him turned into a bird. He put out his hand; it did not move; and when he lifted it from its perch, it rested fearlessly on his palm. He flung it from him with a sickening sensation, and Giffen came running toward him.

"Hallo! what's the matter?" demanded Fenton.

"I thought mebbe it was poison!"

"There's nothing to kill us here," Fenton replied. "Come, we must begin to live."

The sailors had left behind the remnant of the bag of flour and the peas and beans. Giffen had carried them up to the hut, and one day Fenton found that he had made a garden and planted it with them. They came up quickly, and then, as if the soil lacked vitality, they withered away, all but a vine sprung from a seed that Giffen found among the peas. He tenderly cherished this vine, which he hoped would prove a musk-melon, or at least a cucumber; in due time it turned out a gourd. "My luck," he said, and gathered his gourds for drinking-cups.

In the maze which had deepened upon Fenton, the whole situation had an unreality, as of something read long ago and half forgotten, and now slowly recalled, point by point; and there were moments of the illusion in which it was not he who was imprisoned there on that unknown island, but the hero of adventures whom he had envied and admired in boyhood, or known in some romance of later life. The gun and the cartridges which they treasured so carefully after they found traces of a former savage habitation; the tools which they had brought from the wreck, and which they used in shaping the timbers for their hut; the palm-leaves they plucked for its thatch; the nuts they gathered for their food and drink; the fishing-lines they twisted from the fiber of the cocoa-bark; the hooks they carved from the bones of the birds they ate; and the traps they set for game when the wild things, once so tame, began to grow wary; their miserable economies of clothing; the rude arts by which they fashioned plates from shells, and cooking utensils from the clay they found in sinking their well; the vats they made to evaporate the sea water for its salt,—all these things

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seemed the well-worn properties and stock experiences of the castaways of fiction; he himself the figment of some romancer's brain, with which the author was toying for the purposes of his plot, to be duly rescued and restored to the world when it should serve the exigency of the tale. Once, when this notion was whimsically repeating itself to Fenton in the silence and solitude, it brought a smile to his haggard face, and when Giffen asked him what the matter was, he told him.

"No," said Giffen, "it aint much like *us*."

That two modern men should be lost out of a world so knit together with telegraphs and railroads and steam-ships, that it seemed as if a whisper at any point must be audible at all others, was too grotesque a fact, too improbable for acceptance. It was not like them, and it was not like any one he could think of; and when he tried to imagine some contemporary and acquaintance in his case, it became even more impossible than when he supposed it of himself.

There were ironical moods in which he amused himself with the carefully ascertained science of the story-tellers as he recalled it, and in which he had a fantastic interest in noting how near and yet how far from the truth their study came. But there were other times when the dreary sense of the hackneyed character of the situation overpowered him, and he dropped his work and lay with his face in the sand, helpless and hopeless, for hours, sick of the repetition of such stale inventions. There was no greater reality in it all when he recalled the narratives of men actually cast away on desert islands, though there were moments when the sum of what they had suffered seemed to accumulate itself upon his soul, and his heart and hand were heavy with their sorrows.

Yet, in spite of all, the simple and wholesome conditions of his life were restoring him to physical health, which reacted upon his mind at last; and one morning he woke with a formless, joyful expectation that was like a hope. It was merely the habit of hope, reviving from a worn-out despair, but he sprang to his feet with a buoyancy of soul that he had not known since the storm first began to close round the *Meteor*.

Hitherto, the thought of Helen had been fruitless torment, which he banished when he could; but now, all at once, he found it an inspiration and an incentive; he thought of her gladly; she seemed to call him.

He left Giffen to kindle the fire for their breakfast, and ran down to the lagoon for a morning bath. The sun shone on a long black object that stretched across the main channel from the sea, and swimming out to it, he found it the trunk of a tree which had drifted to their island. With Giffen's help he got it inside the reef and floated it to their beach, and he could not rest till they had dragged it up out of the water. It was a message from the world they had lost and the promise of rescue and return to it. At the bottom of his heart, he knew that it might have drifted a thousand miles before it reached them, but it was as easy to believe that it came from land within a day's sail. It was of a timber unknown to the atolls; the pebbles that it held in the net-work of its roots were from shores where there were hills and rivers, from peopled shores that they might reach if they had any craft in which they could venture to sea.

Giffen walked up and down beside the log and examined it critically, stooping aside, and glancing at it as if to make sure of its soundness in every part.

"Well?" demanded Fenton.

"Chop it along the top, and shape it up at the ends, and dig it out; and maybe we can fix some sort of outrigger to it, like they use on their canoes around here. I've seen pictures of 'em."

He made the suggestion with melancholy diffidence; but Fenton caught at it eagerly. The wood was very hard, and it cost them weeks of labor, with the tools they had, before they were ready to launch their canoe upon the lagoon. But even in those placid waters it proved hopelessly unseaworthy. Some fatal defect of construction which their skill could not remedy disabled it, and it capsized with Giffen, who was caught in the outrigger, and with difficulty saved from drowning by Fenton.

"Well, sir," he said, as he walked dripping to their hut, "we've got a lot of good firewood in that thing. I believe if you hadn't had me around you could have made it go."

But the idea of escape had taken full possession of Fenton's mind, and the failure of the canoe turned it all upon another scheme which had begun to haunt it. They had kept a fire burning night and day ever since they had landed on the island to attract the notice of any ship that came in sight; but now Fenton determined to build a tower on the highest point, and light a beacon on it, so that no lookout on those seas could fail of the smoke by day or the flame by night.

"All right," assented Giffen; "it will kind of occupy our minds, any way."

"Don't say that!" cried Fenton, with a pang.

"Well, I wont," returned Giffen, penitently.

The tower was to be not only a beacon

for friendly sail, but a refuge from wandering savages who caught sight of it. They must make it the center of defenses to which they could resort if they were attacked and which they could hold against any such force as would probably land on their atoll.

Fenton drew a plan, and by night-fall they had dug the foundations of their fortress. They burnt some of the coral blocks, which they brought from the reef, for lime, and laid their walls strongly in mortar.

The days passed, and as they toiled together, Fenton had at last the heart to talk to his fellow-castaway of the world to which they were preparing to return. He found that to speak of his affairs in that world made it not only credible again, but brought it very near. He told Giffen that he was going to be married as soon as he got back to Boston, and that he was going to leave the navy and try to get into some sort of business ashore. He described Helen to his comrade and what she wore when he saw her last; and then he added that she must be in black now, for she had lost her father, who died very suddenly a few days after he sailed.

"I behaved badly," he added, with the feeling that always struggled for utterance when he thought of this, and which it was a relief to speak of now. "We had a misunderstanding, and I came off without saying good-bye to him."

"That was pretty rough," said Giffen. "But you can make it all right when you get back."

"Oh, it's all right now — with her," rejoined Fenton, quickly.

"And with him too, I reckon," suggested his comrade.

"Yes, it must be," sighed Fenton. If the situation was in anywise incomprehensible to Giffen, he did not try to explore it. He remained deferentially content with what Fenton had volunteered, and he was sympathetically patient when Fenton tried to make him understand where Mr. Harkness's house was, by a plan of the Common which he drew on a smooth surface of the plastered wall, with Park street running up one side, and Beacon street along the other, and Beacon Steps ascending from it into the quiet place where the house stood. He made a plot of the house, upstairs and down, with the different rooms marked off: Helen's room at the front; Mr. Harkness's room; the room that he used to have when he came home from school; the parlors, and the library. He lingered fondly on the details; and then he mapped the whole town for Giffen, accurately placing the principal streets and squares and public buildings. He marked the lines of railroad running out of the city, and the different depots. "This," he said, placing the Albany station, "is where you would have to start for Kankakee. It's a little south of Chicago, isn't it? — on one of the lines from Chicago to St. Louis? There's a Kankakee line, isn't there?" He laughed for joy in the assent which seemed to confirm the existence of the places; the sound of the names alone reëstablished them. At times, he stealthily glanced from this work at the rim of the sea, where, as he had been silently making believe while he talked, there *must* be a sail. But he bore the inevitable disappointment patiently and returned enthusiastically to his map; he projected another map in sections, on a larger scale, where the details could be more fully given.

Giffen did not speak much of his own life. It was nothing worth speaking of, he said; but sometimes at night he would drop a hint or scrap of his history, from which Fenton would infer what remained unspoken. It was the career of a feeble nature, constantly pushed to the wall in the struggle of a new country. All his life Giffen had failed. He had always had bad crops, bad partners, bad luck, hard times; if he went away from home to better his condition, he made it worse; when he came back, he found that he would have done better to stay away. He bought on a rising market and sold with the first fall in prices. When a crash came it found him extended; the return of prosperity overtook him without money or credit. He had tried all sorts of things with equal disaster: he had farmed, he had kept store, he had run a saw-mill, he had been a book-agent, and agent for many patent rights. In any other country, he would have remained quietly in some condition of humble dependence; but the unrest of the New World had infected him. He had spent his life in vain experiments and his last venture had been the most ruinous of all. He had sold everything to get the means of going to China, and when the common calamity, that could scarcely be said to have blasted any hopes of his, overtook him, he was coming home little better than a beggar.

Even in that solitude he made Fenton his ideal, with the necessity that is in such natures to form themselves upon some other, and appreciated his confidence and friendship as gratefully as if they had been offered in the midst of men where he must have been chosen out of a multitude for Fenton's kindness. On his part, Fenton learned to admire the fineness of spirit which survived all circumstance in this poor fellow; and when his hopes were highest, he formed plans of doing something for Giffen in the world.

When they had finished their tower and removed into it, he bade him make one more errand to the hut they had abandoned and get fire to light the beacon.

Giffen refused.

"No, sir; better not have any of *my* luck about it."

But he was off early in the day that followed to cut wood for their beacon; and it was he who discovered that they could make the densest smoke by day in drying the fuel for the flame by night.

"Don't you think we ought to do something with that canoe again?" he asked one day.

"No, not yet," answered Fenton. "There'll be time enough for that if the beacon doesn't succeed. But it will succeed." He formlessly felt the need of economizing all the materials of hope within him. If he turned so soon from the beacon to some other device for escape, he knew that he must lose his faith in it, and he could not bear the thought of this loss. He was passionately devoting himself to the belief that it must bring a ship to their rescue. He divided the day and night into regular watches, and whenever he came to relieve Giffen, he questioned him closely as to every appearance of the sea; when he lay down to sleep, he hastened to take upon himself the burden of disappointment with which he must wake by saying to himself: "I know that he will not see anything." He contrived to postpone the anguish of his monotonous failure to conjure any sail out of the empty air by saying, as each week began, that now they must not expect to see anything for at least three days, or five days, or ten days to come. He invented reasons for these repeated procrastinations, but he was angry with Giffen for acquiescing in them; he tried to drive him into some question of them by making them fantastic, and he was childishly happy when Giffen disputed them. Then he urged other and better reasons: if it was fine, he said that nothing but stress of weather would bring them a ship, and that they could only hope for some vessel blown out of her course, like the *Meteor;* when it was stormy, he argued that any vessel sighting their beacon would keep away from it till the storm was past, but would be sure to come back then and see what their fire meant.

"Yes," said Giffen; "but if we are going to keep that fire up at the rate we have for the last three months, we must begin to cut our cocoa palms."

"It isn't three months!" cried Fenton.

Giffen proved the fact by the reckoning he had kept on a block of coral in the tower: the tale of little straight marks, one for each day, was irrefutable.

"Why did you keep that count?" cried Fenton, desperately. "Let the time go, I say, and the quicker it goes, and the sooner we are both dead, the better! Put out the fire; it's no use."

He left Giffen in the tower, and wandered away, as far away as the narrow bounds of his prison would permit. He stopped at a remote point of the island, which he had not visited since the first day when he had hastened to explore the atoll. The hoarse roaring of the surf, that beat incessantly upon the reef, filled the air; the sea was purple all round the horizon, and the sky blue above it; flights of tern and petrel wheeled and shrieked overhead; the sun shone, tempered by the delicate gale, and all things were as they had been half a year ago, as they must be half a year hence, and forever. In a freak of the idle curiosity that sometimes plays on the surface of our deepest and blackest moods, he descended the low plateau to look at a smoother and darker rock which showed itself at the point where the reef began to break away from the white sand. A growth of soft sea-mosses clothed the rock, and it had a fantastic likeness to a boat in shape. The mosses waved back and forth in the water; the rock itself appeared to move, and Fenton fell upon it and clutched it, as if it had been some living thing struggling to escape him. He pulled it up on the sand, and then he sank down beside it, too weak to stir, too weak to cry out; the tears ran down his face like the tears of a sick man's feebleness.

Giffen found him beside the boat, which they righted together without a word.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "I'm glad *you* found her." He went carefully over the places where it had been patched, with a solemn and critical scrutiny. "That's our boat," he added.

"Yes, I thought so," assented Fenton.

"And those fellows—"

Neither of them put into words his conjecture as to the fate of the men who had abandoned them; they accepted in silent awe the chance of escape which this fate, whatever it was, had given them; but late that night, when they lay hopefully sleepless in their tower, Giffen said, "I don't know as they meant to leave us for good. I reckon, if they'd got through all right, they'd have come back for us."

"Yes, we *must* believe that," replied Fenton.

How the boat had reached their atoll, and when, remained the secret of the power that had given it back to them. It was enough

for them that the little craft was not beyond repair. It was thoroughly water-logged, and it must be some time before they could begin work upon it; but they spent this time in preparing material and gathering provisions for their voyage. They stocked it with nuts, and dried and salted fish sufficient to last them for six weeks; they filled Giffen's crop of gourds with water. "More of a tank than cucumbers or musk-melons would have been, after all; and better than cocoa-nuts," he quietly remarked. They were of one mind, whatever happened, never to return to their atoll; they had no other definite purpose; but they talked now as if their escape were certain.

"It stands to reason," said Giffen, "that it's meant for us to get back, or else this boat wouldn't have been sent for us;" and he began to plan a life as remote from the sea as he could make it. "When I put my foot on shore, I aint going to stop walking till I get where salt water is worth six dollars a quart; yes, sir, I'm going to start with an oar on my shoulder; and when some fellow asks me what *that* thing is, I'm going to rest, and not before!"

They built a fire on the tower that would last all day and night, and then they set sail out of the lagoon and through the breakers beyond the reef. The breeze was very light, but the sky was clear, with the promise of indefinite good weather; and before night-fall they saw the plumes of their palms form themselves into the tufts into which they had grown from the points they had first discovered on the horizon; they became points again, and the night softly blotted them from the verge of the ocean.

They had neither compass nor sextant; under strange stars and alien constellations, they were wandering as absolutely at the will of the winds and waves as any savages of those seas. For awhile they saw the light of their beacon duller and paler on the waters where their island had been. This, too, died away, and the night fell around them on the illimitable sea.

Fenton stood the first watch, and when he gave the helm to Giffen, he simply bade him keep the boat before the wind. In the morning, when he took it, he asked if the wind had shifted or freshened, and still kept the boat before it. Toward sunset they sighted a series of points on the horizon, which, as they approached, expanded into the plumage of palms; the long white beach of an atoll grew from the water, and they heard faintly the thunder of the surf along the reef. It looked larger than their own island, and they scanned it anxiously for some sign of human life. But there were no huts under the palms, and no smoke rose above their fronds.

The breeze carried their boat toward the shore, and Fenton decided to pass the night on the atoll. If it were, as it looked, larger than the atoll they had abandoned, it must be known to navigation, and sooner or later it might be visited by ships for water; or the bêche-de-mer, which abounds in the larger reefs, might bring American traders for a freight of the fish for China. They might find traces of European sojourn on the island, and perhaps some hint by which they could profit when they set sail again.

In the failing light they stove their boat on the reef, but the breaker that drove them upon it carried them beyond, and, once in the smooth lagoon, they managed to reach the shore before the boat filled. They pulled her up on the sand, and climbed to the top of the low plateau on which the palms grew; but it was now so dark that they could see nothing, and they waited for the morning to show them the familiar paths and trees of their own atoll and their tower gleaming white through the foliage in the distance. They walked slowly toward it in silence, and when Giffen reached it, he busied himself in searching the ashes of the beacon for some spark of fire. He soon had a blaze; he brought water from the well, and boiled the eggs of the sea-birds, which he gathered from their nests in the sedge. He broke some young cocoa-nuts and poured the milk into the shells they had made for drinking-cups, and then he approached Fenton, where he sat motionless and vacant-eyed, and begged him to eat, humbly, as if he expected some outbreak from him.

"No," said Fenton, quite gently. "But you eat. I'm not hungry."

"I reckon," said Giffen, piteously, "the wind must have changed in the night without my knowing it and brought us right back."

"Very likely," answered Fenton. "But it makes no difference. It was to be, any way."

He hardly knew how the days began to pass again; he no longer thought of escape; but a longing to leave some record of himself in this prison, since he was doomed never to quit it, grew up in his heart, and he wrote on the walls of his tower a letter to Helen, which he conjured the reader, at whatever time he came, to transcribe and send to her. He narrated the facts of his shipwreck and the barren history of his sojourn on the island, his attempt to escape, and his return to it. He tenderly absolved her from all ties and promises, and prayed for her happiness in whatever sort she could find it. In this surrender,

he felt the pang which the dead may be supposed to know when the soul passes into the exile of eternity and sees those it leaves behind inevitably committed to other affections and other cares. Sometimes it seemed to him as if he might really be dead and all his experience of the past year a nightmare of the everlasting sleep.

The tern that were nesting on the atoll when he first landed, and that visited it every six months to rear their young, were now a third time laying their eggs in the tufts of coarse, thin grass. He thought these visits of the birds were annual, and there was nothing in the climate to correct his error or group in fixed periods the lapse of his monotonous days. There was at times more rain, and again less rain; but the change scarcely divided the year into seasons; flower and fruit were there at all times; and spring, summer, autumn, and winter, with their distinct variety, were ideas as alien as hills and valleys and streams, in this little land, raised for the most part scarcely a man's height above the sea, where there could never even be the names of these things in any native tongue. Once or twice the atoll felt the tremor of an earthquake, that perhaps shook continental shores, or perhaps only sent its vibrations along the ocean floor, and lifted, or let fall beneath the waves, some tiny point of land like their own; and once there had fallen a shower of ashes from the clear sky, which must have been carried by a wind-current from some far-off volcano. This, with the log that had drifted to their reef, was their sole message from beyond the wilderness that weltered around them from horizon to horizon, and knew no change but from calm to storm, and then to calm again. The weather was nearly always fair, with light winds or none; and often they saw an approaching cloud divide before it reached their atoll and pass on either hand, leaving it serenely safe between the two paths of the tempest. At last, how long after their return Fenton could not tell, in his indifference to the passage of the weeks and days, a change came over the sky different from any that had portended other storms, and before night a hurricane broke from it that heaped the sea around their island, and drove it across the lagoon and high over the plateau. For two days and nights it beat against the walls of their tower; then the waters went down, and the ravaged atoll rose from the sea again. But when Fenton clambered to the top of the tower, and looked out, he saw that it could no longer be a refuge to them. The trees of the cocoa groves were blown down and flung hither and thither; their tops were twisted off and tossed into the lagoon; their trunks lay tangled and intertwisted, as if they had been straws in the frolic of a whirlwind. The smooth beach of the lagoon was strewn with fragments of coral, torn from the reef and tossed upon it; the grassy level where the sea-birds nested was scattered with their dead bodies, caught among the coarse herbage and beaten into the white sand.

He left Giffen cowering within and ran down from the tower to look for the boat. He found it lodged in a heap of cocoa fronds and wedged fast among some blocks of coral; and he hurrried back with his good news. He met Giffen at the door. "All right," he said to the anxious face. "The boat is safe, and we must get her afloat. You see, we can't stay here."

"No," said Giffen, "we can't stay." He looked drearily out over the wreck of their fairy isle, and then with a sigh he turned into the tower again, and crouched down in the corner where Fenton had left him.

"What's the matter? Are you sick, Giffen?" demanded Fenton.

Giffen did not answer, but rose with a stupid air, and came out into the sun. He shivered, but gathered himself together, and in a dull, mechanical way set about his usual work of getting breakfast. He ate little; but when Fenton had finished, he went with him and helped to cut the boat free. It was hard getting it out of the mass of rocks and boughs, and it was noon before they had dragged her back from the point where the sea had carried her to a free space where they could begin to repair her.

At the end of a week, they had her afloat in the lagoon once more and provisioned from the stores accumulated in the tower.

The morning when they were to set sail, Giffen could not rise from his bed of grass. "I can't go," he said; "I'm sick."

Fenton had seen that he was ailing, with a fear from which he revolted in a frenzy of impatient exertion. If they were but once at sea again, he had crazily reasoned with himself, then they could not help themselves, and, sick or well, they must make the best of it. This illusion failed him now, and he abandoned himself to a cynical scorn of all that had hitherto supported and consoled him. Every act of self-sacrifice, every generous impulse, seemed to him the part of a fool or a madman. Till now, he had thought that he had somehow endured and dared all things for Helen's sake; that anything less than he had done would have been unworthy of her; but now the devil that was uppermost in him mocked him with the suggestion that the best he could ever have done for her was to live for her, and do his utmost to return to

her. As he stood looking at the face of the poor wretch who had twice betrayed him to despair, and who, at last, in this supreme moment, had fallen helpless across the only avenue of escape that remained to him, he trembled with a strong temptation. He turned away and went down to the lagoon beach where the boat swung at anchor, and the sail, on which he had worked late the night before, lay on the sand ready to be stepped. The boat lightly pulled at its moorings on the falling tide, and he felt the strain as if it had been anchored in his heart. He drew it to the shore; he stepped the mast and ran up the sail, which filled and tugged in the morning breeze. He dropped it again and went back to Giffen.

As the days passed, he watched with the sick man, and brought him the water he craved and the food he loathed; there was nothing else to be done. One night, Giffen roused himself from the torpor in which he remained sunken for the most part, and asked: "Did you ever hear that people were not afraid to die when they came to it?"

"I've heard that—yes," said Fenton.

"I just happened to think of it; because this is the first time, since I can remember, that I wasn't afraid. I was awfully afraid to stay with you on that rock when the captain's boat went away; but I aint sorry for it now. No, sir, you've behaved to me like a white man from the start; and now, I'll tell you what I want you to do. I'm all right here—or I *will* be, pretty soon, I reckon—and I don't want you to lose any more time. The boat's ready and now's your last chance. Don't you mind me; I'd only bring you bad luck, any way. If you find land, or a ship picks you up, you can come back and see how I'm getting along."

What had been Fenton's temptation became the burden of the sick man's delirium, and he frantically urged him to go while there was still time. He seemed to wear this notion out through mere iteration, and at last, when he awoke one day, "I dreamt," he said, "that there was a ship!" That night, sleeping or waking, he raved of a ship that had come to take them away. The third morning after, he opened his eyes, and looked into his comrade's face with ominous recovery of intelligence. "Has it come?" he asked, eagerly. "The ship?"

"No, you dreamed it, Giffen," returned Fenton, with a tender compassion unalloyed by self-pity.

"My luck;" said Giffen. He gasped and made a mechanical effort to rise. He gave a sort of cry, and fixed a stare of wild demand on Fenton, who caught him in his arms.

Fenton covered up the dead face with a branch of palm and walked giddily out into the sun. It was rising, a red, rayless ball, and against this disk the figure of a ship seemed printed. He passed his hand over his eyes, but when he took it away, the specter remained. He thought he saw a boat lying at the lagoon beach and her crew advancing up the sand toward him, men with friendly, home-like faces. They wavered and glided in the vision his watch-worn eyes reported to his reeling brain.

Then one of them called out to the wild figure, with matted hair, and long beard, and haggard eyes, that had stopped as if with the impulse to turn and fly, "Hallo!"

A shudder went through Fenton as he stayed himself, and faced the men again. He could not speak, but the men waited. At last, "For God's sake," he gasped, "are you something in a dream?"

"No," replied the leader, with slow gentleness, as if giving the idea consideration. "We're a boat's crew from the whale-ship *Martha Brigham*, of New Bedford, come ashore to see what that smoke means. Who are you?"

XXI.

"I WISH to speak with you, Marian—instantly!" cried Helen, re-appearing at the Butlers'. Marian was alone in her room; Mrs. Butler was lying down, and the younger sisters were on the rocks by the sea, looking across the cove to the rocks on the Wilson place, as if they might hope to rend from them the secret of what had happened when Helen and Lord Rainford met in the Wilson cottage. With the inhumanity of their youth and inexperience they thought it very funny, and they had come away where they could enjoy this sense of it, apart from those to whom it seemed a serious affair.

It had become so serious to Marian, that she quaked in rising to meet Helen, as if she had been rising to meet Helen's ghost, and she no more thought of asking her to sit down than of offering a chair to an apparition.

"I didn't know he was to be there, Helen; indeed I didn't," she made out to say, after the moment in which she had remained fascinated by the intensity of the girl's face.

"Oh, it's long past, that!" cried Helen. "What I wish you to tell me is simply this, Marian Ray: Is your husband part of your whole life, and was he from the very first instant?"

"From the very first instant?"

"That you were married—so that you couldn't think, couldn't consider—whether you cared for him—loved him?"

"Of course! It was all settled long before. Did ——"

"I knew it! And if it isn't settled before, it's no time afterward?"

"What an idea! What *do* you mean, Helen?"

"And it's all false about girls that marry a man because they respect and honor him, and then have a romantic time finding out that they love him?"

"What nonsense! It's the most ridiculous thing in the world! But ——"

"I was sure of it! If there's anything sacred about marrying, it's the love that makes it so; and they might as well marry for money or position!" She hid her face in her hands, and then burst out again: "But I will never have such a hideous thing on *my* conscience—such a ghastly wrong to *him!* He said himself that if I wasn't sure that I cared for Robert, it would have been unjust to marry him; and now how is it better with *him?* It's worse! He said it to comfort me, and it seems monstrous to turn his words against him; but if the truth kills him, he had better die! Yes, a thousand times! And don't suppose I didn't see all the advantages of accepting him that you did; and that I wasn't tempted to persuade myself that I *should* care for him. I only blush and burn to think that I saw them, and that I've come away, even now, without crushing every spark of hope out of him! I *do* respect and honor him—yes, he *is* high-minded and good every way; but if I don't love him, his being so good is all the more reason why I shouldn't marry him. Hush! Don't say a word, Marian!" she cried, hastening to spoil her point, as women will, with hysterical insistence. "That dreadful old man who bought our house came, while you were gone, and offered himself to me one day; it makes me creep! How would it be any better to marry Lord Rainford, if I didn't love him, than to marry Mr. Everton?"

She did not wait for the indignant protest that was struggling through Marian's bewilderment at this extraordinary revelation and assumption. "I shall always say that you meant the kindest and best; but if you try to argue with me *now*, I shall never forgive you! Good-bye, dear!" She flew at her friend, and, catching her round the neck, convulsively kissed her, and ran out of the house, without seeing any one else. "To the station," she gasped, climbing into the Wilson phaeton. "And do hurry, please!"

Mrs. Butler came into Marian's room as soon as Helen had driven away.

"Well?" she said.

"Oh, she's refused him,—or just the same thing! How shall we meet him? What shall we do?"

"I'm not concerned about that. What will *she* do, poor thing? That's what wrings my heart. She has thrown away the greatest chance that a girl ever did: wealth, position, devoted goodness, the truest and noblest heart! Marian!" cried Mrs. Butler, abandoning herself for a moment to her compassionate impatience, "why did she do it?"

"She said she didn't love him," answered Marian, shortly, with a cast of contempt in the shortness.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Butler, with resignation.

She had found, as every woman must who lives to her age, that life has so many great interests besides love, that for the time she was confused as to the justice of its paramount claim in a question of marriage. In fact, Helen found her champions in two men.

When Mrs. Butler stated the case to the Captain, he promptly approved of Helen's decision.

Mrs. Butler stood surprised.

"Why, do you think that people ought to marry from a *fancy?*" she asked.

"I hope my girls will never marry without it," said the Captain.

Marian reported the result to Ray, with a vexation at Helen's ridiculous behavior, which he allowed her to vent freely, before he answered her a word, chewing the end of his cigarette, as they walked to the house together from the beach, where she found him pulling his dory up on the sand.

"It's not only that she's thrown away such a splendid chance, but she's thrown it away for the mere memory of a man who couldn't compare with Lord Rainford in *any* way—even if he were alive. And when Robert Fenton *was* alive, she wasn't certain, till it was too late, that she cared for him; and kept him waiting for years and years, till she could make up her mind, and had to quarrel with him *then* before she was sure of it. And now for her to pretend that she never can care for any one else, and that she can't marry Lord Rainford because she doesn't *love* him—as if she were a girl of seventeen instead of twenty-five! *Oh!* I've no patience with her!"

Ray said nothing for a moment. Then, "There's some difference between not being sure you do and being sure you don't," he remarked, quietly, "and the difference doesn't seem to be in Rainford's favor." After a moment, he asked, without looking at her, "What did you marry *me* for?"

"What nonsense! You know!"

"Yes, I always thought it was for love.

How would you like to have me think it wasn't?"

"Don't be absurd!" cried his wife.

But his words went deep, and at the bottom of her heart she felt in them a promise of the perpetual reconsecration of their marriage.

A STORY was at one time current (and still has its adherents among those who knew vaguely something of Helen's romance) to the effect that Fenton returned at a moment when his presence seemed a miracle, opportunely wrought to save her from further struggle and to reward her for all her suffering and self-sacrifice in the past. It fixed with much accuracy of date and circumstance the details of their dramatic meeting at the little house in the Port, where she found him waiting for her one hot, dusty afternoon in the summer, when she came back, broken in health and spirit, from a visit with some friends at the sea-side. If the story had been true, it would have brought them together the very day Helen refused Lord Rainford.

But, as a matter of fact, she went back to her work of making bonnets for cooks and second-girls in Margaret's cottage on Lime-kiln avenue, under conditions that would have caused an intelligent witness of it to wonder whether she were not expiating an error rather than enjoying the recompense of devotion to a high ideal. The rewards of principle are often scarcely distinguishable from penalties, and the spectator is confounded between question of the martyr's wisdom and a dark doubt of the value of living out any real conviction in a world so badly constituted as this. Helen, however, was harassed by neither of these misgivings. She never regretted her refusal of Lord Rainford, except for the pain it inflicted; she never blamed herself for anything but the hesitation in which she was tempted to accept him without loving him. Her sense of self-approval grew only the stronger and clearer with the trials which gathered upon her in what might have seemed to others a sort of malign derision. Her custom fell off, and the patrons who remained to her grew inevitably more and more into an odious mastery; their exactions increased as her health failed, and she could not always keep her promises to them; they complained that other people's bonnets were better made, and "more in the style."

One night she overheard, through the thin partition that separated her chamber from Margaret's, a tipsy threat from Margaret's husband that he was going to be master in his own house, and that he was going to turn that girl and her bonnets into the street. He went off to his work in the morning sullen and lowering, and she and Margaret could not look at each other. She fled to Boston for the day, which she passed in incoherent terror at Clara Kingsbury's. When she turned from this misery the next morning and ventured back to Margaret's, an explosion at the glass-works, so opportune that it seemed to her, for a black instant, as if she were guilty of the calamity through which she escaped, had freed her from all she had to dread from Margaret's husband.

But quite the same end had come to her experiment. Margaret could not live upon the little sum that Helen paid her for board; in spite of her impassioned devotion to her darling, and her good intention (witnessed again and again to all her saints), she was forced to break up her little establishment and find a servant's place; and Helen did not know where else to go.

In her extremity she appealed, of course, neither to the Butlers nor to Clara Kingsbury, but to Cornelia Root, and this proved to be the most fortunate as well as the most natural course. Zenas Pearson had just moved his photographic establishment up from Hanover street to the fashionable quarter of the town, and had applied to Cornelia for some pretty-appearing, respectable girl, to stay in the front room and receive people, and show them the different styles of photographs, and help them to decide in what shape and size they would be taken. There was nothing mean about Zenas Pearson, and he was willing, he told Cornelia, to pay the right girl ten dollars a week as a start-off, and to put it up to twelve within the year, if she behaved herself, and showed any sconce for the business.

Cornelia trembled with excitement and eagerness in laying the proposition before a person so perfectly adapted to the place in every respect as Helen, and they did not lose an instant in going to Zenas and closing with him. "Did she want to come right off?" he asked Helen; and at a little hesitation on her part he looked more closely at her worn face and said, "Well, take a week to recuperate, and come the 20th. I don't know that I'll be ready for you much before that time, any way."

She spent the week with the Butlers, who were now too well used to her eccentricity to attempt any protest against this new phase of it. They had all reconciled themselves to her refusal of Lord Rainford; even Marian Ray had accepted the inevitable, and she and Helen had a long quiet talk about the matter, in which they fully made up what had almost been a quarrel between them about it, and

Marian told her the latest news of him, and how splendidly he had behaved about her, justifying and applauding her with a manly self-abnegation which permitted no question of her conduct throughout.

"Yes, he is very generous," said Helen, with a sigh; and something happened that day which made her feel that the word was hardly adequate. She had gone with Marian, who wished to give some instructions about a picture she was having framed, to the shop where Helen had her memorable meeting with Lord Rainford; and when the business was finished, the proprietor said, with a certain hesitation: "Miss Harkness, you remember being in our place about a year ago with an English gentleman who was looking at some imitation Limoges in the window?"

Helen looked an amazed, and perhaps alarmed, assent.

"He came back and bought them after you went away, and said he would send his address; but we've never heard of him from that day to this, and we don't want his jars *and* his money. I thought perhaps you could tell me who he was."

"Yes," said Helen, "it was Lord Rainford. But he's in England now."

"Oh!" said the proprietor. And as she said nothing more, he presently bowed himself apologetically away.

"Why didn't you let *me* give his address?" asked Marian, who had been checked in a wish to do so by a glance from Helen.

"I don't believe he ever intended to take them away; he thought they were hideous," Helen answered. She added presently, "He must have gone back to buy them because I said that the poor wretch who painted them was to be pitied!"

Marian had now been at home more than six months, and her Anglo-mania had in some degree abated. She no longer expected to establish an hereditary aristocracy and a state church among us, whatever she secretly wished to do. She had grown resigned to the anomalies of our civilization in some degree. She had rediscovered certain traits of it that compared favorably even with those of England; but she cherished a conviction that an English noble was the finest gentleman in the world; that her own husband was still finer was a mystery of faith, easily tenable, though not susceptible of exegesis.

She now preserved the silence of one whose point has been sufficiently made for her, and left Helen to recognize it. Helen was not reluctant to do so. "Yes, Marian," she said, fervently, "considering what had just happened, that was very magnanimous in him. It was exquisite!"

"Oh, it was merely what he owed to himself as a gentleman," said Marian, with well-concealed triumph.

It seemed to be a day of trial for Helen. A gaunt, shabby man, coming down the pavement toward them, lifted his hand halfway to his hat at sight of her, and then, as if seeing himself unrecognized, dropped it to his side again and slunk by. Helen turned and stopped him. "Mr. Kimball! Is that you?"

"Yes, what there is left," answered Kimball, with a ghost of his old quizzical smile, and the specter of his municipal, office-holding patronage of manner, as he took Helen's extended hand.

"Why — why — what's the matter?"

"Well, I've been sick for a spell back. Just got to knocking around again," said Kimball, evasively. "You don't look over and above well yourself, Miss Harkness."

"No, no, I'm *not* well. But I'm better now. Are you ——" She stopped, with her eyes upon his conspicuous shabbiness, and, through an irresistible association of ideas, she added,—"Mr. Kimball, I hope you got the money that I returned to you, safely?"

Kimball hung his head, and kicked the pavement with his toe. "Well, no," he answered, reluctantly, "I didn't."

"You didn't *get* it?"

"It's all right. I told my wife at the time that I knew you sent it. But I guess somebody in the post-office got the start of me."

"Why *didn't* you tell me?" demanded Helen.

"Well, you know, I couldn't do that," said Kimball.

Helen took out her purse. There were only twelve dollars in it, and Marian had walked on, so that she could not borrow of her, and make up the whole sum at once. But she put the money in Kimball's hand, and said, "I will *bring* you the rest this very day. Shall I bring it to the custom-house?"

"Oh, no; there's been a change, you know. My collector was kicked out, and all our heads went into the basket together. I aint there any more. I guess we'll call this square now. I don't feel just right about taking this money, Miss Harkness, but I've been sick, and my wife aint very well herself; and — well, I guess it's a godsend." His lips twitched. "I feel kind of mean about it, but I'll have to stand it. There aint a thing in the house, or I *wouldn't* take it. My wife and me both said we *knew* you sent it."

"Who in the world is your shabby friend, Helen?" demanded Marian, when Helen had overtaken her at last.

"Oh, he used to be in the custom-house.

He's a character. He's the one who told Lord Rainford, when he offered to deposit money for the duties on those Egyptian things he brought me from you, that it wasn't necessary between gentlemen!"

"How amusing!"

"Yes, I thought it was amusing, too. But I don't think I can ever laugh at him again." She shut her lips till she could command her voice sufficiently to tell what had just passed between her and Kimball.

Marian continued to be amused by it. In the flush of her re-Anglicization, she said it was a very American affair. But she added that something ought really to be done for the chivalric simpleton, and that she was going to tell Ray about him.

During the week that Helen spent with the Butlers, before she was to take her place in Zenas Pearson's Photographic Parlors, as he called them, the wisdom of her decision was tested by another incident, or accident—one of those chances of real life which one must hesitate to record, because they have so much the air of having been contrived. From her life in the Port, she had contracted the suburban habit of lunching at restaurants, so alien to the Bostonian lady proper; and one day, when she was down-town alone, she found herself at a table in Parker's, so near that of two other ladies that she could not help hearing what they said. They were both dressed with a certain floridity, and one was of a fearless, good-humored beauty, who stared a great deal about the room and out of the window, and, upon the whole, seemed amused to realize herself in Boston, as if it were a place whose peculiarities she had reflected much upon, without being greatly awed or dazzled by them. "We used to see a great many Bostonians in California when the Pacific road was first opened. They came out there in shoals, and I afterward met them in Japan,—men, I mean, of course. I had quite a flirtation with one—the pleasantest one I ever met." The lady breathed, above the spoil of the quail-on-toast before her, a sigh to the memory of this agreeable passage of her life. "Yes, a regular flirtation. It was on the steamer coming to San Francisco, and he was on his way home to be married, poor fellow, and I suppose he thought, Now or never! The steamer broke her shaft, and had to put back to Japan, and he took passage home on a sailing vessel that we hailed, and she was lost, and the last that was known of him he was left on a reef in the Pacific with three others, while a boatful of people went off to prospect for land. When the boat came back they were gone, and nobody ever knew what became of them."

"And whatever became of the girl, Mrs. Bowers?"

"Oh, as to that, this deponent saith not. Consoled herself, I suppose, in the usual way."

The two women laughed together, and began to pull up their sacks, which had dropped from their shoulders into their chairs behind them.

Helen tried to speak, but she could not. She tried to rise and seize the woman before she left the room, to make her render some account of her words. But the shame of a terrible doubt crushed her with a burden under which she could not move. When the waiter, respectfully hovering near, approached at last, and, viewing her untouched plate, suggestively asked if he could bring her anything more, she said "No," and paid her check and came out.

It was a beautiful day, but she walked spiritlessly along in the sunshine that seemed to smile life into everything but her; and she feebly sought to adjust the pang of this last blow to some misdeed of her own. But she could not. She could only think how she should once have contrasted Lord Rainford's nobleness with Robert's folly, and indignantly preferred him. But now she was aware of not having the strength to do this—of not being able to pluck her heart from the idea to which love and loss had rooted it; and she could not even wish to wish anything but to die. In another world, perhaps—if there were any other world—Robert could explain and justify the weakness for which she could not do other than pity him here.

Her brain was so dull, and jaded withal, that when she dragged herself wearily up the steps at the Butlers' door, she felt no surprise that it should be the old Captain who opened it to her, or that he should seek to detain her in the drawing-room alone with him. At last, she felt something strange in his manner and a mystery in the absence of all the others, and she asked:

"What is it, Captain Butler?"

He seemed troubled, as though he felt himself unequal to the task before him.

"Helen," he began, "do you still sometimes think that those men's story about Robert wasn't true?"

"I know it wasn't true. I always knew they killed him. Why do you ask me that?"

"I didn't mean that," returned the Captain, with increasing trouble, "but that perhaps he——"

She turned upon him in awful quiet.

"Captain Butler, don't try to soften or break any bad news to me! What is it I haven't borne, that you think I must be spared

now? You will make it worse, whatever you are keeping back. Did they leave him there to starve on that rock—did ——"

"No, no. It isn't that. Mrs. Butler thought that I could prepare—we've had news ——"

"News?—prepare? Oh, how can you mock me so? For pity's sake, what is it?"

The Captain's poor attempt to mediate between her and whatever fact he was concealing broke down in the appeal, with which he escaped from Helen through the open door, and called his wife. She came quickly, as if she had been waiting near; and, as on that day when she had told the girl of her father's death, she took her fast in her arms. Perhaps the thoughts of both went back to that hour.

"Helen—Helen—Helen! It's life this time! You have borne the worst so bravely, I know you can bear the best. Robert is here!"

The papers of that time gave full particulars of Fenton's rescue from the island on which he was cast away, and the reader can hardly have forgotten them. It is unnecessary even to record the details of his transfer, after several months, from the whaler which took him off, to another vessel homeward bound, and of his final arrival in San Francisco. When the miracle of his resurrection had become familiar enough for Helen to begin to touch it at a point here and there, she asked him why he did not telegraph her from San Francisco as soon as he landed, and instantly answered herself that it would have killed her if he had done so; and that if he had not been there at once to help her bear the fact of his being alive, she could not have borne it.

They were married, and went to live in a little house in a retired street of Old Cambridge, and Margaret came to live with them. She sacrificed to this end an ideal place in an expressman's family in East Somerville, where she had the sole charge of the housework for twelve persons; but it was something that Miss Helen kept no other girl, and it was everything that she could be with her when Lieutenant Fenton should be ordered away to sea again. He had six months' leave, and he tried to find some occupation which would justify him in quitting the navy. He found nothing, and in the leisure of this time Helen and he concerned themselves rather with their past than their future. They rehabilitated every moment of it for each other; and, as their lives came completely together again, he developed certain limitations which at first puzzled her. She did not approach that passage which related to Lord Rainford without trying to establish defenses from which, if necessary, she could make reprisals; and she began by abruptly asking, one day:

"Robert, who is Mrs. Bowers?"

"Did *she* turn up?" he asked in reply, with a joyous guiltlessness that at once defeated and utterly consoled his wife. "That was very kind of her. But how did she find you out? I never told her your name."

"She never turned up—directly," said Helen.

And then she told him how she happened to know of Mrs. Bowers, and of the bad half-hour that lady had given her.

"Well, she might call it a flirtation," said Fenton, "but I didn't know it was one. I thought it was just walking up and down the deck and talking about you."

"I'd rather you wouldn't have talked to that kind of people about me," returned Helen, with a retrospective objection which she tried in vain to make avail her.

"How should *I* know what kind of person she was? *I* never took the least notice of anything she did or said."

This was heavenly hopeless, and Helen resolved that for the present, at least, she would not inculpate herself. But she found herself saying:

"Well, then, I'm going to tell you about something that all came from my being desperate about you, and flirting a little one day just after you sailed."

She went on to make a full and free confession, to which her husband listened with surprisingly little emotion. He could not see anything romantic in it at all. He could not see anything remarkable in Lord Rainford.

"You can't," he said, finally, "expect me to admire a man who came so near making an Enoch Arden of me."

"Oh, you know he never came near doing anything of the kind, Robert."

"He came as near as he could. Do you wish me to admire him because you refused him? You refused *me* three times."

"I wish you to—to—appreciate him."

Fenton laughed.

"Oh, well, I do that, of course. I've no doubt he was a very good fellow, and I dare say he's behaving more sensibly than I did. From what you tell me, I think he'll get over his disappointment. Perhaps he'll end by marrying some one who will help him to complete his reaction, and cure him of *all* his illusions about us over here. But his buying that pottery was nothing. He would have been a very poor creature if he had resented your refusal. I know that from my own experience."

He would not be serious about Lord Rain-

ford; he made her share in the good-natured slight with which husband and wife always talk over the sorrows of unlucky pretendants. He professed to find something much more admirable in Kimball's quiet acceptance of the loss he had incurred through Helen. That, he said, was fine, for Kimball was supported by no sentimental considerations, and had no money to back his delicacy. He looked Kimball up, and made friends with him; and a man who could do nothing to advance his own fortunes had the cheerful audacity to suppose that he might promote another's. He wrote to Washington and tried to get Kimball appointed assistant keeper of one of the light-houses on Cape Ann; but pending the appointment of a gentleman who had "worked" for the newly elected congressman, Kimball found a place as night watchman in a large clothing-house, where he distinguished himself when off duty one day by quelling a panic among the sewing-girls at an alarm of fire and getting them safely out of the building. The newspaper *éclat* following this affair seemed to have silently wrought upon the imagination of a public-spirited gentleman who about that time was maturing his plans for the establishment of our well-known Everton Institute of Industrial Arts for Young Ladies. The Institute was opened on a small scale in the residence of Mr. Everton at Beacon Steps, which he devoted to it during his life, and at his death it was removed to the new building at West Newton; but from the first, Kimball was put in charge as janitor, and still holds his place from the trustees.

He came rather apologetically to announce his appointment to the Fentons.

"I don't seem to feel," he said, "as if it was quite the thing to go in there without saying 'By your leave' to *you*, Mrs. Fenton. I haint forgot the first time I was in the house; and I don't suppose I ever passed it without lookin' up at them steps and thinkin' of you, just how you appeared when you came runnin' up that day with your bag in your hand, and I let you in."

"Yes, I remember it, too, Mr. Kimball. But you mustn't think of it as my old home, and you mustn't feel as if you were intruding. If the place could be anything to me after Mr. Everton had lived there, I should be glad to think of you and Mrs. Kimball in it, looking after those poor girls, as I know you will."

"I guess we shall do the best we know how by 'em. And, whatever Mr. Everton is,—and I guess least said's soonest mended, even among friends, about him in *some* respects,—you can't say but what it's a good object. If he can have girls without any dependence but themselves taught how to do something for their own livin', I guess it's about equal to turnin' the house into a church. And I *guess* the old gentleman's about right in confinin' it to girls brought up as ladies. I aint much on caste myself, as I know of, but I guess that's the class of girls that need help the most."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Helen, fervently. "Of all helpless creatures in the world, they are the most to be pitied. I know you'll be kind to them, Mr. Kimball, and save their poor, foolish feelings all you can, and not mind their weak, silly little pride, if it ever shows itself."

"I guess you can depend upon me for that," said Kimball. "I understand girls pretty well—or I ought to—by this time. And once a lady, always a lady, I say."

Helen even promised to come with her husband to see the Kimballs in her old home. She courageously kept her promise, and she was rewarded by meeting Mr. Everton there. He received her very cordially, showing no sort of pique or resentment,—no more, Fenton suggested, than Lord Rainford himself,—and took her over the house, and explained all his plans to her with a flattering confidence in her interest. There were already some young ladies there, and he introduced Helen to them, and, in the excess of his good feeling, hinted at the desirability of her formally addressing them, as visitors to schools are expected to do. She refused imperatively; but to one of the girls with whom she found herself in sympathy she opened her heart and told her own story.

"And oh!" she said at the end, "do learn to do something that people have *need* of, and learn to do it well and humbly, and just as if you had been working for your living all your life. Try to notice how men do things, and, when you're at work, to forget that you're a woman, and, above all, a young lady."

After she came away, she said there was one more thing she wished to say to that girl.

"What was that?" asked Fenton.

"Not to omit the first decent opportunity of marrying any one she happened to be in love with."

"Perhaps it wasn't necessary to say that," suggested her husband.

"No," sighed Helen; "and that's what undoes all the rest."

When the Butlers heard of this visit of hers to her old home, it seemed to them but another instance of that extraordinary fortitude of spirit which they had often reason to admire in her. Marian Ray could not suffer it to pass, however, without some expression of surprise that Fenton should have allowed her to go: she was a little his rival on behalf of

Lord Rainford still, and she seized what occasions she could for an unfavorable comparison of their characters. In fact, now that he had really come back, she had not wholly forgiven him for doing so; but the younger sisters rejoiced in him as a thoroughly satisfactory equivalent for the romance they had lost in the nobleman. If Helen was not to be Lady Rainford, it was consoling to have her the wife of a man who had been cast away on a desert island, and had been mourned for dead a whole year and more. They were disappointed, however, that he should not be always telling the story of his adventures, but should only now and then drop bits of it in a scrappy way, and once—but once only—when he and Helen were at Beverly, they pinned him down to a full and minute narration.

"Ah, but," said Jessie Butler, when all was told, to the very last moment of his meeting Helen after his return, "you haven't said how you *felt*, any of the time."

"Well, you know," answered Fenton, rising, and going over to where Helen sat dwelling on him with shining eyes, "I can look back now and see how I *ought* to have felt at given points."

"But—but how *did* you feel," pursued one of his rapt auditors, "when ——"

"No, no," said Fenton, "that will do! I've given you the facts; you must make your own fiction out of them. And I think, while you're at it, you'd better get another hero."

"Never!" exclaimed Jessie Butler. "We want *you*. And we want you to behave something *like* a hero, *now*. You can, if you will. Can't he, Helen?"

"I never can make him," said his wife, fondly.

"Then that's because he doesn't appreciate his own adventures properly. Now——"

"Why," explained Fenton, "the adventures were merely a lot of things that happened to me."

"Happened to you!" cried his champion against himself, in generous indignation. "Did it merely *happen to you* to put that rope round you and swim ashore with it when the ship struck? Did it merely *happen to you* to stay there, and let the others go off in the boat?"

Fenton affected to give the argument serious thought. "Well, you know, I couldn't very well have done otherwise under the circumstances."

"You needn't try to get out of it in that way! You have every attribute of a real hero," persisted his worshiper.

The hero laughed, and did his best to bear the part like a man. Another of the young girls took up the strain.

"Yes, you would be entirely satisfactory if you had only had some better companion in misfortune."

"Who,—Giffen?"

"Yes. He seems so hopelessly commonplace," sighed the gentle connoisseur of castaways.

"He was certainly not more than an average fellow-being," said Fenton, preparing to escape. "But he was equal to his bad luck."

When he and Helen were alone, he was a long time silent.

"What is the matter, Robert?" she asked tenderly at last.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "But whenever it comes to that point, I'm afraid that Giffen *knew* I wanted to leave him to die alone there!"

"You *didn't* want to!" she protested for him.

"Ah, don't put it that way!" he cried. "The best you can say for me is that I didn't do it."

She could only tell him that she loved him more dearly for the temptation he confessed than if there had been no breach in his armor. He had a simplicity in dealing with all the incidents of his experience which seemed to her half divine. When she hotly invoked justice upon the wretches who had stolen the boat and abandoned him and Giffen on the island, he said, "Oh, what could atone for a thing like that? The only way was for them to escape altogether." He would not even let her denounce them as cowards; he contended that they had shown as much mere courage in remaining to rifle the ship as he had in anything. Giffen, he said, was the only one to be admired, for Giffen was afraid all the time, and yet remained to share his fate. But Helen contended that this was nothing wonderful; and again she wished to praise him for what he had suffered.

"Ah, don't!" he said, with tragic seriousness. "There's nothing in all that. It might all have happened to a worse man, and it has happened to many a better one. It hurts me to have you value me for it. Let it go, and give me a little chance for the future." He was indeed eager to escape from all that related to that passage of his life, and Helen learned to believe this. At certain moments, he seemed to be suffering from some strange sort of mental stress which he could not explain, but which they both thought must be the habit of anguish formed in his imprisonment on the atoll. It sometimes woke

him from his sleep—the burden, but not the drama, of nightmare—a mere formless horror, which they had to shape and recognize for themselves.

It grew less and less as the time passed, and when his orders came to report for duty at Washington they had strength for the parting. He supposed that he was to be sent to sea again, but he found that he was to be put in charge for the present of the revenue cutter for provisioning the light-houses on the Rhode Island coast; and when removed from this service, he was appointed to a post in the Narragansett Navy Yard. It is there that Helen still finds her home, in a little house overlooking the bay, on the height behind the vast sheds, in which two frigates of obsolete model, begun in Polk's time, are slowly rotting on the stocks, in a sort of emblematic expression of the present formidable character of the American navy.

In the meantime, Fenton is subject to be ordered away at any moment upon other duty; but till his orders come he rests with Helen in as much happiness as can fall to the share of people in a world of chance and change. The days of their separation have already faded into the incredible past; and if her experience ever had any peculiar significance to her, it is rapidly losing that meaning. She remains limited in her opinions and motives by the accidents of tradition and circumstance that shape us all; at the end she is neither more nor less than a lady, as she was at the beginning. She has acquired no ideals of woman's work or woman's destiny; she is glad to have solved in the old way the problems that once beset her; and in all that has happened she feels as if she had escaped rather than achieved. She is the same, and yet not quite the same, for one never endures or endeavors to one's self alone; she keeps her little prejudices, but she has accumulated a stock of exceptions to their application; her sympathies, if not her opinions, have been enlarged; and above all, her unconsciousness has been trained to meet bravely and sweetly the duties of a life which she is content should never be splendid or ambitious.

THE END.

SNIPE-SHOOTING.

THE Wilson's snipe is, in habits and appearance, very unlike his near relative the woodcock. While the latter is a rather heavily built, thick-set bird,—stocky, so to speak,—the snipe is much more slim and elegant in form. It is much smaller, too, weighing only about four ounces. It very closely resembles the jack snipe of Europe,—whence its usual appellation, "English,"—of which it is, according to the present views of ornithologists, only a variety (*Gallinago media Wilsoni*). In length it almost equals its cousin, already referred to, measuring from nine to eleven inches. The crown of the head is black, with a median stripe of cream color, the neck speckled with brown and gray, back variegated with black, reddish brown, and tawny, the latter forming longitudinal stripes on the inner long feathers of the shoulders. The tail is barred with black, white, and chestnut brown, the sides are waved with dusky, and the lower breast and belly are white. The bill is dark, and the feet and legs are pale greenish.

This species has a very wide distribution, and is found throughout the whole continent. It only insists on moist feeding-grounds, and so may be taken on the borders of streams and about the sloughs of the Western plains, around the edges of the alkaline lakes of the great central plateau of the Rocky Mountains, and in the marshes and along the river bottoms of California, as well as in the East and the Mississippi valley.

It passes the winter in the Gulf States, where at that season it is extremely abundant, and begins its northward migration early in February. By the last of that month it has reached the marshes of North Carolina, and sometimes Virginia; and it usually makes its appearance in New Jersey and New York about the last of March or the first of April, though the date of its arrival depends almost entirely on the weather, and the consequent condition of its feeding-grounds. As long as the meadows are ice-bound it is useless to look for snipe; but as soon as the frost has come out of the ground, especially if the last thaw be followed by a soft, warm rain, the shooter may, with some prospect of success, visit the little spots of wet land, or the more extensive marshes, where his experience of former years tells him that the birds are likely to be found. At this time of the year they do not tarry long; but the places of those which pass on are at once filled by later comers, who are in turn

replaced by others, so that snipe are usually found in greater or less abundance until after the first of May.

This species does not ordinarily breed with us in any considerable numbers, most of the birds passing the season of reproduction north of the United States line. Still, many rear their broods in the State of Maine, and their nests have been found in Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and even further south. The nest is built on the high ground near some wet meadow,—or sometimes on a dry one if a tiny brook murmurs through the grass near at hand,—and is even of slighter construction than that of the woodcock, being little more than a depression in the ground lined with a few blades of grass. Four pointed eggs are laid in this, yellowish-olive in color, thickly spotted with black and dark umber. The young leave the nest as soon as they are hatched and follow the mother, or, as the naturalists would say, they are præcocial.

The snipe is essentially a bird of the open, and is rarely found in cover. Occasionally in the spring, when a late fall of snow occurs after the birds have come on, covering for a day or two the meadows where they feed, they may be found in alder or willow swamps near their usual haunts, probing the mud about the warm springs where the snow has melted; but as soon as the ground is again bare they leave such retreats and at once repair to the open. Sometimes, too, when persistently pursued on the marshes, they will take refuge among woods or even in dry and dusty corn-fields, but will only remain there for a few hours.

A WILSON'S SNIPE FAMILY. (FROM SPECIMENS IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. E. B. WHITINGHAM, MOUNTED BY DAVID B. DICKERSON.)

The favorite feeding-grounds of the snipe are fresh meadows where the ground is always moist and the soil rich. One can tell as soon as he steps on the meadow whether the birds have recently been here, for in the cattle paths or in places where the hogs have been rooting, or on the bare side of a tussock where no grass grows, the soil will be perforated by numerous tiny holes, showing where the bill has been inserted in the mud in the search for food. The presence of high grasses or reeds may sometimes keep the birds away from marshes to which they would resort in numbers if it were not for the luxuriance of the vegetation. They do not like to alight among such thick cover, and besides, they cannot easily get at the ground. It is therefore customary, in the early spring before their arrival, to burn over such tracts, and places that have been treated in this way are favorite resorts for the travelers.

At present the Wilson's snipe is shot at all times and seasons, and has no protection under the law. The result of this unwise destruction is clearly seen in the greatly dimin-

ished numbers of the birds which annually visit our more accessible meadows. If a female snipe, killed in April or May, be dissected, she will be found to contain eggs in an advanced stage of development, varying in size from a marble to an egg nearly ready for exclusion. Many of the birds are paired long before they leave us in spring. They certainly should not be shot at this season, just as they are about to rear their young. Snipe-shooting in autumn is much more satisfactory, and the birds appear to be more numerous than in the spring, because at this season their feeding-grounds are more contracted, and they concentrate on the meadows that are always wet, and about ponds and marshes which have margins of black mud, in which they delight to bore. The prospect of finding them is thus much better than when they are dispersed over a much greater area.

The main body of the snipe leave us by the latter part of November, but a few prolong their stay into December, lingering as long as their feeding-grounds remain open. As with the woodcock, the cold is only indirectly the cause of their departure; the impossibility of their longer obtaining food being the immediate motive which drives them south. On the Laramie Plains, where in winter the temperature falls sometimes to —30° and even —40° Fahrenheit, a few snipe are to be found throughout the winter, about certain warm springs which never freeze.

Few of our birds are so poor in local names as this one, for it is almost everywhere known either as the "English" or the "jack" snipe. Along the New England coast, however, it has an appellation which is rather curious. As the bird arrives about the same time as the shad, and is found on the meadows along the rivers where the nets are hauled, the fishermen, when drawing their seines at night, often start it from its moist resting-place, and hear its sharp cry as it flies away through the darkness. They do not know the cause of the sound, and from the association they have dubbed its author the "shad spirit."

The snipe is either a bird of weak mind, deplorably vacillating in character, or else he is much more shrewd and profound than any one thinks. At all events, he is notorious among sportsmen for two characteristics, denoting either high intelligence or lamentable indecision:

Most birds when they rise from the ground appear to have some definite idea of the direction in which they wish to go, and having started in a particular line of flight, keep to it, unless turned by some alarming apparition before them. Not so with the snipe, however. He springs from the ground uttering his curious squeaking cry, darts a few yards one way, changes his mind, and turns almost at right angles to his original course; then he appears to think he has made a mistake, and once more alters his direction, and so twists off, "angling" across the meadow until he is safely out of gunshot. He then either rises high in the air and swings about for a while, looking for a desirable spot to alight, or else settles down into a straight, swift course, which he keeps up until his fright is over, or he has come to a spot which is to his liking, when he throws himself to the earth, and with a peculiar toss of his wings checks his progress and alights. The eccentric zigzag flight of this species is very puzzling to many sportsmen; and some who are capital shots at other birds appear never to be able to calculate the movements of the snipe. The secret of success in killing these birds consists, we believe, in great quickness,—that is, in wasting no time in an attempt to follow their flight, but in pulling the trigger at the moment the gun is on the object. The peculiar cry which is uttered at short intervals during its flight is sometimes extremely irritating, especially after one has missed with both barrels. What appeared when first heard to be only an expression of fright, or a call of warning to its companions, sounds to the disappointed shooter, as it comes back to him more and more faintly from the distance, very much like a note of derision.

The other characteristic for which the snipe is noted is the eccentricity and irregularity of its arrival and stay with us during the migrations. That snipe are "uncertain birds" is a proposition which has universal acceptance among those who shoot over the wet meadows. As a rule, more dependence is to be placed on their coming in the fall than in the spring. But even in autumn they cannot be counted upon. Sometimes they arrive singly, or a few at a time, and those which are killed to-day are at once replaced by others; or again, for a week or two at a time, the meadows may be worked over without starting a bird, and then all at once they will be found in great numbers, and will then as suddenly and as completely disappear. A piece of ground which at evening affords splendid sport, may be visited at dawn next day, and it will be found that the birds which were there have all departed. Happy is the man, therefore, who finds the snipe plenty, and he is wise who shall take advantage of the present opportunity. The advice, *Carpe diem*, applies with more force to snipe-shooting than it does to a good many others of the affairs of life.

As early as the last of August, an occa-

sional snipe may be found on the meadows; but it is not until the latter part of September that the migrants begin to arrive in any numbers. They are now in good order—often very fat—and are lazy, and lie well to a dog

EGG OF WILSON'S SNIPE.

if the weather is right. The pleasantest time to shoot them is during the warm days of October and November.

At such a time the birds are loath to rise, and will permit the dog to approach quite close to them before taking wing. On dark, cloudy days, on the other hand, especially if the wind be high, there is no such thing as getting a point on them, for they will rise at a distance of thirty or forty yards, and often the flight of the first one and his sharp *skeap*, *skeap* will be the signal for every snipe on the meadow to rise into the air and circle around for five or ten minutes before pitching down again. In such weather as this the only chance of getting within shot of them is to work down the wind,—thus reversing the usual order of things in shooting,—and to keep the dog close in. Snipe always rise against the wind, and by advancing on them with it at your back, they are forced to fly toward you for some little distance, thus giving you an opportunity to get a shot at them at fair range.

Where birds are scarce a good dog is invaluable, because of the amount of laborious walking that he saves the shooter; but there are times and places where a dog is very much in the way. Such are some of our Western snipe grounds, marshes where these birds are sometimes so abundant that they rise from the ground a dozen at a time, and where, perhaps for hours, the sound of their bleating cry is heard almost continually. Under such circumstances a dog is only an annoyance; for the ground is so foiled by the scent of the many birds that have run over it that the poor animal is confused, and is constantly false-pointing and wasting his master's time. Here the only use to which the dog can be put is that of retrieving. There are some cunning old dogs that, when they find such a condition of things existing, will come in to heel without orders, and pay no further attention to the birds which are rising around them, only occupying themselves with the securing of those that may be shot.

This bird does not give forth a strong scent, and as it is often very little disposed to lie well, a dog of unusual keenness of nose, as well as caution and steadiness, is required in its pursuit. A very faint scent should be enough to cause him to stop until his master has come up to him, and he should then draw on very carefully until, if it will wait, he can locate his bird. There are days, to be sure, when snipe will permit the dog to get his nose within a few inches of them, but this is the exception rather than the rule.

It is always a convenience, however, to have a retriever with one while snipe-shooting, for without considerable practice it is not easy to mark down the dead bird so accurately that you can walk direct to it. This becomes especially difficult when several birds rise together, or nearly so, and you shoot first one and then another, and then perhaps try to mark down the remainder of the whisp. You have a general idea of the direction in which the first one fell, and are sure that the second dropped close by a certain little bunch of grass; but when, after having strained your eyes after the living and marked them down, you turn your attention to the dead, you are likely to find yourself somewhat perplexed. You see now that there are a dozen little bunches of grass near where the second bird fell, any one of which may be that by which you marked him; and as for the first, you feel very hopeless about being able to go within twenty yards of where it dropped. So you may lose half an hour of valuable time in searching for the dead. Practice in marking and a quick eye will, after a while, enable you to retrieve your own birds successfully. As a matter of fact there is always something—a bunch of grass, a bit of drift stuff, a flower, a leaf, or a weed stalk—near your bird, which is unlike anything else close to it; and you must see this object, whatever it is, and remember it, in the instant's glance that you have. Of course some birds will be lost,—that is inevitable; but it is wonderful to see how, by practice, the memory and the eye can be trained in a matter of this kind.

The snipe, although often very wary, appears to be quite devoid of that cunning which distinguishes so many of our game birds. When wounded it rarely attempts to hide, but either runs off quietly in a straight course, or, if only wing-tipped, springs again and again into the air in its attempts to fly

and constantly utters its singular squeak of fright.

There is one feature of snipe-shooting which makes it very attractive, and this is that you have your dog constantly within sight; you can see all his graceful movements and enjoy his intelligent efforts to find the birds, — to locate without flushing them. To our notion, more than half the pleasure of field shooting of any description is derived from seeing the dog work, and this can be done better on the open snipe meadows than under almost any other circumstances. Beating for snipe, however, is usually, from the nature of the ground, very laborious work. The walking is often through mud and water up to the knees, or perhaps one is obliged to pick his way through an unusually soft marsh, springing from tussock to tussock, with every prospect of tumbling, now and then, from those unsteady resting places into mire of unknown depth. This mode of progression requires some muscular exertion and constant attention; and besides this, the dog must be constantly watched, and unexpected birds, which he may have passed by, must be shot at and marked down.

It is, therefore, essential that the snipe-shooter should carry no extra weight. His gun should be light, and his cartridges need not hold more than an ounce of No. 12 shot; for this bird is easily killed, and as it is so small, and often rises at a considerable distance, it is important that as many of the leaden pellets as possible should be sent after it. Rubber boots reaching to the hip are of course necessary, and the clothing should be gray or brown in color — inconspicuous, at all events. The places in which the snipe are found are often resorted to by some species of our ducks as well. The little pools and creeks, which are sure to be found in extensive snipe marshes, furnish food for the blue and green winged teal, the black duck, mallard, baldpate, and woodduck. It will, therefore, be advisable for one who is about to visit such grounds to put in his pocket half a dozen cartridges, loaded with three and a half drams of powder, and an ounce of No. 8 shot; for although No. 12 may prove effective against the ducks at short range, it is well to be prepared for longer shots.

As between woodcock and English snipe, the preference would be given with but few dissenting voices to the larger bird. Snipe-shooting, from the erratic movements of the bird, is something that cannot be depended on, while if the conditions of weather and feeding-grounds are favorable, one may count with some certainty at the proper season on having sport with the woodcock. As regards delicacy of flavor, there is nothing to choose between the two. For birds so nearly related they are wonderfully unlike in appearance and habits, and the snipe is certainly much better able to take care of himself than his rusty-coated cousin.

George Bird Grinnell.

AT TWILIGHT.

I WONDER if I love thee yet — but oh!
I love thee not as once. . . . The eyes are clear
That vexed my heart then with their ready tear,
The voice is glad and full that faltered so
When thou and I loosed hands long years ago.
Those outward signs are changed; but, musing here
'Neath the broad spaces of the twilight sphere,
Rapt thoughts of thee rise in my heart and glow,
And every wiser deed or tenderer mood
Of mine appears a heritage of good,
A clear reflection of the daylight gone,—
Dear, vanished day, that was my Orient
Of strength and purity and deep content,
Restful as mountains, solemn as the dawn!

Edna Dale.

LONGFELLOW.

I.

Our poet of grace and sentiment left us in the after-glow of an almost ideal career. He had lived at the right time, and with the gift of years; and he died before the years came for him to say, I have no pleasure in them. Not all the daughters of Music were brought low. He scarcely could have realized that people were calling his work elementary, that men whose originality had isolated them, like Emerson and Browning,—and even metrical experts, the inventors of new modes,—were gaining favor with a public which had somewhat outgrown him; that he was to be slighted for the very qualities which had made him beloved and famous, or that other qualities, too long needed, were to be overvalued as if partly for the need's sake.

But they are wrong, it seems to me, who now make light of Longfellow's service as an American poet. His admirers may form no longer a critical majority, yet he surely helped to quicken the New World sense of beauty, and to lead a movement second only to that which begets a national school. I think that the poet himself, reading his own sweet songs, felt the apostolic nature of his mission,—that it was religious, in the etymological sense of the word, the binding back of America to the Old World taste and imagination. Our true rise of Poetry may be dated from Longfellow's method of exciting an interest in it, as an expression of beauty and feeling, at a time when his countrymen were ready for something more various and human than the current meditations on Nature. It was inevitable that he should first set his face toward a light beyond the sea. Our poet's youthful legend aptly was *Outre-Mer*. An escape was in order from the asceticism which two centuries had both modified and confirmed. How could this be effected? Not at once by the absolute presentation of beauty. A Keats, pledged to this alone, could not have propitiated the ancestral spirit. Puritanism was opposed to beauty as a strange god, and to sentiment as an idle thing. Longfellow so adapted the beauty and sentiment of other lands to the convictions of his people, as to beguile their reason through the finer senses, and speedily to satisfy them that loveliness and righteousness may go together. His poems, like pictures seen on household walls, were a protest against barrenness and the symptoms of a new taste.

They made their way more readily, also, by their response to the inherited Anglo-Saxon instincts of his own region. His early predilections, strengthened during a stay in Germany, were chiefly for the poetry and romance of that land. He read his heart in its songs, which he so loved to translate for us. A new generation may be at a loss to conceive the effect of Longfellow's work when it first began to appear. I may convey something of this by what is at once a memory and an illustration. Take the case of a child whose Sunday outlook was restricted, in a decaying Puritan village, to a wooden meeting-house of the old Congregational type. The interior—plain, colorless, rigid with dull white pews and dismal galleries—increased the spiritual starvation of a young nature unconsciously longing for color and variety. Many a child like this one, on a first holiday visit to the town, seeing the vine-grown walls, the roofs and arches, of a graceful Gothic church, has felt a sense of something rich and strange; and many, now no longer children, can remember that the impression upon entrance was such as the stateliest cathedral now could not renew. The columns and tinted walls, the ceiling of oak and blue, the windows of gules and azure and gold,—the service, moreover, with its chant and organ-roll,—all this enraptured and possessed them. To the one relief hitherto afforded them, that of Nature's picturesqueness,—which even Calvinism endured without compunction,—was added a new joy, a glimpse of the beauty and sanctity of human art. A similar delight awaited the first readers of Longfellow's prose and verse. Here was a painter and romancer, indeed, who had journeyed far and returned with gifts for all at home, and who promised often yet to

> "—— sing a more wonderful song
> Or tell a more marvelous tale."

And thus it chanced that, well as he afterward sang of his own sea and shore, he now is said to have been the least national of our poets. His verse, it is true, was like a pulsatory cord, sustaining our new-born ideality with nourishment from the mother-land, until it grew to vigor of its own. Yet he was more widely read than his associates, and seemed to foreigners the American laureate. His native themes, like some of Tennyson's, were chosen with deliberation and as if for their

availability. But from the first he was a poet of sentiment, and equally a craftsman of unerring taste. He always gave of his best; neither toil nor trouble could dismay him until art had done its perfect work. It was a kind of genius,—his sure perception of the fit and attractive. Love flows to one whose work is lovely. Besides, he was a devotee to one calling,—not a critic, journalist, lecturer, or man of affairs,—and even his prose romances were unrhymed poems. A long and spotless life was pledged to song, and verily he had his reward. Successors may find a weakness in his work, but who can rival him in bearing and reputation? His worldly wisdom was of the gospel kind, so gently tempered as to breed no evil. His life and works together were an edifice fairly built,—the House Beautiful, whose air is peace, where repose and calm are ministrant, and where the raven's croak, symbol of the unrest of a more perturbed genius, is never heard. Thus the clerkly singer fulfilled his office,—which was not in the least creative,—and had the tributes he most desired: love and honor during his life-time, and the assurance that no song of his took flight but to rest again and again "in the heart of a friend."

II.

Poets, like the cicalas, have occasion to envy those who compass their song and sustenance together. Few can pledge with Longfellow their lives, or even frequent hours, to the labor they delight in. There was, in fact, an "opening,"—a need for just the service he could render. The circumstances of his birth and training were propitious and worked to one end. Neither he nor Hawthorne was the mere offspring of an environment. There was nothing special in the little down-east school of Bowdoin, sixty years ago, to breed the leaders of our imaginative prose and verse. But the time was ripe; there was an unspoken demand for richer life and thought, to which such natures, and the intellects of Channing and Emerson, were sure to respond. And the concurrence certainly was special: that Longfellow, descended from Pilgrim and Puritan stock, the child of a cultured household, should be born not only with a poet's voice and ear, but with an aptitude for letters amounting to a sixth sense,—a bookishness assimilative as that of Hunt or Lamb; that he should be reared in a typical Eastern town, open alike to polite influences and to the freshness and beauty of the northern sea; that such a youth, buoyant and manly, but averse to the coarser sports, gentle, pure,—one who in France would have become at first an abbé,—should in New England be made a college professor at nineteen, and commissioned to visit Europe and complete his studies; that ten years later, having ended the pleasant drudgery of his apprenticeship, he should find himself settled for life at Harvard, the center of learning, and under few obligations that did not assist, rather than impede, his chosen ministry of song. Here he was to have health, friendship, ease, the opportunity for travel, abundant and equal work and fame, with scarcely an abrupt turn, or flurry, or drought or storm, to the very end. Even his duties served in the direction of a literary bent, confirming his mastery of languages whose poetry and romance were his treasure-house. He wrote his text-books at an age when most poets go a-gypsying. When twenty-six, he made his translation of the "Coplas de Manrique,"—a rendering so grave and sonorous that if now first printed it would be caught up like Fitz-Gerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar," instead of going to the paper mill. It indicated, more than his original work of this period, that a true poetic method was forming in a country where Berkeley's muse thus far had made no course of empire. A few essays, always on literature or the languages, complete the round of his miscellanies, the last being contributed to a review in 1840. After that time he gave up all critical writing whatsoever.

"Outre-Mer," a young poet's sketch-book, reports his first transition from cloister life to travel and experience. It is a journey of sentiment, if not a sentimental journey, and made in the blithesome spirit of a troubadour. All the world was Arcady,—a land of beauty and romance; and these he found, caring for nothing else, in sunny nooks of France, Italy, and Spain, as deftly as the botanist picks out his ferns and forest flowers. Our poet's herbarium had a gift to keep its blossoms unfaded. His road-glasses illuminate the wayside: our modern travelers use stronger lenses, and see things through and through, but with the old illusions we have lost the best of all things—zest. "Hyperion" showed what changes four years can bring about while still the man is young: it is the thoughtful, and somewhat too fond, fantasy of the same pilgrim after more knowledge of the verities of life. The atmosphere of this book is that of Switzerland and Germany; but its shadows came from the maker's heart. He had been bereaved. The opening phrase is grief, a poet's grief, that consoles itself with imagery: "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. * * * We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into

itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy." This precise, epicurean touch, the application of art to feeling, was new in our authorship. Void of real anguish or passion, it still suggested an ideal,—a purpose beyond mere book-craft. The sketches, diversified with not too frequent musing, the wedding of sound to sense, the daintiness of words, the feeble plot, all bear witness that "Hyperion" is the work of an idyllist. The vague manner, with its impression of rest sought in restlessness, and even the broken story, were borrowed, doubtless, from "Titan." The book naturally became the companion of all romantic pilgrims of the Rhine, for the true German spirit is here; its sentiment and fancy alike are seized by a master of the picturesque. He "knew the beauteous river all by heart,—every rock and ruin, every echo, every legend. The ancient castles, * * * they were all his; for his thoughts dwelt in them, and the wind told him tales." With Jean Paul we have Heine, also, who might have conceived the grotesque episode of Frau Kranich's "tea" in Ems. The romance and spooning of "Hyperion," and its moral conclusions, are food for adolescents; but it is easier to laugh at youth than to possess it. And this is Longfellow's youth throughout,—the frankest of confessions. Paul Fleming "buried himself in books; in old dusty books." Read the list of them, from the Nibelungenlied down, and see the diet that he garnished with grapes and Liebfrauenmilch and love-making and moonlight dreams. "How beautiful it is to love!" Ah! how happy to be young, and in love; to have known sorrow, and to use it as a foil; to visit and read the great world, yet not to be corrupted by it, still to keep a pure heart that has no taste for recklessness and vice; through all to recall one lesson: "Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

The chief import of the poet's romances was their bearing upon his own purpose. He fixed his rules of life by writing them down. His second maxim is found in "Kavanagh," a tale with less freshness than "Hyperion," but fashioned with the hand of greater cunning, that of a writer in his prime. Its personages are more distinctly drawn, and it was his brief and nearest approach to a novel. We have a transcript of New England village life, an atmosphere of breeding and refinement, and some pertinent criticism on literary and social topics. As before, the gist of the tale is in a text, placed, with due regard to convention, at the beginning:

> "The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
> Unless the deed go with it."

This bit of wisdom had been deeply considered by the author. By way of strengthening himself against a dreamer's temptation to be derelict, he worked it, one might say, into this "sampler" of a tale. Those who are fond of citing the formula, that Genius is only a talent for persistent work, have reason to place our poet well in the van of their examples. Yet I fancy that only men of talent will heartily subscribe to this definition. Be this as it may, Longfellow's prose tales show us his equipment, and give the clew to his well-adjusted life. It was plain, also, that he was a born romanticist, in full sympathy with the German school. We shall see that, as a poet, he followed a romantic method, to the disapproval of those who feel that nothing in the New World should be done as it has been done elsewhere. It is difficult, however, to explain why even things at home should not be treated according to the genius of the designer. After strange experiments, we just now are discovering that the colonial architecture, so much like that of Cromwell's England, is of all our styles the best adapted to the Atlantic States; and it still becomes us to be modest in defining the types that American art and poetry finally will assume. The critical question, I take it, is not what fashion should be outlawed, but whether the thing done is good of its kind.

Nothing afterward tempted Longfellow from poetic composition, except the illustrations of the "Poetry of Europe," many of which were his own translations, and, late in life, the diversion of editing "Poems of Places," and the heroic labor of his complete version of "The Divine Comedy," a work to which I shall refer again.

III.

LONGFELLOW'S juvenile poems have been collected recently. Those printed, before his graduation, in the "Literary Gazette," resemble the verse of Bryant and Percival, the former of whom he looked upon as his master. Tracings of browsing in the usual pasture grounds are strangely absent: I sometimes wonder if he had an early taste for the Elizabethan poets, or, indeed, for any English worthy, since no modern author has shown fewer signs of this in youth. The "Voices of the Night," his own first collection, was postponed until after a long experience of translation and prose work. It appeared in his thirty-third year, and met with instant favor. Only nine new pieces were in

the book; these, with the translations following, have characteristics that his verse continued to display. The Prelude recalls that of Heine's third edition of the "Reisebilder" (*Das ist der alte Märchenwald*), then just published. Later pieces show that Longfellow caught the manner of this poet, whose principles he severely condemned. The German's rhythm and reverie were repeated in "The Day is Done," "The Bridge," "Twilight," etc., but not his passion and scorn. The influence of Uhland is equally manifest elsewhere. Prototypes of Longfellow's maturer work are found in "The Reaper," "The Psalm of Life," and "The Beleaguered City." "The Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," against which Poe brought a mincing charge of plagiarism, is as strong and conjuring as anything its author lived to write. The Translations deserved high praise. The stately "Coplas" re-appears. Various renderings from German lyric poets, such as "The Happiest Land," "Beware," and "Into the Silent Land," were new originals, examples of a talent peculiarly his own. Given a task which he liked,—with a pattern supplied by another,—and few could equal him. He made his copies in various measures and from many tongues. An essay in hexameter, the version of Tegnér's "Children of the Lord's Supper," preceded his original poems in that form. Even after completing his "Dante," he loved to toy with such work. I have heard him say that he longed to make an English translation of Homer, upon the method which Voss had used to such advantage.

His volume of 1841, "Ballads and Other Poems," may be likened to Tennyson's volume of the ensuing year, in that it confirmed its author's standing and indicated the full extent of his genius as a poet. It was choice in its way, suggesting taste rather than fertility; choicely presented, also, for with it came the fashion, new to this country, of printing verse attractively and in a shape that seeks the hand. The poet's matter, if often gleaned from foreign literatures, was novel to his readers, and his style distinct from that of any English contemporary. The book contains examples of all the classes into which his poems seem to divide themselves, and may be examined with its successors. One sees, forthwith, that Longfellow's impulse was to make a poem, above all, "interesting." He was no word-monger, no winder of coil upon coil about a subtle theme. He changed his topics, for some topic he must have, and one that suited him. A cheerful acceptance of the lessons of life was the moral, suggested in many lyrics, which commended him to all virtuous, home-keeping folk, but in the end poorly served him with the critics. He often is judged by his least poetic work,—verse whose easy lessons are adjusted to common needs; by the "Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," "Prometheus," and "The Ladder of St. Augustine,"—little sermons in rhyme that are sure to catch the ear and to become hackneyed as a sidewalk song. He often taught, by choice, the primary class, and the upper form is slow to forget it. Next above these pretty homilies are his poems of sentiment and twilight brooding. "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "Maidenhood," "Resignation," and "Haunted Houses" came home to pensive and gentle natures. Lowell has written a few kindred pieces, such as "The Changeling" and "The First Snowfall." A still higher class, testing Longfellow's eye for the suggestive side of a theme and his art to make the most of it, includes "The Fire of Drift-Wood," "The Lighthouse," "Sand of the Desert," "The Jewish Cemetery," and "The Arsenal." In poems of this sort he was a skilled designer, yet they were something more than art for art's sake. Owing to the tenderness seldom absent from his work, he often has been called a poet of the Affections. It must be owned that he was a poet of the Tastes as well. He combined beauty with feeling in lyrical trifles which rival those of Tennyson and other masters of technique, and was almost our earliest maker of verse that might be termed exquisite. "The Bells of Lynn" and "The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls," show that the hand which polished "Curfew" and "The Arrow and the Song" was sensitive to the last.

Among obvious tests of a poet are his voice, facility, and general aim. Longfellow's verse was refined and pleasing; his purpose, evidently not that of a doctrinaire. The anti-slavery poems did not come, like Whittier's, from a fiery heart, or rival Lowell's in humor and disdain. They simply manifest his recognition and artistic treatment of an existing evil. The ballad of "The Quadroon Girl" is a poem, not a prophecy, with a pathos beautified by certain "values," as a painter might term them,—the tropic shore, the lagoon, the island planter's daughter and slave. Of the higher tests of poetic genius,—spontaneity, sweep, intellect, imaginative power,—what examples has he left us? At times the highest of all, imagination, in passages where he outleaps the conceits and fancies that so possessed him. We have it in the "Midnight Mass"; in "Sir Humphrey Gilbert"; in "The Spanish Jew's Tale," when

> "——straight into the city of the Lord
> The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,
> And through the streets there swept a sudden breath
> Of something there unknown, which men call death."

At times also we have what is of almost equal worth, imaginative treatment. This is felt in the effect of his very best lyrics, a series of Ballads, with "The Skeleton in Armor" at their front both in date and in merit. This vigorous poem opens with a rare abruptness. The author, full of the Norseland, was inspirited by his novel theme, and threw off a ringing carol of the sea-rover's training, love, adventure. The cadences and imagery belong together, and the measure, that of Drayton's "Agincourt," is better than any new one for its purpose. Even the poet's conceits are braver than their wont:

> "Then from those cavernous eyes
> Pale flashes seemed to rise,
> As when the northern skies
> Gleam in December;
> And, like the water's flow
> Under December's snow,
> Came a dull voice of woe
> From the heart's chamber."

Elsewhere he is as resonant as the bard of England's "King Harry":

> "And as to catch the gale
> Round veered the flapping sail,
> Death! was the helmsman's hail,
> Death without quarter!
> Midships with iron keel
> Struck we her ribs of steel;
> Down her black hulk did reel
> Through the black water!"

To old-fashioned people this heroic ballad, written over forty years ago, is worth a year's product of Kensington-stitch verse. A few others, mostly of the sea, count high in any estimate of Longfellow. "The Wreck of the Hesperus," though not without blemishes, "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," "Victor Galbraith," and "The Cumberland" are treated, I think, imaginatively. Boker's noble stanzas on the sinking of the Cumberland follow more closely the old ballad style, but Longfellow plainly found a style of his own. His "occasional" poems were equally felicitous: witness the touching, sympathetic imagery of "The Two Angels," the joyous grace of the chanson for Agassiz's birthday. "Hawthorne," "Bayard Taylor," and "Killed at the Ford" are examples of the fitness with which his emotion and poetic quality corresponded, each to each. But neither war nor grief ever too much disturbed the artist soul. Tragedy went no deeper with him than its pathos; it was another element of the beautiful. Death was a luminous transition. "The Warden of the Cinque Ports" is all melody and association. He made a scenic threnody, knowing the laureate would supply an intellectual characterization of the Iron Duke. His fancy dwells upon the ancient and high-sounding title, the mist and sunrise of the Channel, and the rolling salute from all those rampart guns, that yet could not arouse the old Field-Marshal from his slumber. Tennyson fills his grander strophes with the sturdy valor and wisdom of the last great Englishman, but within our poet's bounds the result is just as undeniably a poem.

Longfellow, employing regular forms of verse, was flexible where many are awkward, —at ease in his fine clothes. "Rain in Summer," "To a Child," and a few longer poems yet to be examined, such as "The Building of the Ship," are written with a free hand. In his latter period he often used an anapestic movement, first discoverable in "The Saga of King Olaf" and "Enceladus," afterward in "Belisarius," "The Chamber over the Gate," and "Helen of Tyre." The impression conveyed is that we listen to one whose day for elaborate song is past, but whose voice still warbles in the fresh break of spring or the melting twilight of thankfulness and rest. With age, his natural tenderness grew upon him, as men's traits will for good and bad. "The Children's Hour" is one of the inimitable fireside songs that made this "old moustache" the children's poet. Another delightful lyric, "My Lost Youth," was the utterance of a man who in middle age looked in his own heart to write, and found it warm and true. To comprehend its charm and sincerity, one, perchance, must also have loitered in youth along the piers, sending his hopes far across the whispering ocean to the untried world; must himself remember

> "—— the black wharves and the slips,
> And the sea-tides tossing free;
> And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea."

Some breezy dome of trees, with sounds and shadows like those of Deering's woods, must still haunt his memory, if he would recall

> "The song and the silence in the heart,
> That in part are prophecies, and in part
> Are longings wild and vain;
> And the voice of that fitful song
> Sings on, and is never still:
> 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Of all these poems, the swallow-flights of many seasons, not one falls short of a certain standard of grace and correctness; and the same may be said of the author's more pretentious works, to which we now come. Meanwhile it is to be noted that he was the

first American to compose sustained narrative-poems that gained and kept a place in literature. In fact, since the Georgian period, there has been no other poet of our tongue, save Tennyson, whose longer productions have been greeted by the public with the interest bestowed upon the successive works of novelists in the front rank.

IV.

"EVANGELINE," the first of these tales in verse, was written—as I have said of "In Memoriam," that very different production—when its author had reached the age of forty, with his powers in full maturity, and remains his typical poem. Like "Hermann and Dorothea," it is composed in hexameter, as befits a bucolic love story. Longfellow's choice of this measure, in defiance of a noble army of censors, proves that he had, much as he shrank from discussion, the full courage of his convictions upon a point in literary art. He lived for poetry; his tastes were definite, and he felt himself justified in respecting them.

Within a recent period several noteworthy extensions have been made to the technical range of English verse. Among these are: the use by Tennyson of the stanzaic form of "In Memoriam"; the example of a long poem in unrhymed trochaics, by Longfellow; Swinburne's forcible handling of anapestic measures; more recently, the revival of elegant romance-forms, by the new English school. Preceding these in date we have Longfellow's success in familiarizing the "English hexameter," the measure of "Evangeline" and "Miles Standish." The popularity of those idyls assuredly proved that the common folk, in spite of critics, do not find the verse a stumbling-block. They read it, when gracefully written, without suspecting that it is not a musical and natural English form. The question of hexameter has been argued to little purpose, in consequence of a mist which has hid the true issue from the perception of both parties to the dispute. The verse usually is examined, by its friends and opponents, from the scholar's point of view. To Mr. Swinburne, hexameters are "ugly bastards of verse"; even those of Mr. Arnold have "no metrical feet at all," but sound like "anapests broken up and driven wrong"; Clough's are admirable "studies in graduated prose"; Hawtrey's, "faultless, English, hexametrical," but only "a well played stroke," not continuable; Kingsley's "Andromeda," the "one good poem extant in that pernicious metre," and even Kingsley's feet are but "loose, rhymeless anapests." Now "Andromeda," a delicious poem for poets, never will commend its measure to the multitude, since it never will reach them. But if such lines as these,

> "Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,
> Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean,"

are essentially anapestic, it is because one chooses to read them so; and any dactylic verse of Homer may be transposed in the same way by reading it accentually and ignoring the first and last syllables. When Mr. Swinburne adds, "Such as pass elsewhere for English hexameter, I do hope, are impossible to Eton," he strikes the key-note of the misunderstanding. The same premise is always implied, to wit: that classical analogies should govern our opinion of this measure. Unfortunately, I say, even the arguments of its defenders are based on the notion that the modern verse may approximate to the antique, in which effort, of course, it always must fail. Poe, in his turn, opposed Longfellow's hexameters because they were not classical; yet he unconsciously paid tribute to them as an English form of verse, when he said that their admirers were "deceived by the facility with which some of these verses may be read!" Lord Derby anticipated Mr. Swinburne's "pernicious metre," in denouncing "that pestilent heresy of the so-called English hexameter," which "can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody." Whether or not the noble translator, deprived of rules of prosody, would have found it hard to write verse at all, it is plain that here again crops out the fallacy of the discussion. Fixed rules of quantitative or classical verse must be put out of mind. The question ought to be, simply: Is the verse, in six feet, of "Evangeline" or "Andromeda" a good and readable measure for an English poem?

Bryant, a good writer of blank verse, disliked a measure which he found unsuited to his slow and dignified movement. Professor Lewis took the ground of Mr. Bryant, whose Homer he so much praised. Mr. Lang is on the same side, and has said that not even Professor Arnold can alter his opinion. Yet the late Professor Hadley, an almost matchless scholar, advocated this verse for Homeric translation. Messrs. Lowell, Higginson, and Stoddard are among its friends. Matthew Arnold, in the delightful papers "On Translating Homer," has made his strongest plea for the English hexameter by unconsciously

granting that its close approximation to the antique type must be the result of adroit labor, not of unstudied expression. Such a result justly might be deemed an artifice, distinct from natural English verse. And Mr. Arnold, in view of the reception awarded "Evangeline," also sees that the dislike of our present English hexameter is "rather among the professional critics than the general public." A liking for it, on the part of many poets, is evident from their successive experiments. Longfellow's foreign studies influenced his own decision in its favor; since then we have had Kingsley's "Andromeda," Clough's "Bothie," Howells's "Clement" Taylor's rhythmic "Pastorals," and, more recently, Mr. Munby's idyl of "Dorothy" in the elegaic measure, and its Hellenic counter-type, the "Delphic Days" of Mr. Snider. But while there are both faith and practice in favor of the hexametric verse, it is still in a stage of growth. Mr. Arnold a second time reaches the mark when he implies that its capabilities are not yet evident; that, "even now, if a version of the Iliad in English hexameter were made by a poet who, like Mr. Longfellow, has that indefinable quality which renders him popular,—something *attractive* in his talent which communicates itself to his verses,—it would have a great success among the general public." He expected yet to see an improved type of this verse, which should excel Voss's by as much as Shakspere's blank verse excels that of Schiller. This may or may not be; but the capabilities of the measure will not be understood until some fine poet—combining the simplicity of Longfellow and the vigor of Clough, and free from the sing-song of the one and the roughness of the other—shall make it the vehicle of passion, incident, imagination. To bring out its full rhythm, while depending chiefly on accent,—the natural basis of English verse,—the ear will pay regard to such effects of quantity as the language proffers. Purely quantitative English verse, at any length, is out of the equation. To the samples of it often printed by amateurs in "Blackwood" and elsewhere, Canning's outburst, "Dactylics call'st thou them? God help thee, silly one!" may be justly applied, but not to the hexameter of Kingsley and Bayard Taylor. Call the new measure what you will—something else, if possible, than the term applied to the verse of Homer and Lucretius, for it assuredly is not composed of quantitative dactyls and spondees. But it will have six feet, and natural breaks and cæsuras, and will be more or less dactylic; it may also have anapestic variations, and trochees quite as often as spondees. To sum up all, its music, sweep, and inspiriting effect will depend entirely upon the genius of the poet who writes it.

The use of this measure for translation from the Greek and Latin poets I have discussed in a notice of Bryant. Longfellow could not be the supreme translator of Homer; but if there was nothing of the Grecian in him, there was much of the Latinist, and with Virgil's polished muse he might have been quite at ease. Meanwhile, the popularity of our new hexameter with simple readers who know little of the Homeric roll, the Sicilian *psithurisma*, or Virgil's liquid flow, has been demonstrated against all theorists by the record of "Evangeline." The poet's friends told him he must take a familiar meter, that hexameters "would never do." He found, as reported by David Macrae, that his "thoughts would run in hexameter," and declared that the measure would "take root in English soil." "It is a measure," he said, "that suits all themes. It can fly low like a swallow, and at any moment dart skyward. * * * What fine hexameters we have in the Bible: *Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them;* and this line, *God is gone up with a shout; the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.* Nothing could be grander than that!" Over-dactylic, and therefore monotonous, as Longfellow's hexameters often are, they have the merit of being smooth to read without analysis, like any other English verse. This primary, easy lilt was needed for an introduction, until, stage by stage, the popular ear shall be wonted to more varied forms, and the scholar brought to realize that here is a true and idiomatic English verse, however distinct from that which he learned in the classes.

Notwithstanding its primitive and loose construction, the verse of "Evangeline" is at times vigorously wrought and sonorous:

> "Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
> Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
> Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
> Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
> Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches."

And with the measure that came to him, the poet had chanced upon an idyllic story, seemingly made for its use, and wholly after his liking. A beautiful, pathetic tradition of American history, remote enough to gather a poetic halo, and yet fresh with sweet humanities; tinged with provincial color which he knew and loved, and in its course taking on the changing atmospheres of his own land; pastoral at first, then broken into action, and

afterward the record of shifting scenes that made life a pilgrimage and dream. There are few dramatic episodes; there is but one figure whom we follow,—that one the most touching of all, the betrothed Evangeline searching for her lover, through weary years and over half an unknown world. There are chance pictures of Acadian fields, New World rivers, prairies, bayous, forests, by moonlight and starlight and midday; glimpses, too, of picturesque figures, artisans and farmers, soldiery, trappers, boatmen, emigrants, priests. But the poem already is a little classic, and will remain one, as surely as "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," or any other sweet and pious idyl of our English tongue; yet we find its counterpart more nearly, I think, in some faultless miniature of the purest French school. Evangeline, as she

> "Sat by some lonely grave, and thought that perchance in its bosom
> He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him,"

though the subject of artists, needs no other painter than her poet, through whose verse the music of her name and the legend of her wanderings will be so long perpetuated. There are flaws and petty fancies and homely passages in "Evangeline"; but this one poem, thus far the flower of American idyls, known in all lands, I will not approach in a critical spirit. There are rooms in every house where one treads with softened footfall. Accept it as the poet left it, the mark of our advance at that time in the art of song,—his own favorite, of which he justly might be fond, since his people loved it with him, and him always for its sake.

The advantage of a new field, to which later authors, like Harte and Cable, are somewhat indebted, was of full service to our poet, not only on his provincial excursions, but also in the one successful attempt that has been made to treat in numbers the customs and legends of our Indian tribes. This gain was strengthened by the novelty of the rhymeless trochaic dimeter used for "Hiawatha," a measure then practically unknown to English verse. He probably would not have ventured to compose his Algic Edda in this monotonous time-beat, had he not made sure of its effect in the Norse literatures, and mainly, as was noted at the time, in the Finnish epic of "Kalevala." The result, on the whole, justified his course. "Hiawatha" is a forest-poem; it is fragrant with the woods, fresh with the sky and waters of the breezy north. The Indian traditions, like those of the Scandinavians, are the myths of an untutored race; they would seem puerile and affected in any but the most primitive of chanting measures. As it is, one feels that the nicest skill was required to protect the verse from gathering an effect of burlesque or commonplace; yet this it never does. The fable is not of a stimulating kind. Grown-up readers, I suspect, seldom go through it consecutively. To read here and there and at odd times, it is in every way pleasurable. It was, in a sense, the poet's most genuine addition to our native literature. Previous endeavors to make imaginative verse from aboriginal material had signally failed: witness the ludicrous heroics of the Knickerbocker poets, whose conventional ideals were utterly discarded by Longfellow. He alone had the gift to blend the kindred myths of Indian fancy in mellow and artistic simplicity; to cull from Schoolcraft what was really essential, and make it more charming for us than a sheer invention possibly could be. He made the field his own, with little room for after-comers. "Hiawatha" is the one poem that beguiles the reader to see the birch and ash, the heron and eagle and deer, as they seem to the red man himself, and to join for the moment in his simple creed and wonderment. Such is the half-dramatic merit of the work, and it was only by a true exercise of the imagination that a poet, himself no familiar of the wild-wood life, could sit in his study and utilize the books relating to it: an equally true exercise, I think, though upon a less majestic basis, with that of the poet who mastered the Arthurian legends of his own historic race and island, and wrote the "Idylls of the King." Longfellow's use of the Indian dialect and names is delightful. These cantos remind us that poetry is the natural speech of primitive races; the "song" of Hiawatha has the epic quality that pertains to early ballads, the highest enjoyment of which belongs to later ages and to the creature that Whitman terms the civilizee. He alone can relish to the full the illusions which the poet has recaptured for his episode of "The Building of the Canoe," the death of Minnehaha, and Hiawatha's mystical farewell.

When a companion-piece to "Evangeline" appeared, every one made haste to acquaint himself with the love experience of the demure Priscilla, loyal John Alden, and bluff Captain Miles. Even now, if we had some young Tennysons and Longfellows, poetic ideals might not wholly give way to the novelist's photographs of every-day life. The author's tact guided him to the prettiest tradition of Pilgrim times. We have a romantic picture of the Plymouth settlement, with its far-away round of human life and action, through

which the tide of love went flowing then as now. The bucolic wedding-scene at the close is a fine subject for the pastoral canvas. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was an advance upon "Evangeline," so far as concerns structure and the distinct characterization of personages. A merit of the tale is the frolicsome humor here and there, lighting up the gloom that blends with our conception of the Pilgrim inclosure, and we see that comic and poetic elements are not at odds in the scheme of a bright imagination. The verse, though stronger, is more labored than that of "Evangeline"; some of the lines are prosaic, almost inadmissible. There are worse, however, in the poet's last example of hexameter, the Quaker story of "Elizabeth,"—which was written rather to fill out the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" than from any special inspiration. Nor does the Plymouth idyl show much sympathy on the part of the author with the ancestral environment, but chiefly a cavalier perception of what romance and grace there might have been in the good old colony time.

His works in dramatic form plainly represent the craving of a versatile poet to win laurels in every province of his art. But to compose a living drama requires just that special faculty, if not the highest, which is denied to nine out of ten. Longfellow, perchance, might have made himself either a dramatist or a novelist, if he had gone into training as doggedly as others, born essayists or poets, who have gained the secret of novel-writing through practice, aided by popular encouragement. He made a fair beginning as a romancer with "Hyperion," and even as a dramatist by the clever play of "The Spanish Student,"—equipped with the properties of a country and literature so well understood by him. As a drama, that remains his best achievement. When the desire to better it possessed him, the outcome was a motley series of writings in the form under review: one, a frigid contribution to the pseudo-antique verse at which all college-bred poets feel competent to try their hands. Nothing with the true Grecian flavor could come out of his Italian and Gothic tendencies. "Pandora," besides reminding us of Taylor's version of the Second Part of Faust, is in every way a forced effort, and, like "Judas Maccabæus," would go a-begging if the work of a new man. The Trilogy of "Christus," as a whole, is a disjointed failure. Parts First and Third, "The Divine Tragedy" and "The New England Tragedies," exhibit the skill to choose imposing subjects and build a framework, but little of the power required for their treatment. We have the form, the personages, and situations, rarely the action and noble fire. The author's shortcomings are even more conspicuous than Tennyson's, and by as much as his intellectual power was the less absolute. His theory that the Scriptural language should be reproduced grew out of the fact that he could invent no other, and resulted in a barren paraphrase of what is fine in its own place. What sublime themes!—the life and passion of Christ, the Golden Legend of Christendom, the tragedy of Puritan superstition,—and how tamely the first and last of these are handled! Their consolidation was manifestly an after-thought, to give a semblance of strength to the whole. Where we have the poet's own style, as in the soliloquies of Mary, Simon, Helen, it is a subjective utterance of the Cambridge scholar at his desk. The Interludes are put in to brace the effect, like the sham buttresses of a faulty building. He should not have preëmpted the sable field of the Quaker and witch persecutions, unless he felt in his utmost fiber the nerve to occupy it. The temptation was strong; the result, contrasted with Hawthorne's prose treatment of kindred subjects, is deplorable.

"The Golden Legend," however, should be judged by itself, and is an enchanting romance of the Middle Age cast in the dramatic mold. Brought out years before the "Tragedies," it finally was merged in the "Christus" by way of toning up the whole, the poet well knowing that this was his choicest distillation of Gothic mysticism and its legendary. It is composite rather than inventive; the correspondences between this work and Goethe's masterpiece, not to speak of productions earlier than either, are interesting. There is decided originality in its general affect, and in the taste wherewith the author, like a modern maker of stained glass, arranged the prismatic materials which he knew precisely where to collect. The Prologue, not wholly a new conception, is none the less imaginative: a scene of night and storm, with Lucifer and the Powers of the Air vainly assaulting the Strasburg Cross, baffled by the voices of the Bells, which repeat the sacred words graven on their sides. The Legend is a striking instance of an effort by which mediæval rituals, chants, and wonder-tales are boldly seized and molten to an alloy, whose color and tensile qualities are due to the solvent of the alchemist. Here and there are unmistakable lusters of the poet's own vein. This would be recognized at sight:

> "His gracious presence upon earth
> Was as a fire upon a hearth;
> As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
> The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
> Strengthened our hearts."

And this, also, is after his best fashion:

> "I have my trials. Time has laid his hand
> Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
> But as a harper lays his open palm
> Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

The humor of Lucifer's soliloquies, in the Church and elsewhere, is characteristic of both Goethe and Longfellow, and therefore German with a difference. But all phases of our poet's verse and fancy are to be observed in this brilliant conglomerate. And what rare materials are brought together! Here are revived the oft-told jest of Brother Felix, Walter the Minnesinger, Lucifer and the Black Paternoster, the monkish chants and anthems, the Miracle Play, the disputes at the School of Palermo! The richest passages are those contrasting the Cellar and Refectory scenes with the prayer-like labor of Brother Pacificus illuminating the Gospel in the Scriptorium above. These, with many beautiful counterparts, lighting page after page, move one to accord with those who regard "The Golden Legend" as a piece in which the poet's versatile genius is seen at its best. Though not the work of a natural dramatist, it is vastly superior to the prosaic fabrics which are attached to it, and which fail to grow upon the reader in spite of this forced association.

A posthumous drama, "Michael Angelo," while having the dignity that becomes its theme, does not change our view of the author's limitations. It contains elevated passages, mostly the soliloquies of the great artist, of whom in his old age it may be termed a sympathetic study, and is worth pursuing, even for something more than the perfect sonnet which forms the Dedication.

Were I to select one from the poet's long succession of books to fitly illustrate his traits, I might name the little volume of 1849, with its two divisions, "By the Seaside" and "By the Fireside." "The Building of the Ship" is the best example of his free-hand metrical style,—musical, wholesome, and suggestive of an imagination that takes heat from its own action. This celebration of a manly and poetic form of handicraft is simply cast, yet full of energy and spirit. At the close, a sunburst of patriotism, the superb apostrophe to the Union, outvies that ode of Horace on which it was modeled. In conception and structure the poem, while thoroughly national, is akin to Schiller's "Lay of the Bell." I think that the minor lyrics in this volume, from "Chrysaor" to "Gaspar Becerra," warrant my liking for it, and are peculiarly representative. The author long afterward supplied companion-pieces, "The Hanging of the Crane" and "Keramos," to his idyl of the ship-yard. His reputation now made the production of each of these a literary event; just as any late and brief work of a favorite composer sends a murmur of interest through the musical world. Such afterpieces earn for artists, in the ripeness of their fame, a more sudden reward than greater efforts which preceded them. All things come around at last, and often come too late. But Longfellow again and again received his crown of praise; and this the more frequently in return for service in which he was easily first,—the art which gained for an old-time minstrel a willing largess, that of the recounter, the teller of bewitching tales. His station as a poet was not advanced by the different installments of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," but it was much to have the delight of giving delight, as often as each appeared, to a host of unseen readers. And so in the end they formed his most extended work: a series of short stories, mostly gathered from older literatures, translated into his varying and crystalline verse, and linked together, like the tales of Boccaccio and Chaucer, by a running commentary of the poet's own. The selections are good of themselves, and the conceit of the gathering of the poet's friends at the Sudbury Inn brought them near to the interest of his audience. Nothing could be better than the prelude. A transfiguring portraiture from life is that of the musician, Ole Bull. The tales here told in song for the first time, all of them Colonial, are but four in number,—few indeed, among so many gleaned from the Decameron, the Gesta Romanorum, "the chronicles of Charlemagne," and "the stories that recorded are by Pierre Alphonse." Here is the semblance of a master effort, but in fact a succession of minor ones; we perceive that no great outlay of imaginative force was required for this kind of work. With Longfellow's lyrical facility of putting a story into rippling verse, almost as lightly as another would tell it in prose, we find ourselves assured of as many poems as he had themes. Less subtle and refined than Morris, he was a better recounter. This was due to a modern and natural style, the sweet variety of his measures, and to his ease in dialogue. He intersperses many realistic passages, and by other ways avoids the monotony of the "idle singer of an empty day." As for poetic atmosphere and all the essentials of a select work of beauty, the "Tales" cannot enter into comparison with "The Earthly Paradise." Longfellow's frequent gayety, and constant sense of the humanities, make him a true story-teller for the multitude; not, like Morris, an exquisite, dreamy singer for companions of his own guild.

His version of "The Divine Comedy" is one of the most signal results of American labor in the department of translation. There was nothing in the work of his predecessors to prevent the task from being not only a matter of attraction, but a duty; no one, on the score of talent or acquirements, was better fitted to renew an attempt which from its conditions never can be perfectly successful. His life-long study of Dante's text had brought to this natural translator that knowledge of it which was more than half the achievement. The theory of his version was the modern one (which it helped to confirm), —that of recent and noted English translations, and of Taylor's "Faust,"— to wit, a literal and lineal rendering. Unlike Taylor, Longfellow had but one measure to reproduce, and he discarded the rhymes altogether, while striving to convey the rhythm and deeper music of the sublime original. It was fitting that the neighborhood of Cambridge, whose poets and scholars were for the most part sympathetic lovers of Dante, should furnish a new translation of the Commedia, and that Longfellow—less brilliant than Lowell, whether as a poet or a student, but his superior in patient industry and evenness of taste—should be the one to make it. We are told that his work received, from time to time, the criticism of a pleiad of his friends. Certainly it was brought to birth with heralding by Norton,—the classical translator of "Vita Nuova,"—Howells, Greene, and others of the group. As for the discussions which ensued upon its merits, my impression is that points were well taken on both sides. Various other translations of Dante were appearing about this time—the six-hundredth anniversary of the Tuscan's birth: in Great Britain, those of Dayman, Ford, and Rossetti; in America, Dr. Parsons's "Inferno" was before the public,—seventeen, cantos in the rhymed pentameter quatrain not so literal as Longfellow's, but the noble performance that one might expect from the author of the "Lines on a Bust of Dante." The best of the English triad was that of Rossetti. It bears the stamp of a master-hand, yet has so many blemishes, and is here and there so awkward, as to be on the whole less satisfactory than Longfellow's, to which it is kindred in principle and method.

The reader of Longfellow's pages is secure of a faithful reproduction of the original order and meaning and of Dante's manner—so far as the latter depends on linear arrangement. All these are of the highest value, if the vital and pervading style of the lofty Florentine can likewise be transferred. The ideal translator will reproduce all these—the sense, the metrical arrangement, the grandeur of tone. Until his arrival, if one of these must be sacrificed, it cannot be the first, and it should be, I think, the second rather than the third. One would prefer a prose rendering of the same rank with Mr. Lang's "Homer" and "Theocritus" to a feebly correct transcription in English verse. Longfellow certainly aimed to meet all the foregoing requirements, and in his case a complete failure was scarcely possible, even with respect to the third. But his gifts as a translator never were more conspicuous than when, in youth, he paraphrased and almost recreated so many lyrics from the German and other tongues. Applying a literal method to the Commedia, his genius is less evident than his talent and conscientious self-restraint. What he did was to translate the whole work, line for line, almost as literally as a class recitation, and this, barring a few archaisms, with much simplicity and smoothness. Except in the more abstruse cantos, the appearance of ease is so marked that one gives credit to the story that the poet, with his facility and mastery of the text, accomplished his task in a few years by writing a stated number of verses each morning, while waiting for his coffee to boil. If this were the fact, it would not do to estimate the feat by it. Where a man's genius lies, there he works with ease, and often undervalues the result; elsewhere, he "labors." There is nothing labored in Longfellow's translation; the fault is of another kind: we lose, amid all its simplicity, the "grand manner," as Mr. Arnold would call it, of the divine master. A neophyte misses what he expected to realize of the unflinching strength and terror of the Inferno, the palpitating splendor of the Paradiso. The three divisions seem leveled, so to speak, to the grade of the Purgatorio, midway between the zenith and nadir of Dante's song. This shortcoming is to be felt, rather than proved, and tells in favor of Parsons's translation, and of others greatly inferior to this as a whole. Even Cary's old-fashioned paraphrase, full of Miltonic inversions and epithets, and thoroughly open to Bentley's strictures on Pope's "Homer," has exalted passages that justify its survival to our day. Longfellow's genuine scholarship led him to pursue his method, once determined on, without the slightest protrusion of skill and learning. Grace is added by the frequent use of feminine endings,—a habit natural to Longfellow, and increasing the likeness of his own to the original verse. But his rendition of many Italian words by English derivatives, which often have quite lost the etymological meaning, is an error made in the interest of extreme fidelity and really

telling against it. A kindred one is the use of derivatives in which the primitive meaning is not lost, but which do not translate the text to English ears so effectively as their Saxon synonyms. For instance, most of the translators—Wright, Cayley, Ford, Rossetti, etc.—have made havoc with the inscription over the gate of hell:

> "Per me si va nella città dolente;
> Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
> Per me si va tra la perduta gente."

Longfellow's rendering is superior to all the rest:

> "Through me the way is to the city dolent;
> Through me the way is to eternal dole;
> Through me the way among the people lost."

Yet here is a forced translation of the word "dolente" by a derivative which, to English readers, is not an *equivalent*. Besides, a more effective expression of anguish can be gained by the use of a Saxon word. One step further would have made Mr. Longfellow's rendering perfect: he might have escaped an inversion, and have matched the verbal repetition in the first two lines, after this wise:

> "Through me the way is to the woful city;
> Through me the way is to eternal woe."

Reading the whole work, and accepting the late Mr. Greene's opinion that the characteristics of Dante are Variety and Power, I think that the evenness of Longfellow's method robs us of the former; and as for the latter, it is the one thing which the lay reader of this translation, unrivaled as it is in many respects, does not adequately feel.

The reflex influence of this labor was apparent in the elevated nature of his later poems. It is true that he occasionally used his new diction in a prosaic or weary manner. Of this, such a line as "The spiritual world preponderates," from the sonnet to Whittier, is an extreme instance. Otherwise, a firmer poetic quality was observable after this date. The sonnets which he now wrote, few as they are, entitle him to a place in the most select circle of modern poets. They rank with the best written in our century. Where, in fact, throughout the whole galaxy of English sonnets, is there a group surpassing the six which accompanied the Dante volumes? Rhythmic, perfect in structure, and full of beauty, they have captured the spirit of the Divine Song. A series written in the poet's old age, his tributes to the memory of comrades gone before, has a pathetic charm. Still later was composed the sonnet "Nature," which must be accounted one of the choicest in any language upon the theme to which its title is but a pass-word:

> "As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
> Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
> Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
> And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
> Still gazing at them through the open door,
> Nor wholly re-assured and comforted
> By promises of others in their stead,
> Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
> So Nature deals with us, and takes away
> Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
> Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
> Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
> Being too full of sleep to understand
> How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

This is, however, singularly like the translation, by Leigh Hunt, of Filicaja's sonnet on Providence, quoted by Longfellow himself in the notes to the Paradiso. With lessening use, the poet's touch lost little of its delicacy and poise. The few pieces brought together in "Ultima Thule" indicate that his ruling sense of art was clear as ever; nor was it finally dulled, like Emerson's bright intelligence, by a veil of darkness slowly drawn. He ceased from service almost without forewarning, and because his work was done.

V.

Few poets have been more restricted to fixed habits of composition. His mode was perfectly obvious and unchanged, save by greater refinement, during fifty years. Everything suggested an image, except when his imagery suggested the thought of which he made it seem a reflection. He tells us that

> "Bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean,
> Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public";

and we feel that the image really grew out of a poet's conception of his personage. But again, looking upon "drifting currents of the river," or finding the day "cold and dark and dreary," or listening to the belfry-chimes, he hunts about for some emotion or phase of life which these things aptly illustrate. This process not seldom becomes a vice of style. He constantly applied his imagery in a formal way,—the very *ut . . . ita* of the Latins, the *as . . . so* of the eighteenth century. But whether his metaphors came of themselves, or with prayer and fasting, they always came, and often were novel and poetic. A more trying habit was that inbred, as it seems, with the New England poets,

most of whom have preached too much in verse. He tacked a didactic moral, like a corollary of Euclid, on many a lovely poem. No one better knew that "nothing is poetry which could as well have been expressed in prose," but the habit formed in youth seemed beyond his control. Still, it was through this habit that he became the most popular of University poets, and as a moralist no one could make commonplace more attractive. Lastly, the bookish flavor of his work is at once its strength and weakness: the former, because the very life of his genius depended on it; the latter, because poetry that is over-literary is so much the less creative, and is otherwise open to the objections brought against literary art. Browning's fondness for black-letter is redeemed by dramatic vigor. In reading Longfellow, we see that the world of books was to him the real world. From first to last, if he had been banished from his library, his imagination would have been blind and deaf and silent. It is true that he fed upon the choicest yield of literature; his gathered honey was of the thyme and clover, not the rude buckwheat. Take, for instance, the "Morituri Salutamus," read before his surviving classmates on the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation. Was there ever anything more beautiful, in view of the occasion? Is not the title itself a stroke of genius? But the title also defines the method of the poem: there are more than twenty learned references in this piece of less than three hundred lines, including one entire tale from the "Gesta Romanorum." He had, we see, this way of working, and for once it resulted in a poem that is the model of its kind.

As for Nature, he usually saw it as polarized by reflection from the mirror Art. Whether in or out of his study, he had not Emerson's interpretative eye, and his report of landscape and the country life was less genuine than Lowell's or Whittier's, not to mention the younger poets. He rarely ventured beyond the simple outlook from his mansion door. The effect of the rain, the mist, the night-fall, upon his own spirit, is what he gives us, in the manner of some landscape of the French subjective school. A starry event, the occultation of Orion, at once becomes a glorious image of the triumph of Love over Force. In "Evangeline" there are refined pictures of scenery that was familiar to him, with just as pleasing descriptions of that which he knew only through his books. He painted the landscape of half Europe in the same way, always a cosmopolitan, never the genius of the place. The flower-de-luce, with its heraldic associations, is the emblem after which he names a volume. But with respect to still life and common life, the true *genre* touch of "The Old Clock" and "The Village Blacksmith" grows firmer in "Miles Standish," where he draws so well the Plymouth interiors, the Puritan maiden at her wheel, the elders, and men-at-arms. And look! how he describes what of all is nearest his heart, an olden volume:

> "Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
> Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
> Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the walls of a church-yard,
> Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
> Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem."

I more than half recant the statement that Longfellow was not a poet of Nature, bethinking myself how justly others have maintained that he was by eminence our poet of the Sea. He clung to the coast: looking inland, he cared most for the tide-meadows of his neighborhood; looking oceanward, his fancy throve upon the omens, the mysteries, the perpetual fascinations of "sea from shore." He loved his mighty rock-girt bay, the lights and beacons, the mist and fog-bells, the sleet and surge of winter, the coastwise vessels; and its memories were the drift-wood with which he kindled "thoughts that burned and glowed within." His imagination goes out to "the ocean old," the "gray old sea" of storms and calms; to its winged frequenters, the ancient galleons, the fleets of conquest and embassy and traffic. The names of sunny isles and far-off lands were music to him. If by chance our fireside magician drowned his books deeper than did ever plummet sound, and sang from a poet's heart alone, it was when he returned again and again to capture and repeat for us the haunting "secret of the sea."

Reviewing our survey of his work, I observe that each of his best known efforts has led to the mention of prose or verse by some other hand which it resembles. In view of the possible inference, we now may ask, Was Longfellow, then, with his great reputation and indisputable hold upon our affections, not an original poet? It must be acknowledged, at the outset, that few poets of his standing have profited more openly by examples that suited their taste and purpose. The evidence of this is seen not in merely three or four, but in a great number of his productions,—in his briefest lyrics, in his elaborate narrative poems. Like greater bards before him, he was a good borrower. Dependence on his equipment led to unconscious assimilation of its treasures.

But originality is of more than one kind. As we say of some people that they have a genius for friendship, so his sympathy with the beautiful, wherever he found it, was unique and tantamount to a special inspiration. The proof of his originality, however, even where he was least inventive, hardly requires this paradox: it did not consist in word or motive, but in the distinctive tone of the singer, the sentiment of voice which made his performances in a sense new songs; in an air, a suffused quality, which rendered every phrase unmistakable. If he borrowed freely, he was freely drawn upon by others in their turn. Scores of followers have caught a manner that shows to poor advantage when transferred; but his position for years, at the head of even a sentimental school, indicated that Longfellow was not without a genius of his own.

Apart from certain exceptions already noted, his bent was cosmopolitan. He had the Anglo-Saxon longing of the pine for the palm, a love for the softer winds and skies, the pliant languages, of Italy and Spain. Besides the example of his works, we have his written theory of what our literature should be. His Mr. Churchill, in "Kavanagh," declares that in literature "Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air that speaks the same language unto all men. * * * I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous." And again, "Our literature is not an imitation, but a continuation of the English." He insists upon originality, but "without spasms and convulsions." * * * "A national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. * * * As for having it so savage and wild as you want it, * * * all literature, as well as all art, is the result of culture and intellectual refinement. * * * As the blood of all nations is mingling with our own, so will their thoughts and feelings finally mingle in our literature. We shall draw from the Germans tenderness, from the Spanish passion, from the French vivacity, to mingle more and more with our English solid sense. And this will give us universality, so much to be desired." With regard to all this, it may be said that Longfellow's service, important as it was in his time, is not that required of his successors. The greatest poets have been those who conveyed the spirit of their respective nationalities. That poetry is truest which is universal in its passion and thought, but national in motive and in all properties of the craft. The final outcome of American ideality will depend on conditions which our best thinkers are investigating, and which give rise to conflicting theories. Herbert Spencer's recent utterance is somewhat in accordance with Longfellow's views: "Because of its size, and the heterogeneity of its components, the American nation will be a long time in evolving its ultimate form, but its ultimate form will be high." And again: "From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population, will produce a finer type of man than has hitherto existed." This agreeable prediction may seem too optimistic; but the future type of poetry certainly will represent the future type of man. Without debating the question whether we now are forming loam for a distinct growth, or whether our literature is to be a "continuation" merely, we may be sure that both here and in foreign lands new types of genius will appear, we know not how or why, and add new species to the world's *flora symbolica* of art and song. Longfellow, if not a prophet, was a pioneer,—by choice an apostle of the best traditional culture. His verse is not of a kind to make its admirers indifferent to any other,—an effect, whether for good or ill, sometimes produced by Browning's, Emerson's, and Whitman's,—but that which, however elementary, promotes a taste for higher ideals. It is due to such as he that we have passed the age of nursing, and are now less satisfied with what is not primarily our own. That the best equipped section of the country should produce him was in the order of events: other things being equal, that region is most American which has been so the longest, and the frontier steadily grows to resemble it.

In England, Longfellow has been styled the poet of the middle classes. Those classes include, however, the majority of intelligent readers, and Tennyson had an equal share of their favor. The English middle classes furnish an analogue to the one great class of American readers, among whom our poet's success was so evident. This was because he used his culture not to veil the word, but to make it clear. He drew upon it for the people in a manner which they could relish and comprehend. Would not any poet whose work might lack the subtlety that commends itself to professional readers be relegated by University critics to the middle-class wards? Caste and literary priesthood have something to do with this. Were it not for "Lucretius" and "In Memoriam," the author of "The May Queen" and "Locksley Hall" and "Enoch Arden" would be in the same category; as it is, he scarcely escapes it in the

judgment of both the psychologic and neo-Romantic schools. Yet the poetry of analytics has not outlasted, in the past, that which came without gloss or obscurity, and whose melody and meaning appealed to one and all. That a poet's verse should require a commentary in its own day is not, all things considered, the best omen for its hold upon the future. But the point taken with respect to Longfellow is not unjust. So far as comfort, virtue, domestic tenderness, and freedom from extremes of passion and incident are characteristics of the middle classes, he has been their minstrel. And it is true that a cold, or even temperate quality is deadening to the higher forms of art. The creative soul abhors ennui; it glows in dramatic self-abandonment. Poets "of passion and of pain" concentrate their lives in some burning focus whose dazzling heat devours them; they suffer, but mount on their own flame. Without passion and its expiations, without the mad waste of life, and even crime and terror, where are our noble tragedies, our high dramatic themes? The compensation of man's anguish is that it lifts him beyond the ordinary. Superlative joy and woe alike were foreign to the verse of Longfellow. It came neither from the heights nor out of the depths, but along the even tenor of a fortunate life. I do not mean that he was exempt from mortal ills; he had his dark experiences, but at the mature age that has learned "what life and death is," and of them he gave little sign. If sorrow and rapture are from within, rather than from without, it may be that our benignant poet, alike through circumstance and temperament, was spared the full extremity of discipline signified in the translation from Goethe:

> "Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
> Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
> Weeping upon his bed has sate,
> He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

Not his the agony and bloody sweat. We may conjecture that, aside from one or two fierce episodes, he was less tried in the furnace than poets are wont to be. From the first he had what he desired,—congenial work and associations, advancement, the love of women and friends, appreciative criticism, the pure wheat and sweet waters of life in plenitude. He had lovely things about him, and gratified his artist nature to the full, while so many makers of the beautiful are condemned to Vulcan's cavern of toil and smoke. He had the best, as by right; and in truth the world, if it only knew it, can afford to keep a poet or artist in some luxury, like a flower for its perfume, a hound for beauty, a bird for song. If Longfellow's regard fell upon ugliness and misery, it certainly did not linger there. "The cry of the human" did not haunt his ear. When he avails himself of a piteous situation, he does so as tranquilly as the nuns who broider on tapestry the torments of the doomed in hell. He wrote few love poems, none full of longing, or "wild with all regret"; but this might come from the absolute content of his soul,—he had gained the woman whom he idolized, and songs of passion are the cry of unfulfilled desire. His song flows on an equal course, from sunny fountain-head to darkling sea; and even upon that sea he finds repose, for its billows rock to sleep, and no cradle is more peaceful than the grave. Thus fair, gentle, fortunate,—could such a poet answer to the deepest needs of men? Allowing for the factor of imagination, we still see that Longfellow shrank from efforts that would react too keenly upon his sensibilities. He touched the average heart by the sympathetic quality of a voice adjusted to the natural scale. People above or apart from the average—sufferers, aspirants, questioners—are irked by his acceptance of life as it is and his enjoyable relations to it. There is something exasperating to serious minds in his placid waiver of things grievous or distasteful. They ask what cause he has advanced, how has he enlarged the province of thought, what conflict has he sung? Where are his rapture, his longing, his infinitudes? They see his fellow-poet, less prosperous and accomplished, who defied obloquy, and rose to passion in denouncing wrong,—a man of peace, yet valiant as Great-Heart in behalf of freedom and the rights of man. Here was another, who sought out the inmost laws of spiritual life. But why expect a poet to be other than he is? Recognize the instinct that defined his range, and value the range at its worth. Longfellow spoke according to his voice and vision. The attempt to do otherwise ends all. A critic must accept what is best in a poet, and thus become his best encourager.

So far as good fortune may be supplemented by human wisdom, Longfellow was a man after the preacher's own heart. His was one of those happy natures which, as Thackeray says, are softened by prosperity and kindness. He was saved the torment that the envious feel:

> "He did not find his sleep less sweet
> For music in some neighboring street;
> Nor rustling hear in every breeze
> The laurels of Miltiades."

We have seen his tact in the choice and use of things pertaining to his work, his carefully restrained decoration, his knowledge of limitations, which prevented him, except in

the dramatic experiments, from groping for impracticable means and results. The forms which he introduced or revived were as successful as Tennyson's; in fact, his product represents the full advance of American taste and feeling, during the period covered by it, though not our most significant thought. He was a lyrical artist, whose taste outranked his inspiration; and assuredly, if he had been a Minister of the Fine Arts, he never would have abolished an École at the dictation of the "impressionists," nor have adopted as a motto the phrase "Beware of the Beautiful." We have noted his industry and the self-control with which he devoted his life to poetry alone. Yet the report of his library talk shows that his brain was alert upon many topics; that in private, at least, he did not reserve his talents for his publisher,— an economy which a French critic declares to be "a bad sign, and the proof that one makes a trade of literature, and that one does not really have the impressions he assumes to have in his books." His verse is peculiarly open to the test of Milton's requirement, that poetry should be simple, sensuous, passionate. Simple, even elementary, it manifestly is, despite the learning which he put to use. It is sensuous in much that charms the ear and eye, and in little else; for the extreme of sensuousness is deeply felt, and feeling results in passion, and passionate the verse of Longfellow was not, nor ever could be. His song was a household service, the ritual of our feastings and mournings; and often it rehearsed for us the tales of many lands, or, best of all, the legends of our own. I see him, a silver-haired minstrel, touching melodious keys, playing and singing in the twilight, within sound of the rote of the sea. There he lingers late; the curfew bell has tolled and the darkness closes round, till at last that tender voice is silent, and he softly moves unto his rest.

Edmund C. Stedman.

THROUGH WATERSPOUT AND TYPHOON.

We had just left the Philippine Islands,— the clipper *Wasatch*, bound for New York, with some fifteen hundred tons of sugar,— and were then bowling easily across the Celebes Sea toward the Straits of Macassar, with the last of the south-west monsoon. Very little wind seemed left in the bag, for as the ship lifted on the remnants of the long Pacific rollers, the sails lost their snowy fullness, and slapped shudderingly against the spars and rigging; the reef-points rattled like hail, the masts creaked in their fiddings, and the yards jerked uneasily at the braces. The whole ship had a rattling, unsteady, loose-jointed motion, until she rolled ponderously to windward again and tautened everything with a quick jerk that seemed powerful enough to carry away the lighter spars. We had a long voyage before us with much of this rattle-and-bang sort of sailing, until we reached the steady trade winds of the Indian Ocean; so all hands were busy making and putting on chafing-mats to protect those parts of the rigging most exposed to wear in this continual shaking. As we were only a few degrees north of the Line, the weather was decidedly warm. The hot sun overhead and not a cloud in the sky, the light reflected from the myriad ripples in the water as though from mirrors, the planks hot enough to blister our feet, with the pitch starting from the seams and knots, all combined to make the intermittent fanning of the shaking sails very acceptable.

The monsoon was about breaking up; and although the sky was now as serene as possible, unsettled weather, with violent squalls, was to be expected.

It was with such surroundings that I left the ship when I went below at eight bells, turned into my bunk, and soon fell asleep.

I was roused by the boatswain thrusting his head hurriedly in at the door and saying, "All hands shorten sail, Mr. Ratline. A water-spout to windward, sir!" Bounding up, I soon jumped into the few clothes necessary in that latitude, and ran on deck.

What a sight! To leeward the sky, air, and water were, as before, hot, breathless, and glittering; but to windward a vault of billowy black nimbus cloud, rent by incessant lightning and acting as an immense reverberator for the thunder which rolled along over the water, crash after crash, shaking the ship like a leaf, until it was almost deafening. The lower surfaces of the clouds were torn into white and ragged fragments, and these were spun and blown about by the resistless currents of the whirlwind, while in the center of the mass, like a sturdy Jewish column supporting the vast dome, writhed an enormous water-spout. Within a radius of many

rods about its twirling base the sea was lashed into boiling fury, and rose and fell in irregular tumultuous waves, whose crests were whipped off by the wind and blown hither and thither like smoke.

One accustomed only to the temperate zones can not appreciate the awful grandeur of the more violent atmospheric disturbances of the tropics. Man's puny endeavors seem so doubly unavailing against the infinite power of nature's forces, that the individual is almost overwhelmed by his own insignificance. So it was with us that day. There seemed to be no way of escape. The spout was dead to windward, and bearing down upon us with fearful speed. Already its roaring was in our ears. All hands were working for their very lives to get sail off the vessel, pulling and hauling like steam engines every one of them, and jumping aloft like monkeys to roll up the slatting canvas. For once, Captain Mason lost his habitual coolness and seemed almost beside himself with excitement and apprehension. When I came on deck, the ship was beginning to heel over from the effect of the outside currents of the whirlwind upon her bare spars and half-furled canvas. Our signal howitzer had been unlashed by the cabin-boy and the captain shouted, "Mr. Ratline, will you serve that gun." I sighted the piece and pulled the lock-string with such a trembling hand that the ball missed its mark, and called forth a cry of disappointment from those aloft, who had watched its ricochet course with the eagerness of men intent on a forlorn hope. "Load again!—quick, for God's sake!—load again!" This time the ball went crashing through the watery column, but with no more effect than if my piece had been a popgun. There was no time for another shot. The ship was now staggering under the violence of the wind. The men aloft, knowing the insecurity of the spars, came sliding down the back-stays in their haste to reach the deck. Every second the force of the wind was stronger, bearing the good ship down upon her beam ends as a skillful wrestler forces an antagonist to his knees. Slowly the cloud began to swing around, and we backed our bare main yards to deaden any headway the ship might now have, until we could get some little patch of sail up forward to pay her off from the wind, and thus escape the spout, which in its altered course we hoped would pass ahead of us. Suddenly the half-furled mizzen top-sail blew from the gaskets, and filling out like a balloon sent the ship spinning around toward the wind and tearing through the water as though she had all sail set. "Up helm, there—run up the foretop-mast stay-sail—keep her away!" shouted the captain wildly through his hands. One of the ordinary seamen was at the wheel, and I saw him jamming down the spokes in his vain endeavors to move the helm. Calling to one of my watch to follow, I sprang to the wheel, and with our united strength had the helm hard up, when the foretop-mast stay-sail they were trying to set forward blew clear from the boltroping at the first slap, and it became a certainty that all our endeavors were fruitless, and the water-spout must strike us. The ponderous fabric of the vessel, quivering like a whale at the stroke of the harpoon, was tossed like a cork on the seething base of the column. Her masts bent like coach-whips before they snapped. Great patches of canvas were torn from the yards, and spreading out, sped off like frightened ghosts, their long arms of tatters waving wildly as they vanished in the misty air. Each man almost involuntarily secured himself as best he might, and in an instant more the water-spout was upon us—with a roaring and bellowing as of a thousand demons, the cannon-like crash of breaking spars, the snapping of cordage, and the rending of timber. Then an irresistible rush of water poured down upon the deck, seemingly with the concussions of Niagara; it bore me back against the wheel-casing, and held me as in a vise, tore off my shirt and shoes, and pressed with such a weight upon my chest that my eyeballs almost started from their sockets, and I thought I had been caught under a falling spar.

A moment of deathlike stillness succeeded this awful pandemonium, and then the rain fell, not in drops, but in solid masses that beat us down upon the deck, filled our eyes, mouths, and nostrils, and nearly drowned us. The decks were afloat even with the tops of the demolished bulwarks; and ropes, and half-alive but struggling men were washing back and forth as the ship's bare hulk rolled about in the trough of the sea.

When I recovered from the shock of being half drowned and half crushed, and had succeeded in getting my breath and dashing the water from my eyes, I saw—instead of the gallant clipper of an hour before, whose graceful build and lofty spars excited the admiration of every seaman and made the *Wasatch* the "smartest" ship in port, wherever she went—instead of this, a dismantled wreck shorn of every semblance of her former beauty. Our fore and mizzen masts were gone close to the deck, and the mainmast had been taken out bodily from the stepping, tearing up the deck from rail to rail as it went. Of the forward house and forecastle, not a vestige remained. The bowsprit was twisted off

close to the stem, and both bulwarks were gone from the bows clear aft to the quarter-deck. The cabin was partly unroofed, and the body of the captain's son was visible, jammed into a corner of the companion way, broken and crushed into an almost unrecognizable mass. As soon as they were able, the remnant of the crew crawled aft to the quarter-deck. Instead of our complement of twenty-five, we only mustered eleven. The captain and mate were gone; the cook and steward had vanished with their galley. There were six of the men, one with a broken arm, the boatswain with a wound in his head deluging his face with blood, the carpenter, two of the boys, and myself left in command. Getting out the medicine chest, I at once began to dress the hurts of the wounded men, and gave the order to clear away the wreck. It was considerable of a surprise when the men returned saying that there was no wreckage to clear away. Such had been the force of the whirlwind, that all our heavy top-hamper had been entirely torn away. Not a spar or a timber, except a few odds and ends, was hanging by the ship, but pieces of both could be seen heaving about in the swell for a mile or so to leeward.

Where the mainmast had been torn out, the gaping decks revealed the hold half full of water, swashing around amongst the sugar bags, while at every roll of the shattered hulk tons of it burst in over the stumps of the demolished bulwarks. The pumps were nearly destroyed in the general upheaval of the decks in their vicinity. The carpenter immediately went to work upon them, while the rest of us broke out old sails from the locker to nail over the openings in the decks, and stretched life lines along fore and aft.

To the stump of the mizzen mast we lashed a studding-sail-boom, and on it spread an old try-sail. This kept the ship nearly head to wind, decreasing the rolling motion, and preventing the deluge of water upon the decks, so that we could work with greater safety and expedition. The afternoon was now well advanced, and we were sadly in need of food. The galley in which our dinner had been preparing was completely gone, and on further investigation we found that the mainmast in its fall had torn out the forward end of the store-room under the half deck, emptying overboard nearly all our provisions. What little of perishable goods remained were about spoiled by salt water. Hastily conveying this remnant of our former supply into the after-cabin, I detailed as steward a man who had served in that capacity on a former voyage, and told him to save all he could, and try to improvise a galley out of the cabin heater.

As I turned to go on deck, my eyes fell on the crushed body of little Ben — poor boy! He had begged to go to sea, and live among the incidents he had heard his father relate in his short visits to their Connecticut home; and much against his mother's wishes, the captain had taken him on this voyage. He was a bright, active lad of about twelve. I had taken a great fancy to him, and had endeavored to teach him all that a second mate could of seamanship and navigation. Tenderly taking up his lifeless form I placed it on the cabin table, and spread an ensign over it. Returning to the deck, I found that the sun was out again. The sky, air, and water were as placid and innocent-looking as they had been before the squall. The heavy sea had nearly subsided, and the wind, but a few hours ago a tornado, had now failed utterly. The ship rolled slowly but heavily in the trough of the sea, the water in her hold rushing back and forth through the cargo with a force that made the hulk tremble in every timber. Its rumbling and gurgling sounded as if we were over a volcano. By this time the men had covered all the breaks in the deck and sides, as far as possible, with plank and canvas, and water was no longer taken in in large quantities, although there must have been enormous leakage both there and through the vessel's seams, which had been opened by the awful strain to which she had been subjected. The carpenter reported that he had so far succeeded in repairing the pumps that two of the cylinders could be used. There were eleven of us all told; one was not able to work because of his broken arm, which, I fear, was badly set, and we had five men in a watch, one for the wheel and four for the pumps. As one watch would be weakened by the absence of the steward in preparing our meals, I placed him in my watch, because the boatswain, who, of course, was in charge of the other watch, was but little better able to work than the man with the broken arm, the jerking motion of the pumps making his wounded head very painful. There was fully eight feet of water in the hold, bringing our decks amidships nearly even with the surface of the sea. After working all hands at the pumps for about an hour and a half, we lowered it not quite a foot. It was very fatiguing work. Our pumps were of the old-fashioned pattern, with brakes and plungers like a hand fire-engine, but they were large and would raise about five gallons at a stroke. The falling mainmast had so thoroughly bent and twisted them, that it was with the greatest difficulty they were made to work at all, and then with so much friction that we could not give more than twenty strokes without a rest.

Larsen, the steward, now announced that he had a jury-meal rigged up in presentable shape. As little Ben lay on the cabin table, I told him to bring up the dinner, and we would mess on deck.

I now had leisure to question the survivors of the port watch about the water-spout, and ask how it happened that the ship was caught so unprepared. They said they were all seated on deck as I had left them when I went below, making mats, the mate and boatswain both among them giving directions, leaving, for the time, no one actually on the lookout except one of the boys at the wheel. He was somewhat green at steering, and consequently must have kept his eyes fast on the compass card. Our high bulwarks forward shut out the horizon from the men on the main deck, and the sky was so bright overhead that no one thought of the squall, which came up with exceptional rapidity, even for those latitudes, until they were called into action by a clap of thunder and the "old man" suddenly appearing on the poop and singing out, "Clew up the royals!" The squall had promised to be one of only ordinary severity, until the boys who had gone aloft to furl were down again, and standing by the top-gallant gear with the rest, when, as if by magic, the water-spout was formed. All hands were then called and set to work in earnest to take in the kites. It was almost laughable, in spite of the gravity of our surroundings, to see some of the men handling the cabin china, and their look of contempt upon the fancy stores—canned vegetables, sardines, and the like,—of which the greater part of our repast consisted; for the more costly supplies, having been kept in lockers, formed the bulk of what we had saved, and the steward informed me that the stock of salt beef was so scanty that we would need to be exceedingly careful of it. After dinner I tossed up with the boatswain for the watch, and as it fell to his lot I left him to do what he could toward rigging jury-masts, and went below. On the captain's desk I found the half-worked *Sumner's* sight of the morning, which I finished, and, allowing for our drift, found that we were in latitude 3 degrees 15 minutes north, longitude 163 degrees 41 minutes east, or almost the center of the Celebes Sea. Plotting down this position on the chart, it appeared that Cape Rivers, on the island of Celebes, was the nearest land, bearing S. by E. 125 miles. This was so nearly to windward that we could hardly hope to reach it under jury-masts.

The nearest islands of the Sooloo Archipelago bore about N. W. by W., nearly 200 miles away. There was every reason for trying to reach Celebes. The Bughis were semi-civilized and friendly to Caucasians, and their propensity for trading with the neighboring islands and passing ships would give us a good chance to reach some frequented port.

On the other hand, if we merely succeeded in keeping the wreck afloat without thought of progress or direction, we would eventually drift into the Sooloo Islands. Many of them were uninhabited, and in fact incapable of sustaining life, while the people of the fertile groups were cruel, piratical, and, by common report, cannibals.

At eight bells, when the watches were changed, we buried poor Benny, who had, in the meantime, been sewed up in his blanket. The loss of the captain, mate, and the missing members of the crew was taken by the survivors almost as a matter of course—as part of a seaman's lot. They had been washed overboard or taken up by the whirlwind, leaving nothing but vacant places as a reminder of their absence; but the crushed form of the captain's boy affected the men visibly. He was not properly part of the ship's company, and, as such, could not be expected to bear any of the hardships or dangers of the voyage. He had been a universal favorite among the crew, having won them by his manliness, kindness, and quickness in learning all matters pertaining to his father's profession. When the little bundle lying there on the wheel-grating, covered by the flag, was launched over the rail and fell with a dull splash into the leaden surface of the sea, the rough men turned away with a sob, and, brushing away the gathering tears, endeavored to hide their emotion by coiling down now useless ropes' ends or anything they laid hold of first, and I hurried below more to conceal my own weakness than to replace the prayer-book in its case.

I then called a council of the more intelligent of the men, and put before them my ideas concerning the best course to steer, etc. It was decided that working to windward was not to be thought of, and as the monsoon was late in changing we would have to take our chances and run for the Sooloo Islands. It would take us three or four days at least to rig any sort of sail that would give the ship a speed of two knots in a good breeze; so that we could not hope to reach land in less than ten days at the quickest, and it was a question if we could endure the labor of pumping for that length of time on no more stable food than cabin luxuries. My heart sank when I thought of how the ship might founder in a heavy squall, or how we might roll around for weeks in calms. Smart and fully equipped vessels were often a fortnight in crossing the Celebes

Sea, and I had personal knowledge of one fine ship, the *Titan* of Boston, that knocked about in these very waters for nearly forty days, and then only entered the Straits of Macassar to drift upon the Paternosters in a calm. Our stores too were scanty, and could not last us longer than three weeks by the strictest economy above short allowance. During all our consultations and work the steady clank of the pumps had continued, broken only by the occasional "Spell, oh!"

As soon as one gang became exhausted and were relieved by the others, they rested for a while, and then went to work at the rigging. In order to gain upon the leaks we had to keep the pumps going three hours out of four, and when the watch were relieved they were not slow in turning in. The lashings of one or two of our spare spars had held against the water-spout, and our light yards and booms, of which there was a good supply, we kept run in under the half deck through a port in the break of the poop, so that they had not been washed overboard. With these, by dint of hard labor and doing the heaviest work at eight bells, when all hands were temporarily on deck, we had succeeded on the fourth day in raising three jury-masts. On the fore we spread a main top-gallant sail, on the main an old spanker, and on the mizzen the try-sail we had set to keep the hulk head to sea. Not a very good or handy rig, we thought, but it was the best we could do with our limited resources. A breeze springing up in the evening, I was overjoyed to find that the old hooker actually made two and a half knots, and answered her helm tolerably well. The effect upon the men was surprising. They worked with twice the vim, joked, and even sang their "chanties" when pulling and hauling, a sure sign of a contented crew. One of these, which had been a favorite with them before, now had attached to it a melancholy interest by association. I recall a few verses:

"O Tom is gone, and we'll go too,—
Tom is gone for highlo!
O Tom was always brave and true,—
Tom is gone for highlo!
O Tom has his long watch below,—
Tom is gone for highlo!
He is not called out in calm or blow,—
O Tom is gone for highlo!"

and so on until the work was done and the word "Bela-a-y" stopped their hauling and song together.

I knew that there was a large fleet of vessels bound down from Manila, Iloilo, and Cebu, and momentarily expected to sight some one of them, but so far had been disappointed.

On the seventh day my observation showed that we had made barely ninety miles in all in the direction of the Sooloos. That day we all knew, by the actions of the barometer and the unmistakable appearance of the sky, that the scourge of the China seas, a typhoon, would be upon us in less than twenty hours. We were several degrees south of the probable path of its vortex, but still far enough within its influence to make it extremely probable that our shaky hulk would founder in its first stages; or if we did manage to keep afloat, we could hardly hope to escape being driven upon some of the reefs or iron-bound coasts surrounding the Sooloo Sea.

The remainder of the day we spent in securing with extra stays and lashings our pitiful jury-masts, putting new battens around the hatches and breaks in the deck, and endeavoring with but poor success to put the bilge pumps in order. That night the wind increased to a gale, with blinding lightning and scourging squalls of rain and electric hail that stung like whip-lashes. The ship was too water-logged to attempt successfully the seaman's usual maneuver in a heavy blow and lay her to. She only fell off again into the trough of the sea, which swept her decks completely, and drove us from the pumps. It soon became apparent that the hulk must in some way be kept head to sea. With the greatest difficulty we succeeded in overhauling enough of the chain cable, outside the vessel and in over the bows, to reach our jury foremast, and there lashed it. Securing to the chain all the spars, lumber, and old sails we could find, we let go the anchors easily, and, cutting away the steppings of the foremast, managed to slide the whole mass overboard with a heavy lurch of the ship, immediately paying out through the hawse-pipes fifteen or twenty fathoms more of chain.

The tangle of spars, chain, and rigging floated a hundred yards or so ahead, and, being almost under water, drifted much more slowly than the ship, so that by their action as a drag, together with the little rag of a mizzen hauled flat aft, the only sail remaining set, the hulk was kept almost head to sea.

The sails ahead, spreading out in the water, served to break the force of the waves, making the ship ride more comfortably, although each heavy sea broke over the bows like a deluge and, running aft waist-deep clear to the taff-rail, poured out in great spouts through the shattered bulwarks.

The straining ship, wallowing like a mad buffalo in the sea, sent up the most life-like groans and screams of pain from her tortured timbers, as, buffeted back and forth from sea to sea, she rolled and pitched till our brains

began to reel. As I recall the resounding blows of the waves upon the vessel's sides and deck, the bellowing of the wind, the swash and crash of the tons of water in the hold, the cargo adrift, and sugar-bags tumbling around as pebbles roll up and down a beach, each one a hundred-pound battering-ram upon the white pine ceiling of the hold, the wild convulsions of the laboring hulk, the seams opening and closing and planks sawing back and forth against each other as if the wreck were breaking up, the pumps clogged with half-dissolved sugar and pieces of bamboo bags, while the water swept the decks so as to drive us into the scanty rigging of our jury mizzen-mast, where we lashed ourselves to keep from being blown away, expecting that each heavy plunge of the quivering bows would be the last,—as I recall all this, I wonder that our reason held, and can hardly understand how we calculated so logically as we did our chances of survival, discussed so coolly such projects as lashing a leaky oil barrel alongside the bowsprit to becalm the sea ahead, and even joked about the ship's being like Paddy's boot,—a hole in her fore-foot to let the water in, and a hole in her heel to let it out,—or like the *Mary Dunn* of Dover, with three decks and no bottom.

The morning of the ninth day dawned, or rather glimmered, upon a cheerless, cold, gray sky streaked with flying scud, and the air full of rain and spume flakes that stung our faces and hands like the pricking of needles, and almost blinded us if we attempted to look to windward. We had nothing to expect for some days but a living gale, which, veering gradually around the southern half of the compass from north-east to north-west, showed clearly that we were in the lower radius of a cyclone that must have destroyed everything in the path of its vortex, judging by the severity of what we experienced some two hundred miles away to the southward.

Toward the close of the forenoon, one of the men above me in the rigging scrambled down, and placing his face close to mine, shouted excitedly from the hollow of his hand, "Sail on the port quarter, sir!" On drawing ourselves higher up the rigging, we saw, through the flying spume-drift, a large vessel lying-to under storm canvas and apparently weathering the gale handsomely. With much difficulty and considerable danger of being washed overboard, we brought an ensign from the locker and secured it, union down, to the rigging above us, where it blew out straight and stiff as a board. Our hulk was by this time low enough in the water not to be visible at any great distance, and the entire absence of top-hamper made it extremely doubtful that we could be seen by the watch of the ship, who were in all probability crouched behind their weather cloth for protection from the gale. As the vessel drew nearer and her outline became more distinct, we made out that she was on the port tack and fore-reaching enough to carry her across our bows. Thus we were on her lee beam, and had a much better chance of being seen than if we had been to windward.

We clung there in the rigging and watched her graceful motions. She was careened enough to let us see her slant decks running with water, her hatches tightly battened down, the coils of running gear triced up clear of the deck, her black, taunt spars reeling overhead from the pressure on the little strips of white canvas, round and full as the breast of a swan, and in the mizzen rigging a square black tarpaulin with a few oil-skin coats visible behind it. She rolled heavily, but with that easy, graceful sweep that betokens a well-trimmed cargo, now revealing the whole outline of her decks and then shutting out the scene with her high, black bulwarks. Her cleanly cut and sweeping Yankee bows would be buried in a smother of foam clear to the knight-heads, and then rise dripping and quivering, revealing the glittering copper nearly to the fore-foot; and, as the sea rushed aft along the black and shining sides, her after-body rose slowly until her heel was flung out with a ponderous flourish, and then sank again with a fierce swash from under her rounded counter. As she was slowly forging by us not a quarter of a mile away, our hearts were gladdened by the sight of the American flag, and below it an answering pennant flying out from her monkey-gaff. In another instant her watch below tumbled out of the forecastle, and we could see them all busy ungriping their lee boat and running a line forward outside of all to the bows. Then we began to feel that we had done wrong in flying our signal of distress, for no boat, we thought, could live a moment in such an awful sea, and any attempt to take us off would only result in the drowning of the brave fellows who were coming to our relief, without bettering our condition a whit. They soon showed us that we were discounting Yankee skill and bravery at sea. We almost held our breath as we saw their whale-boat half-lowered, the crew in place with oars apeak, and then saw it dropped on the crest of a huge, rolling sea when the ship lurched heavily leeward. The boat's crew slued her quickly round head to wind as she was swept away from the ship, and let her drive down toward us with the gale, keeping her "bows on" with the oars, and checking her

stern-way to meet each combing breaker. It was magnificent to see her go down out of sight in the hollow of the sea, then come reeling up the steep ascent of green, pitch headlong through the foaming crest which burst over her and entirely concealed for a moment the six oil-jackets and south-westers, and then with a triumphant effort free herself and dash down into the trough again. The gale was fierce enough to drift her down to us at a rapid rate, and as we watched we were amazed that she was not swamped and capsized as each heavy sea broke over her, until at last she drove by close to our quarter. They caught the line we hove them and rode astern clear of the swash of the wallowing wreck.

Hastily diving below, I screwed down the water-tight lid of the chronometer case, and placed it, together with the sextants and the log-book, in an empty clothes-bag. While doing this, the water was swashing around some six inches deep over the cabin floor. The carpet was torn off, and in several places the planks were started, letting the compressed air in the hold rush up with a hiss that was smothered into a ludicrous sputter as the water ran over the openings. Our rescuers had certainly not come any too soon, for the hulk would not float an hour longer. Returning on deck, I bent a small line to the becket of the clothes-bag, and dropped it astern into the boat. The wounded men, who had been up to this time lashed securely in the rigging, were slung by a rope's end from the tip of the spanker-boom, and, watching for a comparatively smooth spell, the boat was hauled up and we lowered them into it. Then we tied bowlines around our waists, and, jumping one at a time from the taffrail, struck out for the boat, and were hauled in over its stern. Meanwhile the ship, after working slowly across our bows, had worn short round and, squaring her yards, sped by us like an arrow, and now lay rolling about, hove-to again to leeward, waiting for us to drift down to her.

The boat was what I had never seen before on board a merchant ship—an iron self-bailing life-boat, of the whale-boat model; and most gallantly she behaved, overloaded as she was, in that awful sea, which no ordinary ship's boat could have weathered for five minutes. You may imagine what a difficult matter it was to get aboard the ship and hoist in the boat. After about half an hour of hard work, we were on the deck of the good ship *Iceberg*, Captain Blaney, who received us with a hearty welcome, declining with a gruff good nature our protestations of gratitude and our admiration for the skillful seamanship that had carried his vessel and whale-boat safely through such dangerous maneuvers. As I turned to go below, a cry from the men caused me to look to windward, and I saw the *Wasatch* throw up her stern and go down head-foremost like a sounding whale. Our rescuers gave us what we then most wanted, a substantial meal, and generously supplied us with clothing until we reached Java Head, where, at our request, we were put ashore.

James J. Wait.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Democrats and the Presidency.

ALTHOUGH the presidential election is more than a year distant, the politicians are actively preparing for it all over the United States. Candidates for both parties have sprung up in unusual numbers; and if we might believe all that is said in their favor by their enthusiastic friends, the amount of first-rate presidential material in the country is astonishingly large. We take little interest, however, in the fortunes of individual candidates when once the necessary qualifications of character and ability are insured; but we are somewhat concerned to know on what issues the presidential contest is to be fought. That there are questions of importance in our national politics about which there is wide difference of opinion among the people, is a familiar fact; but there seems to be a disposition in the leaders of both parties to keep these questions as much as possible out of sight. Civil service reform is little talked of by either party; the currency question is held in abeyance; the tariff question is avoided as much as possible by both parties; while the transportation problem seems not to have dawned as yet on the mind of the average politician.

But meanwhile the Democrats, being in opposition, must raise some issue or other in order to justify their demand for a change in the government; and so they have started the cry that the Republican party is hopelessly corrupt, and that the first step toward a better state of affairs is to "turn the rascals out." This cry was started almost simultaneously in various parts of the country, and the Democratic leaders apparently intend to make it the main issue next year. But if they do, they will, in our opinion, make a grave mistake. No one will deny that there are corrupt men among the leaders of the Republican party, or that there have been of late years scandalous cases of malfeasance in office, for which that party is mainly

responsible. But when we are asked to turn the Republicans out as a step toward reform, the question immediately arises, Whom have we to put in their place?

Such a party as the Republican party now is would not remain long in power if there were a party of unimpeachable integrity to put in its place. But, unfortunately for the Democrats, the integrity of their party is by no means unimpeachable, and there is strong reason to doubt whether they are a whit better than their opponents. To be sure, they have not done so much as the Republicans toward corrupting the national government, for the excellent reason that they have not had the power to do so; but in the States and cities where they have had control of affairs their management has been quite as corrupt as that of their opponents. Nay, in one respect it has been worse; for the shameless repudiation of public debts in many of the Southern States has been in the main their work, though there has been some disgraceful coquetting with the repudiators on the part of Republicans. Then we all know what scandalous abuses have marked their reign in the city of New York, where they have had uninterrupted control for a whole generation — scandals which are by no means a thing of the distant past. Nor has the party redeemed these acts by valuable services in the work of reform; on the contrary, it has in many cases opposed reforms which the Republicans carried into effect.

Now, the object of a change in the government is to make things better, and not to put one set of "rascals" in the place of another; and we see no reason for turning the Republicans out and putting the Democrats in, unless the latter give evidence that they will do better than their opponents. Up to this time, however, such evidence is not forthcoming; and there is one reason to fear that the contrary might be the case. The Democrats have now been out of power for nearly a quarter of a century, and they are evidently hungry for office. Is there not danger that, if they should attain to power, they would revive in all its fullness the old policy of "spoils"? and if they should do so, would not the country then be worse off than it is now? To jump out of the frying-pan into the fire is not usually supposed to be advantageous, yet many voters will fear that such may be our experience if we "turn out the Republican rascals" only to let in the "Democratic knaves."

In our opinion, the Democrats will make a serious mistake if they attempt to make the election hinge on this issue alone, to the neglect of the more important questions of legislation and public policy. The people will not readily be persuaded to put them into office merely to make a change in the *personnel* of the government. There is undoubtedly a good deal of dissatisfaction among the people with the Republican party; but it is due not merely to the malfeasance of certain Republican office-holders, but also to the failure of the party to enact thorough measures of reform. If, then, the Democrats would secure the presidency in the election next year, they ought to do something at the coming session of Congress to meet the popular demand for reform. They will have next winter the virtual control of legislation, and if they will use their opportunity to enact useful laws, such as the country now requires and the people demand, they will stand an excellent chance in the coming contest. But if they spend the winter's session in merely exposing and denouncing, for partisan purposes, the misdeeds of their opponents, the independent voters, who will really decide the election, will see little reason for preferring them to the party that is now in power.

Law-and-Order Leagues.

As population increases and civilization becomes more complex, it is evident that a large amount of volunteer work must be done in the administration of government. It will be necessary for good citizens not only to attend the primary meetings and to vote intelligently at the elections, but also to assist, by various methods, in the execution of the laws. This, indeed, seems at present to be the weak point in our political machinery. The inefficiency of the police and the prosecuting officers, and the fatal uncertainty of trial by jury, render our laws, in many cases, wholly inoperative. There are good laws, not a few, in every community, that are approved by the numerical majority of the voters and by the great mass of those who represent its property and its intelligence,— the class that ought to rule,— and yet are set at naught continually by the vicious and disorderly classes. The reasons are not remote. The disorderly classes are always bringing a powerful pressure to bear upon the officers of the law, to restrain them from enforcing its penal provisions; they control many votes, and they always make their political influence count for all it is worth. These classes constitute a positive, aggressive, implacable element in our politics; they know who are their friends, and they never fail to punish their enemies.

The intelligent, virtuous, and well-to-do citizens on the other side are not at all aggressive. Some are too busy, and some too fastidious, to take any active interest in the administration of the government. If they vote on election day for such candidates as the leaders of the caucus provide, they think they have discharged to the full their obligation as good citizens; if they go so far as to attend the primary meeting and register an ineffectual protest against the devices of the machinists, they count that a work of supererogation — a degree of patriotism to which only the elect ever attain. Of course, a great deal of promiscuous grumbling and deploring is done between elections by these prosperous and virtuous citizens; but very few of them ever attempt to influence the administration of government. The work of executing the laws belongs, they say, to the officers of the law.

Accordingly, we have on the side of disorder and lawlessness a positive and strenuous force, always pressing against the authorities — an influence that makes itself felt and feared every day in the year. On the side of law and order we have plenty of good sentiment, but no force that is organized or concentrated, and, practically, very little effective pressure is brought to bear upon the people who are responible for the execution of the laws. And who are these people who thus stand between this determined band of law-breakers and this numerous but negligent company of reputable citizens? It is not necessary to make any sweeping assertions about them; it is enough to say that the men who hold the offices are, as a rule, men who want office, who desire to keep

their places or to win promotion, who have a profound respect for any one who can influence votes, and who wish, therefore, to have as little controversy as possible with the rum-sellers and the gamblers and the keepers of vile houses. The conduct of the average town or city official, under such circumstances, can be easily predicted: he will yield to the more aggressive force; he will move in the direction of least resistance.

It begins to be evident that the law-abiding classes must oppose to the pressure of the law-breakers an influence in favor of the execution of the laws not less positive and strenuous. Doubtless, the first thing to be done is to secure, wherever that is possible, a higher grade of officers; but that is not enough. These officers, at best, will be human; and it is too much to expect that they will do their whole duty when the powers of iniquity are loud and instant, and the powers of righteousness are irresolute or indifferent. It is due to them that they should be constantly braced and invigorated by being brought in contact with the moral forces of the community. The malefactors will not fail to make them afraid to enforce the laws, will show them that it is for their interest to neglect their duty; good citizens must make them afraid *not* to enforce the laws, must show them that it is for their interest to *do* their duty. The problem of bringing a steady and constant pressure of moral influence to bear upon the men who are responsible for the execution of the laws is the problem to be solved.

There is no lack of right sentiment in our communities; all that is necessary is that it should be organized and directed, that it should find a voice. Public sentiment, like every other force, must be concentrated that it may be effective. There is enough indignation against lawlessness diffused through the community to form an irresistible motive power for the enforcement of law, if it could only be gathered up and could have adequate expression. For this purpose, Law-and-Order Leagues have sprung into existence of late in many communities, east and west, and the results already reached are extremely encouraging.

Some of these leagues take into their own hands the work of prosecuting offenders, employing attorneys and detectives for this purpose, and pushing cases through the courts. What has thus been done in New York, with the assistance or in spite of the police and the Excise Commissioners, is well known; and the leagues in Boston and in Chicago have been even more successful. Probably this method is the only one that can be successfully employed in the larger cities; but there is another method, much less expensive, that has been tried with good results in the smaller communities. This method contemplates the employment of no detectives, and the prosecution by the league of no offenders; it proposes to secure its results through the constituted authorities,—the police and the prosecuting attorneys,—and not independent of them. It assumes that the officers of the law are ready to enforce the law, and it stands by them to give them moral support, and to aid them, so far as possible, in furnishing them information. The Law-and-Order League, formed for this purpose, ought to include in its membership a large number of the best citizens of the community—merchants, manufacturers, teachers, lawyers, clergymen—the men who are recognized as leaders of business and of opinion, but who are not closely allied with any political machine. The preamble of its simple constitution should sharply restrict its operations to the enforcement of existing laws. The league should have frequent public meetings, in which the general facts with respect to the violation of law should be carefully and calmly laid before the public. The newspapers of the neighborhood should also be employed for the same purpose. The league should have a secretary, whose office should be its head-quarters, where information concerning illegal practices could be left by any citizen. It should also have an executive committee of a dozen or more energetic and public-spirited men, who could be depended on to meet statedly at the office of the secretary, and whose duty it should be to collect, through their observation and their conversation, facts relating to the infraction of the statutes, to collate them with those gathered and verified by the secretary, and then to present them, in an official communication, to the police authorities. It is not likely that the information thus presented would greatly enlighten the police; they would already be in possession of most of these facts; but the knowledge that a large body of intelligent and determined men were watching their operations, ready to applaud them when they performed their duty and to call them sharply to account when they neglected it, would have a wholesome influence upon them. Such a society, known to represent the sober and virtuous elements of the community, and to be composed of men who had no political ambitions, and who were far more interested in the maintenance of the law than in the success of either political party, would not be long in existence before its power would be felt in many quarters.

The sheriff has the power to call to his aid the *posse comitatus* in enforcing the law. The Law-and-Order League is a volunteer *posse comitatus*, that does not propose to supersede or embarrass the proper authorities, but to aid them in every possible way in bringing offenders to justice. The shameless violations of law that we witness in many places, and the feebleness of the powers whose duty it is to bring the violators to justice, indicate a large opportunity for public service in this direction. The duty of good citizens cannot all be performed on one or two days in the year; they must learn how to bring the forces of intelligence and virtue to bear directly and steadily upon the machinery of the local government all the year round.

The Lack of Earnestness in American Politics.

NOTWITHSTANDING the increased attention lately given to questions of political reform, and notwithstanding the local temperance agitations and the noisy, recurrent gossip concerning "candidates," one of the most striking facts in American life at the present time is the lack of moral earnestness in public affairs. If we were to judge from this fact, we might conclude that our government was now so well conducted that no further reform was needed, and that our rulers had nothing to do but luxuriate in idleness. But if we look below the surface of affairs, we find abuses enough in our political system, some old, some new, but all requiring to be taken in hand and dealt with vigorously. Hitherto, however, there has been so little

public interest in the subject that the chief obstacle that reformers have had to contend with has been found, not in the opposition of the open defenders of abuses, but in the apathy and indifference of the people themselves.

The particular reform that has been most discussed of late is that of the civil service, a very simple reform, and one which it might be thought the whole people would favor as soon as they understood it; yet it has taken twenty years to awaken popular interest in it. Again, there is much complaint among the poorer classes about the evils they suffer from the injustice of the rich and from the monopolies and other invasions of private rights that our laws permit. Yet when an attempt is made in a sensible way to check these abuses, by abolishing monopolies and restraining corporations and other combinations of capital within proper limits, scarcely a token of interest appears among the masses of the people.

This lack of earnestness in our public life is rendered more conspicuous by contrast with the zeal and activity now displayed in the politics of England. There, just across the ocean, we find a ministry of unusual ability, led by one of the world's great statesmen, carrying out a series of reforms of the most important and far-reaching character, sufficient almost to mark an epoch in the nation's history. And the reason why they have effected so much is because they are zealous in the work, and because they have behind them the deep moral earnestness of an energetic people.

Why there should be such a difference in the politics of the two countries, such activity in the one, such apathy in the other, is not at first sight apparent. Some perhaps would say, because our politicians are so much occupied with distributing the spoils and securing their own share of them that they have no energy left for more important work; and it must be admitted that they are earnest in this business, if in nothing else. But then, if the people themselves were in earnest, and determined on reform, they would infuse their own temper into their public men, as they did in the days of the antislavery conflict and the Civil war.

The spoils business, in fact, is one of the strongest proofs of the prevailing apathy; for the practice is not only injurious to the public welfare, but contemptible and mean, and a slight breath of popular earnestness would sweep it away forever. Again, the condition of parties among us is undoubtedly a hinderance to political improvement, since party lines do not correspond with the lines of opinion, and there is to-day no recognized party of progress in this country as there is in England. But party lines would quickly yield to a determined people, and new parties could be easily organized, if the old ones would not serve the popular will.

Now that we have become a wealthy nation, and multitudes of our people have attained a full competence, with the leisure and freedom from sordid cares that it gives, it is surely more than ever their duty to devote some part of their time and energy to the work of moral and political improvement. And if even a portion of our young men would enter upon such work with the same earnestness that their fathers have shown in the work of material progress, the complete reform of our government and the elevation of our public life would not be long delayed.

Professor Jevons on Education.

THE subject of education is so important for the future of the American people that everything of moment that is said about it ought to be attentively pondered by all who desire the welfare of the people and the elevation of the national life. The work of primary education, to be sure, is already as well advanced among us as in any other country in the world; but the higher education is still in an undeveloped state, and all matters relating to it are, therefore, entitled to the best thought we can give them. Accordingly, we would call our readers' attention to an essay on "Cram" by the late Professor Jevons, originally contributed to the pages of "Mind," and now republished in his volume on "Methods of Social Reform." In this paper the author undertakes a defense of the method of education popularly known as cramming, and probably makes as good an argument in its favor as can be made; but, nevertheless, we can by no means agree with his conclusions.

Professor Jevons lays down the principle that the ultimate object of education is "success in life," and he advocates the cramming process as the best means of attaining this end. He would make the process a thorough one, and subject the student to searching examination; and all this, so far as it goes, is well. He makes a distinction between what he calls "good cram" and "bad cram," but we can see nothing in this except a difference in the application of the method, and what we object to is the method itself. We do not deny that such a course of study and examination as Professor Jevons advocates may be useful for the acquisition of technical knowledge and for cultivating the technical faculties of the mind. Hence the applicability of the examination test in the case of Government clerks, whose work is almost entirely of a technical character. But the very fact that it is thus applicable in their case raises a presumption against it as a means of general education, the object of which is not the acquisition of technical skill, but the elevation of the mind and character. The main purpose of education is not to promote success in life, but to raise the standard of life itself; and this object can be attained only by those higher studies which call forth the powers of reason, moral feeling, and artistic taste. Even in professional education, our aim ought rather to be usefulness in life than mere success, and we have great distrust of all theories of education that put success in the first place.

Professor Jevons admits that the method he advocates fails in the field of mental and social philosophy; for he says he has had great difficulty in devising a system of written examinations on these topics, and that "it is difficult in these subjects to make the student think for himself." But, surely, a method of teaching that is not applicable to some of the highest subjects of human thought, and that fails to make the student think for himself, can hardly be called a successful method of education. There was once a man named Socrates who knew how to conduct examinations in philosophical subjects, and to make his pupils think for themselves, and we believe that his teaching had considerable influence on the world; but we never heard of his pupils' cramming themselves. The history of Greek philosophy, and, indeed, of Greek

civilization generally, is a standing refutation of all cramming theories of education.

We object to Professor Jevons's theory of education, therefore, and to the method of teaching he approves, because it puts the technical above the intellectual, and facts above philosophy. We believe that education should be of a kind in sympathy with the present age, and that it should by no means neglect to fit its recipient for the struggle of life; but we object to Professor Jevons's theory because it puts worldly success before the pursuit of beauty and truth; and we should be sorry to see such theories find acceptance with American educators.

A Word to the Readers of The Century.

THE present number of THE CENTURY closes the twenty-sixth volume and thirteenth year of the magazine. Presuming once more upon the interest the readers of a periodical like this are supposed to take in its fortunes,—which, in fact, we well know they do take therein,—we beg leave in a few lines to report progress, and to say a word about the future. It was the good fortune of THE CENTURY (then called SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY) to come into existence at the moment when a renascence was preparing in American art and in American literature. From the first, the magazine has striven to do something more than keep abreast of these movements; something more than merely to record them. Whether mistakenly or not, whether for good or for evil, the magazine has (it may be said without undue egotism) been an influence. It has striven also to take its proper share in the wholesome movement, still in its full vigor, and encouraged by many successes, for the purification of American public life and the better administration of government. From the beginning also, one of this magazine's principal functions has been to present all that is most purifying and most inspiring in the religion of our country, of our race, and of the world's higher civilization,—while at the same time insisting upon freedom and fair-play in discussion and continually opposing all dogmatic and sectarian narrowness.

On these lines the magazine has moved from the beginning, winning year by year an increased number of readers and of friends, and on these lines its course will continue. It enters upon its fourteenth annual "fall campaign," we are happy to say, with a circulation and an audience numbering thousands beyond those of the last or of any former year in its history.

For a summary of the contents of the past two volumes, and an announcement of some of the special features of those to come, we refer our readers to the advertising columns of the magazine.

OPEN LETTERS.

A New Interpreter of Greek Art.

THE surprising discoveries of the past few years in the Troad, in Cyprus, at Mycenæ, Olympia, and elsewhere about the eastern Mediterranean, have accustomed us to the greatest expectations of what may be recovered out of the ancient world of art. But what we did not look for, after so many years of learned research and archæological ingenuity, was the coming of a new interpreter of this art, with a clarified vision that almost merits the title of inspiration,—a genius whose insight enables him to make important discoveries in fields supposed to be already thoroughly known, and to cast new and brilliant light upon the remains of classic art and upon Hellenic life. The words genius and inspiration are large words to apply to anybody in these days, but I should not like to use any weaker ones in regard to Charles Waldstein and his archæological essays and discoveries. In this corner of THE CENTURY there is space for only a mention of the man and his promising work, and I avail myself of the informality of this hospitable corner to make that mention familiarly and merely introductory.

The first paper that fell into my hands by Mr. Waldstein was one reprinted from the "Journal of Hellenic Studies" (1880), on the Pythagoras of Rhegion and the Early Athlete Statues. This was an argument, to put it briefly, proving that certain ancient statues believed to be Apollos, and classified as such in the museums, were really athletes. The learning and ingenuity of the cogent argument were notable enough; but beyond this, the author shows minuteness and exactness of knowledge of all the bearings of his subject, a vigor and reserve of power in insight and perception that compel the wondering admiration of the reader. Here, it was evident, was a new critic, not using a vague art-terminology, but one profoundly imbued with the principles of art, and capable of the most lucid and revealing expression. It is no exaggeration to say that, since Lessing's paper on the Laocoön, no art criticism had seemed so pungent and original as this and other essays by the same hand. We can give no adequate notion of the quality of this new light in art criticism and interpretation, without quoting an entire essay; but I am tempted to give a passage or two from the essay named above. And I may preface it by the remark that Mr. Waldstein's criticism is not merely historically descriptive; it is creative, for the purpose of modern art. Rhythm in plastic art is not immediately connected with rhythm in poetry; in the first instance, it means simply "flow." Symmetry is an architectural idea expressing the lasting, the uniform, the inorganic; rhythm implies change, the organic, as sculpture deals with animal life. Archaic sculpture was too architectural; it expressed symmetry to the exclusion of rhythm. The innovation of Pythagoras was that he added this flowing, irregular element to art, and thereby contributed to the appearance of vitality. But he kept within the bounds of what is pleasing to the eye; and though he furthered rhythm, he did not do it to the exclusion of symmetry. This harmony between life and form is the most characteristic feature in Greek art. The writer specifies:

"Vitality is, in the first place, given to the statue by means of the *continuous flow* of the surface. Each smallest part of the surface in a good statue must have the resemblance of moving and vibrating like the skin of a real body, which never presents a geometrically straight line, but is a *continuous* succession of elevations or recessions, arsis and thesis—that is, it flows. Vitality must, as it were, stream into the clay through the fingers of the modeling artist. The difference in this respect between Greek works and Roman copies that were made to order like mechanical ware, will illustrate the difference between a statue possessed of this vitality of texture and one which is wanting in this first requisite. * * * Each part of the surface [in the statue under examination] is carefully and thoroughly executed, and the difference in texture between the hair, the skin, and the stem of the tree is clearly indicated. To attain this effect, besides the feeling of form which must be inherent in the artist, much and intense work is needed. Hasty modeling (unless it is meant to be a sketch) can never convey vitality. The same holds good in all arts. The organic quality, the continuity of composition in literary work, can only be attained when the subject has been thoroughly and for a long while revolved in the brain of the author, or has been modeled and remodeled during the process of fixing it on paper. But the texture of the surface varies in appearance in accordance with what is below it, which it covers. As it covers bone or muscle or softer material, so will its appearance be different. This difference the sculptor must indicate by means of modeling; he must look deeper than the mere superficial appearance to what anatomically lies below as the cause of the phenomenal difference. But in poor work, the muscles, joints, etc., are indicated by means of simple elevations that do not gradually rise and fall, are not intermediated—they seem *put together;* while in good work the transition is gradual, the lines are not torn asunder—all *flows together*, as in nature."

The author further subtly indicates the limits of the artistic powers of Pythagoras of Rhegion by saying that he could express, by means of his statues, physical pain, but not moral grief:

"There are still higher stages in the development of plastic rhythm to which Pythagoras did not attain; but these belong to a later period. They are the expression of *moral* character and individual mood in plastic rhythm."

This discovery, that many of the so-called Apollos are really athletes, is only one of many by this fresh and original observer. No one else has thrown more light than he upon the quality of the genius of Pheidias. Walking one day through the Louvre with one of the authorities of the Museum, Mr. Waldstein espied, on a high shelf among some fragments, a marble head which arrested his attention. The more he looked at it, the more he was convinced that it was a Pheidian work, and had all the character of the metopes of the Parthenon, now in the British Museum. His companion, remarking with a smile that he was always discovering Pheidias, took down the fragment and placed it in Waldstein's hands. A close inspection convinced him that it was the head of a Lapith from one of the Parthenon metopes. On inquiry, he learned that the head had been recently acquired from a dealer in Vienna, who obtained it from the Piræus, where it was said to have been found in the water. An exact cast of the head was made and taken to London, and in the Museum the metope was found to which it seemed to belong. Upon placing the cast upon the fractured neck, they fitted completely, each fractured projection of the one fitting into the depression of the other. This metope is now one of the most complete, as it is in many ways the finest.

Another curious discovery of Mr. Waldstein's, showing perhaps a more astonishing range of archæological knowledge and intuition, was the identification of a Hermes in Ephesian silver-work on a patera from Bernay in France, also described in a brochure reprinted from the "Journal of Hellenic Studies" (1882). A paper, two years previous, from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, on "Praxiteles and the Hermes with the Dionysos-child from the Heraion in Olympia," exhibits perhaps more conspicuously the surprising critical genius of the author, the breadth of his critical sympathy and apprehension. I cannot dwell upon this delightful paper further than to note the contrast the writer draws between Praxiteles and Pheidias. Praxiteles had the sensuous temperament which frequently reacts toward melancholy. This sensuousness was far from meaning actual passion. In Praxiteles, we have potential passion, suggestions of strong impulses rather than impulses themselves.

"But such suggestiveness, hidden and veiled, is sad in itself, sadder in its aspect than even the violent impulse to destruction; and whenever the sensitive and amative nature is not vibrating, it is apt to be sad. Pheidias was not sad, but the time in which he lived was essentially different from that of Praxiteles."

The time in which the character of Pheidias was formed was one of decision, of united resistance of all the Greek states to the Persian foe. This energetic spirit excluded self-consciousness and self-reflection; it gave to the Greeks keen perception of broad types of the ideal. This condition was most favorable to the production of great sculptors; its naïveté and inventive impulse were most characteristic of the genius of Pheidias—a noble serenity. The age of Praxiteles was not so simple or decided, and his was a less simple personality. The nervous constitution of sanguine temperaments does not allow of any protracted sojourn on the heights of sublimity. There is no cuntinuity of impulse, no sameness of work.

"When they try to fix these impressions they frequently fail, for such moods cannot last. Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' and Shelley's 'Epipsychidion' are fragmentary. The Lovely, the Humanly-Beautiful, is their domain, for they are lovable and much loving natures. Yet over this world of restlessness, of 'storm and pressure,' is spread a thin gauze of unpronounced sadness, like the thin mist that spreads over even the freshest landscape in the brightest morning of spring. Praxiteles, Shelley, Heine, De Musset, Chopin were such temperaments. What adds to the melancholy of such natures is the consciousness that they have lost simplicity; they know that they are sophisticated, and thus the simple and innocent, whenever they meet it, evokes in them a fond and desiring sadness. When a pure maiden inspires Heine, he can write the purest and sadly-sweetest verses; all the stains of his past joy have left him. * * *

"Praxiteles, the sculptor of what is lovable, was ordered to fashion a Hermes, the protector of athletic sports, in the temple at Olympia, the sacred realm of all physical exercise: a strong god in the vast temple of strength. And how did he solve the task? He gave a strong god, but in a moment of tender pensiveness, and accentuated, even more than his strength,

his amiable beauty. The man with his individual character shines forth through the artist.

"The Hermes, then, undoubtedly the work of Praxiteles, has enabled us to recognize the character of Praxitelean art, the character and genius of Praxiteles himself, and has thrown a new ray of light upon a period of Greek history. A work of art may elucidate an age as clearly as a chapter of written history. Who can know the history of the Italian Renaissance without studying Da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo?"

Upon inquiry as to who is this new light in scientific art criticism, I learned that he is a young man, with a very considerable European reputation for his extensive archæological knowledge and discoveries, at present holding the position of "Reader" on Greek art in Cambridge University, England, and that he is now establishing there a new archæological school (which is in addition to the Disney and Slade foundations). For the purposes chiefly of this school, a museum of casts has been created in connection with the Fitzwilliam Museum, mainly through the exertions of the distinguished Professor Sidney Colvin. Funds have also been raised for an archæological library, intended for the use of the same school,—the Fitzwilliam having already an excellent library of art. I learned also that in earlier years, before he devoted himself exclusively to art, his proficiency in philosophy had been such as to attract the admiration of the London circle to which George Eliot belonged. Aside from his art contributions in French, German, and English to various archæological journals, I have read an elaborate scheme by him for the reorganization of liberal education, and a curious paper, printed in the "Minerva" of Rome, on "Specialization, a Morbid Tendency of our Time."

It certainly will not detract from the interest of this sketch to THE CENTURY readers to know that Mr. Waldstein — perhaps I should give him his title of Dr. Charles Waldstein — is an American, born in New York. I will close what is already too long a letter with a short sketch of his life.

Charles Waldstein was born in Broadway, New York, March 30, 1856, of naturalized German parents. His father is an optician in the city. His early education was at such private schools as the city could afford. Later he attended the public schools and received private tuition at home. In 1867 he was taken to Europe with his family, and put to school at Stuttgart, where he remained three years, when he returned to New York, and prepared for the entrance examination of Columbia College. He entered the freshman class of 1871, and remained till the end of the sophomore year in 1873, when he again went abroad and entered the University of Heidelberg as a student of philosophy. From 1873 to 1875 he attended the lectures of the most famous masters in archæology, history, and economy, taking his degrees of M. A. and Ph. D. in the autumn of the latter year. The summer time of the next year he was in Leipsic, studying under Overbeck, etc.; in October he went to London, where he studied the collections and art works in the British Museum, the National Gallery, etc. He was asked to deliver a course of art lectures in the British Museum in the winter; the course was highly successful, and, as it turned out, was the turning-point in determining his career. He spent the greater part of the years 1878–9 in Italy, chiefly in Rome, and in Greece, and was present at the German excavations at Olympia. On his return to England he delivered courses of lectures, on invitation, in various places, chief among them Cambridge. His influence upon the students there in art studies made itself felt very soon; he was given his present position, and in 1882 the degree of M. A. *honoris causa* was conferred on him, in recognition of his services in the cause of art teaching and research. During this time he was frequently invited to deliver short courses of lectures on Greek art at various colleges and schools, and before public societies, such as King's College, Harrow, Eton, etc. In April last he delivered a course of discourses before the Royal Institute of Great Britain, one lecture on "The Influence of Athletic Games on Greek Art," and four on the "Art of Pheidias." The latter are the nucleus of a volume which is now in the University press at Cambridge, and is shortly to be published. Dr. Waldstein has made careful studies of the principal public and private museums and collections in Europe. In April he was appointed corresponding member of the Imperial German Institute of Archæology at Berlin, Rome, and Athens. He has the spirit of a thorough student, rejoicing in his work for itself, and seeking no adventitious aids to reputation.

Charles Dudley Warner.

Henry Irving's Stage Management.

THE careful manner in which, under Mr. Irving's management of the Lyceum Theater, the scenery and appointments are planned, with reference to the full development of the author's meaning, seems especially worthy of notice at a time when there is much controversy as to the relative value of the setting of a play. There are, at present, many persons who inveigh loudly against the development of scenic effect. As an instance of this, I may quote a passage from a well-written article in the June number of the "Magazine of Art." The writer of this article, Mr. Archer, says:

"This idea of proportioning the scene to the business 'then to be considered' is the last which occurs to a modern manager. He gives his scenic artist *carte blanche*, and insists upon each decoration reaching a fixed standard of magnificence. Juliet's bedchamber, where she is to battle with the grizzly horrors of the tomb, shall be as rich, if not as gaudy, as the banquet-hall, where she does nothing much more serious than walk a minuet."

Putting aside the amazing slip as to Juliet's doing nothing much more serious than walking a minuet in the very scene in which she declares her sudden passion for Romeo, the writer is, so far at least as the Lyceum is concerned, very wide of the mark. Yet in such a complaint as his there is a modicum of a special truth. This relates really to a danger rather than a fact, and is merely sufficient to warrant jealousy of a practice which, in the hands of persons of good resource but small artistic power, may cumber histrionic effort with irrelevant show, or bury it entirely beneath a load of superfluous finery. The abuse of a power is, however, no criterion of its use; and the development of the art of scenic effect as a correlative force in dramatic method must not be foregone or stayed because indiscreet zeal or efflorescent taste at times misleads. It is to the highest, not to the lowest aims and efforts

and effects, that we must look for the signs of a progress sufficiently strong and true to give promise of permanency. And we find this progress in the Lyceum stage during Mr. Irving's management of it. The late revivals of pieces played there some few years ago show clearly enough what progress has been made in this kind. Before 1878, in which year Mr. Irving became manager of the Lyceum, a good many plays were produced with great success. In all of these, the province of stage management came practically within the control of the actor, in so far as the acting was concerned. The effect of his own histrionic power and his influence on the stage is, by this time, an old story. My object now is not to enter at all upon the question of Mr. Irving's powers or qualities as an actor, but to give from personal knowledge some insight into his method of preparing a play for public representation, especially with reference to the setting of the play and the manner in which scenic effect and the resources of stage-craft are subjugated by the manager to their true place as matters of secondary though very great importance.

At the very beginning of his arranging a production, Mr. Irving makes sure, first of all, of the text and cast of his play as ready for acting. All entrances and exits, all movings to and fro, all changes of dress and shiftings of scene, as rendered necessary by the exigencies of the play, are prepared for. The time is marked, from first to last, with a marvelous accuracy, which could only be attained by a mingling of thought and experience. The truth of Mr. Irving's oft-expressed apothegm, that *on the stage everything is due to intention, nothing is the result of accident*, receives a living proof in the care given to all things both before and during rehearsal. When the scene-painters receive their first instructions, upon which they proceed to shape out their rough models, the first points which they are required to consider are the needs of the action. For instance, a door must be here, a window there. A house, a grotto, an altar, a tree, are important elements in the presentation of the piece. To these necessary requirements other details of the scene must be subordinated, so that ultimately, in a suitable and picturesque surrounding, calculated in every way to stimulate the imagination, the central points on which action turns may, at the due moment, appear in natural prominence. So it is with all the appliances and arrangements of the stage. The property master, the machinist, the gas engineer, the chorus master, have all to conform rigidly to their instructions, which are given by the manager solely with reference to the requirements of the play. It is at all times interesting, instructive, and even fascinating to see how the multitude of details, each elaborated separately according to accurate instructions, gradually grow together as prearranged in the master mind till a coherent and natural whole is achieved. The on-looker, at even a partial development of the method, cannot but see in it an embodiment of the poet's idea as that idea has taken root in the mind of the manager. At the back of all the personal thought and care and zeal which these things require, an exceptional following is necessary; and one can see at a glance how admirably Mr. Irving is served. He has not only himself chosen the various heads of his departments, but he has trained them to understand something of his own ideas. Thus there is mutual confidence between the manager and his subordinates. They are content to accept at once and to work out loyally their appointed tasks, confident that each point, howsoever minute or seemingly unimportant, has some definite meaning or purpose in the general theme; while he, having full knowledge that his orders once given will be strictly carried out, is able to proceed to other matters of importance, which develop by degrees into harmonious proportions and tangible existence. Now and again I have been struck with amazement at the enormous number of points to which the most careful attention has been given. Thus, on orders having been given for some change in a scene or the setting of it, I have noticed how even the slightest change involved a multitude of alterations. In truth, the labor of a Lyceum production is very great, for Mr. Irving does not hesitate to make changes, no matter how much trouble to the different departments they may involve. On the contrary, he tries to find fault in his own work with a critical facility as varied as it is earnest. I remember at the rehearsals of "The Corsican Brothers," in 1880, that two whole scenes, which had been produced with great care and labor, were condemned and others substituted — the "interior" in the first act and the glade-scene in the last. This involved a wholly new conception and execution of the scenes. Those originally appointed did not, on practical trial, lend themselves suitably to the action and sentiment of the play. Again, I saw the first scene of "Romeo and Juliet" condemned on trial without a murmur. (This scene preceded the banquet-hall scene, in which the drilling of a crowd five hundred strong had been the work of months.) It was in each case quite apparent that with the growth to actuality of the preconceived effects the horizon of the picturesque possibilities had broadened.

Walter Herries Pollock.

Some of the Younger English Poets.

E. W. GOSSE.

THE younger English poets at this moment best known in America — whether justly or not — are Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, Mr. Austin Dobson, not to mention Mr. Oscar Wilde and his unfortunate protégé, Mr. Ronald Rodd. The verses of most of these may be seen now and then in American magazines. The most popular of them here is Mr. Austin Dobson, partly because he has probably been longer before the public, partly on account of the humor and humanity of his verse. Mr. Marston has struck as deep a note as, and a more touching one than, the others; but he is perhaps the most unequal, and the body of his work most persistently resembles the modern masters of a certain school, under whose influence his style has been formed.

There is a slight resemblance in the verse of Messrs. Dobson, Lang, and Gosse; but as time goes on each is more strongly differentiated from the others. Mr. Dobson has fallen into line after Praed and Locker, as a writer of what is vaguely called *vers de société*, though the range of the younger poet is much too wide

for this limiting phrase. Mr. Lang's work is spoken of elsewhere. Mr. Gosse (besides the finely written prose he occasionally puts forth) continues to write verse, chiefly lyrical, showing a broad range of sympathies, and an unusual sensitiveness to form.

The best idea of his lyrical genius may be had from a selected edition of poems recently published in America, with the title of an earlier English collection of his verse, "On Viol and Flute" (Henry Holt, New York), to which volume I should like especially to call attention here.

In this collection it is interesting to find what appears to be some of the author's most spontaneous poetry taking the most intricate form. This fact should convey a lesson to those who cry out against form as a hinderance to poetical spontaneity,—though the literature of the world is, of course, full of such lessons. The "Sestina," on page 184, seems to me one of the most sincerely felt as it is one of the most charming of the pieces in this book, and it is written in a form of the highest artificiality — as every one knows who is familiar with the laws of the recently revived Provençal forms. So, also, Mr. Gosse's best sonnets are filled to the brim with meaning and with feeling.

Along with Mr. Gosse's easy mastery of form should be mentioned a perfect clearness of expression and a faculty of throwing off phrases of great verbal felicity; like these perfect lines in the beautiful poem of "The Sisters":

> "Ah, who has told thee that he comes at night?
> I hardly told my heart my heart's delight."

In some of his shorter pieces (as, for instance, "Greece and England") there is a lyrical lightness and motion that is most pleasing. The book, as a whole, reflects a mind of the truest culture,—one that has delight in the highest forms of plastic and literary art,—and is, moreover, careful, even minute, in its observation of natural phenomena. Beginning under the Rossetti influence, this poet has still kept remarkably clear of mannerism, and his work now shows no unpleasant trace of the school, if it ever did. The fault that may be found with him is a fault of the day, of nearly all modern art,—namely, literary self-consciousness,— ending in a verse that at times ceases to move on account of its faulty faultlessness. But Mr. Gosse's poetry I should expect to see mellow and deepen with years, like Longfellow's. Let me present here the "Sestina," of which I have spoken:

SESTINA.

TO F. H.

"'*Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello*
Gran maestro d'amor.'"—PETRARCH.

"In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart;
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

"'Harsh be my lines,' cried Arnaut, 'harsh the woe
My lady, that enthorn'd and cruel rose,
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme!'
But through the meter spake the voice of Love,
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.

"It is not told if her untoward heart
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang:
Perchance through cloud of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic love,
And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

"This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme,
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe,—
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose,—
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

"'Smith of his mother-tongue,' the Frenchman sang
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

"And Dante, full of her immortal love,
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the laboring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

"Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!
The men of old who sang were great at heart,
Yet have we too known woe, and worn thy rose."

If any verses written by one of the younger English poets of our day deserve the gentle treatment of oblivious time, this poem does,— where subject and method, thought and expression, are so harmoniously wedded, and where the human sentiment is so moving. To have written a not unworthy poem on so famed and exquisite a theme will be regarded, especially by those who are themselves of the poetic guild, as no small achievement.

X.

ANDREW LANG.

THE latest version of "the tale of Troy divine" ("Helen of Troy," by A. Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) seems to be the overflow of Mr. Lang's Homeric studies in the course of his translation of Homer into English prose, made in conjunction with Mr. S. H. Butcher. That was an admirable performance, and perhaps, on the whole, a greater success than any of the numerous renderings in verse which have appeared in our tongue, from Chapman's to Bryant's. The present venture in the poetic interpretation of one portion of the Homeric myth can hardly be regarded as successful. The upholstery is the upholstery of Homer, but the spirit is the spirit of Morris. The polished cars and pillared fore-courts, the vases of bronze and gold, the chairs of cedar-wood and ivory, are all there. The baths, feasts, and sacrifices are described correctly. The banqueters dismiss the desire of meat and drink, and the priests lay the fat of the victim fold on fold in the true Homeric fashion. But when he comes to the really epic parts of his task, it seems to me the poet loses his grip.

It was, perhaps, a feeling of his own inability to deal with character and passion effectively that led Mr. Lang to invent the extraordinary departure from the Homeric story, by which he represents Helen, in her flight from Lacedæmon, and again in her restoration to Menelaus, as a puppet in the hands of the gods,

without memory, free-will, or responsibility. He makes her fall into a trance, from which she awakes "forgetful of her old life, and ignorant of her shame, and blameless of those evil deeds that the goddess thrust upon her"; and in this conveniently "immoral" condition she elopes with Paris. And when the war is over and Ilios has fallen,

> "— Aphrodite made the past unknown
> To Helen, as of old, when in the dew
> Of that fair dawn the net was round her thrown:
> Nay, now no memory of Troy brake through
> The mist that veiled, from her sweet eyes and blue,
> The dreadful days and deeds all overpast," etc.

For this there is no warrant in Homer. It is true that in the Iliad, Priam says to Helen, in a single passage, that he does not blame her, for the gods have brought this woe upon Troy; but Helen herself, throughout that poem, is fully conscious of her actions, and is made repeatedly to express grief, shame, and homesickness. It is also true, in a general way, that the moral atmosphere of the Homeric poems is less intense than that which pervades the literature of Christendom, and that the agency of the gods is constantly present. It is for that reason that when the deeds of the heroes are submitted to the harsh light of modern ethical standards, as in Shakspere's "Troilus and Cressida," the disenchantment is so startling that many critics have looked upon that play as a deliberate satire.

But Mr. Lang has, I think, gone too far. Ancient authorities, Euripides, for example, limited the use of

> "That nepenthes which the wife of Thone
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena"

to the occasion of her return to home and husband *after* the siege and fall of Troy. To treat the heroine, throughout the entire course of the adventure, as a plaything of Aphrodite seems to me a mistake in art. It breaks the continuity of the action; and, in place of securing a sense of passionate reality, it removes the story to a world of dream, where the ordinary motives of human conduct are absent. The figures in Mr. Lang's poem have no life, but appear to be going through a pantomime at a great distance, and in obedience to some unseen mechanism.

It goes without saying that, in point of execution, the poem is tasteful and scholarly. There is the same delicate touch which gratified the artistic sense in the author's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," and in his other poems and prose writings, such as "The Library." There is a great deal in the volume which is fine in workmanship and able to give genuine pleasure to a cultivated reader. It is in depth of conception and in power to move the feelings that Mr. Lang falls short. Perhaps he comes nearest to exhibiting something of these great qualities in the episode of the deaths of Paris and Ænone; but even here he declines to grapple with the dramatic capabilities of the situation, by adroitly evading anything that can be called an interview between the dying hero and his quondam love. And in general the poet passes rather lightly over those crises in the action on which the stress and strain of emotion fall most weightily in Homer, and lays his emphasis on narrative and description. In narrative his manner is smooth and flowing, the verse is musical, the choice of epithets careful, and the command of language easy; but there is an absence of the fire and spirit which characterize the best passages of born story-tellers in verse, like Byron and Scott. There is rather the somewhat cloying and monotonous evenness of Morris, of whom, as I have already hinted, Mr. Lang reminds us, and not unpleasantly reminds us.

B.

Tame Butterflies.

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1883, Mr. Gosse describes a monument in which the sculptor has carved a child holding out her hand for butterflies to perch on. He goes on to say that this was criticised as improbable, even by so exact an observer as Mr. Tennyson. It may therefore be of some interest to your readers to record the following facts from my personal experience:

One summer I watched the larvæ of the swallow-tailed butterfly through their different stages, and reserved two chrysalides to develop into the perfect insect. In due time one of these fairy-like creatures came out. I placed it in a small Indian cage made of fine threads of bamboo. A carpet of soft moss and a vase of flowers in the center made a pleasant home for my tiny "Psyche." I found that she greatly enjoyed a repast of honey; when some was placed on a leaf within her reach, she would uncoil her long proboscis and draw up the sweet food with great apparent enjoyment. She was so tame that it became my habit, once or twice a day, to take her on my finger; and while I walked in the garden she would take short flights hither and thither, but was always content to mount upon my hand again. She would come on my finger of her own accord, and, if the day was bright, would remain there as long as I had patience to carry her, with her wings outspread, basking in the sunbeams, which appeared to convey exquisite delight to the delicate little creature.

I never touched her beautiful wings. She never fluttered or showed any wish to escape, but lived three weeks of tranquil life in her tiny home; and then having, as I suppose, reached the limit of butterfly existence, she quietly ceased to live.

On the day of her death the other butterfly emerged, and lived for the same length of time. Both were equally tame, but the second showed more intelligence, for she discovered that by folding her wings together she could easily walk between the slender bars of the cage; and having done so, she would fly to a window and remain there, basking in the sun, folding and unfolding her wings with evident enjoyment, until I presented my finger, when she would immediately step upon it and be carried back to her cage.

LONDON, ENGLAND. *E. Brightwen.*

Two Southern Novelists.

I HAVE ventured to ask if you will allow, under the head of your Open Letters, this brief defense of two of my old favorites to appear. Mr. Morse (in the June CENTURY) pronounces John P. Kennedy's "Swallow Barn" to be "trash, with little truth or home growth about it." Has Mr. Morse done anything more than skim over the work in question? It can hardly be called

a novel, as it is distinctly modeled after the style of Irving, and, as a sketch of the scenes and manners of the Virginia of that day, is purely of home growth, and in its way exceedingly pleasant. Next, Mr. Morse decides, with unhesitating dogmatism, that John Esten Cooke has "no strength in characterization, and has found a wide rather than a discriminating audience." At the risk of being ignominiously classed in the category of the indiscriminating, I must again couch a lance in the defense of one with whose writings I am thoroughly familiar, and of many of which I am exceedingly fond. Again, I think that Mr. Morse's perusal of Mr. Cooke's works has been decidedly cursory, the more from the names of the works he cites as examples. In the "Virginia Comedians," "Henry St. John," "Fairfax," and "Leather Stocking and Silk," Mr. Cooke gives a picture of the colonial life of the Old Dominion which is not only valuable in itself as a description of a most interesting period, but which is true in all its minor details, and therefore should be interesting to even a *discriminating auditor*. In "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "Mohun," and "Hilt to Hilt," Mr. Cooke gives a vivid picture of Virginia in her war scenes, with pen-pictures of many of the distinguished actors, which, coming from the pen of an eye-witness, become of great value. It is hardly necessary for me to review Mr. Cooke's style, as that is a matter outside of the record; but his works, dwelling on a field which would otherwise have been left totally uncultivated, and being possessed of great truth and originality, surely deserve more than a hasty and, in my humble opinion, an unjust criticism. If to depict characters as they have been seen, with all their marked and salient peculiarities preserved, be not strength in characterization, then, as George Eliot and Dickens would fall under the same ax of condemnation, Mr. Cooke and his admirers may remain easily satisfied with the critic's judgment.

T. B. Dorsey.

Ellicott City, Md., June 26, 1883.

A Recent Decision on the License Question.

A Pennsylvania judge has recently put a stop to the curious method of evading the license law, extensively practiced in the petroleum regions of that State, and described in the July number of The Century, in the article entitled "Striking Oil." The beer-sellers have been openly retailing their wares without license under the sign of "Bottling Works," and claiming the right to do so by virtue of a statute of 1858, which enacted that "bottlers of ale, porter, or beer, not otherwise engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, nor in keeping any tavern, oyster house or cellar, restaurant or place of amusement or refreshment, shall be allowed to sell the same by the bottle; *provided*, that such liquor is not drank on the premises where sold, nor at any place provided by such seller for that purpose." Judge Elwell now decides that this law was repealed, in effect, by a statute of 1867 which provides that "If *any person*, after the passage of this act, shall sell spirituous and vinous liquors, domestic wines, malt or brewed liquors, without having obtained a license authorizing him so to do, such person shall, on conviction in the Court of Quarter Sessions, be fined," etc.

This decision is of interest to all advocates of legislation to restrict the evils of the liquor traffic; but the remarkable feature of the whole matter is that people who were daily witnesses of the abuse of selling beer without license should not have known of the existence and repealing power of the later law until the practice had gone on for nearly two years. Does not this fact show the necessity for temperance societies which shall make it their business to see that existing legislation curbing the liquor dealers is enforced, as well as to agitate for new and more stringent laws? Just now the popular feeling, especially in the West, is in favor of a high license system. I believe this movement to be a wise one; but where successful, it will not be effective unless there are voluntary local organizations to see that the new laws are obeyed, and that there is no selling of intoxicants without license. The chief weakness of license laws lies in the indifference to their enforcement of the so-called temperance men and women who believe in absolute prohibition. If the experiment of a high license law, enforced by the vigilance and energy of all the temperance societies, could be tried in any one State, I believe the result would be a more salutary and satisfactory limitation of the amount of crime and poverty caused by the liquor traffic than has been attained by any system of legislation heretofore adopted in the United States.

E. V. Smalley.

Chief-Justice Taney in Relation to the Dred Scott Case.

I.

In the July number of The Century, "A Radical Abolitionist" on Boteler's "Recollections of the John Brown Raid" puts a false interpretation on the language used by Chief-Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case. Had the writer taken the trouble to read the preceding and following paragraphs of the famous decision, he never would have written, "Through the mouth of Chief-Justice Taney, who simply uttered the decrees of the slave-holding oligarchy, they had made the Supreme Court declare that four million Americans, of African descent, had practically 'no rights which a white man was bound to respect.'"

The preceding paragraph of the decision is as follows:

"It is difficult at this day to realize the state of public opinion in relation to that unfortunate race which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted. But the public history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken."

This is one fact. We have another fact in the paragraph that follows:

"They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order and altogether unfit to associate with the white race either in social or political relations, and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." (*Vide* Dred Scott *versus* John F. A. Sanford, page 407. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1857.)

The Chief-Justice merely asserted a fact, and did not decide that the negro "had no rights that a white man was bound to respect." Judge Taney never held

such an opinion and it is an insult to his memory to make such an assertion.

Allow me to state some facts relative to Judge Taney's feelings toward the colored race. Some thirty years before his death he freed his slaves. This proves that he was no lover of slavery. On one occasion, speaking of the colored people, with much emphasis, he said: "Thank God that at least in one place all men are equal, in the church of God. I do not consider it any degradation to kneel side by side with a negro in the house of our Heavenly Father." On another occasion, speaking of the Dred Scott decision, he remarked, that "no matter what might be his feelings in regard to this question of slavery, his oath bound him to interpret the law under the Constitution." This was his higher law — the oath he had taken when he accepted the position of Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court. A purer, a more conscientious man never wore the ermine; a more faithful servant the government of the United States never had. It was his fidelity to duty that cost him his life, as I personally know. I knew him intimately for several years. He spoke with sadness of our late troubles, wishing from his heart that some statesman would rise up and prevent the fratricidal contest.

J. A. Walter.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

II.

THERE are many circumstances which clearly show that Mr. Taney's sympathy with the advocates of the freedom of the negro was unbounded. The slaves whom he inherited from his father not only received their freedom, but were watched and aided in many ways after all legal connection between them and their former master had ceased.

Those who quote with so much flourish the well-known phrase in his decision on the Dred Scott case, "They (the negroes) had no rights which the white man was bound to respect," fail to note that it is here cited as the opinion of our forefathers. Mr. Taney proceeds to show that the natural degradation of the negro was an unquestioned conviction in the minds of legislators, even in those States whose influence would presumably be turned against slavery, long after the adoption of the Constitution. Endeavoring to view the question of negro rights from this position, he seeks to interpret the Constitution not as we might construe it, but as its framers and their contemporaries would have done had this question been presented for their decision. His words throughout this famous document testify to his respect for precedent and for the letter of the Constitution. This feeling, indeed, might be regarded as an element of his character. It was shown in his earlier practice before the bar in Frederick and Baltimore, notably in his defense of General Wilkinson and Father Gruber: in the first case breasting popular displeasure as the defender of a man who, it was claimed, though without legal justification, had disregarded the sacred rights secured to the citizens by the *habeas corpus;* and in the second case not fearing to oppose the will of powerful judges and politicians who desired the condemnation of a minister of the gospel for preaching to the negroes upon the equality of all mankind.

The influence of Mr. Taney's family, which was of English origin and severely aristocratic, together with the well-defined views of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member, were sufficient to instill a high regard for precedent and the letter of the law, whether civil or religious. Neither was he free from a keen appreciation of prerogative. All these elements, united in a man by nature determined and resolute, will readily explain his position in the Dred Scott case, and serve to vindicate him from the taint of partisanship, from which judges, more than any other class of public men, should be free.

Nowhere is the language of this decision a justification of the principle of slavery, but it reveals in Mr. Taney many evidences of signal tender-heartedness and genuine sympathy for the condition of the black man.

Courtenay De Kalb.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The John Brown Raid.

MRS. S. H. BROWN, sister of William H. Leeman (said to be the youngest of those who fell under John Brown at Harper's Ferry), writes to us concerning the statement of Mr. Alexander R. Boteler, in our July number, that Leeman was discovered trying to "escape" across the river (p. 407). She denies this, and quotes as follows from a letter from Brown, which she says has never before been in print:

"CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA.
"Monday, Nov. 28, 1859.

"While we were surrounded by enemies, and fighting for our lives, I asked who would volunteer to carry word to Owen Brown or Cook. William answered at once that he would go. His last words to me were that he would deliver my message or die in the attempt. I am told that he went out through the culvert to the river, when half-way across was seen, pursued, and killed."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

In the Conservatory.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosâ." — HORAT. CARM. I. 5.

AH! fair coquette, you're at it yet,
I see — it's still the same old story.
That night how shall I e'er forget —
My night in the conservatory!
Tell me, what later victim there
Enamored at your feet reposes,
Exchanging vows and locks of hair,
And making love among the roses?

I grant you looked divine to-night;
Your dress might set a poet dreaming:
A modest robe of muslin white,
One rosebud in your dark hair gleaming,
You seemed a simple village flower;
But he whose life its wreck shall owe you,
How will he curse the cruel hour
When first he knew and failed to know you!

Now, recking naught of guilt or guile
While basking in your beauty's splendor,
He suns his heart in that false smile,
Nor dreams 'twill ever be less tender;
Blind mariner in unknown seas,
Where shipwreck waits the wariest master,
He knows not that the siren breeze
But lulls to lure him to disaster.

Thrice hapless they who find you fair!
So shines the wrecker's heartless beacon;
Happy, like me, who've snapped your snare,
And whom your wiles no more can weaken.
'Scaped hardly from that treacherous sea,
How swiftly love is turned to loathing!
Neptune we thank on bended knee,
And change our passion with our clothing.

Walter Carey.

"Boy's-Love."

STEPPING down the grassy lane,
Timorously as a dove,
Came an artless little damsel,
Looking out ahead for love.
(All the wild rose-hedge was budded—apple-boughs hung white above.)

"*Whosoe'er I first do meet*
With the Boy's-Love in my shoe,
He's the one I'm sure to wed,
Sure to wed and love him true."
She'd a fair face, sweetly peeping from a little hood of blue.

She had never had a lover,
But she'd dreamed of one alway,
And would find him by the Boy's-Love
Hidden in her shoe to-day;
For it is a test worth trying, all the wise old grandams say.

Should she meet the tanner's boy,
Should she meet the miller's son,
She was so in love with loving,
She would love them either one,
Nor doubt he was the one she'd dreamed of ever since she first begun.

So, she met a rosy stripling,
And they passed without a word;
But her heart would beat so loudly,
She was almost sure he heard,
And her snowy kerchief trembled like the plumage of a bird.

Innocently sideways glancing,
From her little gingham hood,
Through her soul she felt the fragrance
Of that sprig of southernwood,
And she thought the lad so pretty, and believed him wise and good.

Then she lay awake, a-thinking
Of the lad, the whole night through;
But *he* soundly slept till daybreak,
Just as he was used to do,
And never dreamed he'd met a damsel with some Boy's-Love in her shoe.

Mary E. Wilkins.

Chrysander's Quest.

THE young knight Chrysander sat pensively in the tapestry chamber at Poplinium, surrounded by six beautiful maidens. A cloud was on his brow, a trouble in his heart; for he found no meaning in the many, many words which flowed musically from those rosy lips. And he departed in pain; but came again upon the morrow, with a lofty purpose and a bold resolve.

"Sweet ladies," he said, "deign to impart your secret lore to a humble scholar. Naught is known to me of all these mysteries whereof ye discourse, neither do I understand the words of your speech. Teach me, therefore, I pray you, that I too may speak this strangely beautiful language."

Then they taught him until the sun sank in the west, and until the twilight faded; and yet was he but little wiser than before. And again he departed in pain; and through the weary hours of the night he pondered upon all that he had heard.

On the morrow he betook him once more to the maidens, and cried, "O damsels, your toil is but in vain! The mystic language is yet sealed to me, and its subtleties baffle my best wit. So soon as I have learned fitly to discriminate between a box-pleated gore and a double-biased panier puff, behold, even then I straightway forget the true difference between slashing and shirring, nor am I able, for all my striving, to tell what it is to run up frilled tatting with a basted hemstitch, or to pink the fluting of peplum points. Woe is me! I cannot learn this lore!"

But the fair maidens cheered Chrysander, bidding him take heart and give due diligence to his task, and all should be well.

Even so it came to pass. The heedful knight waxed wiser and yet more wise, until he became like unto the maidens, thinking even as they thought, and speaking as they spake. In good time he forsook his rude oaths, "By Bacchus!" and "Holy Saint Jingo!" and "Great Cæsar's ghost!" and learned to say "By Bombazine!" and "Rip up my bastings!" and to vow by holy Honiton and sacred Sarcenet. And as the bird of the desert returns daily to the cool spring where it is wont to slake its thirst, so did the knight Chrysander daily revisit the refreshing fountains of occult knowledge.

At length he bethought him in what manner he might requite those damsels, his teachers, who had thus enriched him with the treasures of their wisdom. And he made for them many pleasant lays and ditties. Likewise, he took counsel with his heart, and framed the Seven Goodly Proverbs, that are known by every maid, not only in Poplinium, but also throughout all the land of Polonaisia. And these are the Seven Goodly Proverbs:

1. A basted bias gathers no pleats.
2. Never look a pinked tuck in the seams.
3. One shirr in the mull is worth three in the scrim.
4. A basque is known by the stitches it keeps.
5. You may lead a woman to the machine, but you cannot make her hem.
6. Better is a slashed gore with bangles, than a gusset of tulle and honiton therewith.
7. Frilled tatting fulls deep.

To this day, men may read the Seven Goodly Proverbs, worked in letters of gold, in the tapestry chamber at Poplinium; but of all the brave rhymes writ by Chrysander, only these remain:

"Let the double-shirred Peplums from Gussets refrain,
And beware ere they take up the Darts of Gros-Grain!
For, though Paniers should basque in the Pleats of Nainsook,
And though Ruches and Plastrons should join in rebuke,
You may baste, you may bias the Gore if you will,
Yet the Yoke of the Tucker will hang round the Frill!"

J. Bouckman.

An Incomplete Revelation.

WHILE Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago,
When coats were drab and gowns were plain and speech was staid and slow,
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl,
There dwelt, 'mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an old-time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbelows,
She spoke rebuke to vanity, from bonnet to her toes;
Sweet red bird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,
With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,
A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair of tow,
And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawling, nasal tone,
Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast
As oft before in meeting time, and, sure of his request,
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day of that week
He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall wed,
I have spoken to the meeting and the members all have said
That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay,
So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus Moore
Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she forbore,—
(She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, child-like mind,)
And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see
The fact that I must be thy wife revealéd unto *me*."
And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate,
Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will, and Fate.

Richard A. Jackson.

The Future of the Classics.

[WRITTEN after reading telegraphic reports of the Phi Beta Kappa address of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and retained, with apologies, after receiving fuller reports (and the orator's subsequent explanations), for the sake of the labor bestowed on the Versification by the author, who is pleased to be assured that his poetical Prophecy is Fallacious.]

No longer, O scholars, shall Plautus
Be taught us.
No more shall professors be partial
To Martial.
No ninny
Will stop playing "shinney"
For Pliny.
Not even the veriest Mexican Greaser
Will stop to read Cæsar.
No true son of Erin will leave his potato
To list to the love-lore of Ovid or Plato.
Old Homer,
That hapless old roamer,
Will ne'er find a rest 'neath collegiate dome or
Anywhere else. As to Seneca,
Any cur
Safely may snub him, or urge ill
Effects from the reading of Virgil.
Cornelius Nepos
Wont keep us
Much longer from pleasure's light errands—
Nor Terence.
The irreverent now may all scoff in ease
At the shade of poor old Aristophanes.
And moderns it now doth behoove in all
Ways to despise poor old Juvenal;
And to chivvy
Livy.
The class-room hereafter will miss a row
Of eager young students of Cicero.
The 'longshoreman—yes, and the dock-rat, he's
Down upon Socrates.
And what'll
Induce us to read Aristotle?
We shall fail in
Our duty to Galen.
No tutor henceforward shall rack us
To construe old Horatius Flaccus.
We have but a wretched opinion
Of Mr. Justinian.
In our classical pabulum mix we no wee sop
Of Æsop.
Our balance of intellect asks for no ballast
From Sallust.
With feminine scorn no fair Vassar-bred lass at us
Shall smile if we own that we cannot read Tacitus.
No admirer shall ever now wreath with begonias
The bust of Suetonius.
And so, if you follow me,
We'll have to cut Ptolemy.
Besides, it would just be considered facetious
To look at Lucretius.
And you can
Not go in Society if you read Lucan.
And we cannot have any fun
Out of Xenophon.

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